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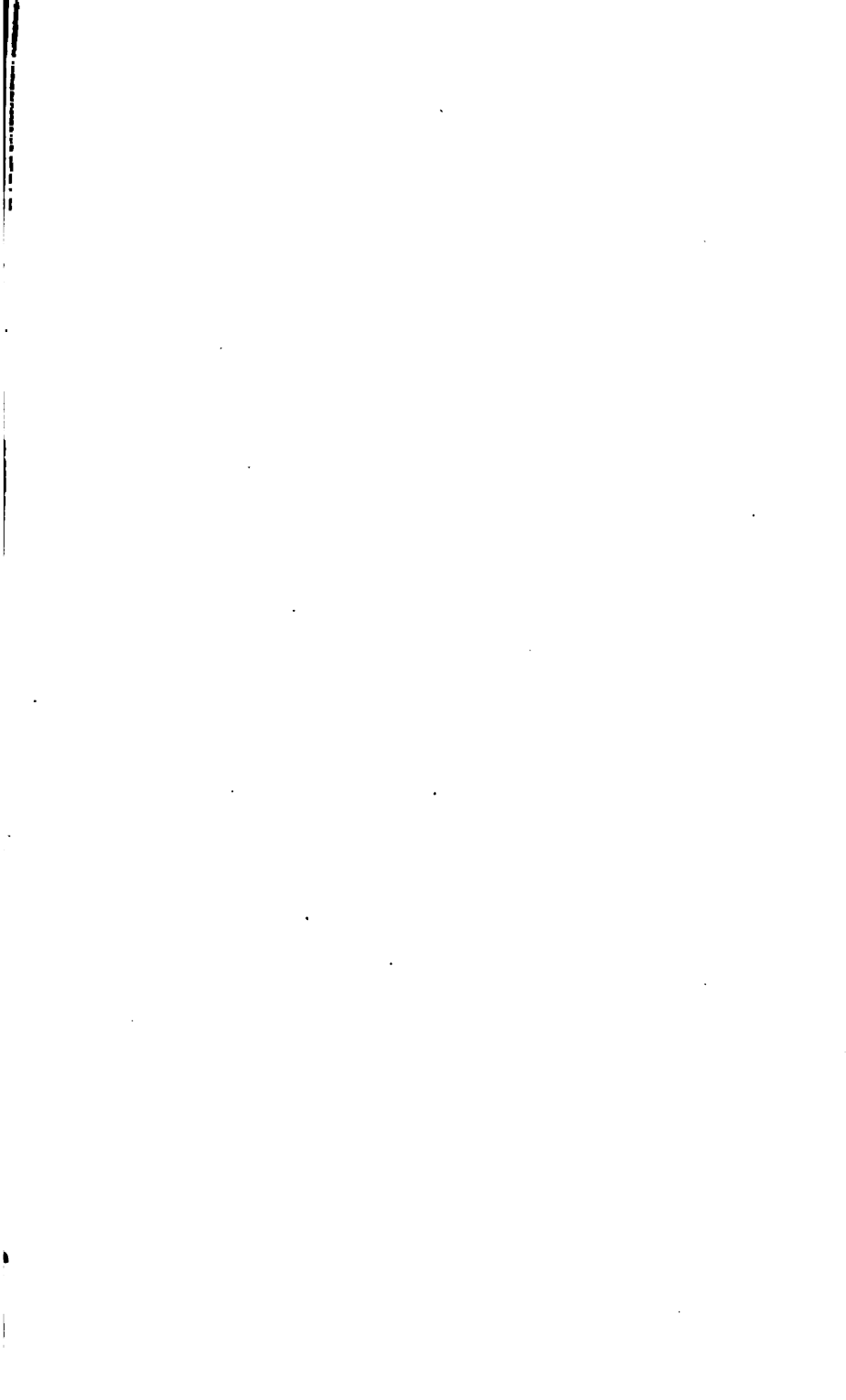
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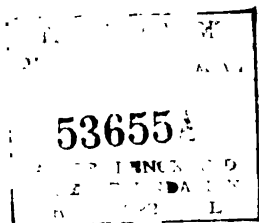
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No. 139.

THE LATE AND PRESENT REIGNS.

WILLIAM THE FOURTH has closed his earthly career, and, ere many days shall have elapsed, his mortal remains will be in the company of the illustrious dead belonging to the house of Hanover. His reign has now become matter of history; and it will not be an unprofitable labour to review the events which have most distinguished it, and from the retrospect of the past to draw some conclusions on the prospects of the future.

Very few English monarchs have enjoyed during life such great popularity, or have been so generally lamented, when dead, as the late king. As a MAN, he was beloved by persons of all political opinions; for he had a simplicity of heart and benevolence of disposition that conciliated the love of all whom business or pleasure brought into personal communication with him: and as a KING, he was so popular that he may be said to have lived in the hearts of his subjects. That he enjoyed great advantages from his succession to a throne just vacated by a man, whose almost innumerable failings and vices, not only as a private man, but also as a monarch, were feebly opposed by the single redeeming quality of perfect gentility and a thorough knowledge of all the laws of etiquette, cannot be doubted. William the Fourth had much less talent than his elder brother; but his intellectual inferiority was more than compensated by the vast superiority in honour and principle observable throughout his behaviour. That the late king's character, as a private man, was wholly without blot or stain, we cannot say; but it may be safely asserted that his moral failings, as compared with those of our "precedent lord," were but as moats in the sunbeam by the side of a darkened sun. The preceding reign had been marked by an obstinate opposition to every measure of reform; and it was only by extortion from a most unwilling hand, that Catholic emancipation was at length obtained to relieve the suffering people of Ireland. Every measure, in fact, during this decennial period, had one object in view,—the preservation of aristocratic influence to the exclusion of the great and overwhelming interests of the nation at large. The nobles revelled in luxury, and

JULY, 1837.

A

the people were mulcted, nay, cheated for their extravagance. England called aloud for a change of the supreme magistrate; and we are happy to be able to say, that the change was most favourable to the interests of the country.

William the Fourth has been charged by some parties with being a reformer by necessity and not by principle. That the great body of the people were united as one man for the business of reforming the representation of their own body in Parliament, no one can doubt:—abuses had reached too great a height to be further tolerated; and obstruction only could have been offered to a measure, which the spirit of the times and the progress of education imperatively required. This obstruction, so obstinately maintained by George IV., his younger brother honourably refused to offer; for his good sense showed to him the futility of such a measure, and his excellence of heart revolted from the idea of vexatious opposition to his people's wishes. He may, perhaps, have been swayed by "a power behind the throne," to keep in power his brother's servants for a decent period, and to give them a chance of establishing a character with the nation; but when he found that they had become universally unpopular, and objects of contempt and animadversion, he first yielded to the general call for more liberal measures, and then gave himself heart and hand, truly and sincerely, "to promote the amelioration of the laws and institutions of his country." With a very excusable bias in favour of those warlike professions, which in his father's reign were the all-in-all to the exclusion of more peaceful professions, he bestowed more of his attention and greater favours on military and naval men than on civilians:—he forgot the mighty changes which had taken place in the few last years of his life,—changes which had raised the civilian to the highest station in society, while they had banished the military and naval man to an useless but pensioned retirement. England, once the paymaster of the great allied armies warring against France, is now the advocate of all peaceful measures, and is trying to recover, by a well-judged economy, from the ruinous embarrassments into which we were plunged by one of the most warlike and sanguinary monarchs that ever sat on the English throne. Thus the army and navy are now become formal adjuncts and perhaps necessary evils to the country; but the influence of the higher members of these professions has been most absurdly maintained to the injury of the more useful classes of the community even of a rank equal to their own. This weakness of William IV. was excusable, we have said; but it will not be excused in one, who has had his example whereby to form just conclusions concerning the comparative value, *at the present time*, of military and civil services. To the failing above mentioned in the character of the late king we must add another,—namely, that of allowing himself to be swayed and driven from his purpose by irresponsible advisers, whose counsels were dictated by self-interest rather than by sober reason; to this failing we may attribute any unfavourable opinion that may have been entertained of him by the body of the people. To counterbalance these weaknesses, the late king possessed a great number of the most excellent qualities, to which his different ministers—both Liberal and

Conservative—have borne ample and most honourable testimony. The first Minister of the Crown, who was honoured with the Royal confidence during five-sixths of the late reign, expressed himself most warmly in his place among the Peers.

"I will appeal to any one," said Lord Melbourne, "who ever approached his Majesty upon those subjects, whether his practical acquaintance with the principles and details of public business were not very extensive and very accurate, and whether his Majesty did not display the greatest zeal, and the most unremitting assiduity, and the most anxious desire to do in every thing that was submitted to him the most strict justice. Upon another matter let me say—perhaps, my lords, I express myself in too humble a manner for the occasion—but I must say (as it was necessary in the situation that I held to be in frequent communication with his Majesty) that I think that so fair a man, or so just a man, I have not ever yet known in the course of my experience—most perfect, most fair, most candid, most impartial, most willing to hear, to weigh, and to consider what was urged even in opposition to his most favourite opinions:—qualities that are great and sterling—truly so in any man, but more particularly great and sterling in a sovereign."

But the praises of our lamented Monarch were not sounded only by those whom he had lately favoured with his support and countenance: they were uttered by those also whom the necessities of the times had banished from the council-board, by those whom the king had repeatedly tried and as often found wanting.

The Duke of Wellington (than whom, in spite of his Tory prejudices, we know no better diplomatist) speaks no less strongly in favour of his late Majesty's qualifications for the exalted station which he occupied.

"It has fallen to my lot to serve his Majesty at different periods, and in different situations, and while I had the happiness of doing so, upon all those occasions I have witnessed not only all the virtues ascribed to him by the noble viscount (Melbourne), but likewise a firmness, a discretion, a candour, a justice, and a spirit of conciliation towards others—a respect for all. Probably there never was a sovereign who in such circumstances, and encompassed by so many difficulties, more successfully met them than he did upon every occasion that he had to engage them."

The most important and most elegantly expressed testimony, however, is that given by Sir Robert Peel, to whose qualifications as a scholar and a man of exalted talent we have ever cheerfully borne witness, in spite of our difference of opinion. His words were as follow:—

"It is to me a melancholy consolation—to me, whose duty it was to express to his Majesty those anticipations of his reign, and of the attachment of his people, to be now permitted to second that tribute of sincere national respect which we are now about to place on this table. The becoming reserve which shrouds a sovereign from ordinary intercourse with society is not sufficient to conceal from his people the real nature and dispositions of him who rules over them; and I do believe it is the universal feeling of this country that the reins of government were never committed to the hands of one who bore himself as a sovereign with more affability, and yet with more true dignity, or who was more compassionate for the sufferings of others, or whose nature was more utterly free from all selfishness. I do not believe that in the most exalted, or in the most humble station, could be found a man the whole pleasure of whose life consisted so much in witnessing and promoting the happiness of others. Having had the good fortune to stand in the situation which the noble lord (Lord J. Russell) now does, I can with truth confirm all that

he has stated with respect to his Majesty's forgetfulness of all amusements and of all private considerations that could for a single moment interfere with the discharge of his public duties. Never had public servants a more kind, generous and indulgent master. Never was there a man who, whatever might be his own political opinions, or with whatever frankness they might be stated, acted with such perfect fidelity towards those who were responsible for the advice they tendered. There was not only a total absence of all indirect means by which their free action could be impeded, but there was a sincere confidence and support which was perfectly compatible with the maintenance even of opposite opinions—opinions never pressed beyond the proper limits which a sovereign ought to adopt when he differs from the advice of those who are his responsible advisers."

All men of all parties, in short, seem disposed to award to our late Sovereign very high praise, and to justify the appellation that popular enthusiasm has given him of the PATRIOT KING.

Before we close these remarks, however, we must make some few observations on the recent progress of moderate measures of reform and of their future prospects. It is maintained by many of the more zealous and sanguine reformers that his late Majesty's ministers did not pursue with sufficient boldness and independence the course to which they were pledged before the country, and some of the Journalists have gone so far as to attribute this apparent want of promptitude and decision in the King's advisers to a weakness and unwillingness on the part of the Sovereign. Those who make the latter charge know little of the difficulties with which William the Fourth had to cope,—surrounded as he was almost entirely by those, whose paramount interest it was to retard the progress of every measure calculated to lessen Court influence and increase the power of the People. To disabuse one's self of prejudices deeply rooted by birth, education, and society, is a great and noble work for those even, who move in a private station; but on a king of advanced years, under all the opposing influences, it reflects the very highest honour, and for this alone his name will meet with well deserved eulogies from the pens of future historians. Away, then, with the groundless idea that he, whom we now so justly lament, was forced and dragged to acquiesce in measures, which he desired, but was not able to prevent or retard! But why, then, continue the objectors, did not the Melbourne administration act more vigorously and make more rapid progress in the business which the wants of the nation called on them to accomplish? We must acknowledge, that some months ago we felt and expressed disappointment at the slowness with which the work went forward; but we are disposed now to modify and, in a measure, to retract the opinion which we formerly advanced, because we are convinced that the cause is not attributable to any want of zeal or judicious conduct on the part of Ministers, but to the difficulties with which they have had to struggle owing to strong and unrelenting opposition from the Tory aristocracy. It is very easy for those, who have never experienced the troubles and responsibilities of office, and who look at the broad and general principles without examining the various details and numerous indirect consequences of measures, to blame those on whom no blame rests, and to attribute improper motives where they have no existence.

Caution is with some only a softer term for sloth ; and circumspectness is not unfrequently construed into cowardice. That *every* measure that they have brought forward has been vigorously pursued with a boldness which conscious rectitude only can inspire, we dare not and need not affirm ; but we fearlessly assert that their conduct on the *whole* has been such as to deserve the confidence of the nation. We have, it is true, looked on the Reform bill as " the means to an end"—as the beginning of better things,—an era from which the English people may date their legislative existence ; and perhaps the ends to which we look are higher than those presented to some of his late Majesty's ministers. Still we are willing to merge all minor differences—all disputes about detail :—we contend only for the general principle of CIVIL, POLITICAL and RELIGIOUS LIBERTY, in the most extensive sense that these terms admit with a due regard to the happiness, peace and wealth of the greatest number. These principles we believe to have actuated the present advisers of the Crown ;* and this impression has induced us to defend the line of conduct, to which the Roebucks and the Molesworths have raised so many objections and directed so much vituperation. These gentlemen, whose talents are far more estimable than their judgment, are honest and well intentioned ; but their violent and outrageous castigations of the more moderate section of reformers can only have one effect,—that of retarding rather than forwarding the cause which they profess to support. Perhaps we think with them on many points ; but we abide in silence a more convenient season. The Ministry have lately made the strongest demonstrations of their desire to step forth boldly and without hesitation on the path, which their pledges and principles equally call on them to pursue ; and so long as this line of conduct is maintained, they deserve and will possess the confidence of the nation. That such ministers should have so long enjoyed the confidence of the Sovereign also, is a fact, which of itself is a higher eulogium to his character, than the choicest compliments or the most courtly flatteries that could be paid to our PATRIOT KING.

The Sovereign of these realms never dies. The third son of George III. is numbered with the dead ; but we have still a monarch ; and long may we continue to enjoy a government, which has shed so many blessings on our country. We love the CONSTITUTION ; and, however much we desire to expose and root out abuses, we adhere to the general principles on which the framework of the government is founded,—a Monarchy guided by responsible advisers, and limited by the two other branches of Parliament, the hereditary and elective houses of legislature. William the Fourth is dead, and liveth only in one of the brightest pages of English history ; but QUEEN VICTORIA is our present monarch, and to this our youthful and accomplished sovereign, we, like every dutiful subject, pay homage due. Her Majesty

* We must except the Canada business ; for there cannot be two opinions about the conduct of the Colonial department of the administration in the mind of any honest reformer. It was unjust, cruel and oppressive to the colonists, and totally inconsistent with the general principles, by which the government professed to be guided.

ascends the throne with the best wishes of her subjects and their most fervent prayers for her welfare. She stands on high 'vantage ground ; and it only rests with her to decide whether she shall become a foil to display more visibly the late king's excellent qualities, or the noblest Queen that ever sat on the English throne. The reign of Elizabeth has been lauded by shallow historians, who regard outward splendour as of more importance than the prosperity of the greatest number in the country ; but the liberty of the subject was little, if at all, understood and regarded, and the arts of peace were only in their infancy : —the patronage which this proud princess extended to literary genius, which was more fertile in her day than in that of any subsequent monarch, is but a poor recompence for the haughtiness and supercilious contempt with which she treated the great mass of the English people. Queen Anne's reign has by others been celebrated as the brightest era of English history :—let those, who read of bloody wars, accumulating debts, never-ceasing court intrigues, and a parasitical literature, decide for themselves whether this period is entitled to the praise so lavishly bestowed on it. No :—wars at best are but appeals to the physical part of our composition, when all moral influence has ceased to operate. Let us hope that the times, when we measured our national importance by the victories that we had gained and the quantity of blood that we had spilt, have entirely passed away, and that henceforward we shall reckon our advances in greatness and prosperity, not by our military or naval triumphs, but by the progress that we shall make in the arts of peace, and in the establishment of our national reputation as the happiest, wealthiest, and most extensively useful people in modern Europe. We have already won for ourselves the high reputation of being the greatest manufacturing and commercial people in the world, and in practical science scarcely any nation can vie with our own. Enjoying the blessings of a free government and of religious toleration we stand on a proud eminence and can look down on every other state in Europe. Much has been done of late years to rectify abuses and to promote the happiness and comfort of the greatest number of the English people ; the march of reform so auspiciously begun in the late reign must be judiciously persevered in. Violence is not needed ; but firmness and decision are absolutely necessary in the Monarch as well as in the advisers of the Crown. QUEEN VICTORIA ascends the throne with brighter prospects than any of her royal predecessors—long may she live to realise our hopes and expectations.

CITY SKETCHES.—BY AN OLD CITIZEN.

No. IV.

—
EUGENIUS GARWOOD.
—

THE owner of the name which is to serve as a text for our present discourse, and which stands immediately above, resided, nay, I believe, still resides in Botolph Lane, and was, or is, an orange merchant. I would not have the thoughtless and exclusive reader imagine that Botolph Lane is altogether without the pale of civilization and refinement, or that orange merchants are not human, rational, and respectable beings. On the contrary, that narrow lane—it may almost be called an orange grove—running, or rather, limping from Eastcheap into Lower Thames Street—that lane, I say, contains not only a fair proportion of wealth and gentility, but rejoices in men whose minds are of an expansive turn. “Souls made of fire and children of the sun” (although their father never comes to see them) inhabit there. One of such children was Mr. Eugenius Garwood.

From his earliest infancy Eugenius Garwood had been accustomed to the sight of multitudinous chests of oranges, and immense limber baskets of Barcelona nuts. He had been born and nurtured in Botolph Lane, and for many years his thoughts never travelled further. In due time he was despatched every morning to a commercial academy in Little Tower Street, where he received a good plain sound education; that is to say, having mastered Dilworth, he was instigated to grapple with Lindley Murray, and at length sat down under his academical laurels with a gilt-calf prize copy of Enfield’s Speaker at his feet. Nay, this was not all. He imbibed from the works of a modern Cocker the knowledge of figures, their uses and infinite combinations; and Addition, Multiplication, the Rule of Three, Practice, Barter, and Profit and Loss, were at his fingers’ ends before they were an inch and a half long. Having been thus taught the use of figures, he was removed from school; and his father impressed upon him the absolute necessity, during life, of taking care of number one, and died a few years afterwards in the perfect conviction that he would do so.

The extensive reputation which men of genius sometimes enjoy, even in their own time, it is gratifying to reflect, nay, and to dwell upon. I am sorry that “my limits” will not permit me to expatiate upon this topic. The fame of Byron, when Eugenius Garwood was about two-and-twenty years of age, was in its zenith. Some notion of the extent of that fame may be formed when I state that it reached Botolph Lane. Every body was crazy about Byron; it was disgrace, it was infamy, not to have read his last new poem, not to be able to recite long passages from “The Giaour” and “The Bride of Abydos.” But the craziest of the crazed were sober and fastidious critics com-

pared with Eugenius Garwood. The last new poem was "devoured as soon as made;" he was on intimate terms with "The Giaour," and had made "The Bride of Abydos" his own. Eugenius raved in sympathetic concert with the bard. His fulminating denunciations were taken up by his disciple, and his rapture, his tenderness, and his passion, alternately elevated, melted, and excited to phrenzy, the sentimental, moody, misanthropic orange merchant.

It was a strange coincidence, they were alike in features and person. Miss Curtis, of Pudding Lane, a lady of unquestionable taste and discrimination, had once remarked it. Eugenius was short of stature to be sure, but Byron was not tall; and the partial baldness of the former was a very good substitute for a high forehead; and then the features of Eugenius were what is termed "finely chiselled," although, to say the truth, if Nature had chiselled them much longer he would have been left utterly without those items of the human face. He only wanted the club-foot: it was a hardship, certainly, a great hardship, and he did not altogether like putting his foot out of joint, in order to qualify for a thick wooden shoe; but he felt how delightful it would have been to denounce Nature for her unkindness, her cruelty, her barbarous treatment of him.

But although Eugenius had been imbued, permeated, saturated with the sable decoctions of the poet's genius, it must not be concluded that he neglected his business. Paternal precepts had taken too deep a root in his bosom to be eradicated even by the magic fingers of the Muse. He sold oranges to a world which he despised, as heretofore; and it was in his leisure, after business hours, when he had glanced over his banker's book, that he communed with himself upon the vanity, the nothingness of all human affairs, the selfishness and unfeeling and sordid views of mankind, and his own crushed and broken spirit. Wherever he went he found no sympathy; none could make him out, none could appreciate him, none appeared to care a button about him. The Castle in Mark Lane, which he frequented, offered to his society a set of grovelling worldlings; the Ship in Water Lane could boast no better specimens; and he became thoroughly disgusted with men whom—but why should a mind like his be compelled to do such things?—he had taken no pains to conciliate.

There was a craving void in his bosom which required to be filled up by some congenial spirit. It was the one yearning wish of his life to meet with some fair creature, some lone Egeria, towards whom his poisoned and wounded feelings might be carried for relief and healing. None, however, could he find. The article was not to be met with, it was not in the market, but in its stead were a wretched assortment of soulless girls, who ate and drank, and laughed and cried, and were contented to possess merely human feelings.

It is impossible, and perhaps it were needless, to describe the mingled sentiments of scorn and contempt with which he regarded the young ladies who promenaded the parade in front of the Custom House, to which, on summer evenings (for the fresh breeze from the water cooled his feverish brain), he was accustomed to resort. Good heavens! how unlike the glowing beauties whom Byron had de-

lighted to paint! There was only one amongst them whom his eye could for a moment tolerate. Louisa Halibut, the daughter of the fish-salesman at Billingsgate, was a fine girl, certainly, and had given unequivocal proofs of her attachment to him; but she had no devotion, no passion, no fervour of idolatry. She might have been—and Eugenius sighed when he reflected upon what she might have been—born under an Italian sky, or in one of the isles of Greece. But the vile English education had spoiled her. She had been sacrificed to base conventional forms; she was the slave of decorum. And then, her eyes were something like those of a human being: she had not the dark eye of the gazelle,—at least, Eugenius strongly suspected as much, being in a kind of perplexed ignorance as to what kind of animal a gazelle might be.

Chance frequently effects that for a man which his own prolonged exertions would have failed of bringing about; and chance now stepped forward to slake the sentimental thirst of Eugenius Garwood. He was requested to take a ticket for a concert to be given at the London Tavern by Miss Spilsbury, a musical lady whose professional talents had been for many years devoted to the sacred duty of supporting an aged father and a large family of younger brothers and sisters; whom, by the bye,—for genteel people in distress are invariably proud, and keep out of the way,—nobody had ever seen.

Eugenius, besides that he was a man of exquisitely fine feelings and sympathies, was extremely fond of music. It soothed the ferment of his soul, and brought him down to the level of humanity. He availed himself, therefore, of his ticket.

When he entered the concert room, although he had taken care to be in good time, it was crowded, and it was with some small difficulty that he obtained a seat near the entrance. Delighted, enchanted as he was, shortly after, by a brilliant fantasia on the piano-forte performed by Miss Spilsbury, who pounced upon the keys like a cat in deadly sport with a mouse, and with a face of similarly mischievous gravity,—entranced, I say, as he was by that effort of skill, he was in no situation to observe that two ladies had entered the room during its accomplishment, and were now standing by his side. A pause, however, having ensued, Eugenius Garwood turned suddenly with the view of expressing his rapture to his next neighbour, and as he murmured “beautiful,” his eyes encountered those of the younger lady, to whom he forthwith mentally transferred the rapturous adjective. She was, indeed, beautiful: all that the fancy of Eugenius had ever previously conceived, or could imagine for the time to come. The elder lady—her mother, of course—was by no means so attractive a person, unless a rusty-iron-coloured front, a nose like a strawberry, and a retiring chin could make her so. She, nevertheless, betrayed, I must rather say, disclosed the perfect lady. Eugenius could see this with half an eye; for the moiety of that and the whole of the other were fixed upon the fascinating daughter.

Eugenius Garwood, I have said, was a man of fine feelings. He could not permit ladies to stand whilst he was furnished with a seat. He accordingly set to work in good earnest, and by dint of persuasive eloquence, enforced by the prompt use of his elbows, he con-

trived to make room for the two ladies, to whom with much respectful diffidence he offered the vacant places, taking care to retain a seat near the object of his sudden but decided adoration. The usual courtesies and bows, common on these occasions, having been gone through, Eugenius endeavoured to look like a man of this world as much as possible, feeling at the same time that the gaze of half the young men in the room was directed towards him. They were, he felt, envious of his good fortune. For the purpose, therefore, of bringing himself to a state of decent calmness, he stared immoveably at the bass-viol for a considerable period. A gentle tap on the arm with a fan disturbed him.

"Will you permit me to see your programme of the concert?" said the elder lady with an amiable smile.

"Certainly, with much pleasure," returned Eugenius, handing it with some trepidation.

"I perceive, my love," cried the elder lady, addressing her daughter with animation, "we are to have a duet by Signore Rosini and Madame Schniber,—that will be a treat indeed. Rosini was a favourite of yours at Paris."

"Yes, I always admired Rosini," said the daughter in a soft voice.

"You have visited Paris of course, Sir?" enquired the elder lady of Eugenius.

"Y—es, I have," he replied, with considerable hesitation. He, however, qualified to himself the venial trespass against truth by the remembrance that he had, two years ago, seen a panorama of that city in Leicester Square.

"A delightful place, Paris," remarked the daughter.

"It is, indeed," stammered Eugenius.

"Were you there, Sir, when the king—"

Here, much to Garwood's relief, the orchestra struck up, and Rosini and Madame Schniber astonished the company by their singing, which completely—that was declared the beauty of it—extinguished the instrumental accompaniments.

"How very delightful!" cried the mother with rapture.

"Oh! heavenly!" said the daughter.

"Heavenly!" repeated Eugenius, who had been swilling huge draughts of love for the last ten minutes unobserved, and who was now intoxicated with the tender passion.

A delightful, because a more unrestrained conversation now ensued, which was carried on, at intervals, till towards the close of the concert.

"Flora, my love," said the elder lady, "how the general would have been pleased and gratified to-night!"

"He would indeed;—my father"—and the artless girl turned towards Garwood—"would have enjoyed this treat very greatly."

"Indeed!" said Eugenius with polite concern, "then I am extremely sorry he is not present."

"Oh, Sir," cried the young lady, resting her large dark eyes with an expression of mournful tenderness upon Garwood, "oh, Sir, papa is dead; he died sixteen months since."

The sensitive Garwood could not withstand that gaze. "I am

shocked," he murmured vaguely ; " then of course he couldn't be—I mean, it is not very likely he could—I beg pardon—I meant to observe—"

It was nothing less than a special providence, Eugenius felt, that caused the finale to commence at this instant. It was fortunately a bacchanalian quartette by Messrs. Ball, Sunham, Goldfinch, and Growler, whose vocal efforts effectually precluded the possibility of one party hearing another without the aid of a patent speaking-trumpet.

The concert being now over, the company prepared to depart,—all except the two ladies, who retained their seats as obstinately as though they expected the performances to be *encored*.

" Ladies," whispered Eugenius, after a pause, " shall I have the honour of calling a coach for you?"

" *Would* you do us the favour," said the elder lady, " to enquire whether the carriage for Mrs. M'Gregor is yet arrived?"

Eugenius trotted down stairs for that purpose. M'Gregor! delightful name! a descendant of Rob Roy, no doubt. No carriage, however, was in waiting to convey the illustrious strangers to their destination. He returned and made known that circumstance.

" How *very* provoking!" cried the elder lady, turning to her daughter, " I positively will never in future put any faith in Mrs. Crumpton's promise.—Mrs. Crumpton, Sir, of Russell Square, faithfully promised to send her carriage for us.—I wish, my love, we had brought the carriage from Paris; I told you how we should be inconvenienced."

Eugenius deferentially suggested a hackney-coach, and mumbled something touching the happiness he should feel in seeing the ladies home. The proposition having been graciously acceded to, Eugenius drew the arms of his fair companions between his own, and descended the ample staircase with all that exaltation of soul which can only be conceived by the man of true gallantry.

It was not long before the company were in motion towards Bernard Street, Russell Square, a locality which the elder lady assured her protector was by no means so genteel as could be wished, intimating, at the same time, that it was of no great importance, since they were about to return, in a few weeks, to Paris.

The heart of Eugenius began to sink rapidly at this intelligence. Going to Paris! then, in all probability he should never see her again! The prices of travelling were reasonable: he would follow them, as sure as a gun he'd be after them. So thought the enamoured Eugenius Garwood.

" Pray may I enquire," said the elderly lady, with pleasing suavity, " to whom we are indebted for the polite attention we have experienced this evening?"

With a sense of deep abasement—for Garwood possessed very little of the inventive faculty, and could not extemporaneously hit upon a romantic cognomen—did Eugenius blurt forth his name and calling, which he now looked upon as hideously degrading and base. " Well, we never should have supposed that," exclaimed the mother, " should we Flora, love?"

"Oh dear! never," sighed the daughter.

"But pardon me," resumed the mother, "I have a great respect for commercial men: what could we do without them? Commerce is the glory of this country, Mr. Garwood: but I really thought you were one of us."

"I was convinced of it," said Flora, with another sigh.

"It is quite clear, however," said Mrs. M'Gregor, shaking her head and smiling blandly,—“that you have visited Paris, Mr. Garwood; I could see that from the first moment.”

Eugenius inwardly thought what eyes the old lady must have. A sudden jolt of the coach facilitated the low bow he returned in acknowledgment of the compliment.

It was some time before they reached Bernard Street, that Eugenius had convinced himself that Mrs. M'Gregor was a lady of the most interesting description—a perfect lady of the old school. As they trundled past the lamp-posts, the momentary radiance lighted up her features, and disclosed aristocratical indications which he had not before observed, although from the first he had suspected that both were far removed from common, every-day circles.

As they alighted from the coach, the mentally absorbed orange merchant received a pressing invitation from the two ladies to come and take tea on the following evening, and with a cordial shake of the hand bestowed by Mrs. M'Gregor, and a gentle pressure of the fingers on the part of the lovely Flora, Eugenius was permitted to depart.

The state of mystification in which Garwood found himself as he turned away from the door, it were hopeless to attempt to describe. At length, then, he had found his soul's idol, that mysterious indispensable which he had so long sighed to discover, that oasis in the desert which the pilgrim pants to pounce upon, and cannot,—that interchange of souls, that sympathetic reciprocity, that,—but he knew not what he had lighted upon,—so ecstatic was his bliss. He left time to define his happiness, and time, amongst other things on his hands at that period, did what he required.

Who can imagine the raptures of Eugenius when he witnessed the condescending cordiality with which the ladies welcomed him to the second floor in Bernard Street? They did not like first floors; it was a mistake to suppose they were more genteel than second floors; on the contrary, they were vulgar and low;—and so they were.

Flora M'Gregor possessed a charming voice. After tea, she favoured her visitor with part of a pathetic ballad; but it was too much for her. Just as she announced the fact that “they tell me she is happy now,” she burst into a passion of tears, and, seizing her mother's handkerchief, rushed into the inner apartment.

“That dear creature is destroying herself by inches,” cried Mrs. M'Gregor, shaking her head mournfully.

“Indeed!” exclaimed Eugenius, looking aghast at the admeasured calamity alluded to;—“had you not better follow her, Madam?”

“No, my dear Sir, not for the world, by no means; she will recover her spirits sooner by herself.”

An extinguisher was placed upon the laubent flame of happiness which had begun to play in the bosom of Garwood. “Has she been

long thus?" he enquired: "a weakness of the nerves, I should imagine."

"It is, Sir. Long thus?" said Mrs. M'Gregor,—“yes, ever since Hector's duel with Count Kauffman."

"Hector! Count Kauffman!" said Garwood inquiringly.

"My son Hector," said Mrs. M'Gregor, "and Count Kauffman, a Hungarian nobleman. The Count saw Flora at the theatre in Paris, and become desperately in love with her. Flora, however, repulsed his advances; the poor girl has too much delicacy of sentiment; I fear she will never meet with a congenial spirit."

"Ah!" said Eugenius with interest. "Won't she though?" he thought to himself, "I'll see that."

"Well, Sir," continued Mrs. M'Gregor, "the attentions of the Count became so exceedingly troublesome that my son Hector felt it proper to remonstrate with him. He, nevertheless, persevered. My son was compelled to call him out; they fought with small swords in the *Champs Elysées*. Would you believe it, Sir? my son ran him through the body, fixing him to a tree with the point of his rapier, where he was found on the next morning a perpendicular corpse!"

"How shocking!" cried Garwood, clasping his hands in horror.

"Yes, very. The Count was buried under that very tree. Flora has never been herself since."

"Let me hope," said Eugenius, "there was no attachment, no subdued, no secret passion."

"None in the world," cried the lady; "Flora's time is not yet come, although—" and she hesitated a moment, and averted her head, "although I don't know how soon it *may*."

The heart of Eugenius waxed riotous at this hint, and he was about to lay a train for further disclosures, but at that moment word was brought that Miss Flora was so indisposed that she feared she should not be able to return to the drawing room again that evening; with many apologies to Mr. Garwood, and hopes that he would speedily renew his visit. Eugenius was fain therefore abruptly to take his leave.

The bosom of Eugenius Garwood was in a state of extreme confusion when he got back to Botolph Lane. He felt himself by this time in a hapless state of corroding love. How could he aspire to the hand of Miss Flora M'Gregor? Count Kauffman had got himself skewered to a tree for dreaming of such a thing. What then would be a suitable punishment for presumption like his own? The very ghost of the general, martial baton in hand, would rise out of the bed of honour in which he had been snugly tucked up, and warn him from the hazardous attempt. Nevertheless,

"Though a thousand guards surround her,
Love will find out the way."

Eugenius was clearly of the same opinion as the old poet; for two afternoons only had elapsed before he found himself, with a calmness he himself could not account for, seated at the tea-table in Bernard Street.

He spent a delightful evening! Mrs. M'Gregor was so amiable,

so lively, so full of anecdote, so chatty, so quite the thing! Flora was so artless, so clever, so reserved, so lovely, so charming. Eugenius, at the conclusion of his visit, was put without reserve on the visiting list, and, I need not say, took advantage of the blissful privilege.

Weeks flew away, and the chains forged in the smithy of love were rivetted almost indissolubly to the heart of Eugenius Garwood. He found Flora all that his fondest hopes had pictured. As yet, however, he had given no testimony of his love, except by the ocular telegraph which lovers know so well how to work, and by the tender of certain handsome presents of jewels and other articles of value which "his own" Flora with a delightfully frank confidence in his honour, and an enchanting alacrity, received from him.

One morning, however, he looked in at Bernard Street with the express intention of deciding a question which was to make him happy beyond expression, or a maniac for life. It is, however, sometimes, a difficult matter to put such questions, and Eugenius found, when he was about to come to the point, that it would be by no means an easy one to him. A pause ensued: but, presently, Mrs. M'Gregor whispered to her daughter, not in so low a key but that Garwood could hear her,—

"Well, my love, I have decided upon applying to Mr. Garwood."

"Oh! for Heaven's sake, do not, I shall expire if you do—I cannot, cannot bear it!" and Miss Flora hid her face in her pocket handkerchief.

"Nonsense, love," expostulated the mother, "I have the utmost confidence in Mr. Garwood's honour, and I am sure he respects us too much to—"

"May I ask in what way I can be of service?" enquired Garwood.

"Why, my dear Sir," cried Mrs. M'Gregor, "my son Hector has most unaccountably—"

"Don't, oh don't!" interrupted Flora, sobbing.

"Now, I shall be really angry, child, if you act in this foolish manner.—My son Hector, Sir, has been unaccountably backward in sending us our quarter's remittance, for my property is lodged at La Fitte's:—could you advance us a small sum?"

"Oh! my dear madam, with the greatest pleasure; why had you not named it before? How much do you require?"

Eugenius Garwood felt at this moment substantial happiness.

"I think a hundred pounds would suffice for the present; or shall I ask too much if I say fifty more?"

"Too much!" cried Eugenius, "I'll go for it instantly, I am unfortunately busy this afternoon in the City, but at six o'clock, my usual time, rely upon it."

"Then we expect you at six o'clock?" said Mrs. M'Gregor, rising. "How kind, how amiable of you, my dear Sir. Nay, do not take leave of Flora now, it will be too much for her, she has retired to her apartment."

"My dearest Madam," cried Eugenius in a transport, "if I might hope that in that bosom—"

"I know what you would say," cried Mrs. M'Gregor, tapping his

hand with her fan, "you *may* hope, she loves you deeply, passionately, truly. Such a heart, Eugenius! don't break it when I transfer it to you."

Garwood stared at his future mother-in-law in stupid astonishment. "Can it be?" and he rushed to the door,—“At six o'clock, expect me, at six o'clock,” and he was out of sight in a moment.

It wanted ten minutes to three by the clock of the Foundling Hospital when Garwood passed it on his return to Bernard Street.

"They will be delighted to see me three hours before my time," said he, "but oh! what will be the amount of their happiness compared to mine? Worthy, excellent beings!—but we shall soon be one family." Claspings his pocket-book tightly as he proceeded, he soon found himself at the door.

There was a strange noise on the second floor as he ascended the stairs. Could it proceed from their room? He halted on the landing, and listened.

"I'll tell you what, I *will* have some money," cried a gruff and ferocious voice; "mind, when I come again, you have it ready for me. What! haven't you got any thing out of the fellow yet?"

Garwood thought he could distinguish the voice of his Flora. "My dear Tom," it began, but the door was closed suddenly. A huddled and unintelligible conversation ensued, which lasted a few minutes, but the door was abruptly opened.

"Well, I'll come again to-morrow morning, but don't let me see him, that's all," said the voice, and presently a pair of legs were stumbling down the stairs, and Garwood found himself face to face with a fierce-looking fellow in a great coat, with his hat on one side of his head, and a pair of awful whiskers.

"Well, and what do you want up here?" cried the phenomenon.

"I am come, Sir, on business to Mrs. M'Gregor," said Garwood mildly.

"Oh! you have, have you?" cried the other, "then she told me to give you this."

So saying, the monster flung his hat at the head of Eugenius, and, scrambling over his prostrate carcase with superhuman strides, vanished in a twinkling.

Garwood collected himself together as well as he was able, and, mounting the stairs, rushed into the drawing-room.

"My own Eugenius, what is the matter?" cried Flora, flinging herself into his arms.

"A man"—gasped Garwood.

"That odious fellow," said Mrs. M'Gregor, who now, having disposed of a certain bottle and glasses, came forward. "It does not signify, Flora, we must not permit that fellow to visit us."

"Who is it, in mercy's name?" cried Garwood.

"A Captain Culverin, my dear Sir," answered Mrs. M'Gregor, "a friend of my son Hector. Since the sabre cut he received in the head at the battle of Talavera, he has been subject to fits of madness."

Eugenius, who was one of the most credulous of men, believed this, and a great deal more, before he left his friends for the night.

The money was parted with,—the happy day was fixed, and if any thing could afford him a foretaste of the bliss he was to enjoy when he obtained Flora, the perfect sympathy of souls which took place on that evening would have supplied it.

"I am glad you are come, Sir," said the landlady of the house in Bernard Street to Eugenius Garwood, meeting him in the passage on the evening of the following day; "my lodgers are gone, and I am very glad of it: for my part, I am glad to find every thing safe. I suspected the plate and linen were gone."

"What do you mean?" faltered Garwood.

"Oh Sir, they were bad characters, very bad, I'm afraid: you haven't known them long, Sir, of course; but you look ill, Sir."

"Call a coach," said Eugenius faintly. "Bad characters!"

"Yes, Sir, not much better than swindlers, I suspect: why, they're in all the tradesmen's books about here; I hope they haven't taken you in, Sir."

Eugenius Garwood was lugged home to Botolph Lane in a state of insensibility.

TO IRIS.

FAREWELL! the heart which thou hast broken
Can never, never love again;
The last, the fatal word is spoken,
Nor could it give a keener pain.

My peace with all my love is gone,
And never could they fly to thee;
Think, girl, the grave, the grave alone,
Can bring repose to you and me.

Can Hope one latent spark disclose?
Create again those hours divine?
Yes! when this heart such passion knows,
And dotes on such a form as thine.

When ev'ry burning throb is o'er,
When clos'd my eyes and mute my breath;
When all my pains are felt no more,
Ah! then how long thou'lt gaze on death!

THE LITERARY AND POLITICAL LIFE OF M. GUIZOT.

—
 "A Re malvagio consiglier peggiore."—TASSO.
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To most of our readers Francis Guizot, the subject of this memoir, is already well-known, both as a literary and political character of the present century. Born at Nîmes in 1787 of Protestant parents, at a very early age M. Guizot was by them sent to Geneva, there to study philosophy and the German literature, in both of which he made rapid progress. In 1806 M. Guizot established himself in Paris, where, with great zeal and indefatigable assiduity, he applied all his faculties to the noble task of attaining to eminence in the culture and propagation of literature. Having soon after met in society with Mademoiselle Pauline de Meulan, a young lady possessing a highly cultivated mind, and endowed with considerable personal attractions, and with amiable moral accomplishments, M. Guizot sought and obtained her heart and hand, and with her continued his glorious advancement in the literary career. The "Publiciste," the "Gazette de France," the "Archives Littéraires," and the "Mercure de France," were supplied with literary and critical contributions of M. Guizot, which, having met with general approbation, both increased the circulation of the above-named periodicals and raised the reputation of their author. In 1809, by the publication of his "Nouveau Dictionnaire des Synonymes Français," M. Guizot obtained a place at the College of France, where with zeal and success he performed the functions of a professor.

During the empire M. Guizot publicly, at least, remained a perfect stranger to politics, and refrained from embarking on the turbulent ocean of public life; but in 1814, after the restoration of the Bourbons, through the instrumentality and patronage of the celebrated Abbé de Montesquieu, he entered upon his political career, was appointed secretary-general of the interior, and in this capacity he ably seconded the views of his Mæcenas, forwarded several ameliorations; but in the meantime he began to manifest a kind of apathy towards every broad and liberal reform, and a great indifference for the welfare of the press.

During the *hundred days* M. Guizot followed Louis XVIII. to Ghent, and with M. Bertin de Veau edited there the "Moniteur," in the columns of which he vehemently attacked the partisans of Napoleon, advocated the most oppressive and arbitrary measures, and clamoured for the total extermination of the liberals.

After the annihilation of Napoleon at Waterloo, and his subsequent surrender to the English, M. Guizot returned with the king to the metropolis, and was appointed secretary-general of the department of justice, in the fulfilment of which he assumed an unbecoming severity, and was also accused of partiality and oppression, and especially of having shown himself *rather favourable* to the execution of Marshal Ney.

JULY, 1837.

B

In 1817 M. Guizot became a follower of Royer Collard, who had established the *sect of the Doctrinaires*, amounting then to about a dozen individuals, who held their weekly meetings at the house of the Duke de Broglie, and there discussed their semi-liberal projects of civil and religious liberty. In the same year M. Guizot was raised to the post of *Maitre de Requêtes* and *Counsellor of State*, and became the favourite of M. Decazes, by whose recommendation he obtained the professorship of modern history at the French Academy.

In 1821, being involved in the disgrace of the Duke Decazes, and having suddenly lost all his courtly honours and emoluments, M. Guizot, with a philosophic resignation, re-entered upon his literary and professional avocations, and resumed his lectures on modern history, which he delivered at the Sorbonne. These were attended not only by the young students, but also by all the most learned and scientific men of Paris. The political and liberal journals having espoused his cause by continually praising his lectures, increased his reputation, and at last obtained for him a seat in the chamber of deputies, where he joined the politics of Royer Collard, and his partisans; and through the "*Journal des Debats*" he constitutionally opposed all the measures of the administration of Villele. However, he never belonged to that small patriotic section of the chamber, of which Foy, Manuel, Benjamin Constant, Laffitte, Lafayette, Lamarque, Perier, Dupont de l'Eure, De Tracy, Sebastiani, and a few others, were the unflinching and intrepid champions.

Under the semi-liberal ministry of Martignac M. Guizot ceased to oppose the government, and some say that underhand he privately, and perhaps not very honourably, obtained from that minister great favours, not only for himself but also for his friends.

When Polignac and his most unpopular and universally abhorred colleagues undertook the task of hastening a new revolution, and so, in effect, of forwarding the expulsion of the Bourbons, M. Guizot declared himself against that administration, and resumed his opposition in the "*Journal des Debats*;" but as a deputy he remained silent in the house, although acknowledged to have been one of the 221 deputies who voted for the amendment by which the house called upon the king to dismiss the anti-national Polignac ministry, and which caused at first the dissolution of the chamber, and ultimately the famous ordinances of the 25th of July, which engendered afterwards the sudden revolution of the *three glorious days*.

During the heroic efforts of the people of Paris in that eventful crisis, M. Guizot, like the rest of the *Doctrinaires*, took no active part in the national struggle, and he was with much difficulty prevailed upon to sign the protest of the deputies against the illegal ordinances of Charles X., and seldom attended the meetings of his colleagues at M. Laffitte's. But after the victory, Lafayette having been unanimously placed at the head of the provisional government of France, M. Guizot was by him appointed *provisionary commissioner for public instruction*, and the Duke of Orleans, having been raised by Lafayette to the lieutenantcy-general of the kingdom, named M. Guizot *provisionary minister of the interior*.

As soon as the Duke of Orleans was elected and proclaimed king

of the French, M. Guizot obtained the portfolio of public instruction, and was a colleague of the Duke de Broglie, Gerard, Sebastiani, Montalivet, Dupont l'Eure, and Laffitte. From that time the conduct of Guizot began to excite in the public mind great doubt, and even alarm, with regard to his sincere attachment to the sovereignty of the people, as established by the revolution of July. Soon, however, all uncertainty ceased on this point, and it was clearly perceived that M. Guizot, with all the Doctrinaires, scarcely *tolerated* the extraordinary changes effected by the popular will, and concurring with the apostasy of Louis Philippe, not only wished to paralyze the progress of liberty, but endeavoured also to stifle the *movement party*, to which Charles X. owed his expulsion and the Duke of Orleans his sovereign power. In fact, in 1831 M. Guizot became openly the political antagonist of Lafayette, Laffitte, Dupont de l'Eure, and in the council of Louis Philippe warmly supported every anti-national measure, and every restrictive plan, which the mock citizen king concocted in order to gain the approval and protection of the great powers of the north. During the last seven years, under the pretext of establishing order and peace in France, M. Guizot has been always the most active member of the party of *resistance* and *coercion*, and has advocated on the tribune of the house, both as minister and as deputy, every measure that could in any way either paralyze or annul the consequences of the revolution of July. As minister for public instruction he has certainly effected some improvements with regard to the *primary instruction* of the people, but meanwhile liberty of thought and conscience has been under him almost annihilated amongst the professors and students of the French universities. As Minister of the Interior, M. Guizot has visited France with thousands of domiciliary visits, has increased the immoral sway of spies and informers, and has rendered the departmental *préfets* little less than public informers. The Fieschi laws, the restriction of the press, the disfranchisement of thousands of electors, and the enslavement of the French jury, have met with the approbation and support of M. Guizot; the repeated massacres of Paris, the state of *siege*, and the establishment of martial laws both in Paris and Lyons, were promoted and defended by M. Guizot, and consequently have rendered him deservedly unpopular and abhorred as a statesman and politician.

However, as a literary man M. Guizot is highly esteemable, and deserves to be ranked amongst the greatest characters of the present century. Notwithstanding that he has no great claim to originality, his tact and industry in collecting the best materials from his predecessors, his skill and success in placing them under a new and more elegant aspect, and his uncommon ability of adapting his style to the understanding of his readers, cause him to be almost unrivalled amongst living French authors. He has published numerous works, which have all been reprinted several times, and which have also been translated into foreign languages, such as,—"Idées sur la Liberté de la Presse," in which he expresses sentiments quite opposite to those at present entertained by him; "Essai sur l'Histoire et sur l'Etat Actuel de l'Instruction en France;" "Sur la Peine de Mort en Matière Politique;" "Des Conspirations et de la Justice Politique,"

a strange work to come from the hands of him under whose ministry Alibaud suffered; "*Cours d'Histoire Moderne*." This is by far the most popular and most successful of his productions, since it has reached its 27th edition in Paris. "*Histoire de la Civilisation en Europe depuis la chute de l'Empire Romain jusqu' en 1789*," in which the author has imparted to his readers the fruit of all his historical knowledge. "*Histoire de la Civilisation en France*:" to those who wish to be acquainted with all that is interesting from Pepin to Charles X., this work will be very useful. "*Histoire de la Revolution d'Angleterre*," composed with great impartiality and discrimination upon the best materials, and in which an English reader may learn how to appreciate the opinions of a disinterested foreign historian upon subjects that are familiar to him—and, lastly, "*Memoirs pour servir à l'Histoire d'Angleterre*." This is a voluminous compilation from the best English, German, and French authors who have written on the history, constitution, manners, and customs of the inhabitants of the English empire. It must also be mentioned here to his honour as a private individual, that he has been an excellent and kind husband, a good and affectionate father, and a warm and faithful friend. His wife, Madame Pauline Guizot, has also published several much esteemed romances, and several essays on education and on criticism. Her principal works are:—"La Chapelle d'Ayton;" "*Les Contradictions*;" "*L'Ecolier*;" and "*Les Enfants*." In them the reader will find elegance of style, pure morality, lofty sentiments, and much instruction and amusement, without either affectation or unbecoming flattery.

ANACREONTIQUE.

By the Author of the "Bridal of Naworth."

FOR Anacreon's song of love
 Venus gave a gentle dove;
 Oh! it was the happiest hour,
 But I envy him no more.
 Let his strain be more divine,
 Could his bliss be more than mine?
 Love upon his golden wings
 All my songs to Rosa brings.
 Rosa all my songs approves,
 Pays with sweeter things than doves.
 Rosa warbles lay of mine,
 Pays me with a song divine;—
 Song of rapture, song of blisses,
 Every word impressed in kisses;—
 Song of tender, am'rous fears,
 Every word begemm'd with tears.
 Teian, were such raptures thine?
 I could tell thee more of mine.

SWITZERLAND AND THE SWISS.

(FROM THE FRENCH OF PROFESSOR MONNARD, OF LAUSANNE.)

THAT mountains are the natural limits that separate countries and vary the characters of their inhabitants, cannot be doubted by any one even moderately acquainted with the history and distribution of the human race, who will look at the map of Europe. Greece, Spain, Italy, southern Germany and Switzerland must at once strike him as being strong proofs of the correctness of this observation; but in the last of these countries especially are there to be found irrefragable arguments in support of the proposition. Switzerland, indeed, intersected, as it is, by almost innumerable mountain-chains, and inhabited by successive accumulations of so many different families of the human race, exhibits in itself an epitome of the characteristic moral features of all Europe,—from the simple manners of the hardy peasant living in the secluded vallies of the mountain-districts, through every intervening grade to the artificial state of society existing in the large and populous towns on the plains. The tourist, indeed, who hurries on his way and looks only on the mere surface of things, pays more attention to the national usages and costume; but surely the mature investigation of the causes which modify the national character in different parts of the Helvetic states is better worth the attention of serious and intelligent travellers.

The natural mountain barriers are not, it is true the only causes influencing character:—climate, religion, political institutions, educational establishments, all contribute their share of influence; but the mountains are the great lines of demarcation that establish the leading individualities of character. How is it, that the little republic of Gersau in the canton of Schwyz (the whole of which in its tiny expanse is visible from the centre of the lake of Lucerne), has so long maintained its independence as a separate republic? The reason is obvious. Situated on the side of a mountain between two lateral escarpments, it forms a wide but secluded valley surrounded by elevated chains:—is it surprising that the members of this little state thus located, should have preserved usages and acquired habits, that are to be seen in no other part of the world?

If we would run from one extremity of the social scale to the opposite, we only need observe successively the moral features of Geneva and Uri. In the latter case we observe all the mental languor and inactivity incidental to pastoral life, while in the former there reigns a general industry, diffusing its productions over both continents:—in Uri are only a few wretched ill-conducted schools,—in Geneva is to be seen a vital activity in the pursuit of learning and science equalled nowhere in France or Switzerland except at Paris:—in Uri, the dead forms of a pure democracy, falsely termed a free institution, either subject the masses to the clever cunning of a few leading men or the leading men to the ignorance of the masses, while in Geneva the representative system conducted with a refined talent that has given it a celebrity all over Europe has proved its superiority by its efficient protection of all public rights, and by its calm but firm assertion of the national liberties. The contrast—carried thus far—is sufficient; but it would not be difficult to pursue the parallel. Again, let us observe the characters of the Vallais and the Vaudois,—people so near to each other, and yet, morally so different! The former, bowed down beneath the yoke of priestcraft, and tyrannized over rather than governed by a secret junta which opposes every obstacle to the formation of free institutions, is sluggish and apparently without a motive to industry, he leaves uncultivated at least one third of a highly fertile soil,

evinces but little interest for the welfare of the few institutions of his canton, behaves in war with supineness, and sighs for the true liberty which showers so many blessings on his more fortunate neighbour. The Vaudois, on the other hand, enjoying the protection of liberal institutions, is well-educated, active, cheerful, jealous of his honour, ever aspiring to make new progress in political science: he elects his representatives, controuls their actions, weighs their words, and with respect to the state finances exercises a jealous vigilance to prevent the misemployment even of a single sou out of the public money. Let him be seen in the ranks of the army, at the national festivals or at patriotic meanings,—he is still the same; his bearing and language alike proclaim him to be a noble and free-born citizen.

The same variety, that is so observable with respect to the moral constitution of the people in different parts of Switzerland, is to be seen also in their virtues and vices. If in some cantons sincere patriotism is the reigning feature, there are others no less remarkable for double-dealing, bad-faith and treachery:—and so likewise some districts are distinguished by their excessive love of gain, while idleness gives to others a less enviable celebrity. In the towns and villages of some districts a hearty hospitality awaits the mere roadside traveller from any house; whilst in those towns that are more advanced in the social scale, a wise economy is found more profitable than undistinguishing generosity. On the beaten roads of the Oberland of Berne, the traveller meets almost at every step a piper or a ballad-singer, who would fain draw forth his bounty by their minstrel art; or else, what is less pleasant, he has to encounter a ruffian, who, with pistol in hand, enforces the alms which others content themselves with asking; but in those parts of Switzerland that are more frequented by strangers—as the country about Geneva and Lausanne, not a single individual will condescend to adopt a beggar's life. In Bâle the manners and conversation of the counting-house are introduced into the drawing-room; and no introduction is there so welcome as that of the man of business. Lausanne hospitably opens its private circles to all foreigners:—the society of the ladies is most delightful, and for that very reason is much coveted by visitors. The inhabitant on the banks of "Zurich's fair waters" is especially industrious and pains-taking, but at the same time of ardent passions and violent in politics. On the lake of the Four Cantons the town and vicinage of Lucerne are inhabited by a merry good-tempered people endued with an almost officious kindness, fond of pleasure, and utterly careless for the affairs of the morrow. *D'Lucerner sy es lustiga Völkli*, said a chief magistrate of that canton one day very briefly, but with great truth and comprehensiveness of description.

The external habits of the Swiss vary just as much as their manners and character. In the greater portion of the German cantons the country dwellings are remarkable for their commodious and elegant rusticity—yet more so for their neatness and cleanliness; while through most of French Switzerland, the appearance of the villages, the construction of the houses, the clumsy arrangement of their neighbourhood, and their utter neglect of tidiness mark their Burgundian origin and their long political relationship with Savoy, and exhibit before the stranger a sad contrast to the beauty of the country.

The different races that have successively peopled the Helvetic cantons have left in them the types of their respective physiognomy and stature; and this diversity is further increased by their different habits of life. The name of Swiss very commonly and naturally awakens the idea of a vigorous and majestic frame of body; and this certainly prevails to a great degree in the canton of Fribourg, the Bernese Alps and generally among the Alpine shepherds, as well as in the native aboriginal population in the villages and hamlets about Montreux in the Pays de Vaux. The handsomest people of Switzerland are unquestionably the inhabitants of Hasli in the Bernese Oberland. They are said to be of Swedish origin; and this is proved not merely by long tradition, but by the character of their physiognomy, their accent and their

peculiar family-names :—their pastoral life is extremely favourable to the development of the manliness and simplicity peculiar to the Scandinavian race. Youthful girls and women are there sometimes met with, that might serve as the *beau idéal* of an artist ; but in advanced age they seem to lose their attractions altogether. There are other Helvetic races of lower stature, but yet with broad brawny chests and muscular conformations which do not yield to those of the Oberland-people ;—still in their popular brawls and on the field of battle they do not give the idea of unconquerable resistance. If we may judge from the coats of armour formerly worn by the ancient Swiss, it is fair to conclude that these races shared with the first competitors the glory of the most honourable combats. How different are the dwellers in the *châlets* of Sentsis in Appenzell, of Moléson in Friburg, or of Lautenbrunnen in Bern ; and if we visit the more petty streets of Geneva, or the workshops of the *Cabinotiers* or labouring-watchmakers, we should imagine ourselves to live in another part of the world,—so powerful is the effect of close dwellings, and of a sedentary occupation in producing lank and emaciated figures, and pallid, unhealthy countenances. The peasant of Bern has in general a brawny shape, and a round chubby face :—he is recognised at once as the owner of a productive farm, still requiring laborious tillage, and of a stock of well-fed flocks and herds ; while his neighbour, the *Vaudois*, with less colour and embonpoint, but a most muscular frame, lives less luxuriously, and has a more active and ingenious mental composition :—half-disguised cunning, fierceness of aspect, and angular configuration are his characteristic marks. In Thurgau the odd mixture of a German physiognomy with the dark eyes of the south gives its inhabitants a singular appearance ; and in Ticino and the Grisons, we can scarcely mistake the existence of an Italian type in the remarkably intelligent expression observable in the features of their inhabitants. Such are a few examples of special varieties in the Swiss character :—the following remarks have a more general application.

The courage and military enterprise of the Swiss have been often mentioned with praise. Their fidelity to the cause that they may have espoused, forms a noble trait throughout their history, and no country in Europe knows this better than France : their word is inviolable, and they religiously observe all contracted alliances and the faith of all treaties. So much indeed is this acknowledged, that foreign nations seek their connexion,—well assured that their loyalty may be fully depended on. With respect to the reality of their religious feelings, this is sufficiently attested by the important place occupied by religion both in public and in private life ; and here let it be understood, that we allude not to mere forms and observances, but to a general concern for the eternal interests of the soul, for religious convictions and their influence on the moral character. There is, indeed, a marked difference between the religious sentiments of the members of the Roman and reformed communities, and the latter have the superiority in what concerns moral discipline and the spirituality of religion, as well as in the knowledge of controversial theology :—still in almost all the cantons, the frequent performance of religious duties, and the predominance of a religious feeling, cannot fail to strike every foreign visitor.

Point d'argent, point de Suisse, is a favourite term of reproach with those who accuse the Helvetic people with selfishness and venality. Let such recollect, that they turn the proverb out of its true meaning, which conveys a high compliment to their loyalty. During the wars, when the conquerors would have assigned to their Swiss soldiers the right of pillaging the vanquished as an equivalent for their pay, they preferred to retire altogether rather than to soil their hands with dishonourable rapine ; and their chief proudly answered the proposal thus :—*Point d'argent, point de Suisses*.

The patriotism of the Swiss deserves the more to be cited as an universal characteristic, as there are few nations, of which so many individuals in proportion to the whole, emigrate and settle in foreign countries. We need not mention military capitulations, which are now only matter of history, nor is

it necessary to allude to the magical effect of the *rans-des-vaches* on the Swiss soldiery when in foreign service :—we merely observe, that there is no country in Europe, and scarcely any part of America, even in its least civilized parts, where the Swiss will not be found—and sometimes even in considerable numbers. Large mercantile and banking establishments, some of the first rank and importance, have been formed by them in London, Paris, Lyons, Bourdeaux, Naples, St. Petersburg, Moscow, and Pernambuco. Their industry and talent in the arts and employments of life are no less extensively practised. The Grisons supply Europe with cooks and confectioners; colonies of Vaudois cultivate the vine on the shores of the Black Sea, and on the banks of the Ohio; the cantons of Geneva and Vaud furnish tutors, schoolmasters, governesses, nursery-servants, and pastors for the French Protestants; while in the universities of Germany and France, many of the most learned Swiss literati have established a reputation co-extensive with Europe itself :—among all these of every grade, who for a time in the exercise of their industry consent to become citizens of the world, the love of country never ceases to be the prevailing idea; their patriotism continues unimpaired and undiminished. Let distress be felt either generally or partially in their native country :—the Swiss residents in every country far and near, club together and form a liberal and patriotic contribution for the relief of their suffering countrymen; and thus do they maintain their claims of citizenship, if not by the exercise of their civil rights, at least by aiding the support of the poorer members.

What,—it may well be asked,—is the motive, which induces the children of Helvetia to exercise their energies in a country that has not witnessed their birth? It is simply and solely the hope of closing their days usefully and honourably in the land where they commenced their existence. The noble edifices at Engaddin and Schwyz, the beautiful country-seats on the banks of the Lakes of Lucerne and Geneva, the neat village habitation of the old pensioned domestic, who with doting fondness recalls many a story of his past years of service,—all these honourable retreats are so many indications that the Swiss in his voluntary exile never ceases to think of his native land :—

Ille terrarum mihi præter omnes
Angulus ridet.

Whither do his thoughts and aspirations tend, when amid the occupations and pleasures of a foreign scene, his bosom heaves a melancholy sigh? What arrests his thoughts, when his fixed and vacant stare prove them to have wandered far from the place of his present dwelling? A mysterious voice whispers within him the name of country,—*la patrie*. In the bustle of mercantile business, amid the blandishments of pleasure at the court-fêtes or in brilliant saloons, in the silent chamber of the student, or in the painting-room of the artist, the Swiss contemplates from afar the towering Alps with their snow-capped summits and forest-clothed sides, the clear lake reflecting sun and mountain, the hamlet and the neighbouring cascade, whose brawling he even thinks he can hear alternately with the joyous cries of the shepherd, and the tinkling of the sheep-bell :—in short he is wrapt in admiration of the pleasures thus exhibited to him by a fond imagination*. The Swiss, however, is not merely enamoured of his country, but regards it with fierce and lofty pride; and woe to him who wounds that pride which is still more elevated by the independence that he enjoys and the rights which he exercises. It is perhaps to this natural haughtiness, to a spirit of independence, and to the invigorating

* M. Monnard cites an instance of a very wealthy and highly honourable Swiss merchant at Paris, who whenever his business allowed him four and twenty hours leisure, would post off to the Jura, on whose summit he could feast his eyes with the sight of his native land, and inhale the air which should give him renewed strength for the labours at the close of which he might return home to spend the evening of his days in the enjoyment of *otium cum dignitate*.

air of the mountains that we should attribute that fondness for railery and sarcasm which characterize them,—especially those dwelling in the Alps or in the Italian part of the country. Less lively and frivolously gay, less fond of innocent mirth than the Frenchman, he is more derisive and satirical, and his witticisms however original are always cutting and sometimes cruelly severe.

The national character of the Swiss is no where better displayed than at their patriotic fêtes and réunions, which are not ordered by the laws or by official authority, but spring out of the breasts of the people and are conducted by the national enthusiasm. These celebrations are made either in commemoration of some great event, for the purpose of performing gymnastic exercises or with the view of strengthening the ties of brotherhood. Whatever part the authorities may take in these fêtes, they act only as private individuals and impose no restraint on the freedom of enjoyment. The people of Lucerne celebrate the anniversary of the battle of Sempach (July 9, 1386) by a public sermon preached before the magistrates and the people, outside a chapel built on the spot, where the bravery of Arnold of Winkelried and his stout comrades saved Switzerland from the chains of Austria:—a service is afterwards performed within the chapel. The Catholics and Protestants of Glarus similarly and with common consent celebrate the signal victory gained by their forefathers (April 1388) over the Austrians at Naefels. The inhabitants of Appenzell assemble on the Stoss to revive and foster the sentiments, which won for their ancestors at the commencement of the fifteenth century a decisive advantage over the Duke of Austria and the abbot of St. Gall. From the year 1804 till the repeal of the *Act of Mediation*, the Vaudois were accustomed to commemorate on each fourteenth of April, the anniversary of the first meeting of the great cantonal council; and the whole people celebrated the occasion with an enthusiasm that liberty alone can inspire.

The mountaineers of the Bernese Oberland, of Entlibuch, and the people in the canton of Lucerne, Unterwalden, and Appenzell, have every year different meetings for gymnastic contests. These assemblies are held in great respect by these athletic people, and frequently take place between the inhabitants of neighbouring districts. These pastoral contests, necessarily exclusive owing to the nature of the country and their own primitive character, attract a crowd of interested spectators, and cannot be otherwise than highly pleasing even to foreigners, who are often witnesses of these rural sports. Every thing contributes to inspire youthful combatants with enthusiasm:—strangers are present, who will carry the report of their prowess to other lands, the umpires are men whose former achievements exhibit a bright example to the youthful candidate, and foremost among the spectators are mothers, wives, and beloved maidens, whose eager eyes and hardly suppressed emotions betray a sentiment far more interesting and absorbing than simple curiosity. Rifle-shooting is well known to be a favourite exercise of the Swiss:—matches for proving skill in the use of this weapon bring together very large assemblies, and great encouragement in the way of prizes is given to the exercise both by the cantonal authorities and by the more wealthy individuals. Local societies are formed also for the cultivation of national singing; and nothing certainly can be more impressive than the patriotic choruses sung by two or three hundred natives of Zurich and Appenzell (by far the best vocal cantons), when led by that clever and scientific composer Naegeli, or by the reverend pastor Weisshaupt. It is not, however, in the separate cantons merely that these shooting and singing meetings take place; for there are occasional assemblies of riflemen and vocalists from all parts of Switzerland. Every two years a federal rifle meeting takes place in one or other of the principal towns. In 1832 and 1834 the meetings at Lucerne and Zurich were remarkable for the excellence of their arrangements and for the energy with which the federal spirit was maintained by all the members of the association. Last year's meeting took place at Lausanne. Those who would form any adequate notion of the splendour of these meetings must have seen spectators; for there is an

originality of beauty about it that quite baffles all powers of description below those of a Froissart, a Walter Scott, or a Victor Hugo. Thousands of rifle shooters, together with their friends and others who come from far and near to be present at this modern Olympia, assemble in a spot, which (generally speaking) nature without the aid of art has formed into a theatre of magnificent dimensions and consummate beauty and sublimity. The deputations from the different cantons arrive successively with their respective banners, which are grouped on the ground in a semi-circle with the great federal banner in the centre; the numerous prizes are exposed to the inspection and meet the admiration of all beholders; thousands of reports from the fire-arms are heard during each of the eight days of the fête; crowds of spectators move about in every direction, habited in various costume and speaking different dialects, but all animated with one prevailing sentiment—the love of their common country. Public banquets are given in the open air, and addresses are made to the people full of talent and enthusiasm:—in fact, every thing wears the appearance of a great national jubilee, where mirth and cordiality hold undivided sovereignty,—and the prevailing sentiment is that both hand and heart are united for the defence of Switzerland and its liberties:—the tout ensemble has a wonderful effect on the imagination and affections.

Passing over the great Helvetic music meetings, we proceed to mention those which have a patriotic, but at the same time a special and definite object. The *Société d'utilité publique*, which discusses educational questions and all such as have reference to the employment and amelioration of the poor, and the *Société des Sciences Naturelles* are the most numerously attended:—the rest are less extensive. The Society of Zoffingen* is formed of students belonging to the various Swiss universities and academies, and in their assemblies these future citizens prepare themselves for benefitting society by reviving each year with studious but friendly emulation those great and animating ideas which elevate and regenerate humanity. This spirit of association, of which a few examples have thus been cited, is making continual progress, and societies are in daily formation whose object is to produce a constant action and co-operation on the part of the citizens for the general interests of Switzerland.

The languages of the Helvetic people are as diversified as their customs; for they speak four totally distinct languages,—German, French, Italian, and Romain, and from these spring out a multitude of dialects of all degrees of admixture. The German language is that chiefly spoken and is in general use in eastern, northern and central Switzerland. If, after deducting the canton of Ticino the southern part of the Grisons and Engadine, the reader will draw a line of division from north to south, passing between the lakes of Neuchâtel and Brienne,—thence over the towns of Morat and Friburg,—between Gruyère and Gessenay, and thence turning eastward so as to divide the Vallais into two parts at Siders, about half-way between Sten and Brig, he will then have traced the bounding line between the Burgundian and Germanic races—between those who use the French and those who use the German language. In some places on the frontier the two languages are spoken and even mixed together, as well as with an indigenous patois,—as for instance the dialect spoken in the vicinity of Morat. At Friburg, on the contrary, although only ten English miles to the south of the former place, the languages are kept distinct,—the lower town being all German, the upper being all French; and the traveller, who speaks French in the former or German in the latter, runs great risk of his wants not being properly understood. At Bern, where fashion renders a French education indispensable for the higher classes, the *se plus ultra* of perfection is to converse in a medley of French and German or in a mode-

* This society is so called from the town of Zoffingen in the canton of Argau, where these young friends of literary study receive every year the most hospitable and cordial entertainment.

rately good French accompanied by a kind of running paraphrase in harshly-spoken German.

With respect to the German as spoken in Switzerland, it cannot be denied that its scholars have enriched the literature of Germany, and that its educated men generally write the language very well:—still it is not spoken with purity in any canton throughout the confederacy, and national prejudice throws ridicule even on those who aim at speaking pure German, unless they converse with those who are really Germans. The Swiss German, which is a *patois* having a close relation to that spoken in the south of Alsace, in the Duchy of Baden and in the Tyrol, seems to be very similar to the German of the middle ages, and the song of the *Nibelungen* frequently has the appearance of being written in the dialect of Bern. It is most probably on account of the relations of dialect, that the lyric poems of *Minnesänger* were collected for the first time in the fourteenth century by Rüdiger a native of Zurich, and first printed at Zurich in 1758 under the direction of the poet Bodmer. The Swiss dialects, however, vary extremely, and to a remarkable degree even in a single canton;—for instance, the language spoken in the interior *Rhodes* of Appenzell is scarcely understood out of that confined district. The Swiss speak the German with a strong guttural accent not very agreeable to the ear; and although at Brienz it is more softly pronounced, it is not altogether graceful in the mouth of the beautiful boatwoman:—it is at Hasli, that, owing to the northern accentuation of the people, their language is most easily understood by those from the north of Germany. Whatever may have been said in disparagement of its purity and respecting its imperfections as a medium of literary and scientific cultivation, this language spoken by men whose hearts beat with the emotions of joy and sorrow is singularly well adapted to the uses of popular poetry. There is a certain *bonhomie* and *naïveté*, and certain national originality in the style of expression, and there are words possessing a singular charm, which cause the songs of the canon Haeffliger of Lucerne, the popular ballads of Kuhn and the little poems of Wyss in the Bernese dialect to be read with singular and absorbing interest. The *Germanic poems* by Hébel of Carlsruhe, although of the highest poetic character, do not belong to Switzerland, but to a kindred dialect.

In French Switzerland the language is spoken with grammatical, if not *enunciative*, purity by the best educated classes in the cantons of Geneva, Vaud and Neuchâtel and in parts of Bâle, Friburg and the Vallais. Still most persons mingle more or less with the acknowledged French indigenous words and phrases, and have a provincial pronunciation sufficiently distinctive, but yet less strange and *outré* than that which prevails in many parts of France most distant from the capital. The French *patois* are very numerous, and they vary so in character, that,—to cite a fair example,—the *patois* spoken in the little valley of Lavey at the extremity of the canton of Vaud on the side of the Vallais is not understood by the other inhabitants of the canton. In these *patois* dialects there are many simple, quaint and pleasant stories both in prose and verse; and we may mention a classical production—a translation of Virgil's *Bucolics* in the Friburg dialect. In general the French *patois* of Switzerland retains many remnants of the mediæval Romain language, and several words of Latin origin that have not obtained currency in France. The pronunciation has some similarity to the Italian *patois*:—those who speak the French *patois* and go into Italy learn the Italian language with the greatest facility. Those countries of Switzerland, where the *patois* alone is used, and where pure French is not understood, become every day less extensive; and the cause of such decrease is sufficiently evident,—for the increased means of communication, the full development of the primary instruction systems, and a generally diffused interest in the national politics are hints sufficient to show that the French language must gain ground in spite of the hindrances which Swiss prejudices may set up against its general adoption. But stubborn facts will prove more:—for there is no canton and scarcely any

village or inn on the main-roads of the country, where the French is not understood. If the Swiss consider their true interests, they will religiously maintain their individuality, but at the same time will do all in their power to maintain a friendly connexion with a country, from which they derive the greatest advantages.

The Italian language is confined to the canton of Ticino, and the educated classes write it with great purity of style. In the principal valley of the canton of Uri (the valley of the Reuss) many people are at any rate acquainted with the language most in use among their neighbours,—a circumstance entirely owing to their relations and frequent communication with Ticino and Italy :—the same is the case in the southern part of the Grisons, and on the south-eastern side of the Vallais. In the Grisons, however, besides Italian and German, which latter is the prevailing and best spoken language, two distinct dialects are in use, called by one common name, the *Romance*. The former of these dialects, the—*Romansch*,—is spoken in the high vallies at the sources of the Rhine, and in the adjacent plains, where two varieties may be recognised ;—the latter, the *ladinum* is used in the higher and lower Engadine with a very distinct variety in each. Neither of these dialects can be said to belong to the old Provençal, although they present occasional analogies to it, as well as to the old Breton and the Iberian languages :—the most learned critics assign to it an Etruscan origin, and historic proofs are not wanting to confirm their views. This theory would account partly for the affinity of the particular Grison dialect to the language so generally spread over southern continental Europe during the middle ages. Many Etruscans took refuge in the high Rætian Alps, and in those of the Tyrol, when the Gauls crossed the mountain barrier, and invaded their country six centuries before the Christian era ; and it is in these districts, according to some, that the pure Etruscan language is to be sought. Be that as it may, it is indisputably true that the Grison language has remained without alteration from the earliest period of which we have any written documents.

We cannot close an article, the object of which is to throw light upon the present state of Switzerland, without making some remarks on the travellers and tourists who exercise a most powerful influence on the moral and commercial interests of the country. Their numbers increase every year ; they expend large sums of money in Switzerland, and provide a subsistence for several of the operative classes,—such as guides, innkeepers, wood-carvers, print-sellers, music-sellers, valets, couriers, and waiting-women ; but still it is not gold alone, that these foreigners bring with them, for the most frequent roads give very clear and painful proofs of the moral pestilence that they diffuse in their passage through the land. It is true that scientific students, men of sense and talent, shrewd and well-trained observers of nature and of manners, philanthropists and eminent literary men visit the country, and enter into that reciprocal communion of ideas which enlarges the stores of the philosopher without impoverishing any :—but in comparison with their numbers, what a multitude of absurd tourists absolutely deluge Switzerland,—persons who gallop over it in obedience to mere fashion, and pay to its sublime scenery a tribute of admiration borrowed from a poem or a guide-book.

Interlachen on the lake of Brienz is an English colony ; and splendid edifices either have been built already or are in process of erection, sufficiently extensive to supply the demands of all the tenants from beyond the sea. The number of its loungers and the elegance of their dresses remind one rather of Regent Street, and the Italian Boulevard than of a secluded village in Switzerland. How many kid-gloved dandies and stiff upright ladies will one day congratulate themselves on having given a ball according to all the rules of fashion, or on having arranged a tea-party with perfect correctness in front of the Jungfrau. One English gentleman left England only with the view of angling in the Aar. Another traveller of the same nation was recommended to visit the magnificent scenery of the Oberland. “No,” was his reply ; “I

only came to see Mont Blanc and M. Fellenberg, and now I am going back to London." But the folly of some of these worthy tourists occasionally reaches a most ridiculous and unaccountable height, as the following well-authenticated anecdote will show. A grey-headed old gentleman procured a cow, and actually embarked with it on the lake of Brienz, in order to milk it within view of the Giesbach into a pail half full of champagne and cinnamon. The absurdities of travellers, however, are not always confined to the countries in which they take place; for many of them who hurry through the country with their eyes closed against every important fact—every really interesting phenomenon, return home and issue to the English public imaginary recollections and factitious impressions which raise a laugh at the expense of truth and to the disgrace of the author.

Travellers of every nation have visited the Helvetic cantons during the last few years. Let all, who respect the truth say, whether, at the time when some persons represented the confederation to be in a state of disorder almost amounting to anarchy, they were not struck with the peaceable aspect of the country, the cheerfulness of its population, and the quietness with which each occupied himself with his private concerns, and whether they have not traversed Switzerland from north to south and from east to west in full security both by day and night. Even in 1833 at the time of the insurrection of Schwyz and the military occupation of that district by the federal troops, travellers were always allowed to go through the length and breadth of the land without hindrance or annoyance of any kind whatsoever. No:—Switzerland is a peaceful—an emphatically peaceful country, and in the words of one of her historians "her standard shows the *trois couleurs* of EDUCATION, ECONOMY, INDUSTRY; and of that empire there shall be no end."

D.

SONG.

By the Author of the "Bridal of Naworth."

How bright are the charms of the maid we admire,
Our passion still paints her divine;
Her beauties inflame the fond heart with desire,
And her name is the toast of our wine.

No charms can compare
With those of our fair;
Her face is more bright
Than the clear starry night
When enraptured we sing, "She is ours."

But O, when fond Woman devotedly loves,
She deems him a God and adores;
Ev'ry pulse of her heart with warm sympathy moves,
And her soul in full passion she pours.

Her fancy discovers
No form like her lover's;
His eye is more bold
Than the heroes' of old
When she timidly murmurs, "I'm yours."

BEDEVİ DERVISES.

THE Order of the Bèdèvi was founded by *Ebul-Fettah-Dehmet-Bèdèvi*, who died at Tomsa in Egypt, in the year 675 (1276), according to M. D'Oheson. The customs of these Dervises, called by Europeans the *howling Dervises*, surpass in extravagance those of any other order of Dervises, except the *Rufai*, of whom we shall soon speak. The Bèdèvi have a convent at Saint-Dimitre, a village near Constantinople. The hall in which they perform their exercises is a large rectangular building, the walls of which are hung with small tablets, on which are engraved the precepts of the Koran. Drums, cymbals, and small kettle-drums are suspended around. In the angle fronting the holy city is the *Mihrab*,* covered like the walls with texts from the sacred writings. Beneath is a pile of cleavers or knives, with which they imprint marks on themselves during their exercises. The cypher of the founder of the Order is exhibited on the most prominent point of the hall. The Bèdèvi commence their rites by the prayer (*Namaz*) in which the Sheik presides. Seated round him, having made the due prostrations, they chant some verses from the Koran, balancing from right to left. This prelude lasts about half an hour—they then all rise up and place themselves in a line down the hall, sitting on their heels. Thus situated they re-commence their prayers, accompanied by a swinging motion to and fro of the body that varies from time to time. At a sign from the Sheik they all again rise up, make one step in advance, and then retreat a step, so as to regain their first line. In this position they recite, with heads declined, all the attributes of God—this repetition resembles much the litanies of the Latin church. But we might fancy them to have reached the highest pitch of phrenzy every time they pronounce the word *Allah*; this happens at least twenty times in a minute: their voices then rises a third or fifth. The oldest Dervise seconds the Sheik, and, placed at the right as regulator, animates his confederates with tone and gesture till they redouble their howling. At the same moment each of the Dervises gives a particular movement to his body; some swing with a rocking motion from side to side, and others backwards and forwards. This balancing is emblematic, according to their founder, of the rolling and plunging of a ship on a stormy ocean, which having, as it were, neither limit, shore, or bottom, faintly shadows out the immensity of God. At length the moment comes when hoarse sounds only issue from their breathless lungs; the perspiration rolls down from their brow, their lips are covered with foam, and the veins of their throat seem ready to burst. Some fall down as if in a fit of epilepsy, others struggle in the arms of their fellows, still yelling out *Allah!* Some pretend to faint away and are hastily carried out, while others appear as if exhausted with fatigue; when at the moment that we might suppose them going to expire, they rouse up and begin howling again louder than ever. Presently, as if phrenzied, they seize the knives to in-

* A niche, containing the Koran, and indicating the direction in which to turn in prayer.

crease the sensation by apparently cutting their limbs in an infuriated manner. The scars visible occasionally on the faces of the Dervises prove that some amongst them are less adroit than others in the use of these weapons; for a very slight wound in the skin will answer the purpose of drawing a few drops of blood. Meantime, the ignorant and credulous spectator is firmly persuaded that, at the moment when these jugglers appear to fall into extasies, the Deity, touched by their reiterated invocations, descends into their souls.

It would be difficult to explain how the Bèdèvi can so long support such violent exertions, did we not know the force of habit in enabling the mountebanks to perform their wonderful and dangerous feats. The exercises of the Bèdèvi Dervises are called *Monkabèlé* (exaltation of the glory of God), and *Tewhid* (celebration of the unity of God).

ROFAI DERVISES.

Seid Achmet-Rofai, who died in 578 (1182), in a wood between Bagdad and Bassora, was the founder of the Order of Rofai.

This class of Dervises much resemble the Bèdèvi; like them their devotions consist in calling on the name of God with loud voice until they are out of breath. Their office, or religious exercise, is divided into five parts; the first consists of the *Namas*, recited in common under the direction of the Sheik, to whom they pay, before commencing, the marks of respect that his rank entitles him to. The prayer concluded, all the Dervises run to the bottom of the hall, and standing up in a row, swing themselves from side to side, and chant verses from the Koran; gradually raising their voice and quickening their action, they follow the measure indicated by the chief, clapping their hands together:—this second part concludes the recitation of the attributes of God; the Dervises shutting their eyes and howling until they are out of breath. A short interval of repose succeeds this violent outburst, during which the Dervise in the centre of the file takes a pair of cymbals, the chief seizes the kettle-drums, and a drum is given to one of the party. The discordant clash of these instruments is the signal for the commencement of the third act, and serves as an accompaniment to the *Hamdimouhammedi*, or hymns in honour of the Prophet, chanted by the chief; whilst the rest respond by shouts of *Allah!* and *Hou!* These prayers terminate in howlings that seem to be a contest on the part of the Dervises with the discords of the savage music, that also increases, as if in defiance, its horrible wailing. At the fourth act the Sheik lays down the instruments and re-commences chanting: the *glahis* are intoned; Persian hymns composed in honour of Dervises of renowned sanctity. The balancing that has hitherto been from side to side now changes, and is made backwards and forwards. The Dervises during this moment cry *Alla!* and *Hou!* with increasing precipitation and energy. It is at the close of this part that sharp edged and burning irons are brought on the scene; they are given by the Sheik to the most expert of the Dervises. Those who handle these formidable weapons brandish them on high, and pretend to touch the cheek or some other part of the body with them,

giving them at the same time a rotatory motion. It is evident that this movement skilfully executed, by deceiving the eyes of the spectators, prevents the skin from coming in contact with the hot iron. Finally, the jugglery terminated by a few prayers gabbled by the Sheik, and a touch with his saliva to effect the cure of the imaginary wounds.

These are not, however, the only marvels wrought by the Sheik : mothers whose children are suffering from natural deformities, or casual diseases, bring them to the feet of these Dervises, who, with the permission of heaven, work a miracle in their favour.

The traditionary origin of these penances, with the hot iron in use with the Rofaï, is that Seid-Achmet their founder, having once in a transport of devotion inadvertently laid his legs on a pan of burning coals, a touch of the saliva of a brother devotee, Aboul-Kadei-Ghilani, founder of the Order of the *Kadiri*, on the wounds, obliterated every vestige of the injury.

The Mohammedans, after the example of their legislator, admire nothing higher amongst the miracles of the Messiah than the marvellous effect of his breath and saliva. Hence comes with the Persians the name of *Messih-dém* (gifted with the breath of the Messiah) to express most energetically the skill of a physician. Amongst the Musulmans there exists a class of men who call themselves *Meçikis*, or disciples of the Messiah, and who pretend to have inherited the miraculous gifts promised to the Apostles shortly after his ascension : "In my name they shall cast out devils, they shall speak with new tongues, and if they touch any deadly thing it shall not harm them." These men are supposed to have the power of charming serpents, scorpions, and other venomous reptiles, that they handle with impunity. The deceptions and sleight of hand tricks they practice are beyond number ; the most expert are the Moghrabi, or Western Africans.

Note by the Translator.

Reading the eccentricities of these and other religious sects, at home and abroad, one is tempted to think the late Mr. Irving scarcely expressed a too violent opinion when he said in his little chapel in Cross Street, Hatton Garden, in the morning of his popularity, that as he looked abroad upon the face of society, upon men and their actions, "He had fearful misgivings of the sanity of the whole human race."

THE LITERATURE OF HUNGARY.

THE intellectual energies of the Hungarians were very tardy in developing themselves; at the same time the understanding of that people is acute and comprehensive, and their ideas are characterized by a peculiar quickness and vivacity. The nature of the country—rude in aspect, and cold in climate amongst the mountainous regions, and serene and beautiful in its fertile parts—causes the inhabitants to participate in the varied qualities respectively peculiar to the denizens of the northern and temperate zones. There is moreover no physical reason, springing from a defective organization, to account for this backwardness in literature on the part of the Hungarians when compared with their neighbours. The obstacles that were opposed to the cultivation of the arts and sciences in Hungary, during several centuries, were therefore exterior.

Scarcely was Hungary conquered and reduced to peace by the Romans, than it was devastated by the barbarians. The Huns, under the command of Attila, the Héruli, the Goths, the Lombards, and the Bulgarians, attacked by turns the Roman colonies and burnt their towns. The primitive Hungarians were put to the sword; their religion, their manners, their customs, and their language were confused, perverted, and mingled with those of the invaders. Towards the end of the ninth century another and more rapacious horde of Huns than the former, called Magyars, overran Hungary and established a regular form of government in the country. At the same period the luminous rays of Christianity penetrated to those climes through the medium of missionaries sent thither by Saint Stephen I. Those missionaries introduced the Latin language, which in a few years became familiar to the various tribes occupying the Hungarian territories. A new language, however, gradually formed itself out of different Slavic dialects; but still, notwithstanding the gigantic efforts of the Christian clergy to encourage a progressive civilization and to attach the minds of the Hungarian youth to the cultivation of literature, the intellectual powers of the inhabitants were slow in developing themselves. A perpetual series of warfare with the Germans, the Grecians, the Venetians, and the Bulgarians, changed the face of the country into a complete desert. Intestine and civil discords, chiefly in reference to the succession of some pretender to the throne, added to the universally prevalent misery, particularly as the hereditary rights of monarchs and their sons or heirs were only established by statute in the fourteenth century. To remedy the effects of such numerous disasters, the kings of Hungary were necessitated to call to their aid the co-operation of foreign powers, and to admit into their dominions colonies of Russians, Kumans, and Jazygues. Thence originated another confused medley of manners, religious customs, and languages, which caused civilization to retrograde from its progress through the country. In addition to these miseries, the inhabitants became again plunged in a state of barbarism, the nobles of the land

occupied themselves in civil warfare and pillage, and peaceful citizens were obliged to defend their property by force of arms. The peasants, or rather serfs, who, from having originally inhabited dens and caverns, had at length arrived at a knowledge of building wretched sheds or huts, necessarily existed in a savage predicament of slavery and ignorance. Laws were scarcely known even by name, and the few established statutes that were dignified by the nomenclature, were rather in favour of the transgressions of the rich than the rights of the poor.

Civilization, however, advanced a few steps under the dynasty of Anjou. The Hungarian language made a little progress, and even soon became general at court. Louis, called the Great, encouraged the arts and sciences, and founded the first university at Fünfkirchen in 1367. The various towns acquired a certain importance, private citizens obtained a certain rank in society, and the national wealth sensibly augmented. Mathias Corvin, despite of the perpetual contest he was obliged to sustain against the emperor, the Bohemians, the Poles, and the Turks, was a staunch protector of literary men. The arts and sciences, which he himself cultivated, flourished beneath the succour of his powerful hand, and obtained permanent dwellings with the Hungarians. Mathias was indisputably the greatest monarch that ever reigned over Hungary; but, alas! his successors did not manifest the same zeal for promoting the civilization of their subjects. In vain did Ferdinand the first, brother of Charles the fifth, assure the hereditary right of succession to the house of Hapsburg, and thus put an end to the disastrous wars resulting from an elective monarchy; the learned disputes of religious sectarians soon became changed into bloody contests; the despotic measures of the Catholic clergy and of the kings of Hungary, become emperors of Germany, to stop the progressive march of the Protestant innovations, and the invasions of the Turks, who, after repeated attempts, eventually succeeded in conquering half the country,—all these misfortunes continued till the reign of Joseph the first at the commencement of the eighteenth century, and threw a thousand self-evident obstacles in the way of civilization. But since this period Hungary has lifted up her drooping head. The victories achieved by Prince Eugène over the Turks, re-established national security and social order in the territory; and the beneficent reigns of Maria Theresa and Joseph the second gave an additional moral strength to a people that now appears to acquire fresh vigour and energy from day to day.

From this brief sketch of the misfortunes of Hungary during a long series of centuries, the reader may become acquainted with the causes of the slow development of intellect amongst its inhabitants. At the same time let us remark that even in the times of Attila, and ever since, poetry has been duly cultivated and honoured. The productions of early times have not been handed down to us; but we read in history, that the warlike songs and national airs, composed in the various dialects and idioms of the Hungarian tribes, were even sung at court and in the presence of those princes whose exploits they eulogised. The poets of those times were called *Trou-*

verses; but they were generally individuals of a character far from estimable; inasmuch that the synods or courts of law frequently forbade the people to listen to their songs or to assist the vagrant bards with the alms of charity. The monarchs themselves, however, had their own poets attached to their household, and generally enriched them by grants of lands or other acts of regal munificence. The custom of singing during meals was preserved till the fifteenth century. The subjects of those songs seldom turned upon love: martial airs were preferred to amatory lyrics. To be brief, the most ancient relics now existing of Hungarian poetry, are a hymn to the Virgin, and a song in honour of King Ladislâus; both bear the date of the fifteenth century.

In the sixteenth century, Bilassa and Rimai distinguished themselves in lyric poetry and odes on sacred subjects; but the imperfection of their language and their metrical measures superseded the possibility of those two eminent bards attaining any very great perfection. It was the same with Bornemisa and Gönczi; and similar defects have characterized the Hungarian translation in verse of "Pierre de Provence et la Belle Maguelove." Notwithstanding that poverty of language and metrical imperfection which threatened to ruin all attempts at eminent literary productions, the sixteenth century also witnessed the infancy of the Hungarian drama. Dramatic songs and dialogues in verse were the primal essays. We must, however, notice that in the thirteenth century, during the reign of Ladislâus the fourth, a troop of buffoons or jesters had appeared in Hungary, and were well received by the inhabitants of the principal towns where they performed.

To the martial airs of the *Trouvères* succeeded the rhymed chronicles, which even at the present day serve as guides and means of elucidation to antiquarian researches. The reader has probably read or glanced his eye over blind Harry the minstrel's "Life of Sir William Wallace," Archdeacon Barbour's "History of King Robert Bruce," Drayton's "Robin Hood," &c. &c.; and, if so, he may form a correct idea of the Hungarian records in verse, the first of which was written by Szekely in 1559, and is preserved amongst the archives of the kingdom. The immediate followers and imitators of Szekely were Temesvari, Haltai, and Tinodi.

These poetical chronicles were not invariably circumscribed as to subject and theme to the history of Hungary; some of them were epics treating of the deeds of other nations and olden times, such as "The Adventures of Ajax," "The Exploits of Ulysses," "The History of Cyrus and the Persian Princes," &c., which works are preserved in the same sanctuary that contains the productions of Szekely. But in those heroic poems, as in the lyrics to which we have before alluded, the language is devoid of beauty or charm, the verse is deficient in harmony, and the metre is apparently subject to no fixed nor conventional modifications and rules. It is only within the last century that a grammar of the Hungarian language has existed, and many vain trials have been made to establish its principles and syntax in a precise method; neither can the prosody be more easily arranged than the etymology and syntax.

The seventeenth century was an important epoch for Hungarian literature, which made considerable progress at that period. The dramatic art developed itself with rapidity and success. Stages were erected in the fields for warlike shows, and in the towns for tragic-comic representations. The subjects were generally furnished by the heathen mythology or by the exploits of the ancient kings of Hungary. The actors became personages of rank and consideration, the authors of the plays were almost deified, and as long as the pieces contained nothing opposed to morality and virtue, the synods or tribunals not only tolerated but even protected the wearers of the buskin.

But the glory of Hungary in the seventeenth century was the great poet Zriny. With his imagination fired by the epics of Homer, of Virgil, and of Tasso, he sought a wider scope for his poetic range than the circumscribed field offered by the poetic chroniclers or the incipient drama, and penned the grand national poem entitled the "Zrinyad," which would have been a master-piece of perfection, had not the poverty of his native tongue thrown an insurmountable obstacle in the path of the daring bard. Like Milton, Zriny was neglected during his life-time; and it was only when his ear was deaf to the bland whisperings of flattery and to the voice of fame, that his merits as an author were appreciated, and the wretched jingles of his rivals were laid aside to make way for his grand production. Listzi, the most successful and jealous of Zriny's contemporaries, wrote a poem called "The Battle of Mohacz;" but he spoilt his work by pursuing the didactic style, so much at variance with the subject. With regard to the other literary enemies of Zriny, one word will suffice,—that they invariably plagiarised from the ancients, or permitted themselves to be led into the most servile imitations of contemporary men of genius in other nations, and that their speculations were as superficial as their language was inharmonious. Besides his epic poem, to which posterity has done ample though tardy justice, Zriny has left behind him some fugitive lyrical pieces, sonnets, and idyls, that exhibit a peculiar *saïveté*, charm, and warmth.

The religious dissensions that distracted the country in the seventeenth century contributed materially to the progress of literature and learning, inasmuch as the attention of every one was turned to the study of history and to the discussion of the controversy. The Protestants, who were desirous of engaging the affections of the people, wrote in the common tongue, and the Catholics in Latin. The eloquence of the pulpit in those times produced many admirable works, and amongst the number are those of Pazmany, Kaldi, and Alvinzki. In 1653 and 1656, Tséré wrote an excellent treatise on logic and an encyclopædia of the sciences, two very remarkable books, and incomparably superior to any contemporary scientific work of the same kind.

Despite of this auspicious beginning, the progress of Hungarian literature experienced a severe check in the eighteenth century. The despotism of the Catholic priests, who had overcome their sectarian enemies and were intoxicated with their sudden importance and power, restricted the march of literature to a certain limit, and op-

posed themselves to the propagation of those opinions that a true philosophy acknowledges correct. Hence books became scarce, and long intervals ensued between the publication of works. The reigning dynasty of the house of Transylvania encouraged the vulgar tongue, and used it in all state affairs. The Transylvanian dynasty became extinct; the Austrian princes and the Jesuits, who conducted the affairs of government for them in the Hungarian territories, re-established the usage of the Latin language in the plenitude of all its glory, and even introduced into the country the German and French tongues; then Hungary began to possess a literature peculiar to itself, and ceased to plagiarize from the ancients and its neighbours. Amongst the most celebrated authors of that period we may quote Amadus, who was the first to quit the field of battle in his verse, and sing the praises of Cupid and Venus' court instead of the exploits of Mars. But through his influence the public theatres were closed, and the drama alone found votaries in schools and private dwellings. In the colleges the Jesuits made their pupils enact characters in pieces written expressly for the purpose, and the audience consisted only of the parents, guardians, or friends of the young scholars.

Fortunately for an oppressed people, this state of affairs changed towards the end of the eighteenth century. Maria Theresa, who was indebted for every thing to the aid and fidelity of the Hungarians, evinced a more sincere interest in their behalf than her predecessors had done; and although her son, Joseph the second, could not altogether fulfil the wishes of his parent and accomplish his own philanthropic views, still his exertions in favour of the Hungarians tended greatly to polish their manners and contribute to their civilization. The German diets, which at first rejected many popular measures proposed by Joseph for the amelioration of the condition both social and literary of the Hungarians, at length yielded to the force of his excellent example, and published several decrees, by which the popular idiom and dialect were ordered to be taught in schools, theatres were re-opened in the principal towns, newspapers were allowed to be circulated, and prizes were distributed to the best authors. Thus an *impetus* was given to intellectual energy, and the pen became a powerful advocate in the cause of civilization and rational liberty.

In process of time three schools disputed the pre-eminence; and although they were not as celebrated as those of the transcendental Pythagoras, the sceptical Pyrrho, and the atheist Anaximander, still they were not without their merits and their renown. The French school, presided by Messieurs Barocksi and Baracksay, was unfortunate from its beginning, and, like an exotic plant, it lost its stamina and fell. The Latin school, at the head of which were Virag and Kazinski, has acquired the reputation of having established or *nationalisé* (the English language is less rich in synonymes than the French), the ancient metre which had been introduced by Ardosi and had since the fourteenth century fallen into disuse; and, thirdly, the modern school has made itself a name by the fact of its pupils having been the first Hungarians who wrote poetry in alternate measure and in rhymes rendered legitimate by a system

The nineteenth century is the one in which Hungarian literature has shone the most. The language has become enriched by the victory obtained on the part of the neologists over the advocates for non-innovation, and has lately acquired a purity, a precision, and a harmony which it never before possessed. Charles Kisfaludy was the most active and enthusiastic of the neologists. The epic poetry of Hungary has also experienced considerable improvements, although it cannot compete with that of Italy, France, and England. Still due praise must be given to Czuczor and Vorosmarty; the former is the author of "The Battle of Augsburg," and "The Diet of Arad;" the latter has written "The Conquest of Hungary by Arpad, Chief of the Magyars, in 907," "The Defeat of the Kumans at Czerhalom;" "The Siege of Erlaus;" and the "Enchanted Valley." The sagas and ancient traditions, the substance of which is chiefly remembered by old soldiers and peasants, have been collected and published by Kisfaludy, Gael, and Maylath. At the present moment Alexander Kisfaludy is the first Hungarian lyric poet. Having surpassed his predecessors, Dayka, Szentjoby, Annyoss, and Csokonai, he has established a reputation "*ere perennius*" by his admirable poem entitled the "Loves of Himfy." Nothing is superior to that poem, either in English, French, or German, for richness of imagination, pathos, and sentiment. After Kisfaludy we may reckon Kazinski, whose odes are more than simple imitations of those of Horace, and whose songs are replete with simplicity, elegance, and feeling; then comes Szentmilossky, after him the noble-minded Berzeseny; Horvat, so celebrated for his didactic productions; Szatz, Telcki, Charles Kisfaludy, Szemer, and Bartsfay.

The drama is still little advanced. The plays that are constantly produced and represented are numerous, but they are worse than *mediocre* as to style, incident, and interest. The tragedies of Alexander Kisfaludy are rather *epic dialogues* than *dramas*. Charles Kisfaludy is indisputably the first dramatic author in Hungary, especially for comedy. After him come Vorosmarty, Tolteny, and Szenrcy.

As to prose writings they are not very remarkable. That most essential and important branch of literature has been more than neglected by the Hungarians, it has been altogether abandoned. Apparently the talent and inclinations of the Hungarians are more adapted to poetry than prose; but their political organization is perhaps a more powerful reason still for that preference which does not exist with the French and the English. The infinite discrepancies and divisions in society existing among them are the cause that the circle of profound study and deep scientific research is considerably circumscribed, and the analysis of ideas becomes like the analysis of things. Few poets are like Lucretius capable of embodying physics and metaphysics in a volume of verses:—Montaigne, Descartes, Newton, Hooker, and Herschel, would perhaps never have written, if they had been condemned to put their ideas into verse.

Still every thing is now rapidly progressive in Hungary, and a smiling future seems to await a nation, that long lingered in darkness, barbarism, and obscurity. Scarcely was Hungary delivered from the oppression of galling chains than her literary men became giants

in their undertakings. Only thirty years ago, Smandeli devoted himself body and soul to the study of science, and would receive in return for his laborious undertakings neither honours, rewards, remuneration, nor distinguishing title. Of this fact France is a competent witness.

PARISIANS.

THE TWO WARNINGS

A MOVING TALE.

"Will't please you, Sir, begone?
I told you what would come of this. Beseech you,
Of your own state take care."
SHAKESPEARE.

How deaf are they and obstinate,
Who go to loggerheads with fate;
Who tamper with their luckless star,
Against the "*che sarà, sarà*;"
Who throw at every separate skittle,
Whilst he who knows them to a tittle,
With sure aim at one wooden scone,
Can bring down all the nine at once.
How weak is he whose thoughts advise,
To make with fate no compromise;
And, though his better sense importune,
Resolves to keep no terms with fortune,
And spite of men, and spite of gods,
At even chances gives long odds.
In brief, how mad is he who, scorning
Emphatic symptoms, takes no warning.

My Muse, beget no vulgar strain,
Job Jobson liv'd in Drury Lane;
And, since our physical machine
Asks warmth without, and food within,
And less no Briton should require,
Job Jobson was by trade a dyer.
And because "*tempus, edax rerum*,"
Make light of clothes when he gets near 'em,
Job posed the insatiate devourer
With two-string'd bow, and was a scourer.
There you might see, when days were fair,
Trowsers cut capers in the air,
And coats with skirts in motion flying,
Were living evidence of dyeing;
Rang'd on a pole in order, each,
Hung dangling out of envy's reach.

Two lodgers, partly to defray
Th' obnoxious claims of quarter-day,
Were in Job's household duly reckoned,
The first floor one, and one the second.

The Two Warnings.

But whether 'twas no easy feat,—
 For Jobson to make both ends meet,
 Since time both rent and taxes sends,
 And cash won't always meet both ends,—
 Or whether he'd a moral twist,
 Or was no great economist,
 These doubts to solve, it does not please us;
 Suffice it, Jobson was no Croesus.

The first floor lodger to define—
 Given a man, divide by nine.
 At once his calling to proclaim,
 He was a tailor, Tibbs by name.
 Meek as a mouse he pass'd his life,
 And lov'd his children and his wife;
 In short, in speech he was, and action,
 A very exemplary fraction.

He of the second floor (to rob
 The vulgar tongue) was call'd "a snob,"
 One of the common heel-and-toe men,
 A cobbler,—Bluster his cognomen.
 A noisy dog was Crispin's son,
 As e'er two leathers joined in one;
 For, as he drove the day along,
 He helped the time out with a song;
 So vile a yell was in the chap's tone,
 So vigorously he thump'd the lapstone,
 And made such an infernal clatter,
 Tibbs sometimes swore, but sighed "no matter."

One morning, Job himself prepares,
 And mounts unwillingly the stairs,
 And, halting at the lower floor,
 Knocks gingerly at Tibbs's door.
 "Come in." Job look'd a trifle flurried,
 Whilst Tibbs with spectacles on forehead,
 And work diffus'd upon his knee,
 Ask'd what might Jobson's business be.
 "Why, Mister Tibbs—ah! Ma'am, good morning:
 I've come,"—he paused, "to give you warning."
 Tibbs drew his slipper'd feet from under
 The weight that sat on them, with wonder,
 And purposed to philosophize
 Touching the wherefores and the whys,
 His mind through lanes and alleys dodging,
 To pitch upon another lodging.
 Not so his wife, whose soul, poor creature,
 Wore scarce a philosophic feature;
 She, such refinements far beneath,
 Drew, like a sword, her tongue from sheath.
 "Why, Mister Jobson, this is strange,
 The rooms suit,—we don't wish to change;
 We pay our rent as soon as due—"
 "We pay it," cried the husband too,
 And then he scratched his rueful jaws,
 And called on Jobson to show cause.

Then, thus Job with a sigh began,
Pointing his thumb, "You know that man?
The man above, the cobbler Bluster,
Tired of two pair, will be a firster;
About this floor he makes a bother—"
"But can't he elsewhere get another?"
Job mumbled something, "a relation,"
"Only conceive his situation,
When Bluster once kicked up his shindies,
Wouldn't offend him for the Indies."
And so, before a storm could brew,
He with one backward step withdrew.

Half of his work was done, yet half
Remained, and 'twas no time to laugh.
Job knew, and straight began to feel with
Error, the man he had to deal with.
For Bluster, though he nought possessed,
Still kept a "tiger" in his breast,
Which upon errands oft was sent
Out of his fleshy tenement,
And sometimes, in his master's voice,
Spoke language any thing but choice.

But Job, to set his courage right,
Drew one long breath, and danger scorning,
Winged rapidly the second flight,
And fairly gave the cobbler warning.

"Twere want of grace to stain these verses
With oaths profane and impious curses,
Such as from parapets and tiles
Break from the hodmen of St. Giles,
Or on our mother tongue await
From daughters quaint of Billingsgate;
Or I could tell how Bluster swore,
And sent his soul to—but no more.
"Too noisy, am I? and a kicker
At their room door, when I'm in liquor?
Can't sleep by night, nor yet by day,
While I remain?" "That's what they say;"
"They do? no, Job, Tibbs doesn't; this is,
I'll be upon my oath, his 'missus.'
But you may tell 'em, I won't go,
I'll see them first,"—he meant below.

Job hauled himself down stairs, a martyr
To anxious thought, "I'm glad I've done it,"
Said he, "I've acted right, and arter
This week, I'm blest if they don't own it."

The feuds who reads them can forget
Of Tudor and Plantagenet?
When at cracked crowns and bloody noses,
Red became white, and white red, roses.
Or of the Guelph and Ghibeline,
Split factions, split from nape to chine;

Or of the Neri and Bianchi,
 Who gave and took without a "thank'ee."
 More recent still, the fatal war mood
 Of Ali, and the Sultan Mahmoud.
 Such may conceive what hate could muster,
 Betwixt the Tibbes and the Bluster.

This hate, which now was fast accruing,
 Took very little time in brewing;
 And yet, though not fermenting long,
 It promised to be "extra strong."
 Bluster averred in language low
 Thus plainly, "D—— me if I go;"
 Tibbs gently gave his wife a nudge,
 And whispered "Blow me if we budge."
 But soon these words, which nature needs
 (They soothe the spirit), grew to deeds.
 The Bluster oft drew up his carcass,
 In hostile form upon the staircase;
 And stood with all his force, commanding
 The open plain below, the landing;
 His heart still battling with his ribs,
 Waiting the onslaught of the Tibbs.
 She, then (for Tibbs had too much wit,
 Indeed, he said "he never fit"),
 She, then, with her long tongue and talons,
 With claw and jaw soon turned the balance.
 And thus commenced war's savage horrors,
 Between the first and second floorers.

In vain did Job entreaties launch,
 In vain he raised the olive branch,
 He might as well have raised their rent;
 And so he gave their wrath full vent,
 With deprecating palms and shrug,
 And a slight downfall of the "mug,"
 And eyes that rested on his shoe tie :—
 He merely said, "I've done my duty."

'Twas now a week since Job gave warning,
 And now the morning came—the morning.
 By laws of landlord and of tenant,
 Each should ere this have hoisted pennant,
 And, with his goods and chattels freighted,
 Sought other lodgings,—but they waited.
 And now great deeds had been achieved,
 Such as no poet e'er conceived,
 Such as no reader e'er believed. }
 Bluster, that big robustious chap,
 Armed with a boot-tree and a strap,
 By prowdest deeds had planted much on
 The dirty white of his escutcheon.
 Nor less upon his ample brows
 (Reflected thence upon his spouse)
 Might Mistress Tibbs a glorious crop stick
 Of laurels, mowed down by her mopetick.
 But now two phizzes unawares
 Rose o'er th' horizon of the stairs,

And stood before them, mute as stones,
Two perpendicular unknowns.

Soon as the strangers came in view,
Cried Bluster fiercely, "Who are you?"
Cried Tibbs emergent, "Be so good
As tell us," and a pause ensued.
Said one, with an asthmatic wheeze,
Seizing the pause, "We come to seize."
"To seize?" Tibbs faltered, "What? an't please ye,"
Cried Mistress Tibbs, "the devil seize ye!"
"Where's Job?" roared Bluster with an oath;
"Where's Jobson?" cried the Tibbses both.
Quoth one of the mysterious chaps,
"Jobson has mizzled with his 'traps';
Job was too wide awake to stay,
Too 'fly,' and knew the time of day;
And when the landlord we can't fix,
We come upon the lodgers' 'sticks.'"

What ho! best filtered water bring,
And quickly, from Castalian spring;
Another "go" of cold Ilissus,
To tell of Tibbs and Tibbs's "missus,"
How one began his skull to batter,
How eloquence forsook the latter,—
To tell how Bluster sought to try on
The hide and roaring of the lion,
But mane and tail was fain to doff,
For he could make no fit thereof.
His roar sunk to a feeble "d——:"
He stood reduced into a lamb.

But no, this were a theme to tease
Milton or blind Mæonides,
Or one whose Muse supplies him quicker
With gallons of Pierian ichor;
And I won't undertake to drain
One gill from my poetic vein.
Then thus I tamely close my story,
They firstly took an inventory,
Then seized on brass, tins, coals, and woods,
And all that could be construed "goods;"
Leaving the lodgers *minus* chattels,
At leisure to renew their battles.

NICHOLAS WHIMSEY.

FLEET STREET AS IT IS.

HERE we are on the eastern, and, with your permission, gentlemen of the west, on the best side of Temple Bar! Looking up at the dingy, time-dishonoured gate, we barely escape running over a wealthy banker who "transacts" in the southern corner of its precincts; hurriedly turning to apologize, we find that the old gentleman has escaped into his still older carriage, and, that, in his absence, we are bowing before a fair and unfortunate denizen of the lane opposite. Such is a sample of city rencontres; they are never-ending and excusable. The din of carriages, the many voices and the many shoulders, bewilder us.

Fleet Street is little indebted to its component parts for our especial notice; its individual members, meaning thereby its several tenements, interest us but little,—odd assemblage though they be, of various ages and styles. We have a kindness for the new-old church of St. Dunstan; we respect the broad and wealthy mansion of the bankers opposite, wonder unceasingly at the little narrow entrances to the Temple, as symbolical of the law itself—the prospect and the difficulties widening in both cases wonderfully as you proceed; and, in addition, we with due pleasure notice here and there little scraps of building, that strike one as smacking of antiquity. But it is no one of these things that attracts us to Fleet Street, and stirs the heart in its cell when we are there. The influence lies in the crowd, the press of men, and, more than this, the crush of conveyances, the mass of the symbols of commerce, the unceasing march and whirl of horse and carriage. If for one moment the voice of wheels is stilled, a tramp as of a battalion of men may be heard rising above every other sound, from the busy plodders on either pavement. But this pause is of rare occurrence.

The horse traffic first strikes the stranger; 'buss follows 'buss, and cabs on cabs arise, much to the annoyance of the regular traders of the city. Coachman, drayman, carter, carrier, truckman, barrowman, tiger, cab, and jarvie, all claim attention, and respectful attention too; for his is no ordinary mind which can successfully charioteer its way through the maze of Fleet Street,—without injury to its parent skull we mean, for, as regards others, a panel or a rib stove in, a carriage pole broken, or a man's, counts for nothing against a driver's reputation. Those worthies enumerated above, and a various host of others, are momentarily scouring or creeping past us. What a forest of whips! what various upper benjamins! what white hats, and what glazed ditto! what basin-shaped, what cockaded, and what gold-laced beavers! Then who is there but must admire the equal footing, or rather riding, of all these parties? A carman from Cripplegate cares not a jot for a lord's carriage, nor for the triple row of curls in the wig of its driver. If any favour be shown in matters of precedence, it is to the fat and old-fashioned driver of some long-stage from the Belt-in-Tun. Fully tutored by experience into

a sense of his nothingness in this quarter, his lordship's coachman doesn't care how seldom he drives through the Bar.

At times, also, among all this town life and bustle, and drawn up on one side in the muddy channel, may be seen some farmer's cart or light waggon; the heads of the cattle decorated with a now fading sprig or flower; the dog vainly barking himself hoarse as a patriot at all the strange sights and sounds,—the whole affair, cart, lading, horses and all, covered with the gathered dust of the journey,—and the driver's ears, amidst the uproar, still ringing with the remembrance of the lark's song that had travelled with him, mile after mile, in the early morning.

Blessings on thee, many-voiced Fleet Street! for ourselves we have taken the full benefit of thy eternal tintamarre, and listen to thy hurly-burly with gratitude. Who would have chosen this as a scene for love-making? and yet to us it has proved propitious. Have we not connected with it our experiences? do we not remember one lovely inhabitant, and a long-sought-for conversation,—a jealous meddling aunt—a first-floor front—and the divine hubbub below proving a convenient shield for half-uttered, and by the aunt unheard explanations? Tell us not of the manifold virtues under such circumstances of Salisbury Plain, of the Falls of Niagara, or a ball-room and Weippert's band—but give us Fleet Street!

We respect this street of streets for more than one reason. It has negative virtues. It is not made up of linen-draperies and jewellers, like the west end, or of chemists and pastrycooks, like other newly-built neighbourhoods. Leaving unnamed its numerous and ingeniously classified booksellers, the shops here have to us the virtues of the poets. We are a forced *habitué* of town, but a lover of the country. Imagine then our delight in dwelling on all that can remind us of rural solitude or sports and the gay aspect of the young summer. Near the Bar we have long dwelt with affection upon an outfitting establishment for the angler which is found there, a magazine of wars, stratagems, and spoils against the finny tribes; did we ever pass this shop without being carried back in spirit to some choice spot in English river scenery, where we have passed happy hours fascinated with the sport and the charms of the surrounding sounds and scenery? The same with the florist's lower down in the street, where staid rows of carnations follow in their season similar regiments of early hyacinths,—albeit the flowers emerge most unnaturally from paper frills! But what of this? they are still flowers, and beautiful ones too.

This thoroughfare should be a decided favourite with the utilitarian. It had, as we believe, but one blot, and that stood so long that we had our fears it might never be eradicated. We allude to the memory of the late wax exhibition. Toy-shops, picture-shops, and "publishers," were comparatively but freckles in the fair face of its beauty. A wax exhibition in Fleet Street! a cold semblance where life is quickest. "Had we commandment on the pulse of wax" these things should not be. We often felt inclined to be uncivil to the unmoving figure of the old money-taker in the passage, but

the sturdy "beef-eater" at the door had his due weight with us, and we have passed on, muttering the well-worn adjuration,—

"Hence, horrible shadow! unreal mockery, hence!"

And, heedful of the admonition, the "mockery" *has* vanished.

We respect its taverns too, and its coffee-rooms, innumerable and indescribable as they are, not for the sake of Samuel Johnson, or of that "facetious dog" Samuel Foote, but for our own sake, and for those of the excellent fellows who keep the same, and the still more excellent wines that keep them, in our remembrance. But we have yet to touch upon the glory of Fleet Street—the press! Little does the casual and unobservant visitor, as he passes onward to his man of business on 'Change, think of what is going on around him. If he be a public character, he, or his wife, or his child, his man-servant, or his maid-servant, his ox, or his ass, or the stranger that is within his gates even,—or if the "gates" themselves offend any member of the literary republic, in this case, we say, little does he surmise in how many sanctuaries around him are busy editors at work upon his life and character! How much that is quite unknown even to himself, these great men could inform him of; how many piquancies and pleasantries are preparing, at his expense, for the Sunday newspaper! But seriously, this is a neighbourhood of printers and newsmongers. The great leviathan of our literature seems to have shed his sharp and bitter teeth in this quarter of the city, and these gentlemen have sprung up from the good seed. Those to whom their grimy and bloodless aspect is known, discover that the street is haunted by printers' familiars, not to say "devils." These satellites of that "mighty pen," the printing machine, are to be seen *bending* their steps in all quarters upon some errand of their great master. The causeway is theirs. How often have we seen people staring at that part of the machinery of a press which administers the ink to the type, and is technically called the *roller*, as these same rollers are carried about over the shoulders of boys, and have longed to tell the gazers that without the aid perhaps of that odd-looking affair, they might go without their morrow's "Chronicle." Here too is a crowd watching the printer's truck by the pavement's side, carrying away the forms, (or, in plain English, the mass of types set up together into the matter and form of a book or newspaper,) to the machine at some larger establishment. In three hours, good folks, some thousands of impressions from that same blank-like sheet of metal will be placed in your hands. We have alluded to the *demon*-ology of Fleet Street:—in wet weather our readers will have an excellent clue to them, in the fashion these original-minded personages have of sheathing their lower extremities in the broad sheets of a newspaper, to defend themselves as they trudge along through the mire. The idea of thus taking refuge in a public journal from the scattering of mud must be considered as strikingly peculiar. There are places in Paris across which the agents of police calculate that every inhabitant, who may be on his legs at all, will pass once at least in every three days: the good people in London are not so flighty; on the contrary,

many are but rarely found to stir from their native burrows. Marylebone seldom stirs without its own bounds; Pedlar's Acre vegetates contentedly beneath the shadow of the Waterloo Road; and Pentonville knows but little of life beyond its neighbour Islington. But yet, if there be a spot more generally sought than another, it is the one under consideration; this in all respects is the route to the capital.

We meet every body in Fleet Street; but who has not lost themselves in vain speculations on whom this "every body" may be? We do not know a great man, till we see him in his book, in his place in parliament, behind his fiddle, or, though last not least, seated at the head of his table. The man on his way to buy stock to the tune of fifty thousand pounds is undistinguishable from him who is returning from selling out his last hundred. We say these several and differently situated parties comport themselves alike, and may not be easily distinguished, and we believe so; for a certain nonchalance and ease of countenance is as common to men moving in society, as a well-timed and unaffected style of dress. Being out at elbows and out of countenance are all but synonymous. A man's heart and a man's tailor may both turn bankrupt, but he himself must show no tokens of the failure. Yet men forget themselves in the solitude of the throng; and we are far from thinking, that a shrewd observer may not get at some inkling of the busy thoughts and cares at work even beneath the most staid-cut waistcoats and trimly-brushed hats passing on either side. That tall big man in a brown frock coat and well-worn hat, carrying a thick hazel walking-stick and taking up so much of the pavement, we know to be a very small annuitant; while, making his quiet way along, between the giant aforesaid and the shop windows, we observe a comparatively small individual, in black, of modest exterior and nervous look; *he* it is whose presence and judgment is just now looked for upon 'Change. That young man who has run over the child on the other side of the way is a young tradesman, posting to take up a bill in Lombard Street. He is happy enough now; but the scrap of paper which he is going to redeem has cost him many a weary day and night. He thinks, poor fellow, he will never give another! Mark too this gay equipage, and the two young and beautiful women within it, one evidently not long married. Some costly purchase is on the *tapis*; while unobserved and unobserving passes on the other side *her* grey-headed husband, on his road, when too late, to face his overwhelming difficulties. We tremble lest her bright eye catch his! no—he is past; that trial is spared him; and a few more days as of old may yet be hers. And see, too, that pale and abstracted woman is hurrying westward, a dark shawl as for concealment thrown loosely over a dress much too light and gaudy for the scene: blame her not for inappropriate costume; distress has come upon her suddenly; and see, a child is with her, for protection, or she would not this once take her boy to fret the fond father in his confinement; a lock-up house in Chancery Lane is her destination.

We have nearly brought these our remarks on an old acquaintance to a conclusion. Must our leaves-taking be in sorrow? The truth should be told, however, and the world must know how dull and life-

less a scene this is on one day in the week. It once happened to us to pass down Fleet Street on a Sunday forenoon. We shall not enter upon our feelings on that occasion. It was a different spot. There existed no tokens of connexion between the present and what had been, any more than there remains affinity between a dust-hole and a blazing hearth. Life, soul, fire, is extinct in both cases.

A few old citizens, with large families, and ditto baskets, were hurrying and steaming towards the river-side, on a presumed visit to Gravesend; then came, prematurely rising and falling in his saddle, an unhappy-looking equestrian bound for the western road; a pair-horse coach, loaded with cockneys and their dinners, was labouring in the same direction; Sunday paper offices were going to shut up every moment, and still kept sending forth their quires of news and choirs of vocal news-venders; young ladies were going to St. Bride's in new bonnets, and young gentlemen were going with them in new blue gloves; a few tipsy men were being turned out of the public-houses, and were expressing an energetic determination to keep it up all day, as they had kept it up all night; the one man left at home to take care of the city, was carrying his dinner to the baker's; the sweeper at the Farringdon crossing had out his best broom, and the young lady at the pastry-cook's her best smiles; but it was dull: Fleet Street was out of spirits. An old acquaintance in decay is a melancholy sight; and by no chance whatever have we ventured that way again on a Sunday forenoon.

EGOMET.

SONNET.

My fond one! when this morn Aurora sped,
 Circled in radiance, o'er the joyous earth,
 I roused me from a dream, a dream which shed
 Its brightness o'er my senses; calling visions forth
 Of days which once have been, to me no more!
 Scenes which have smiled, when we together strayed;
 Moments of joy, which, past, I now deplore;
 But which 'twere bliss to know, oh loveliest maid!
 That thou hadst not forgot. Then a new scene
 Showed us together, in no garb save love,
 Wand'ring enamour'd,—thou with graceful mien:
 Oh, with what feelings did our fond hearts move!
 But wakening from this dream, how sad to see
 The clear bright sun shine only upon me!

E. C.

SCENES IN SPAIN.

BY AN OFFICER OF THE BRITISH LEGION.

No. III.

THE bugles had sounded the *assembly*—the different companies had marched up and taken their ground—the men for the guards had been told off, when the Adjutant came up to me with the unwelcome intimation: “Mr. Swivell, you are on the baggage to-day; will you have the goodness to fall in your guard at once?”

“Why, really, Mr. Tartar, our regiment always seems to find baggage-guards for the whole brigade!” said I in apparent astonishment at the summons, endeavouring to find some pretext for getting out of it.

“Can’t help it, Sir; duty must be done,” the usual and unanswerable response of our worthy Adjutant in particular, and of adjutants in general, to remonstrances of the kind. “The 6th found the duty yesterday; but when you have examined your guard, the Brigadier wishes to speak to you.”

Of all duties the most disagreeable is the baggage-guard—the constant and unremitting attention that is required—the scattered and extended line when the quantity of baggage is great—the squabbling of the muleteers and guard, in the attempts of the latter to urge on the speed of the mules—the frequent stoppages on the road occasioned by the unruly animals kicking off their loads; and, above all, the jarring and unmilitary composition of the human portion of the baggage, consisting of sick, bātmān, women, skulkers, and Spaniards, render it a duty replete with trouble and responsibility. Truly, it often requires a well-stored vocabulary of imprecations to get through it at all with satisfaction to one’s self or credit to the service. I was wishing the baggage at the bottom of the sea, as I made my way towards the General.

“I understand, Sir,” said the latter, who, by the bye, was a *leetle* prosy sometimes, though a cool and gallant soldier enough in the field, “that several of the mules are so entirely knocked up as to be unable to proceed. I have therefore directed Mr. Burton to be sent with a forage-party for fresh ones. Till his return, therefore, you will have to remain here, when you will follow the brigade as quickly as possible to —, where it will halt to-night. It is probable that you will require a guide, which will be furnished you by the Alcalde of this place. You understand, Sir,—you are to take Mr. Burton’s party under your command, and—”

“Very good, Sir.”

About two hours after the last regiment had departed, the said Mr. Burton made his appearance with four mules which he had managed to press, in despite of the opposition of the owners, for the service, in a neighbouring hamlet. Not much time was spent in loading them, and at length the cavalcade, at the head of which marched the guide between two soldiers, to whom the usual strict orders were given for his safe keeping, slowly wound its way out of the village.

JULY, 1837.

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The country over which we were passing was a cheerless and barren heath, that seemed to extend on all sides as we advanced; not a village, not a human habitation was visible for miles. Like to Spanish scenery in general, trees were rarely to be seen. Little care had been taken in the construction of the road, which apparently had been formed solely by the feet of mules and other animals passing over it. Occasionally at a great distance off, could be distinguished an approaching party of muleteers, whose picturesque costume of sheep-skin jackets, cloaks, and ponchos, and the gay caparison and tinkling bells of the mules, imparted a *Salvator Rosa* air to the scene. Sometimes, too, an old-fashioned carriage, apparently built some centuries back, and drawn by six mules in the true *Gil Blas* style, would pass us; but with these exceptions, which were "few and far between," nothing occurred to vary the monotony of our march. The sun, which had been intensely hot all the day, was now gently sinking into the west, and the refreshing coolness of the air betokened the approach of evening.

In the clear atmosphere of Spain objects are distinctly visible at an immense distance off; thus, in approaching a town which we have imagined but a mile or two off, often have we been deceived on finding that it was as many leagues. This I was well aware of, and I now with some anxiety looked out for our destination. Over the broad expanse that like an ocean spread itself on all sides of us, nothing on which the eye could rest was perceptible. It was growing dusk; the men and animals were fatigued, and still we continued our march without any apparent prospect of its speedy termination. Burton and I were walking together in the centre of the long procession that seemed with difficulty to drag its "slow length along." The decreasing light was now barely sufficient to distinguish objects.

"A nice prospect of quarters we have to-night," I remarked, endeavouring to peer through the gloom of the surrounding plains.

"Oh, I don't care for quarters," said he, "provided there is no starvation in the case. But I'd lay any wager my servant will have eaten my rations and his own too by the time we arrive. He's such a lazy inattentive brute, that fellow of mine! There's nothing like a faithful servant after all;" and Burton ruminated for some minutes on the many misdemeanors of his *asistente*. "By the way, that guide of ours looks a precious scoundrel! I think I'll go and ask him if he knows the Old Bailey of Madrid."

"Why, I must say, his *os frontis* is not much in his favour; but he may not be the worse for that. Many a man—but what the devil is all that row in the rear? Do step back, Burton, and arrange matters. I suppose some of those cursed mules have broke loose, or—"

"Whang-nig."

As I spoke, the clear report of a single musket from the scene of confusion in the rear, made me aware that something more than ordinary was occurring there.

"Pass the word to halt in front," and the order was instantly repeated up the line, and obeyed with the ready alacrity of soldiers. The hum of voices that a moment before pervaded the whole party ceased, and naught disturbed the silence of the night but the low

tramping of the mules and the clash of arms that now resounded from the rear.

"Serjeant Jones, take charge of the guard—eight men fall out—fix bayonets—double."

We had almost reached the scene of action, when a loud hurrah of triumph proclaimed that our assistance was no longer needed. At the same time we perceived a party of horsemen wheeling to the right of our line; and a moment after, seeing our state of preparation, they turned their horses' heads and vanished in the darkness. "Give them a volley, my lads." The rattle of the fire subsided, and I turned to Mr. Burton for information.

"I'm sorry to say, Sir, they've taken a mule with ammunition, two women, and—"

"My master's epaulets, your honour," chimed in Paddy O'Neil, springing up from the ground where he had been lying, as if mortally wounded; "I had them in my hands when a grate thundering villain came behind me, and without saying 'by your leave or widd your leave,' he knocked me down as clane as a pikestaff. Och! and I'll get murdered and kilt for the same, your honour."

"Why, Paddy, I don't much think Captain Tiger will like the loss of his epaulets," said Burton; "but it won't be the first two dozen you've had, I dare say."

"Och! Och!" Paddy winced at the idea.

"Then, thank God, there's no one killed, Mr. Burton?" I asked.

"No—Corporal Smithson has an ugly cut on the head; and I think Serjeant M'Gilvray was wounded by that first shot; but it can't be serious, as I saw him loading his piece after that."

"Where's Serjeant M'Gilvray?" said I—no one answered.

"Where's Serjeant M'Gilvray?"

"Por aqui, Senor," said a muleteer, who at about twenty paces' distance was bending over some dark object on the ground, "Es muerto."

He was, indeed! That first shot had given him his death wound. A dark and crimson stream of blood oozed from a small round aperture in the breast. The head of the unfortunate man presented a ghastly spectacle. The whole of the upper part of the face was literally smashed in by the hoofs of a horse, and portions of the brain, intermixed with hair, were trodden into the surrounding ground. I turned away with a shudder.

"A fine report I shall have to make of this," said I; "one killed, one wounded, fifteen hundred rounds of ammunition, and two women captured; not forgetting Captain Tiger's epaulets."

"Something strikes me that our guide is at the bottom of it," remarked Burton. "Did you observe the fellow's uneasy looks for the last half-hour, and his making us leave the beaten road for this zig-zag path?"

"I do believe you are right, Burton." I stepped forward to question the man upon the subject. "Where's the guide?" I asked of the soldiers to whose custody he was given. The men looked at each other in confusion. "He was here but a few minutes ago, Sir," said one, "when the firing commenced."

The guide had disappeared.

"Serjeant of the guard, confine these two men directly we arrive; I'll send in the crime in the morning"*

I gave the order to "right about face," and in a short time we were rapidly retracing our ground. We had continued thus for, I suppose, three quarters of an hour, and I was getting a little nervous, when the clear notes of a bugle at some distance off broke upon the stillness of the night. We halted a moment and listened—it was the *tattoo* beating off in some adjoining village to our right. With little difficulty we made our way towards the place, which chanced fortunately to be the village where our regiment was quartered for the night.

As soon as I was relieved of my guard, I made my way to the quarters of the Brigadier, to whom I related my mishap and the circumstances attending it. He was sitting in a very comfortable little room (for a Spanish house), at dinner with his aide-de-camp and brigade-major. A bed with clean white sheets and coverlet, on which were piled sabretaches, swords, and other articles of military dress, stood on one side of the room—the other side was occupied by a huge fire-place, minus a grate, from which the blazing logs threw a strong yet (although the month was May) welcome heat. Two glass doors on the side of the room opposite the window opened, one to a recess in which was placed a bed, and the other to the passage by which I entered.

"A very unfortunate circumstance," remarked the General, after listening to my detail; "but it does not appear that any blame ought to be attached to you, Mr. Swivell." I bowed. "As you have come in late and your dinner may take some time in preparing," he added with a sly glance at his aide, "you had better sit down and take something with us in the mean time." I did not require a second invitation. A pair of fowls and a very good-looking piece of roast beef with *gabanzos* (a species of bean), were delicacies not to be sneezed at at any time; but at the present moment particularly desirable. I therefore brought myself to an anchor; and after an excellent dinner, washed down by several jugs of mulled ration wine, I wished the General good-night and took my departure.

The next morning, after a comfortable night's rest (for I had managed to obtain a domicile for the night), I was awakened by my servant, who in great haste informed me that the second bugle had sounded, and the men fallen in. "I think, Sir, it's a punishment parade this morning for them two men as let the guide go yesterday." I sprung out of bed, and hurriedly dressing myself, proceeded to the ground. On my arrival there, I found his information correct. To avoid the inconvenience of carrying prisoners on the line of march, it had been determined to punish them summarily by the sentence of a drum-head court-martial. The regiment was drawn up so as to form three sides of a square, the fourth was occupied by the village church, in front of which were several trees. The inhabitants of the

* It may be necessary to inform the general reader, that when a soldier is imprisoned, a report of his offence, when committed, &c., is obliged to be sent in by the officer confining him; which report is called *the crime*.

place were congregated on the steps and under the portico of the building, in silence to watch our proceedings. In the centre of the square was placed a drum, supported upon two others, thus forming a kind of round table, on which pens, ink, paper, and a small Testament were discovered. Round this stood five officers, and at a little distance the two prisoners, in custody of a party of the guard, awaited in fear and trembling the result of their deliberations. As I took my place in my company, my name was called by the Adjutant. I advanced to the spot, and after being sworn, gave my evidence of the escape of the guide, with the circumstances attending it. After deliberating for a few moments the president went up and reported the sentence to the commanding officer. The prisoners were ordered to be stripped, tied up to one of the trees, and to receive each one hundred and fifty lashes.

The commanding officer turned to the regiment, "Attention—fix bayonets," and at the word the bristling weapons flew from their sheaths—a death-like silence pervaded the ranks. A drummer stood by the side of the prisoner with upraised lash waiting for the signal to proceed. The Colonel nodded, ["One—two—three—"]. The wretched man uttered a cry of agony. His lacerated back quivered with pain. The drummer was a powerful man, and laid on the lash with such effect that the blood now streamed down the prisoner's back. "For God's sake, Colonel, forgive me this once! I'll never do the like again! Oh! Oh God! have pity on me! Mr. Swivell, forgive me only this once! For God's sake! have mercy on me!"

"Twenty-two—twenty-three—twenty-four," slowly ejaculated the drum-major at each lash.

"Twenty-five!"

"Another drummer," roared the Adjutant and a fresh operator stepped forward. He was hardly so strong a man as the former, and, moved by the prisoner's piteous suffering, showed symptoms of vacillation in his mode of handling the cat.

"Do your duty, Sir," exclaimed the Adjutant sternly, advancing towards the reluctant drummer, and striking him violently over the head and shoulders with a stick he held in his hand; "Do your duty, or by God you shall take his place." The miserable man's exclamations had subsided into a low moaning.

"Twenty-four—twenty-five—fifty!"

"A fresh drummer," again the Adjutant cried.

"Water—water, for God's sake!" exclaimed the suffering man; and a canteen was held up to his lips, while a third drummer stepped forward, lash in hand.

"Five—six—seven—" The victim's head had fallen upon his shoulder—the surgeon stepped forward, felt his pulse, and directed the drummer to proceed.

"Twenty-one—" The man had fainted! The surgeon again advanced, shook his head; and the prisoner, by order of the Colonel, was cast loose and dragged off the ground by the guard. The other prisoner took his place—the latter neither winced nor made an exclamation during his punishment; and when it was over, coolly put on his clothes and fell into his place in the ranks as if nothing had happened.

"Break into open column of sub-divisions, right in front—quick march," and the manœuvre was executed with the regularity of machinery. The drums and fifes struck up a lively air, and the regiment briskly marched out of the village on the Royal Road (Camino real) to Santander.

THE LOST CHIEF. *

WHY muse the dark-eyed warriors thus? why stands their proud array
With banners drooping, brows unhelmed, and weapons cast away?
The tocsin tolls—the trumpets ring—the sounds sweep vainly by—
"Our hearts have lost their moral strength! our arms their victory!"

"Ye talk of battle; can it lift again the dust-stain'd brow?
The eye, whose praise was fame, is closed to deeds of daring now.
The star that lit our hope is quenched—upon the hills of Spain,
Chief, brother patriot! shall thy voice be never heard again?"

"There is no want of gallant hearts the cause of truth to guide;
Around our king stands many a chief in field and council tried;
Eguia, Sang, Cabrera, live; but where, oh where is *he*,
The bravest where no coward breathed, Zumalacarregui?"

"Who knit the faint and scattered bands? who first to conquest led,
Unfalt'ring, through the blood-stained path each loyal foot must tread.
Shall he, who shrunk not from the storm, go down ungrieved? away!
Let rebels work their coward will. We shall not fight to-day."

Then first a whisper circled round, and startled bands were rais'd,
And wonder fill'd each stern dark eye on the wild scene that gazed;
There stood a throne-like couch, whose space a princely form did fill,
"Soldiers! your leader mourn'd as lost, behold, is with you still."

Slowly they gather'd round the chief upon that green hill's crown,
The breeze from off his native hills † came gently wailing down;
On the pale forehead of the dead the plaited ringlets stirr'd,
The very lips seemed moved as if with some victorious word.

His hand yet grasp'd his crimsoned blade; so little change was seen
On those dark noble lineaments and proud majestic mien,
You might have sworn the jewel life, too rich so soon to bear
The dross and soot of earth, still glow'd with lingering brightness there.

And one by one, with stealthy step, advanc'd the gallant band,
And seal'd their vows of dread revenge upon that lifeless hand,
"Tis done, once more the cheering shout resounds on hill and plain;
"Viva el Roy!" and on they strode, for vengeance and for Spain.

W. H. S.

* It may be remembered that after the death of the gallant Carlist chief, his body was exhibited to the troops.

† Zumalacarregui died in the village in which he was born, Ormaistegui, in Guipuscoa.

LUCY AUSTIN.

(Continued from page 488.)

In the morning I awoke in a high fever, owing to the immersion in the river and the subsequent excitement and fatigue. For five days, as I afterwards learned, I was delirious. On the sixth I recognised Leader standing by my bed-side. The first coherent words I spoke were, "Has Jackson been here?" Leader, thinking naturally enough that I still raved, answered me, as if humouring a headstrong child; but I speedily convinced him of my rationality, and he left the room for the purpose of despatching a servant for the object of my inquiry. The man soon arrived and expressed a decided opinion that the hound was going mad, though symptoms of confirmed rabies had not yet appeared. Cautioning him to keep the subject of our conference secret, and to acquaint me next day with farther particulars, I dismissed him, as my friend returned. I could see at a glance, that he wanted to question me about my visitor and to speak of his own accident; but I avoided all his allusions to the matter, as if I did not hear or comprehend them. I never once inquired for Lucy, but talked on about school days, old acquaintances, politics, classics, theatricals, and every thing I could possibly make a remark on or that I fancied would elicit a remark from him. I was beginning to congratulate myself upon my adroitness in foiling his attempts to render the conversation of immediate personal interest, when he approached me closely, and, looking me steadfastly in the face, said in a hard dry tone, "Ned, it won't do; I *will* know what brought Jackson here." "Capital oranges these," said I, with a desperate attempt at indifference, "hand me one like a dear fellow." "Yes," replied he, putting the first into my hand, "they may be capital oranges for all I know, but Jackson is not an orange."

What was I to do? Further affectation on my part was out of the question, and to answer him I dared not. A silence of some three minutes ensued. His gaze grew more intense—it became painful beyond endurance, and starting up in bed I exclaimed, "Leader, for God's sake leave me." He obeyed without a word.

Jackson came, as I directed. The hound would not eat. My strength again declined, and I was fearful of a relapse; but at night Jackson came again with intelligence, that the animal was better and took its food as usual. He thought if it were really labouring under the usual canine madness that it would not do so. This information so far calmed my apprehensions, that I slept soundly throughout the night and in the morning felt so invigorated that I had myself conveyed down stairs and laid on a couch that I might have an interview with Lucy. When the poor girl saw me she burst into tears, exclaiming, "Oh, can you restore Herman to himself?" While telling me of his gloominess and moody eccentricity during my illness he entered. It was now two days since I saw him, and he would have retreated when he found I was in the room, had not Lucy ran to him and led him to where I lay. He did not put forth his hand, nor did I. Lucy looked at us alternately with dumb amazement. He looked

dreadfully pulled down, but withal evidently unfavourably impressed towards me since the occurrence in the bed-room. "Leader," said I, at length breaking silence, "how are you?"

"Ned," replied he with sharpness, "how is Jackson?"

"A person named Jackson wishes to see Mr. —," said the housemaid at the instant coming into the room.

"Let him wait," said I.

"Let him come here," said Leader determinedly.

When the man entered he was abashed at sight of Leader. None of us spoke. Lucy, supposing that her presence was a restraint, retired. I was but little relieved at her absence, while Jackson kept twisting his hat about with the uneasiness of a man who wished himself any where but where he was then. At last I said to Jackson, "How is it?" "How is *what*?" shouted Leader. "Much better and quite lively, Sir," said Jackson, appearing not to have heard the latter interrogatory, "indeed, Sir, I think I was at first completely mistaken." "That will do, Jackson," said I, "you need not come again until I shall have called upon you, unless—no matter," and I motioned him out. He left. My friend was about to address me, but I anticipated him by saying, "Now, Leader, what a fool you are! If it could possibly benefit you to know—" "Ah, ha! but I *do* know," Mrs. Austin told me," cried he exultingly. "Well then," I proceeded, "in that case your conduct has been doubly absurd. If my experiment had turned out differently, your knowledge of its failure might probably have been any thing but advantageous to you; but as things are as they are, you ought to be ashamed of your silliness. Have you not taken every possible precaution to counteract the evil you dread? and yet, like an ass as you are, you persist in breaking the heart of the fond fool, who is infatuated enough to care about you." This burst, which I gave with all the dignity and earnestness I could assume, told well. Its logic was not altogether apparent to myself; but he appeared to think it unanswerable.

He quitted the apartment, and in about an hour returned with Lucy, the looks of both plainly indicating that a favourable change had occurred. Her joy was too exuberant to be passive, and she continued to reiterate how happy the marked improvement in his spirits within so brief a period had made her. The effort on his part to be cheerful was violent, and in the end became hopeless. As a man struggles with overpowering sleep, conscious the while that his insidious antagonist must prevail, so Leader bore up against the inroads of despondency, until the conflict became so painfully obvious to Lucy and myself, that a general silence ensued as if by mutual arrangement. After a pause of about a quarter of an hour's duration he took Lucy by the hand, and leading her close to my couch, told me that their marriage had long been fixed for the following Thursday (this was on Monday), but that in consequence of my unforeseen illness he had thought it better to delay the ceremony until I should be able to fulfil my allotted part. This I opposed *in toto*, though Lucy lent her aid to overcome my objections; but I contrived to satisfy them by expressing my belief that another day's quiet would remove all impediments as far as I was concerned.

Next day I was walking about the house, and on the following was strong enough to go into the open air. My friend gave me his arm, and proposed taking me to see a small summer-house or hermitage he had recently erected. As we proceeded along, I set about reasoning him out of his melancholy, and the earnestness of my exhortation rendered me insensible of the distance we had walked, until I found myself entering a kind of court-yard surrounded by low-sized buildings, and which somehow or other I thought I had seen before. I was about to say so, when the barkings, howlings, and cries in all tones and cadences of a legion of dogs, speedily assured me that we were within the precincts of a very extensive kennel. Leader shook violently. I looked at him reproachfully and was for leading him back again; but he disengaged his arm from mine, and walking towards a man whom the noise of the dogs had brought out, enquired for Jackson, and being informed that that person was in the house he entered. I was spell-bound, and remained fixed to the spot. In a few minutes he returned, his countenance hideously livid, his eyes protruding shockingly from their sockets, and his forehead the colour of ashes. He walked straight towards me, but passed on, as if I were invisible.

"Leader!" cried I, when he had got half-a-dozen yards beyond me.

He turned, pointed to the doorway out of which he had just come, and proceeded slowly in the direction of home. I went in and found Jackson seated on the ground beside a large cage, and watching the little hound now in rabid convulsions, foaming at the mouth and uttering the most piteous moans. Jackson had never known a similar case. The dog had been lively the preceding day, and though it partook of no food, it drank water and manifested no symptoms of the horrid disease until about six hours previous to our ill-omened visit. The poor creature died before I left.

When I reached the house I found Lucy in tears seated beside Leader, who would not utter a word in reply to all her entreaties, to tell her what was the matter with him. As soon as he recognised me, he motioned her to leave us. When we were alone, he desired me to be seated, and drawing a chair close to mine observed with all possible coolness, "Now, Ned, you see how it is. Am I a fool now? Didn't uncle Fred die of it, and must I still shut my eyes to my unavoidable doom?"

The sight at Jackson's, together with Leader's woe-begone appearance and my own physical weakness, in addition to the ever-present and immovable belief which haunted me that I should see him die the death he dreaded, well-nigh incapacitated me from giving any reply to his laconic interrogatories; and some time elapsed before I was able to answer mildly but firmly, "Leader, many days have elapsed since you were bitten by a dog, which I don't want to contend was not mad. What worse are you? The wound of itself has never caused you a moment's pain worth speaking of, and so far from your bodily health being impaired it is ten years, since I saw you looking so well. [He looked more like a spectre than himself a week before.] Do you feel a single sensation that can warrant you in

entertaining your fears? Miss Austin's hound, it is true, has died from Whip's bite. But what of that? and above all things what has your uncle Fred's case to do with yours? He adopted no precautions, you had recourse to all practical remedies instantaneously, and for one reason you have to be apprehensive you have fifty not to be so."

While I spoke he kept listlessly turning over the leaves of a book which Lucy had left behind her. When I had finished, he looked at me for a moment, and then in a calm, deliberate tone, not altogether unflavoured with a spice of acerbity, said, "You have probably heard in your time, Ned, of a person named Shakspeare; most people I believe are agreed that he was not quite a donkey in his estimate of humanity. Now here are a few words of his which convey my answer to what you have said, and also to what you may say about this unfortunate business," and he read that splendid passage on patience spoken by Leonato in "Much Ado about Nothing." I subjoin it for the sake of its universal applicability:—

"Men

Can counsel and speak comfort to that grief,
Which they themselves not feel; but, tasting it,
Their counsel turns to passion, which before
Would give perceptual medicine to rage,
Fetter strong madness in a silken thread,
Charm ache with air, and agony with words:
No, no; 'tis all men's office to speak patience
To those that wring under the load of sorrow;
But no man's virtue, nor sufficiency,
To be so moral, when he shall endure
The like himself: therefore give me no counsel;
My griefs cry louder than advertisement.

I will be flesh and blood;

For there was never yet philosopher
That could endure the tooth-ache patiently;
Howe'er they may have writ the style of gods,
And made a pish at chance and sufferance."

He closed the book and dashed it furiously against the window. It struck the sash and shivered five or six panes of glass into atoms. Lucy entered in terror. So unexpected was his violence, that I was unable to afford her any explanation and merely pointed to the window to account for the noise.

"Herman, love," asked the gentle creature, taking his hand and looking meekly and timidly into his face, "are you mad?"

"Mad!" cried he savagely, "aye, I am mad. Are you blind, that you can't see I am—mad!—mad!—heavens!" and his voice sunk to a whisper.

"Oh!" said Lucy, as the tears gushed in torrents from her eyes and fell upon his neck, as he reclined upon the table to conceal his emotion, "what a prelude to our wedding-day!"

"Wedding-day," repeated he bitterly, "death's-day, burial-day, doom's-day!"

Lucy's colour fled, and she was upon the point of fainting, when

he started up, and, snatching her frantically to his bosom, covered her with kisses. As she lay tranquilly and unconscious in his embrace, his breast heaved with agitation, which momentarily increased as he continued to "drink her sighs," gazing intensely into her hushed and beautiful features. From the working of his countenance I feared an epileptic or other equally dangerous attack, and rushing to him received his lovely burden in my arms.

"Her breath* is a hell-blast," shouted he at the top of his voice, flinging out of the room and slamming the door with startling force.

Fortunately she heard him not. Her questions, when she recovered, were painfully searching, and my answers only added to her perplexity. I then believed that it was only excitement that caused him to speak and act as he had just done, and hoped as the time wore on that he would become more moderate. Yet was I apprehensive, that his next ebullition of nervousness would be attended by a full disclosure of the fearful particulars. Several times I was about to dispel her even then happy ignorance, but a vague notion that things might still improve withheld me.

As may be supposed, we passed a miserable night. I proceeded betimes in the morning to Leader's bed-room. He was up, and dressed tolerably gay for a bridegroom, but looked rather, as if he were going to join a death-dance than a wedding. When we descended to the parlour, we found Mrs. Austin and Lucy seated at the breakfast-table, as he insisted that the ceremony should not take place before mid-day. Lucy rose and advanced towards him, but he extended his arm so obviously for the purpose of keeping her at a distance, that we all turned our eyes full upon him. He appeared to be aware of the apparently unaccountable strangeness of his conduct, and confusedly disengaging his hand from hers dropped into a chair. I stood up to whisper a word or two of encouragement in his ear; but he was suddenly seized with spasmodic retching, and as he suspired deeply after each depletion of a viscid fluid, I thought—oh God, I was certain, too certain—that the sounds resembled the partially suppressed howlings of a dog! An idea struck me, that he had anticipated his fate by poison. I rushed back to his room and ransacked it on every side, but found nothing to confirm my suspicions. Again I came to him; the retching had ceased. A deadly paleness overspread his fine countenance, while Lucy looked on almost beside herself with surprise and terror. His repulse, when she first entered the room, rendered her fearful of again approaching him; but when exhaustion had prostrated his faculties she drew near, and taking his

* Some of my readers may perhaps be acquainted with instances in cases of hydrophobia of the patient being dreadfully affected by the slightest current of air. At the Charing-Cross Hospital, some twelve months ago, a man who became mad from the bite of a rabid cat was so sensitive in this respect, that the rustling of his bed-curtains occasioned paroxysms; but that was subsequent to the disease having assumed a form that left no doubt of some potent virus having been imbibed into the system, whereas in the case I have narrated my friend had no previous intimation of the approach of the malady, not even a pain in the region of the wound, nor any repugnance to fluids. It was long after his death that I guessed at the meaning of the above exclamation, and consequently was not a little puzzled at the time to account for it.

head on her bosom gently wiped the cold and clammy perspiration from his throbbing temples. He looked up, but there was no recognition in his eyes. He spoke no word of endearment to the being who was dearest to him in existence. She bent over him and drew her small mouth close to his, as if to catch his breathings and learn the wherefore of his apathy. Beautiful "as an angel o'er the dead who die in righteousness," she pryed into his features, as though each individual lineament were imbued with a perception of her sorrow, and longed to assuage it with a consolatory response. Her efforts were worse than abortive. He shrunk from her, as if the fabled Upas were shedding its deadly influence on his vitals, and gliding from her soft support sunk heavily upon the floor.

Mrs. Austin snatched up a butter-cooler from the table and flung a handful of water in his face. A scream of mingled rage and fearfulness broke from the wretched sufferer as he sprang to his feet and glared hideously upon Lucy, his eyes dilated, his face crimson and purple and white again, like an optical analysis of light, and the muscles of the throat moving the white with convulsive rapidity. Mrs. Austin swooned with a groan; Lucy shuddered as she heard her mother fall, yet dared not withdraw her eyes from Leader. I was completely powerless, and leant languidly against the wall, doubting if I dreamt. My uncertainty, however, was speedily dispelled by seeing him dart upon the fragile form that stood before him, and encircling her waist with his right arm he raised her from the floor and dashed her against a book-case some two or three paces behind her.

Here then was the realization of one of Mrs. Radcliffe's cavern scenes, two lifeless women and a man equally helpless, alone with a maniac. Walking fiercely up to me he raised his hand, as if to strike me down, and I fully expected a murderous blow; but his arm fell feebly by his side, and bursting into tears he cast himself beside Lucy on the ground, weeping aloud like a child. His grief was boundless. Burying his head in her bosom, while her unloosened and luxuriant tresses fell upon his face, he called upon her in accents that bespoke the extremest woe, to wake, to look upon him, to be his own, his Lucy once again. At length she slowly unclosed her eyelids. Their glances met, and faintly murmuring "Herman!" she again relapsed into insensibility. His mourning now became outrageous; he accused himself of being her murderer, her executioner, and vehemently cursed the destiny that kept such a crime for his perpetration. In vain I attempted to reason with him. To all my suggestions that he would leave the unconscious girl to my care he listened with a deaf ear, and protested that his spirit should shortly rejoin hers, where sorrow is unknown. To call aloud for the servants would, I apprehended, inflame him again. I dared not apply water to either Miss Austin or her mother, lest the sight of it should renew his frightful spasms; but hoping to effect the ladies' restoration by the admission of the cool morning air, I threw up the window, and the grateful breeze fanned life and health into Lucy's wan cheeks. Mrs. Austin showed no signs of returning animation for some time after, but I succeeded in placing her in an arm chair by the open

casement, while Leader sat on a sofa dashing his extended fingers through his hair as if his salvation depended upon the rapidity of his movements.

"My God, my God! Herman," cried the agonised Lucy, advancing towards him and clasping her hands, "tell me, I implore you, do tell me what is the matter with you?"

"Tell you!" bellowed he so furiously that we both started at his tones, "aye, I will tell you. I am mad, the most horrid and frightful of all madness—hydrophobia;" then dropping his voice he hissed between his teeth with appalling distinctness, "Whip bit me the day that Ned rescued you from the same fate. Mad!" shouted he again after a moment's pause and striking the edge of the sofa so violently that the blood flowed from his hand; "Mad by all that's sacred! Mad beyond the power of redemption! Now you know the whole of it," and he made towards the door. Lucy's gentleness was only equalled by her firmness when she knew the worst. She arrested his footsteps, and leading him again to the sofa seated herself beside him, avoiding by a sort of instinct to let her breath reach him. Then binding his hand in her handkerchief, and looking in his face, her eyes suffused with tenderness, gently exclaimed, "Leader dearest, surely there is hope at least!"

"Oh, no, no, no!" cried he in the most heart-rending accents, raising her up and kissing her forehead; "Lucy, my love, leave me. Horrid thoughts are haunting me. God keep me from doing a desperate deed, for a fiend is in my brain. The miseries of the damned must be bliss to what I endure: but I am comparatively in heaven when you are absent, for then I can cheat myself into a belief that my wretchedness is not shared by you."

"Herman, Herman," sobbed she distractedly, "hope, my life, hope!"

"No hope, no life, for me!" said he languidly, his visage assuming a ghastly hue. Then suddenly roared he at the top of his voice, "Avoid me, Lucy; I tell you, avoid me or by ——" she started and seemed about to obey when he strained her madly to his breast, imprinting kisses with frantic eagerness on her lips, then exclaiming, "Ned, I beseech you take her away," fell convulsively on the sofa.

I tore her from him forcibly, for her pliant and delicate limbs seemed indued with the tenacity of ivy entwined in a ruin, and would yield to nothing but absolute violence. I returned immediately with several domestics, some of whom removed Mrs. Austin, and the others and myself betook us to the care of Leader, whose malady soon was at its height. No description could give the faintest notions of his sufferings. Insanity in any form is a subject too harrowing to be dwelt on, but in so horrid a shape as this above all. His strength while the disorder was at the crisis was superhuman. Four stalworth men and myself could with the utmost difficulty restrain his efforts to rise. Singular enough, his violence was almost exclusively directed against me, whom he vowed to rend in a million of fragments and scatter to the winds of heaven. But every alternate five minutes, as the intensity of his agonies abated and reason resumed her sway, he would implore me in the most piteous terms to pardon him and forget

his rage. This to me was excruciating, to see him one moment in the wildest delirium and the next soliciting, as rationally as could be, forgiveness for his involuntary excesses. But why should I endeavour to pourtray that, which no one but an actual witness can even imperfectly imagine? Be it sufficient to add, that every medical man of any repute in the neighbourhood attended him; but all they could effect was a partial mitigation of his torments. In eighteen hours after Lucy left him he expired, endeavouring to articulate her name with his last breath.

E. B. N.

JOHN ROSE, THE GAUGER.

"Auld Cleuts cam' clatterin' doon the toon,
An' danced awa' wie' the Gauger;
An' ilka Carlin cried, 'Auld Mahoun,
Ye hae gotten ye'r maik I'll wager.'"

OLD SONG.

THE mystic line which once separated the land of the *Sagsenack* from the fastnesses of the *Gael*, in the northern part of this island, is now more completely obliterated than the fortifications by which, each more southerly than its predecessor, the Romans, attempted to build in the mountain spirit by rampart and fosse, or than the long drawn *Clawdd Offa*, by means of which *ditto* was attempted and *ditto* achieved against the hot and hard heads of the Principality, though tradition sings that a certain "illustrious personage" had a hoof in the work. The obliteration is wise and well; for our little island has really no room for two contending races of people; and, if as much speech could be produced with as little sense and purpose in it without them, we would be every jot as wise, and as well were we "fairly shot" of the two political parties, which are always pulling plasters off each other's sores, and looking hurt in the eyes of the world, while the country is flayed with legislation in some patches, fevered and scurfy for want of it in others, and looking altogether like a deserted pig without a swine-herd. But there are certain stories and traditions, the memory of which has either been scorched off by one of these causes, or choked by the other, and which would have afforded pleasant reading, even in these days of modern Babylonization of our native tongue by numberless ranks, placed lower and lower than each other, and waxing more and more honourable as they descend, like the seats in a Roman amphitheatre.

Of those which relate to the more recent doings of a political nature, we have some sweet *conserves* by Scott, but still he was a borderer, and certes also somewhat of a bogtrotter, to his heart's core; and thus, though he trenched boldly on the margin, he did not get into the arcana of highland life, in the glens of the midland mountains where the character and the manners were free from foreign taint. No contemporary observer told the tale of these until after "the forty-five," and thus the real highland character is a lapsed leaf from the

volume of human history. There are still however a few traits which a "cannie hand" might glean, as the last flickerings did not go out for at least half a century after the period alluded to.

Every thing of a political nature ceased when the insurgent chiefs got back their lands, and wended to the court of St James's to do reluctant homage for the same. Even there however there were some "scenes," the memory of which was not forgotten for a time. Among others, the laird of Glengarry, no very gainly subject for bending at the footstools of kings, went to do his basiation on the regal fist; and though *Craggan 'an Phitheach* had sustained the sable wing of its dark and direful bird, from the time of the strife of Randal and Donald the *Vikengr*, through *Alastair Mhor*, and Heaven knows how many *Maccs*, *Vics*, and *Mhic Vichs*, it was doomed to let him down among Jews and German beauties in the repulsive capitol of Sagsenach domination.

The then "raven of the rock,"—for so runs the living anagram of *Craggan 'an Phitheach*, the rock of the raven,—was of goodly stature, rivalling in his person the Anakim of old, and beating in the matter of a bedstead all the monarchs that ever ruled the kine of Bashan with a bull's horn; for Og himself was fain to sleep on an iron hurdle only nine cubits long and four cubits broad, or about twelve feet by five and a half, whereas the bedstead of the chief of Glengarry was a ridge of granite some thirty miles long and twenty in breadth, and thus ample enough for all the monarchs of the earth to enjoy a comfortable snooze upon without nasal offence to each other, however sonorous they may be in that most prominent organ of majesty.

Being of such ample dimensions himself, and so substantially and extensively bedded, and being conversant with other chieftains of the same mould, Glengarry naturally concluded that the Sagsenach monarch, by whose deputy they had all been vanquished, must be a man of such stature as to be able to gather the stars from the north-west with the same ease as they could gather his nuts in the copses by Loch Garry. When therefore he saw the diminutive stature of George the Second, he is said to have exclaimed, "Cood Cracious! is t'at t'a *Cræter*?" and strode back to the hills scorning the introduction. Now that this is known, and sure, as sure as the Old Monthly assists the moon in ruling the midnight orgies of the west-end, which, as Paddy said of the rope, must have had "the end cut off," as the curious mystery of spinning nothing out of nothing, runs on and on there is *omne volubilis ævum*, that is "without end," the post midnight optic of some weird brother or sister there, we shall have Bellow or Blistertongue or some other thrice more honourable, thrice more dipped, and thrice more dipping, swelling it out with gas of every hue, to the stipulated measure of three *times*, and neither our printer nor Tom Duncombe making one of the number. Be that as it may, or rather as it can, for that is the west-end word, Glengarry held fast to the old system of tail and tyranny after all the rest of the highlands had become as soft and harmless as hairs in the furnishings of their hinder ends.

But to our tale, if tale it can be called. In later times, some of

the most striking anecdotes and points of local character in the north, arose out of the state of the excise laws, and the extensive smuggling which was their necessary consequence. How the "Temperancers" and "Tee-totalers" of our times, when every man fags and drudges so piously, and so pains-takingly in curing the vices of his neighbour, and seems so thoroughly devoted as to brave the brimstone in his own proper person so that others may escape Scratch-fire, would have held up their hands, and rolled eye-ball and iris inward to gaze upon former iniquity, if they had found a government conferring the right of making whisky without taxation upon such a patriot as Duncan Forbes of Culloden. To distil whisky duty free upon his Ross-shire estate of Ferintosh, was however the government reward of this truly great man, and there was an imaginary line within which there was no duty upon whisky, but beyond which there was a duty exceeding the cost of the article.

Now, if the object had been to tempt, actually to force, the people into the practice of smuggling, and to justify them in their own minds in both parts of it, the authors of such a project could not have been more successful. There was the greatest inducement to distil in opposition to the Ferintosh monopoly, and to smuggle along the whole line of the boundary; and as there was not a shadow of reason or justice in either restriction, there could be no moral restraint upon even the most moral of the people. No surveillance of excise-men could stop either practice; and thus "The Gauger," as he was called, in general consulted his advantage and safety in letting them distil and smuggle away, and going for his salary on collection days, but never carrying a single penny to the public revenue. The office of Gauger was thus a little sinecure for any one that could command a small patronage; and if any of the race attempted to do his duty, woe was to him. The people were not a cruel people, but they cared not what tricks they played upon an intermeddling exciseman; and if such captured an illicit still or a quantity of smuggled whisky he never felt the last of it. Government at length bought up the monopoly and abolished the boundary, but these remained till the habits of the people had been confirmed; nor was it till the last revival of the law that the axe was laid to the root of this most corrupting system. So much for the former state of the excise in the highlands; and now for the particular case of John Rose.

"John Rose the Gauger" was a name so detested in a certain large and lovely strath of the highlands, little known and seldom visited by the people of the south, that the women terrified their babies to sleep by the mere mention of it. John was in some way related to, or patronized by, a certain great man. He had been educated for the Scottish church, but whether from imitating the mystic serpents of the Egyptians or from what other cause we know not, he became what Meg Merrilies styles Dominie Sampson "a Sticket stibbler," or as the French render it *un Prêtre Assassinée*, and so he became a Gauger. He had influence, he had ambition; and thus there was "no reason" why he should not become a supervisor, a collector, a commissioner of excise, before he was gathered to his mother, the only patent branch of his pedigree.

Only one other element was wanted,—namely, zeal, and this John Rose was determined to supply. His *début* was in a sea-side village, where he got renown by capturing some half-dozen tubs of Scheidam from the fisherwomen and boys, eschewing the Dirk Hatteraiks of the time, though an inward dread of their vengeance induced him in the day of praise for his prowess to throw out a hint that if appointed to a Highland division he would trounce the Rories to some tune. He was taken at his word, and appointed Gauger of Glenazure, the district formerly alluded to, whose Gaugers from their first appointment had always been upon every collecting-day always coming for money, but never bringing any; and there John Rose, quoting his college exercises, prophesied that he would have to say,

“Exegi monumentum aere perennius;”

or, as the learned translate it, would have to boast, on quitting the Highlands in exalted state, that he had

“Eaten a mountain harder than brass.”

Glenazure, which was to be the field of John Rose's glory, had long been famous, or infamous if the term is better liked, for the production and the distribution of whisky, for the quality of which we can vouch, as in the strength of its inspiration we have climbed many a mountain, although we will not certify that Gauger ever said *Benedicite*, or its opposite, in presence of the still. Situated midway between the two seas, and producing in the sheltered spots most excellent crops of Bere or Bigg, the *materiel* was thus abundant, there was, as we said, no moral restraint, and the fastnesses of the neighbouring heights were impregnable to all ordinary excisemen. Each end of the strath commanded a market; the sides of it were gauger-proof for their whole length, the upper extremity was nearly the same; residence for such a person within the strath was perilous, and visits from the lower end could not be made unobserved. The length may be some fifteen or twenty miles, and the breadth of the flat bottom, with a beautiful river twining through its extent, some fifteen or twenty, and not very much elevated above the level of the sea. Its south-western direction opens it to the most powerful influence of the summer's sun, and lofty mountains, some of them full four thousand feet above the tide-way, yet grassy on the very summits, shelter it from the angry north, and give evidence of a climate which, in the summer at least, is not excelled in any part of the island. Then, the immediate banks, varying in height from five hundred to a thousand feet, composed in one place of wild and beetling precipices, hanging mass over mass, rent into caves, and festooned with plants upon every little ledge, and in another place rich with verdant copse, interspersed with trees of a larger growth, while between these occurred a steep bank of purple heather and tall fern, with here and there a sloping glade of rich pasture. Then the descent of rills, rivulets, and rivers, leaping in cascades or thundering in cataracts from the uplands, especially on the bank exposed to the morning sun, give life and spirit to the whole. Still beyond these an extensive forest of

stately pines, furnishing most excellent timber, and glowing in the season with every berry which can refresh the parched lip on a high-land height, extends, or did extend, over thousands of acres, and terminates mountain woods in sheep walks of no inconsiderable value.

Such was, and must be still, the character of that part of Scotland in which John Rose the Gauger essayed to vanquish rock and morass and mountain, and men as steeled and as stubbornly true to nature as they. This was, this must still be, the characters of Glenazure, in which during the heat of summer, when the winds of heaven were in deep sleep on the hills, and not even the aspen quivered by the river's brink, the little streamlet, a mighty flood in the autumnal rains, stole gurgling under the verdant copse, until in some sheltered nook a projecting mass of "the granite of ages" (it is really schistus or gneiss, but never mind) scattered it into ten thousand jets, each broken into an ever-falling chain of pearly drops,—

"O, qui me gelidas," &c.,—

no eye can be upon you here, so strip thee to the simple man, and enjoy nature's own shower-bath, after which you may bound up the mountain as fleet as the roe. But where is John Rose all this time? Ay "that's the question, or rather the two questions," as McGuffog says.

Well, when John Rose came into this Eden of wild nature, the unsuspecting people distilled their whisky at whatever place they found most convenient; and "the auld laird" winked at their doings, and made others wink; for he got larger and better paid rents, and the people were satisfied and so was he. But in the fulness of time, the old laird paid the old debt, the heir was a minor in a distant part of the country, and the estates were under the management of an Edinburgh "doer," who "did for" the young laird; but the wheel has come full circle, all the "doing gang" are now "done for," and the wind now whistles merrily over many a fair manor of Scotland, where it moaned diammally during that long period when that hopeless end of the island was compelled to build its monument in that den of depravity, the Modern Athens.

Thus unsuspecting and unprotected were the people of Glenazure, when John Rose came upon them like "a thief in the day." The very first week, he seized half a dozen of stills, took a considerable quantity of whisky, wasted many hogsheads of wash, and burned unmeasured quantities of malt. His fame soon reached his superiors in the excise; and its opposite ran through Glenazure like wildfire.

But this first professional harvest was also the last to John Rose; for whenever he took his journey along the strath, the warning, "Here's John Rose the Gauger!" was telegraphed before him, and he not only could find nothing to seize, but nobody would supply him with any thing either for love or for money. Thus, on the burning days of a Glenazure summer,—and any one who has felt them can certify to the excess of their temperature above the average of the West Indies,—John Rose had to carry his own flask, and after a panting pull, kneel down at "the fountain of the tuft," or, as the learned may translate the Gaelic, "the well of life," and convert his

own stomach into a grog jug; or if he was hungry, and the contents of his "haversack" out, he might follow the old custom, and after "a drink of the well" take "a bite of the brae." But John Rose was a man of resource; and when he found that his eyes could guide him to no more seizures, he set about cultivating his nose, which he actually rendered more acute than that of a blood-hound, as he actually practised until he could find a single bottle of whisky concealed in the heather any where within the distance of a mile. This perfection of nose would of course find out a still at five miles; and thus John Rose again entered the glen with a new power of which the people could have no knowledge, and against which they could have no defence.

The first "dead point" which he made, was at the foot of *Ese nan Phitheach*, one of the most romantic of the water-falls, and one which is defended by the triple array of rifted rock, tangled wood, and falling water. Onward he scrambled upon the slot, and actually saw the blue smoke, and heard the voices of the persons who were engaged in the business of distillation; but there was a curtain of rock overhanging the leap of the fall, which he had to get round upon very narrow and slippery footing. No matter, at that time, when the hope of the Scottish exchequer, now wisely abolished, was bright in the mind's eye, the aspirant would dare *many* things. So, grasping the rock, John Rose attempted to swing round, but his foot slipped, and he was at the bottom of the fall in an instant, bathed *supra atque infra* to his heart's content and a little beyond. The depth of water saved him from any thing harder than his own bones, and he at the same time rose buoyant, in consequence of that beautiful law of nature which ordains that that which has an inherent impulse to rise upwards can never sink downwards. John Rose "rowed his state with oary feet" to the most convenient bank of the pool; the sun soon dried him; and he reached his abode silent as to the result of his adventure. Finding that he was so hopeless on the left bank of the river, it struck John Rose that by "going to the right" he at least should not "go wrong." Wherefore, he "saddled *him*," not his "ass" but his pony, and forth he fared to the elevated moors on the other side. There his nose caught the gale in very brief time, and he was onward upon the scent of a still and "no mistake." But upland moors are treacherous places, where rains are frequent and heavy, and there is no drainage save by evaporation through the air of heaven. But John was above thinking of such matters, and so he dodged along until he saw, or thought he saw, the blue smoke of distillation curling from behind a little clump of stunted birch trees on the opposite height. Then, onward he spurred or kicked (for the mode is not registered) his piece of cattle, till at one step it sunk belly-deep and was quite inextricable; and John Rose alighting was soon up to the cleft in the same mire, and quite as fast and sure as the pony. The people of Glenazure had compassion upon both man and beast; and so John and his pony were speedily delivered from the mire by men that came he knew not from whence, who, having conducted him to another part of the hill, left him and went he knew not whither.

Being again mounted, he rode this way and that way, carefully avoiding every appearance of a bog until the day, which was none of the shortest, wore to its close, and the last long shadow of the peak was unseen upon the moor; still he rode, and rode gallantly, till he came to a well head, which he deemed might be unsafe footing for his beast. There was kindly herbage there however, and he left it to refresh its stomach, while he proceeded upon the scent of illicit distillation which had again saluted his well-tutored nose. There was no air stirring, and so he could not judge whether the odour came from any one point of the compass or from all points at once, so he beat about upon the increasing odour, till the earth gave way under him, and he was precipitated headlong into its bowels before he could recover his astonishment, the gripe of a giant was upon his collar, a terrible visage, even the description of which any single language would have broken down, and of which it can only be said, in the Cerberian strength of the language of Drummond, "In faciam girnavit atrox," and the voice of a Stentor thundered through both ears to the innermost fastness of his redoubtable cranium, "Are you Shone Rose t'a gauger?" John stared wildly round: the place was a Pandemonium, the smoke almost solid, the inmates of no earthly type; and it wanted only a little imagination to make John Rose fancy that he had fallen farther than living man could fall. But the hope of the commissionership came strongly to his aid, and he faltered out "Ye—es" "T'it any boty saw you come in?" "N—oo." "T'en tam t'a one shall saw you go out;" and with that the lurid glare of the whisky-making fire burned on the blade of a skein dhu, and the spirit of John Rose the Gauger fainted within him, while his carcase sunk endlong on the floor.

When he came to his recollection, or, to speak more correctly, when his recollection came to him, he found his wife busy in extricating him from a sack into which he had been put by the men of the moor, and carried home on the back of his own pony, which was standing by, washed from the contamination of the bog, and as mild as a lamb. He felt his head, it was still on his shoulders; his skin too was scratch-free; and death had again got the "go-by;" but with all this good fortune John Rose had inward bodings, that never again could he hunt for stills on the moors of Glenazure. But fortune, good or bad, "never rains but it pours," an early hour of the day brought a letter, which, after sundry complimentary expressions, contained these words: "Would the zealous and faithful servant of Our Sovereign Lord, the King, exchange to the extreme west of the Scottish mainland?" He was delighted, at once agreed, and in less than a week he was journeying to his new locality, to the great joy of the folks of Glenazure and of himself.

In those days there was a certain lugger-rigged vessel, which visited the Hebrides, and lone parts of the west coast of the Highlands every summer. It was called *An Torc*, the hog, because it rode gunwale in, and the deck bristled as for battle. The commander was Dhomuil Spaignach, of whom there is a tale worth telling; and he came from Jersey, but somehow or other the embouchure of the Loire was always in his way, and he lost his cargo of pea-jackets and

night-caps, and replaced it with Nantes, Bourdeaux, and sundry other matters, choke up to the beams of An Torc. There was a revenue cutter in those seas; but it was a kindly cutter. Old Bunting, as he was called, stood by the glass; and having looked starboard till he knew what was what, he gave the word, "Run up the bunting;" then he looked larboard and after a while the word was given, "A strange sail on the lee-bow, bear away." The helm was down in an instant, and the wind was not hauled till the longitude and nearly the latitude of Ireland was made. Meanwhile An Torc did not lie like a log; Dhonuill knew the bunting and what to do. We have tasted the Nantes and Bourdeaux in the house of—*Non mi ricordo*, Deputy Lieutenant, and Captain and Adjutant of the local troops; and they were excellent, and no question asked. Commodore Bunting never got a second sight of the sail on the lee-bow, and as little did he ever see An Torc, when he again made the land; but he always had his grog, and a bottle of good claret for a friend.

This had gone on for many years; and as the cutter had been able to do nothing on the high seas, it was resolved to "tackle" An Torc, when high and dry on the beach; and the extreme west point was the chosen spot, and John Rose the chosen man.

A brother officer was appointed to assist John Rose, and the local militia were instructed to support the Gaugers in case of need, a work to which the militia had not the best will in the world. All were in readiness for the seizure; but the scouts reported that An Torc was "floating with all ready, and the wind fair, and would to a certainty be off on the least display of a martial array." Canute the Great could not stop the flow of the tide, and how could John Rose roll back the flood? There was nothing for it but to wait the movement of the moon; and thus the militia were ordered to pile arms and wait behind a copse until the concerted signal should rouse them to arms and to their mettle. This being duly arranged, John Rose and his companion set out to reconnoitre An Torc, quite sure that they would be, as the scouts had assured them, received as friendly visitors.

Their reception confirmed this: the plank was laid for them; Dhonuill himself handed them over the rails; and the "running" of the cargo went on the same as if there had not been a Gauger or a local militia-man in Argyllshire.

John Rose outwardly admired all that he saw, and was inwardly making his inventory. There was a pretty little cask slung abaft the mast, with a silver crane in the end, and a little silver jug suspended by a chain of the same. "What *could* be in that little cask?" The means of knowing stared them in the face; and by some magic, a camp-stool touched each of the Gaugers behind. The flexures of their bodies obeyed the gentle invitations; and John Rose instinctively took the jug, turned the crane, and out flowed the contents of the little cask. Smack went the lips of John Rose, and smack went the lips of his companion, again and again, and yet again—and another time,—for in such cases arithmetic is out of the question. Their valour rose. Seize An Torc! hey for the signal. Alas! their heels rose, but not their heads; they were "oblivious," and carried below. Presto! the last tub was run, the tide rose, the land breeze

came on, and in brief space the Atlantic was "speaking Dutch" at the bows of *An Torc*. The two Gaugers awoke skaitless on the wide sea: fear held them mute; Dhomuil treated them kindly, stood across the Bay of Biscay, and giving them five pounds in dollars, landed them at Corunna. By the pilotage of a Highland student going to Salamanca they reached Oporto; thence to London; and there ends the story of "John Rose the Gauger."

THE WANDERING JEW'S TALE.

LIST awhile, and I will tell
 Crimes that caus'd a doom so fell
 As that which curses me:
 Know, then, that as we led afar
 The Saviour unto Golgotha,
 Where, as the ban of all our race,
 The cross was rear'd tow'rds heav'n's face,
 (Great God! 'tis agony!)
 Spiteful I struck the Lord of lords,
 And added then these scornful words:
 "King of the Jews, support your tree!
 The vengeance of your blood shall be,
 If this is crime, repaid on me,
 And on my future progeny!"

Oh! that I'd died upon the spot—
 My name has since become a blot,
 And I a wand'rer lonely;
 For I, of all the scatter'd race,
 Shall never see my Maker's face,
 As I was branded only.
 Long will the calm unruffled look
 Of Jesus, when my curse he spoke,
 Dwell in my tortur'd soul;
 A sense of long and lasting care,
 Years of unutterable despair,
 Prophetic thrill'd the whole
 Of my still agonizing heart—
 For life and I must never part!
 I'd scoff'd him in the judgment-hall,
 My voice was loudest of them all.
 My words were most severe;
 I'd seen him scourg'd until the blood
 Well'd from his deep wounds in a flood;
 And then to taunt him had I stood
 The lowly Saviour near!
 'Twas I that urg'd when Pilate's breast
 Ideas of mercy once express'd—
 'Twas I that urg'd and cried,
 Loudest amid ten thousand tongues,
 Heaping upon him wrongs on wrongs,
 "He must be crucified!"

When I had spoke, a silence dread
Upon the multitude was shed,
And then a murmuring hum,
Like distant thunder, 'gan arise,
Increasing till a thousand cries
Shook the blue canopy of skies,
And struck the Roman dumb !
To mercy still was he inclined—
'Twas then I hardened Pilate's mind,
'Twas then again I cried—
I know not what thus urged me on,
To speak against the Almighty's Son—
"He must be crucified!"

There was a hum when I spoke first,
But now ten thousand voices burst
Upon the deafened ear ;
A prince of the Sanhedrim I,
And ruling chief of Nephtali,
How had I cause to fear ?
'Twas pressing on towards Calvary,
He, whisp'ring, spoke the words to me—
"Stay, unbeliever—scoffer—stay,
And tarry till the judgment-day!"
As thunderbolt upon my head,
I felt the sentence Jesus said !

Where could I rest my recreant head ?
I sought a place my tears to shed.
"To live for ever—ne'er to die—
To linger—live eternally!"
Such were my thoughts as I madd'ning rov'd
Amid the fair scenes that I once had loved ;
A figure passed—it was brother—
Dearer to me there lived no other,
And in his love I thought my grief to smother ;
But horror gathered in his eye,
And from his lips escaped a cry
That told the deepest agony !

He cried and sank upon the ground ;
I kissed his cheek and bathed his brow ;
Methinks I see his horror now :—
Cold dews his paly forehead bound ;
I tried to fan his parting breath,
And keep him from the jaws of death ;
But when I knew he was no more,
Wretched, my very clothes I tore :
Agonizing, on my head
Ashes I profusely spread ;
Though useless—passing vain for me
Would ashes or would sackcloth be,
For I must live eternally !

When morning dawned, I woke to roam,
And hurried to mine ancient home ;
There did I pass a mirror gay,
That stood conspicuous in my way ;
I looked to see if man might trace
Aught of my sorrow in my face ;

If the dread lightning, in its flashes,
 Had seared within, or fired to ashes
 All that without and visible lay—
 Great God! I fainting turned away;
 Upon my burning brow is spread
 A scorching cross of fiery red!
 Not Sinai, when the seer beheld
 The face of heaven's high King unveiled,
 Shot redder lightnings from its brow
 Than are the flames that mark me now!
 "Alas! my brother!" was my cry,
 "This—this indeed is infamy!
 This is the ban of heaven on me,
 And this inflicted death to thee!"
 Quickly I bound the fatal mark,
 And wrapt around this covering dark.
 Years passed on years—matters not how—
 And ne'er have I unveiled my brow,
 Except my vengeance to display
 Upon the Roman's darkest day,
 When Alaric stirred up the fray,
 For hatred did I owe to them—
 They stormed and burnt Jerusalem!

Alas! how dimly set the sun,
 And murky rose the shades of night
 O'er Sion, when the day was done,
 That told the issue of the fight.
 Jerusalem! and had their doom
 Already to thy people come?
 And were the Roman eagles spread?
 Those eagles hovered o'er thine head!
 How often would thy slaughtered king
 Have gathered thee beneath his wing;
 But thou hadst scorned the power that gave
 For thee Messiah to the grave!

I marked where meteors hovered high,
 And dire portents along the sky;
 Then said I to the wretches near,
 "Fly to the mountains of Judea,
 And bid them fall upon your head;
 Seek Herman and Amana's height,
 Let Masada veil ye in night,
 And spare you sorrows infinite!"
 Thus was fulfilled what Jesus said.
 There was an universal sound
 That echoed all the city round,
 Ere it was levelled with the ground—
 The murmuring of despair;
 For on the welkin's face were seen
 Such things as never yet had been,
 Whole armies in the air!
 And on the sod the wrath of God
 Did level and destroy
 Those walls once blest, by him loved best,
 His chosen seat of joy!

Fair city! how thy princely bowers,
Thy temple's gates, and mighty towers,
Thy glittering tribes, and martial powers,
Fell by the Roman hand;
But few were spared to weep thy fall,
And I more wretched than them all,
Outcast of every land!

I have sought danger, but to try
In it a sad variety;
But, oh! I must not—cannot die!
And oft my mind essayed to find
Things ne'er to mortals known;
I toiled by night, and to my sight
Appeared the sophist's stone,
With power to turn to glitt'ring ore
Metals that were as dross before;
Yet was my ardent spirit less
Sated with hardly-earned success
Than wond'ring alchemist would guess.

Where be the friends that once were mine?
Cold—cold within the tomb!
Cropped as the fig-tree and the vine,
They singly met their doom!
Where is the wife that used to play
Upon the harp's wild strings—
The infants frolicsome and gay?
Oh! death has lent them wings;
As falls the stately tree of Lebanon,
Their homes have vanished, and their tents are gone!

PARISIANUS.

THE PLEASURES OF MEAT SUPPERS.

He had bound her hands with a strong cord, and she sat passively upon a low wooden chair awaiting her fate: her long black hair hung damp and matted over her shoulders, and shaded the full symmetry of her unclothed bosom. Though her face was livid, and her eye glassy and fixed, with no expression unless that of uttermost despair, her transcendent, her almost unearthly beauty seemed unimpaired. At a short distance from this unmoving helpless human form was Ferdinand, stooping over the fire, and with his breath fanning the embers into a blaze. His shirt sleeves were rolled up to his shoulders, and every vein of his large muscular arms was swollen almost to bursting. He was busily engaged in watching the progress of a small iron bar, the end of which was thrust among the coals, and was heating to a red heat. Presently he turned towards the female, and in a calm low tone, frightfully contrasting with the maniac glare of his eye, and livid hue of his face, he said, "Augusta; it is nearly ready. Prepare." Though the victim appeared wrapt in a deathlike stupor the words of Ferdinand reached her sense. Her features collapsed, her eyelids closed as if to shut out some terrible object, and a shiver con-

vulsed her frame. But she spake not. The powers of volition, of resistance, of speech, were dead within her, and her body was a mass of still passiveness, of motionless inanity. You might have murdered her father or torn her infant into living fragments before her eyes, and, if even conscious of the deed, she would not have opposed it. The misery with which her soul was enveloped, rendered her insensible to the impression of external objects. Wretchedness was concentrated within herself. She was at the point where human nature cannot be conscious to a higher state of suffering. Never did a form in which lingered a spark of the vital principle wear so completely the semblance of death as that of Augusta, when the low husky tones of Ferdinand struck like a death sentence upon her ear. The man thought her lifeless, for, starting up, he scrutinized her features closely, exclaiming, "Ha!—by hell, she is dead, and has escaped me." He seized her wrist, as if to search for a pulsation, but dropped the limb with a shudder of horror,—“Polluted wretch; I cannot touch thee.” He listened eagerly, but could distinguish no sound of respiration. “Then she is dead!—Yet let me be sure, quite sure. I would not lose my victim: no, no, she is far too precious.” A small looking-glass was near; he seized it, applied it to her white lips, and after a while withdrew it. With savage glee he shouted when he saw the polished surface of the mirror faintly dimmed. “Ha, ha! the breath of life is there! right, right, my girl, live on yet longer: I have much need of thee. But how goes on my brave bit of iron?” he continued, as if speaking to himself; and, returning to the fire, he deliberately kneeled down to examine the bar which, for some mysterious purpose, he was heating.

The apartment was illuminated by no other light than that of the embers in the grate. A red glare fell upon the persons of Ferdinand and his victim, leaving the boundaries of the room in deep shadow, and producing that peculiar effect which Rembrandt alone knows how to convey upon canvass. The harsh dark features of Ferdinand, as he bent forward in his unhallowed occupation, seemed to quiver in their outline, and to vary into all kinds of monstrous forms and expressions as the flickering uncertain blaze altered the effects of light and shade. Now his countenance was elongated to preternatural and hideous dimensions; and anon its breadth was distorted into some foul shape of which words cannot give a description. Then, as the flame subsided for a moment, or shot up with renewed vigour, the head would vanish, or diminish, and become undefined, like an optical illusion, or the phantom of a sick man's dream, or would dilate and start into dreadful distinctness with some new and fiendish characteristic which left its image stamped in horror upon the brain. You could have fancied the face to be that of a goulé, told of in eastern story as feeding upon the corruption of the grave.

The iron was now glowing. Ferdinand drew it forth with a ghastly smile of exultation, even such as we may imagine to have sat upon the grim visage of Milton's stupendous incarnation of Death, at the moment when the monster heard “his famine should be filled.” He looked at his victim, and at the instrument as if calculating its efficiency for his purpose, “The heat may be too fierce,” he muttered.

"I would not touch life. No, killing is poor revenge. Wait, wait a while. What noise is that?—music? oh, truly this is a fit scene for music." The strains were those of a flute: they were soft and sweet, like the accents of pity mourning over this scene of frightful misery, and essaying to soften the soul of the hardened man, and touch his daemon ferocity with one recollection of human feeling; or they might have been likened to the voice of an angel exorcising the spirit of evil from its unholy tenancy of the image of God in man. For a brief time the man of blood paused and listened eagerly to the notes, which were those of a wild plaintive French air, now long forgotten, but of exquisite melody: they pierced the heart of Ferdinand, and rived it with a bitter yet a human anguish. The heated instrument fell from his grasp upon the hearth; he tossed his naked arms furiously above his head, and uttered a loud cry. "Aye, aye; torture me!—I hear you in my soul. I know all: you would tell me ~~she~~ used to sing that air to me. So she did; and oh! how sweetly did she warble it when my weary head rested upon her bosom, till I sunk into the sleep of confidence and love. Then she was my wife, my hope, my all, she was *myself*. Oh, if men could read the breasts of their fellow men, I would tear open mine before the collected world, and ask, did I not love her?—did I not fold up my seared and lonely heart in hers, and with it every hope for happiness? when she was blithesome did I not bask in the ray of her smile even as in heaven's own sunshine, and when she pined in sorrow or sickness, did I not weep for her tears of blood?—I did, I did; and now she has turned my heart to stone, and given my brain to madness. She is a harlot."

For some fleeting moments recollection admitted a ray of reason, a consciousness of human nature, athwart the darkened brain of the maniac. Could he have wept, the progress of crime might yet have been stayed. But no; the sluices of tears were parched up by the sirocco of frenzy, and the reign of feeling was but during a pause in the deadly gust. A fiend "sate heavy on the soul" of the miserable man, and rejoiced in commingling the elements of humanity into a stormy chaos, of which a fixed purpose of revenge was the predominant constituent.

"Justice!" said Ferdinand in his former low hoarse tone. "I am about to do a deed of justice, and it is meet that the execution of justice should have witnesses. Ha! a good principle that! come forth then," and he strode to a distant part of the room.

It has been said that the circuit of the chamber was in deep shadow, but in one corner might be distinguished a bed with dark-coloured hangings, which were rent and dragged from their proper position as if by a furious struggle, in which one party had tenaciously clung to the frail things for help against a powerful and determined foe. At least the imagination readily supplied such a cause for their tattered state, as in perfect consistency with the scene. It was towards this bed that from my place of confinement I saw Ferdinand advance. In a moment he returned, bearing in his arms a human body, nearly naked. It was that of a golden-haired youth, apparently not twenty years old. The limbs were slight and delicate, but exquisitely

moulded, and the skin of surpassing whiteness ; together forming a remarkable contrast with the dark harshly-lined visage and the stalworth and mighty frame of the man on whose shoulder the body rested with a weight seemingly unfelt.

Ferdinand brought forward the corpse. To my appalled gaze the joints appeared still quivering with life, but it was the partial liveness of recent death. The murderer placed his dead victim in a chair opposite his living prey, and forced the body to assume a sitting posture. He then ignited a lamp and disposed it so that the light should fall directly upon the countenance. I saw that the creature had died a death of agony. The features were distorted, the eyes protruded far out of their sockets, the tongue was torn from its cavity, and rested upon the cheek. Across the throat was a long jagged trench, from which the blood had welled in torrents, and let forth life.

I sickened at the spectacle of horror. I writhed ; I madly bit the iron fetters which bound me down flat and helpless. I seemed one instant to have strength sufficient to burst my bonds, and uproot a tree for a weapon, yet on essaying I was damned with the impotence of a baby through utter horror. I ground my teeth, and would have yelled forth menaces and curses against the homicide, but my tongue clave to my palate, and a suffocating sensation impeded utterance ; my throat swelled and gurgled, a cold sweat burst forth upon me, and I could not give vent to a sound. The fiend knew I was securely fastened, and he proceeded in his bloody work without heeding my paroxysms.

He placed his hand heavily on the shoulder of the female. The touch awoke her as from a trance, and she shrunk from its withering grasp. She could have crawled into a charnel-house, and crouched beneath the rotting remnants of mortality to have escaped the presence of that ruthless man only for so long a time as she could have prayed to her Creator for forgiveness of her crime, and fortitude to endure its punishment. Now her body and soul were alike doomed. She could not pray, for her faculties were palsied. She "cowered like a guilty thing" beneath the eye of fire which glared steadily upon her without show of mercy or compunction. Her frame was rigid with horror, and her dry lips moved as if she would have entreated remission.

"Woman, awake ; awake, I say ; and for the last time behold thy paramour. What ! wilt not look upon thy lover, whose dainty girlish form thine eye hath so often gloated upon ? Yes, one last look," he continued, with a horrible sneer, "one last look of love and farewell. See ! behold his throat ! Is he not beautiful now ?" God ! he thrust the fingers of one hand into the gaping wound, and with the other dragged forward the wretched woman to look closer upon the work of murder. Her fixed eye met the ghastly object, but no alteration of expression took place in the stony vapid stare with which she regarded it. Even that bleeding form conveyed no fresh idea to her mind to increase its full store of misery.

"Fear not for life," muttered Ferdinand ; "I do not mean to kill thee. Oh, no, I promise that. But look well and look long upon

him, Augusta; let thy lover *as he now is* be the last object thine eye has dwelt upon, so that, as thou wanderest blind and helpless through the world, thou shalt see his mangled carcase ceaselessly in thy darkness. And mark, Augusta—fail not to remember, gentle lady, it was thou who caused his death—and now for justice.” The monster gripped his unresisting victim firmly by the nape of her neck; with one exertion of his powerful arm he raised her into an upright posture, and supported her weight upon his hip, whilst with the other hand he grasped the bar, and with it seared her eyeballs. I heard the heated iron hissing in those lustrous orbs which in their living speaking beauty might have captivated the sternest soul, and turned to pity a heart of nether millstone. I saw the steam of the quenching bar arising in volumes. I heard the protracted dire shriek of the tortured creature. I saw the frantic struggles by which she vainly strove to escape from the vice-like hold of her executioner, when the extremity of physical agony had restored her paralyzed faculties, and, in consequence, the power of muscular motion. I heard again the hoarse laugh of the madman reverberating in different cadences as from a hundred echoes when the deed was done; and it rung in mine ears like the rejoicings of a hundred fiends. “*Whoo! whoo!*” howled Ferdinand; “I thought I should doctor the fainting fit.”

Again I laboured to release myself from the terrible bondage in which, powerless to afford help, I was doomed to behold this scene of blood; but I could only lacerate my flesh against the links of the chains which pressed me down with their huge weight, and restrained me by their strength. I could not longer look on and retain my senses. Reason tottered—I was fast becoming mad. The scene dissolved like a group of shadows, and I saw nothing but waves of blood which floated and dashed before my eyes, and laved me with their hideous foam. Yet I felt the hand of the murderer upon me, and it was slippery with the gore of his victims.

“Halloo! old fellow; not up yet? Zounds, this is too bad. Come, stir your stumps. We are losing the best time for sport. It is past five o’clock.”

“Eh!” I rubbed my eyes. By the bedside stood my old crony Ferdinand Schnapps, the identical hero of my dream, with his fishing tackle on his shoulder, and his physiognomy exhibiting considerable impatience at my breach of an agreement made the preceding day to be ready at five o’clock precisely for the purpose of accompanying him to a capital trout stream. But, *entre nous*, courteous reader, I had eaten a meat supper, imbibed certain glasses of brandy punch, and overslept myself.

“Eh!” I groaned out. “Is that you, Ferdy? I have had a horrible dream. How is Mrs. Schnapps?”

“Oh little Gusta is quite well; only a trifle sulky. She says married men have no business to get out of bed at such unseasonable hours, and run about the country like school-boys. The poor girl has not yet got reconciled to the habits of a sportsman; only two months married, you know. But come, make haste.”

THE VOICE.

A SKETCH.—BY CHARLES DIXON.

Author of Aber-Merlyn.

“Horror of horrors! what his only son!
 How looked the hermit when the deed was done?
 Not Hell, though Hell’s black jaws in sunder part
 And breathe blue fire, could more assault his heart.”—PARNELL.

AND what is a sketch?—Is it but an outline drawn with a few hasty pencillings of the brush?—here a little shade and there a little light: but yet withal so perfect a resemblance that the artist can at any future period fill up the blank, and make it start forth a picture full of life and colour,—a mere memento as it were of some form he loved to dwell upon, a landscape that once pleased his mind; or is it a species of *petite histoire*, which the modesty of the author (perhaps the nature of the case itself) will not permit him to call a “Tale;” or, on the other hand, his vanity will not allow to be denominated a “Story.” To which of these belongs a “Sketch,” or does it belong to either? And although it is a title we see in almost every periodical of the present day, it is one of that numerous family that we meet with in our daily conversation, which we all comprehend, but yet so few of us can with any accuracy describe.

“Good heavens! what a figure. Confess now that you have never seen such a lovely creature before.”

Such was the ejaculation of my friend, but I must not begin in the middle of my sketch, lest I be thought an inhabitant of England’s sister Isle. Henry Walter and I had become acquainted with each other while studying at the same college; and after we quitted it, although our avocations were rather different, time had so cemented our friendship that we were always companions in our rambles, I might almost say inseparable. He was a man of some property, of an agreeable person, and possessed what is more valuable than either—delightful and charming manners; his conversation was always pleasing, and on any subject that was proposed, he had a greater fund of information than the generality of men.

I say more valuable, because I have ever remarked that a man of agreeable manners and conversation, even though his figure be not elegant or graceful, has much more frequently won the heart of womankind, than one who is handsome alone in person, but unadorned in the graces of the mind; and the reason is but too obvious.

I remember once hearing a young lady express her surprise that a certain gentleman who was far from the *Beau Ideal*,—nay, more, to whom it would have been a compliment even to have called him plain, had gained the regard of a very pretty and accomplished girl, since, in her eyes, she said there was nothing at all attractive about him. Some months afterwards, when I happened to meet her again, I saw

her engaged in deep and earnest conversation with the plain gentleman, and when I reminded her of her former opinion, she blushed deeply, and begged me to forget her hasty and mistaken judgment. The following year beheld them a wedded pair.—But to return.

Walter was an universal favourite among the ladies, and had especially ingratiated himself in the good favour of Louisa Denville. She was an exceedingly pretty, but certainly not a beautiful girl; lively and full of spirits, she was the soul of the evening over which she presided like a guardian spirit; good nature beamed in her smile, and destruction was certain to all who came beneath the glance of her sparkling eye. Such a girl could not fail to be an object of admiration, and Walter yielded to the powerful magic that she threw around him. The attachment, which on both sides was mutual, was approved of by their friends, and the marriage day had been already fixed upon at some no distant period.

But there was one trait in my friend's character which I must not omit to mention, as it exerted no little influence over his fate. He was exceedingly variable and unsteady in his disposition; one moment he would be full of spirits, at the next as silent and gloomy as though a cloud had come over the spirit of his dream; and this variability was but too evident in all his actions. His attachment however to Miss Denville had as yet been altogether unmarked by this fickleness of conduct.

We had been taking a stroll in the Park, enjoying the summer freshness of the morning, and were on our return homewards when we suddenly encountered two ladies, the younger of whom, from her likeness and her youth, was evidently the daughter. Walter was so smitten with the slight glimpse, that he proposed we should make the same way our own, to which I was myself nothing loth, for certainly if I have a weakness, it is in admiring a pretty girl. We walked on accordingly until we saw them enter their house—yes, their house, for our curiosity was not satisfied until we had discovered who they were, and every particular relating to them.

Day after day we found ourselves in the Park, and the impression that had at first been made on my friend, was not at all diminished by the subsequent views he had of her person and figure. We had been taking our accustomed walk, and had entered into conversation about our fair acquaintance, when, at some observation that fell from my lips, Walter burst forth into that ejaculation of rhapsody which I have before stated.

“Good heavens! what a figure! confess now that you have never seen such a lovely creature before.”

“As to her figure,” I replied, “it is certainly very fine, but I cannot allow her the palm of beauty; nay, look at her face, since we have entered into an argument on the subject. Her features are certainly regular and the *tout ensemble* is captivating at first, but what expression is there—where can you find any soul—any breathing eloquence? without which in my humble opinion no beauty can exist—indeed they are the essence of beauty.”

“You have no taste, begging your pardon,” said Walter rather pettishly.

"But what do you think of her?"

"To tell the truth," I replied, "I should call her a very pretty girl, but certainly nothing more."

Walter turned up his eyes in evident astonishment at my barbarism, but said nothing.

"And yet," I continued, not seeming to notice him, "supposing her to be the loveliest girl in Christendom, a point which I strongly deny, she can never be any more to you than she is now. Remember, my dear fellow, you are engaged; and to one worth a hundred such. Surely you would not think of breaking off your union with Miss Denville, because another appeared to you rather prettier. If you do not dismiss this foolish idea which seems to harbour in your brain, I shall certainly suppose you out of your senses, and order you solitary confinement—and then adieu for ever to all your dreams about the *Bella Straniera*,"—and I changed the subject.

My friend was extremely annoyed, and could not but feel the truth of what I had said. However I continually took advantage of the rights of friendship to talk the matter over with him; and as I used to contrast the two together and praise the accomplishments of Miss Denville, perchance a feeling of jealousy arose in his mind, not unmingled with the gratification a man must experience in the possession of that which excites the envy and admiration of another. However, be that as it may, my object was attained, for I observed that it had made some impression on his mind.

He had not discontinued his accustomed visits to her house, but his behaviour was remarked by Miss Denville to be at times cold and distant; and to her frequent enquiries of the cause, he merely assigned the prevailing epidemic of the day. This by no means satisfied her, and with a woman's perception she saw but too clearly that something weighed upon his mind, which he attempted in vain to conceal. This behaviour did not at all diminish, and it formed a subject of conversation among many of the numerous cortège that frequented the house. I myself felt very much annoyed at his conduct, especially since it was repeatedly mentioned to me, as his friend, and each time did I deny the imputation; but had I not thoroughly understood Walter's character, I should have arrived at the same conclusion as the others. However, I trusted he would soon come to his senses, and the phantasy which flitted before him be altogether dispelled.

Such continued the state of affairs for several weeks, and as the period of his marriage approached, Walter appeared more and more undecided as to his future conduct. He was a man of the utmost honour and integrity, and I was rejoiced at length to hear him express his determination. He was perfectly aware that Miss Denville was fervently attached to him. He had seen much of the world, and knew of what strange materials a woman's heart is formed,—that at times like a child it loves to sport with the gaudiest plaything, and is captivated with the brightest colour, yet at the next moment it will fling aside that toy for one more brilliant.

But he had likewise seen the fairer side, though one less frequent to behold, and experience had taught him that when once a maiden's

love is fixed with first and early affection, that, as the needle to the pole, she ever turns with delight to one with fondness; and he plainly saw, that if he dissolved his union with Miss Denville, it would prove fatal to her happiness, if not to her existence. He had weighed it carefully in his mind, and it was not without a pang of sorrow that he determined to await his approaching marriage, and trust that time would heal the wound, and banish from his mind the pleasing chimera in which it had fondly but foolishly indulged.

Time had not lingered in its course; and days and weeks had been borne along the many-coloured stream of years. To some had they been tinted with all the brilliance of the rainbow, exhibiting, as it were, the brightening prospects of the future, in which each saw reflected his own happiness. To others the view was sad and dismal. They looked in vain upon the deepening gloom and tried to discover their coming destiny; whichever way they turned, darkness prevailed, without one ray of sunshine, one beam of hope, to cheer them on their weary voyage. Such had been the case with Walter. Though he had firmly fixed his mind, yet had he been unable to banish the image of the charmer; remembrance had awakened with all her busy train, and, sporting with his feelings, had conjured up its pleasing visions. He had tried to pierce the veil of futurity, and strained his anxious eyes to look upon a life of happiness or of misery; but, alas! all his efforts were in vain, and nothing but a hueless blank presented itself to his gaze. He had so worked up his own feelings that he had well-nigh made himself ill; and though his countenance tried to wear again the smile with which he had been accustomed to welcome his betrothed, yet the endeavour was altogether fruitless. Miss Denville had often asked me what weighed upon his mind, but I had ever avoided a direct answer, and tried to buoy up her spirits with the idea that it was merely a temporary indisposition. This, however, only satisfied her for a time, and she became more than ever anxious, nay, alarmed, about him. But the catastrophe was soon brought to a close.

It was on a lovely morning towards the close of autumn that I was sitting at my breakfast ruminating on the strangeness of Walter's conduct, and wondering what would be the issue. I had that morning incurred the censure of the satirist, and had become one of the

“*Genus ignavam lecto quod gaudet et umbrâ;*”

and I felt much more inclined to be serious than I usually do after keeping late hours the previous night; thus verifying the saying of the philosopher, that “pleasure and sorrow cannot exist the one without the other.” I was thinking how extraordinary it was that though he had been so smitten, so desperately in love with the *fair one*, yet he should have never spoken to her—never uttered a single syllable; I am certain, had I been in his place I could not have so commanded myself: however, as he had long ceased his wonted perambulation in the Park, I expected the happiest results.

I suppose I had been engaged in some very deep meditation, for I was suddenly startled by a tremendous knocking at the door. The earliness of the hour precluded the possibility of visitors, and I was

asking myself who it could be, when Walter suddenly burst into the room, and, without noticing me, threw himself upon the sofa. I stared at him in astonishment, but, as I knew it would be impolitic to interrupt him, I continued silent.

Suddenly he started up, and, coming to me, grasped me so warmly by the hand that I thought he would have shaken it off. What was the matter now? some new scheme, some vagary had been conceived in his fertile brain. He was completely changed from what I had last seen him. His face was all sunshine, and the gloom of sorrow that had lately overcast his features, was now dispelled by smiles: but he continued silent, and seemed incapable of speaking from the excess of his emotion.

"What is the matter now?" I said, "for heaven's sake, tell me."

"Never mind," he replied—"come, put on your hat."

"Ah! I thought, no doubt he wants me to go with him again to the Park"—so I suffered myself to be led out. We were proceeding along our usual way, when he abruptly turned off in a contrary direction.

"Where are you going to now?" I said. "Have you formed some new acquaintance?" He made several attempts to speak, and at last came out this,—*"Murder most foul!"*

He had gone that morning at an early hour to make a professional visit, and, induced by the freshness of the air, had preferred going on foot. As he was proceeding, he saw immediately before him our Park acquaintance walking with her younger sister. As his way lay in the same direction, he followed very patiently, until he saw them enter a shop; when all the violence of his passion returned with tenfold vigour, and he could not resist the temptation of entering likewise, and speaking, even though they were but a few words. The opportunity was certainly favourable to him, so he forthwith entered and began amusing himself by looking over some engravings that were lying on the table, until he saw the shopman had gone to fetch something that he wanted. Then did he screw up his courage, and, with a palpitating heart, paid her some high-flown compliment. These were the first words he had ever spoken to her. They were likewise the last.

She was looking exceedingly pretty. The reviving freshness of the morn had sent the colour to her cheeks and covered them with roses. Her light brown hair was braided in a most becoming manner, her dress too was peculiarly elegant, and set off her figure, which was certainly very fine, to advantage. Well—Walter was gazing earnestly in her face, which had been tinted with a deeper dye since he had spoken to her. He was expecting an answer from her lips with the same anxiety as though his existence had depended on it,—

"When silence then the beauteous angel broke,
The voice of music ravish'd as she spoke."

Such a result did he expect, as her gentle mouth was opened; but instead of the soft silvery accents which, with a lover's devotion he had looked for—instead of the tender and mellifluous strains that he had so often listened to in imagination—her words sounded like the

twangling jargon of a Chinese pundit! indeed like the unhallowed voice itself of the nasal organ! What an unexpected blow! Walter stared at her with unfeigned astonishment. He looked, as the French have it, *avec grands yeux*. He felt a sickening creep over him, a dizziness in his head, and, obeying the impulse of nature, rushed out of the shop. He made his way running, rather than walking, to my house, had thrown himself on the sofa, and buried his face in his hands, lost in abstraction. What followed, I have related. I could not avoid smiling at the absurdity of the affair, that such a little occurrence should have banished from his mind the disease with which he had been feeding his imagination for the last two or three months—that the love which he professed should be altogether dispelled by the sound of a voice not so harmonious in its tones as he expected. But some one has said that “discord is harmony not understood.” This may be true in the theory, but certainly not in the practice; and true it is, that Walter would not admit such plausible reasoning. A sudden light seemed to have broken upon his benighted senses, and diffused a gleam of sunshine over his scattered faculties.

His affection for Miss Denville returned with double ardour; and it was to her house we were proceeding as he narrated this extraordinary adventure.

His meeting with her was very different from that she had lately experienced. Instead of the former cold and distant manner, he was now all kindness and affection; and the tenderness with which he greeted her, more than repaid her for her past uneasiness. She observed the sudden transition, but tried in vain to read the riddle. She looked to me with earnestness, as though inquiring if this change were really unaffected. I nodded my assent, and almost immediately afterwards left them to themselves; for I knew that in the present state of affairs my company could easily be dispensed with; especially as they had so much to talk over and communicate with each other.

In the evening Walter called upon me, and asked me as a particular favour to be with him the next morning at an early hour. I congratulated him on the present aspect of affairs, and promised to be punctual.

Having arrived at his house, I was surprised to find a post-chaise waiting at the door, and when I inquired the reason of its being there, he informed me he was going off that very morning with Miss Denville, and had requested my presence at the marriage ceremony. We immediately drove to the house of a mutual friend, where we found the bride awaiting us. I asked him what she herself had said to this peremptory way of proceeding, and he told me that when he first mentioned it to her the previous evening, she firmly refused to comply with his request; but he had exerted all those arts which man can employ when it suits his purpose, and had succeeded in gaining her consent. She had, however, written to her father, and I was entrusted with the letter, and empowered to explain the matter to him more fully.

The ceremony was performed within the church of Hanover

Square ; and, though there were no trains of bride-maids assembled, no thronging of gay and gaudy friends, yet was the marriage quite as happy, and certainly more impressive, than if crowds of noble and titled relations had swept along the aisle of the sacred edifice.

The bride looked exceedingly beautiful, and the virgin blush of modesty that o'erspread her features, imparted a beauty and a grace which almost made me envy my friend the possession of such a jewel.

Three years have elapsed since their marriage, and their affection has not at all been diminished by the rude hand of time, but rather nurtured by it. The bride is still as blooming, and the rosy paleness of her cheek as pure, as on the day of her union.

What more can I say ? What more would you have ?

“ Time and tide had thus their sway,
Yielding, like an April day,
Smiling noon for sullen morrow,
Tears of joy for hours of sorrow ! ”

SONG.—THE SWEET GENNESEE.

By the Author of the “Bridal of Naworth.”

O’er the wilds of the west the last sunbeam was streaming,
And sad was my heart on a far foreign shore,
A star o’er my own native island was beaming—
That island alas ! I could ne’er visit more.

How bright was the scene, but I marked not its splendour,
My spirit was far, far away o’er the sea ;
And I sank in remembrance too fond and too tender,—
Oh ! sad were my thoughts by the sweet Genesee.

The gay blooming sumach, the vine, and the myrtle,
Above me in wreaths of wild beauty were spread ;
And soft was the soul-breathing note of the turtle,
And sweetly the zephyrs sighed over my head.

A thousand bright wings of rich plumage were glowing,
And soft though the strain of the minstrels might be,
I heard not their notes, for my heart was o’erflowing
With grief, in my exile by fair Genesee.

But bright as the beam on the fair river streaming
Was the glance which dispell’d from my eyelid the tear,
And sweet as the music we hear in our dreaming
Was the voice of Louisa which thrill’d in my ear.

As the vapours retire from the charms of the morning,
So vanished my sorrows, Louisa, from thee ;
A world of new beauties the wild wood adorning,—
Oh ! how could I part from the fair Genesee ?

Too fleeting our raptures, too soon I departed,
Repose was denied to a wand’rer like me ;
And now through the world I may roam broken-hearted,
And sigh for Louisa and sweet Genesee.

MONTHLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE.

SCIENCE.

The Philosophy of Instinct and Reason. By J. STEVENSON BUSHNAN, M.D., F.L.S. Edinburgh, A. and C. Black; London, Longman and Co.

We cannot but congratulate the literary and scientific public on the addition to their stores of Dr. J. S. Bushnan's work, which will be found well worthy of their serious consideration. The author professes philosophical opinions with regard to natural theology and natural phenomena, which differ entirely from those suggested by Lord Brougham and other eminent writers of the past and present century. He makes use, however, of the best mode of imparting to his readers the force of his arguments, by avoiding all metaphysical sophisms, and by adopting in their stead physiological demonstrations, facts, inductions, and deductions. We are of opinion that he possesses a vast knowledge both of the human and animal anatomy and physiology, and that his researches on both those useful branches have been extensive and successful. According to the author of this truly interesting treatise we have imbibed from the vulgar, or rather from philosophers, the prejudices, First, that the lower animals do not require reason, and therefore do not possess it; but are only guided by definite instincts. Secondly, that man, being destitute of any such definite instincts to guide him, and requiring a full share of reason, at once to direct him to the accomplishment of his wishes, and to minister to the other and more important ends for which he was created, has been, on these accounts, endowed with this faculty. This, however, must not be the legitimate way of disposing of the question; and we are not to assume that brutes are actuated by instinct alone, and man by reason, if we wish to make a good use of our reasoning faculty. We ought to consider with a patient scrutiny what are the conditions of an instinctive, and what those of a reasonable, action, whether of brutes or of man, and then draw our conclusion. Here we will let the author speak for himself.

"As it appears to us, then, an instinctive action is one which, however directly it may minister to some important end, is performed without any consciousness, on the part of the agent, of that end; which is effected as perfectly the first time it is attempted as at any subsequent period, and which is quite unsusceptible of any adaptation to particular emergencies: while a reasonable action, on the contrary, is one which always implies a consciousness, on the part of the agent, of the end in view; which becomes only progressively perfect, and which is capable of being variously modified according to existing circumstances.

"Now, can it be reasonably doubted, but that many of the actions, both of the lower tribes of animals and of man, are referable respectively to both these heads; or affirmed, that there exists any primary and essential distinction, on the one hand, between the principle which directs the young chick to pick up grain the instant it is hatched, and that which prompts the new-born infant to draw milk from the nipple of the mother the first time it is applied to it; or, on the other, between the principle which actuates an old bird in its manifest stratagems, either in the pursuit of advantage, or the shunning of danger, and that which guides an experienced man, in his various measures

towards either the attainment of good or the avoidance of evil? In the two former cases, there is no consciousness on the part of the animal that the aliment taken is to repair the waste of the body; the action of taking it is performed as perfectly the first time it is attempted, as it could have been after a long course of experience and instruction; and it is invariably the same. In the two latter, on the contrary, the animal has a distinct consciousness of the object in view; he becomes, by experience, better and better acquainted with the most effectual means of attaining this object; and he can change or modify his measures, in proportion as such a change or modification seems requisite. We conclude, therefore, that, while some of the actions of the inferior tribes of animals are instinctive, others spring from reason; and again, that, while some of the actions of man are the result of reason, others spring from instinct,—the only difference appearing to consist in this, that, in brutes, the great majority of the actions are instinctive, while, in man, the great majority of the actions are rational; and that, in him, the faculty of reason very far surpasses, not in kind, but in degree, the same faculty in brutes."

With regard to instinct and reason, and their natural difference, the author remarks, that by some philosophers it has been believed that there is no real distinction between them—that *instinct* is but an *inferior degree* of reason, or, what amounts to the same thing, that *reason* is but a *superior degree* of instinct, that, according to Hume, the *experimental reasoning itself*, on which the whole conduct of life depends, is nothing but a *species of instinct* or mechanical power that acts in us unknown to ourselves, and in its chief operations is not directed by any such relations or comparisons of ideas, as are the proper objects of our intellectual faculties; that, according to Darwin, all the *instinctive actions* are nothing but *intellectual operations* lower or higher, according to the less or more elevated rank of the animal. However, as it would be almost impossible to impart to our readers a just estimate of the judicious views and interesting facts put forth by Dr. S. S. Bushnan, in illustration and confirmation of his philosophical tenets in a short review of his work, we must recommend to them its perusal, certain as we are that they will be highly pleased with the style and reasoning of the author, even when they must differ from him in his opinion.

The Ninth Bridgewater Treatise. A Fragment. By CHARLES BABBAGE, Esq. 8vo. pp. 242. Murray.

ON reading the title of the present *Fragment* of Professor Babbage, we were at first surprised; but on perusing the preface we cannot impute, either to the author, or to the publisher, any improper motive. The work is divided into fourteen chapters, which are followed by an appendix containing thirteen notes. Professor Babbage has been led to publish his fragment in order to promote the object of the late Earl of Bridgewater, who, by his will and testament, invested in the public funds 8000*l.*, and directed that this sum should be employed for the writing, printing, and publishing of works "On the Power, Wisdom, and Goodness of God, as manifested in the Creation." We concur with the author, "that the publication of the well-paid-for Bridgewater Treatises has not fully answered either the wishes of the testator, or the expectation of the public," and we are glad that a man who "belongs to no profession in which he can hope for advancement, if he successfully advocates one side of the question, or in which his prospects can be injured by candidly stating any arguments on the other," has spontaneously undertaken to support that great basis which precedes all relation, without the certainty of reaping a large pecuniary reward. Mr. Babbage is already well known as a mathematician; but by the present volume he will acquire the reputation of a sound natural philosopher, and his work will be highly interesting to all those who, being unbiassed by any prejudices, like to reason with a man who, fully convinced of the truth he advocates, endeavours to convince his readers by argument and deduction.

The Progress of Creation considered with reference to the Present Condition of the Earth. By MARY ROBERTS. Smith, Elder, and Co.

In the present state of society at large, when the torch of knowledge has illuminated the dark abodes of superstition and prejudice, we must not conceal from the authoress of this religious and educational book our disapprobation of her opinions, "that the heavens and earth were finished, and all the host of them, in six days, and that no theory, however plausible, can be admitted in opposition to the Divine Record." We are convinced that, notwithstanding her piety and devotion, she could not be much longer so blind if, unbiassed by her former prejudices, she would consult the holy writ as commented on by the most learned and religious interpreters of ancient and modern Christianity. After having thus candidly addressed a friendly admonition to the authoress, we think it our duty now to speak of her work, which is composed with much industry and skill, and contains some very interesting observations with regard to creation, and not a few striking specimens of her taste and talent wherever her imagination is not shackled by religious prejudices. The engravings which adorn this, in all respects, handsome little volume are well executed, and are representations of the most entertaining and useful subjects.

An Appeal to the Public on the Subject of Railways. By GEORGE GODWIN, JUNIOR. 8vo. pp. 45. Weale.

OUR readers must be well aware that we feel a great interest in the success of railways; and, although our voice has been raised more than once to condemn the many absurd speculations that have been set afloat by mere adventurers—schemes whose nature barely admits the possibility of their adoption even at an extravagant scale of expenditure, we always desire to show a disposition favourable to all such as regard the railroad system in a practical utilitarian point of view,—and we are happy to say that Mr. Godwin is one of these. Considering the introduction of railways to be of essential service to the commercial and agricultural interests of the country, and conceiving also that an increased facility of communication will contribute to the moral and intellectual improvement of the whole nation, we feel it a duty to give some account of this short but useful statement of the definite advantage derivable from railroads. Only a hundred and thirty years ago a journey of forty miles occupied fourteen hours; and about fifty years back the journey to Birmingham was not accomplished in less than *forty-two* hours,—whereas with our improved coaches on improved roads it is performed in *eleven* hours, and when the railroad comes into operation, will take little more than *five* hours; so that with the power now thought attainable in this—the infant state of railroad communication, the speed is more than *eight times what it was in 1783*:—in other words the distance between London and Birmingham is not (or rather, will not be) more than one-eighth of its distance fifty-three years ago. So much for the improvement of roads:—but Mr. Godwin will speak more to the purpose, if allowed to explain himself in his own words:—

"For two or three hundred years, then, the wisest amongst our forefathers have laboured to facilitate communication between the various parts of a country. They have drained fens, levelled hills, thrown bridges over rivers, and filled up valleys, in the face of a continued and resolute opposition. Shall we then—who justly boast of our advancement in science, our improvement of the arts (an advancement, and an improvement, too, which but for their labours we could not have made),—shall we do *less*? or have we actually progressed so far that our ways do not need mending? Surely not: nor will we suppose, that those who now laugh at and ridicule the petitions against the stage coaches, and against the extension of the turnpike roads, will oppose

increased facilities for the transit of those coaches; or, indeed, will fail to assist in the application of our present scientific knowledge to render greater the usefulness of roads and promote rapid intercourse.

"We think that no demonstration can be needed to prove that a wheel will roll over a smooth bar of iron much easier than it will move on a loose stony road; to say so, indeed—as a road increases in goodness in proportion as it is hard and smooth—is only asserting that a good road is better than a bad one. A railway (for so, we know, a road, provided with two bars of iron for this purpose, would be called) is merely an improved road; and the step from Macadamised ways to railways is not so great as it is from the roads in which Prince George stuck fast in 1703 to the Macadamised roads of our times.

"From an early period railways of wood have been used, to facilitate the transport of coals and metals from the mine to the vessels by which they were to be conveyed to their destination; and even an iron railway was used for that purpose at Colebrook Dale as early as 1767. In 1805 steam power seems to have been first applied on railways, for the transport of passengers and goods from Darlington to Stockton; and at that time the maximum of speed attained was about eight miles an hour. It was not, however, till 1830, when a trial of several locomotive engines was made on the Liverpool and Manchester Railway (that proud specimen of modern power and skill), that the incredible speed of transport which might be attained on *Railways*, and the vast advantages which would result to society from their introduction, first glimmered even on the scientific world. Before the construction of that work the transit of goods from Manchester to Liverpool (which is the port whence is shipped a large portion of the goods made at Manchester, and from which, in return, that town receives the raw materials to be worked upon) occupied by canal about thirty-six hours. By means of the Railway the time is lessened to one hour and three quarters, and the cost reduced, both for passengers and goods, nearly fifty per cent.; in consequence of which, in the carriage of *cotton alone*, 20,000*l.* annually have been saved to the *manufacturers*. Garden produce and milk, which before had no market, are now, by means of the Railway, cheaply and quickly transported to places where they are needed, and become of value; and new sources of wealth and incitements to industry are thus opened to the poor inhabitants of the interior of the country. Coal-pits have been sunk; manufactories established on the line; and much inferior land (in consequence of the facility of transport for the produce, and the ease, too, with which *manure* can be obtained) has been taken into cultivation: even Chat-Moss, a wild and dreary bog, through which, for some distance, the Manchester Railway passes, and where before nothing had been grown, now presents patches of wheat and comfortable residences. †

"If 'the true criterion of distance be *time*,'—and who can doubt it?—the port of Liverpool and the manufacturing town of Manchester are now hardly other than one place; and we will mention a circumstance which occurred not long since, to show the immediate convenience and advantage of the railway to the inhabitants individually, independently of the great benefits which

* In 1703, when Prince George of Denmark went from Windsor to Petworth to meet Charles III. of Spain, it appears that the journey, which is a distance of about forty miles, occupied fourteen hours, although those who travelled it did not get out, save when they were overturned or stuck fast in the mire, until they reached their destination. "We were thrown but once, indeed, in going," says the relator; "but his Highness's body coach would have suffered very much if the nimble boors of *Sussex* had not frequently poised it, or supported it with their shoulders, from Godalming almost to Petworth. The last nine miles of the way cost us six hours to conquer them."

† Chat-Moss was formerly let for about 1*s.* 6*d.* per acre (peat only was obtained from it); it now lets for 3*0s.* The value of land in the neighbourhood of the Railway is said to have doubled since its construction. The same effect has taken place on the Darlington road.

all derive from improvements tending to lessen the cost of production. A gentleman went to Liverpool in the morning, purchased, and took back with him to Manchester, 150 tons of cotton, which he sold, and afterwards obtained an offer for a similar quantity. He went again; and, actually, that same evening delivered the second quantity in Manchester, "having travelled 120 miles in four separate journeys, and bought, sold, and delivered, thirty miles off, at two distinct deliveries, 300 tons of goods, in about twelve hours." The occurrence is perfectly astounding; and, had it been hinted at fifty years ago, would have been deemed impossible.

"At this moment there are in England, it is computed, about fifteen hundred miles of railway in progress in various directions, by means of which,—although it is to be wished perhaps that, in the first instance, the different lines had been arranged more advantageously in relation one to another,—a wonderfully increased facility of communication will be effected. Among the most important of these must be regarded the great lines connecting the metropolis with Birmingham, and, through Birmingham, with Liverpool and Manchester; with the Midland Counties; with Bristol; and with Southampton; and the important line, although of trifling extent, which will unite the greater number of these with the Thames, and with one another, known as the "Birmingham, Bristol, and Thames Junction." We know little of the directors of these various lines; we know not at all whether the undertakings be conducted economically and wisely—(to these points let the shareholders and the public look)—but this we *do* know, that if properly managed, not only will they render all that permanent service to the country which we have attempted to show railways must ever yield, but they will afford an abundant return for the capital invested. The journey to Liverpool will occupy, even in the present state of locomotive science, hardly ten hours! to Bristol, five hours; and to Southampton, three hours."

We may also cite the author's remarks on the moral effects that will probably result from the rail-road system; and we are happy to say that they perfectly coincide with our own expectations on this head:—

"There is, however, one point in connexion with railways—one result which, from its all-involving importance, demands from us, before concluding, a separate notice. We speak of the amazing improvement which will necessarily be brought about in the habits and morals of the rural population—the cultivation of taste, and the diffusion of knowledge, through the general intercommunication which will then take place. Knowledge will be disseminated; the concentration of intellect and power, now only exhibited in the metropolis, will be spread abroad indefinitely, and the moral condition of our species be immeasurably advanced.

"If our views then be correct, railways claim earnest support alike from the manufacturer and the agriculturist, the man of science, the man of capital, and the philanthropist; and would do so if no other country in the world yet knew their advantages. *This, however, we must remember, is not the case.* Railways are in progress in nearly all the civilized countries of the globe,—in France, in Belgium, in Germany, in Russia, and in India. In America, indeed, more than three thousand miles have been constructed; and although, so far as excellence and effectiveness are regarded, they may not be compared with those which have been formed in England, the rapidity with which all this has been carried into execution demands our admiration. To retain our pre-eminent position, then, as manufacturers for the world—a position which our improved machinery has principally enabled us to maintain so long, in spite of our enormous debt, requires that we should double our endeavours to increase the facilities of communication throughout the country; and we would strongly and sincerely urge every individual of the society to lend his utmost aid in establishing and increasing their effectiveness, feeling assured

that he would thereby assist, not merely to maintain the prosperity of his country, but greatly to increase it."

Some doubtless, after reading the above quotations, will set Mr. Godwin down for an enthusiast and a visionary. If such persons call him an enthusiast, let them know that they cannot pay him a greater compliment; for what could Brindley and Rennie and Telford have done towards surmounting so many difficulties that stood in the way of their magnificent undertakings, if they had not been supported by an ardour and enthusiasm which repeated failures and disasters could not quench?—and if they call him a visionary, we can tell them that sober truth is on *his* side—not on theirs. He has stated nothing, that is not easily, most easily demonstrable; and the results are certain and very satisfactory. We only wish that Mr. Godwin had written more at length; and it is to be hoped that he will yet favour us with a larger and more detailed history of rail-roads.

FICTION AND POETRY.

Doveton, or the Man of Many Impulses. 3 vols. 8vo. Smith and Elder.

NOVELS and tales of fashionable or unfashionable life proceed almost daily from the press; but scarcely has one appeared within the last five years, whose merits are such as to ensure for it more than an ephemeral existence. They come like shadows—so depart, unregretted and unremembered. The reason of this brevity of existence is, as we think, two-fold. First, the authors of the present day are too hasty and careless in the preparation of their works: they think little, but write much, and consequently every thing that issues from them is crude and shallow. Secondly, a large portion of them abandon the true end of fiction—moral improvement, and content themselves with vain trifling and absurd attempts at humour which, though they "make the unskilful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve." Of the fault first mentioned most of our contemporaries are more or less guilty, not even excepting the great romancist of Scotland:—in fact, as respects maturity and depth of thought and observation, the perfection of composition, no works have been produced of late, except "*Tremaine*" and "*Pelham*," which will bear a comparison with the productions of Fielding, Richardson, and Mackenzie. The chief characteristic, however, of the light literature in the present day is its extreme frivolity, its utter want of any serious object. We admire our old friend Boz's wit and humour; but we cannot admit him to higher honours than such as we might award to Munden or Liston:—however excellent, nay unrivalled, in broad low comic humour, he cannot claim any praise for his ability in depicting the deep-seated passions of the human soul. Mr. Theodore Hook's "*Gilbert Gurney*" and "*Jack Brag*" are other instances of works made to please the vitiated taste of the many, who think with Jaques—

"O noble fool,
A worthy fool! motley's the only wear."

That hundreds of bad novels have been written, and will continue to be written, as long as readers shall be found for them,—cannot be doubted: but it is still to be hoped that some free and noble spirits will ere long arise to direct and purify the public taste by presenting exemplars of unquestionable beauty and perfection, worthy of general imitation. These remarks—let the reader observe—have been made, not as preliminaries to any commendatory notice of the work before us, but simply as indications of our own unbiassed judgment respecting the present condition of the light literature of England, which certainly is in a very degraded state and sadly wants a moral resuscitation.

The author of "Doveton," in whom we recognise the writer of "Jerningham," a book of merit as a philosophical novel, has had a proper object in view at any rate, while engaged in writing his tale; and we suspect that there are few of his contemporaries, who can say with him that "it was the crown of their ambition to write a book, which they should never repent of having written and which no good man will condemn,—a book which shall be full of truth, not suffering the calm voice of benignant nature to be over-awed by the loud clamours of a too forward imagination." We quite agree with him in one of his main propositions, which has certainly influenced him in drawing up both his works,—“I know not what it avails to write of revenge, blood-thirstiness, and deadly hatred,—if in reality they exist not, 'twere worse than folly to create them; if they do exist, what kind heart would desire to be reminded of their existence?” We have always held it to be an ethical axiom that the exhibition of deformity will not aid in forming the idea of beauty—that the exposure and condemnation of vice will not forward the cultivation of virtuous habits. The contrast of virtue and vice must be presented so as to heighten the worth of the former and fully to exhibit the deformity of the latter; but the loathsome pictures of sin must not be too long dwelt on, and much less should they be dressed with a meretricious colouring that makes them alluring rather than revolting. That the too-popular author of "Sayings and Doings," "Gilbert Gurney," and "Jack Brag" has done this,—no reader of them, however superficial, can doubt. The worst of the French novels ought to be lauded for decency and good morals by such as can tolerate these. There are others only less injurious, because less talented, of the same school; and it is to be hoped that the good taste and decorous feelings of our countrymen and countrywomen will do what they can to stay this moral plague. We suspect, however, that the author of "Doveton" has gone further in his views than we should feel inclined to accompany him; for he seems to have taken up a notion not very far removed from the favourite tenet of the Brahmins—that perfect repose is perfect happiness. That the ordinary affairs of human life give little scope for the display of intense and turbulent passions, we will fairly allow; but when a writer sets out with the intention so well expressed by Wordsworth,—

“I willingly confine
My narrative to subjects that excite
Feelings with these accordant; love, esteem,
And admiration; lifting up a veil,
A sunbeam introducing among hearts
Retired and covert,—”

it is natural that we should feel some diffidence as to the successful result of a daring experiment that runs counter to all the notions that have yet been entertained upon dramatic literature, *with which novel-writing has a very close connexion*. "Doveton," however, is not a failure, and if it be not wholly successful, it has still very high merits,—much higher, as we think, than could have been claimed by "Jerningham."

Sonnets.—By EDWARD MOXON. 8vo. pp. 75. Moxon.

It is not every poet who can write a sonnet,—nor is every fourteen-lined stanza, with its due allowance of rhymes and jingle, a proper sonnet. There is in the true sonnet a certain unity of subject and oneness of thought, or rather a concentration or condensation of many thoughts into one great leading idea, which a few only have the skill to contrive. In some of Shakspeare's and in nearly all Milton's sonnets we notice this to be a very conspicuous feature; and the same quality prevails very generally through the sonnets of

Wordsworth. It does not become us, however, to be strict or too fastidious in an age when so few good poetical compositions are presented to our notice. Mr. Moxon is not a pretender to the honour of "the cap and bays :"—he is really and truly a poet, and besides that, a very respectable, nay—clever sonneteer. The volume before us (got up in a style that reflects the highest credit on both author and printer) contains two collections of twenty-seven sonnets each, and the second collection is very appropriately dedicated to Mr. Wordsworth, on whose style they are evidently formed. There is also a short poem "To the Muse" in twenty-three four-lined stanzas at the end of the volume.

That the opinion above given of Mr. Moxon's poetical qualifications is not mere flattery, the following sonnets, which we have picked almost at random out of the volume, will abundantly prove :—

TO A BIRD.

"SWEET captive ! then a lesson me hast taught
 Excelling any which the schools convey ;
 Example before precept men obey.
 Methinks already I have haply caught
 A portion of thy joy. Contentment rare,
 For one in dull abode like thine, I trace,
 Blended with warblings of such cheerful grace ;
 And yet, without a listening ear to share,
 Save mine, thy melody. Thus all day long,
 E'en as the youthful bard that meditates
 In scenes the visionary mind creates,
 Thou to some woodland image tun'st thy song ;
 A pris'ner too to hope, like him, sweet bird,
 In lonely cell thou sing'st, and sing'st unheard."

ON LIFE.

"Ah, what is life ! a dream within a dream ;
 A pilgrimage from peril rarely free ;
 A bark that sails upon a changing sea,
 Now sunshine and now storm ; a mountain stream,
 Heard, but scarce seen ere to the dark deep gone ;
 A wild star blazing with unsteady beam,
 Yet for a season fair to look upon.
 Life is an infant on affection's knee,
 A youth now full of hope and transient glee,
 In manhood's peerless noon now bright, anon
 A time-worn ruin silver'd o'er with years.
 Life is a race where slipp'ry steeps arise,
 Where discontent and sorrow are the prize ;
 And when the goal is won the grave appears."

TO THE BELOVED ONE.

"My love I can compare with nought on earth,
 And all my fear is only lest she be,
 Like all we prize too much, remov'd from me,
 'Mong amaranths to bloom of heavenly birth ;
 The fields of Cam bear witness of her worth ;
 The pleasant Lea soft murmurs in her praise ;
 Fair Chesbunt still rejoiceth in her mirth ;
 And Thamis at her feet his treasure lays ?
 Italia bright would claim her for its own ;
 But Albion, the seat of all my bliss,

Divides with it the boast, and prouder is
Of this than the chief jewel of her crown.
Happy is he who may possess this flower,
For which two nations wreath so rare a dower!"

TO THE POET WORDSWORTH.

"WORDSWORTH, of all men who have graced our age,—
Whether the Muse they served, or in the state
Stood at the helm, or in cathedral sate,
Or judge's chair, or yet adorn'd the page
Heroic deem'd, surpassing those of yore
Who shone at Poitiers, Cressy, Agincour!—
None have like thee from unknown sources brought
The light of truth, the feeling, and the thought
Dwelling in humblest things; the human heart
Thou hast ennobled; and enlarged the spheres
Of our perceptions, giving them a part
In all that breathes; nor stone, nor flower appears,
Whether in fields or hills retired and holy,
For thy all-comprehensive mind too lowly."

We heartily wish success to Mr. Moxon, both as a poet and the publisher of poems; and here we cannot but compliment him on the very handsome pocket edition of Wordsworth that has just issued from the Dover Street establishment. He has deserved success; and he will surely meet with it.

Schiller's *'Bride of Messina'*, translated by GEORGE IRVINE. 8vo
Macrone.

THAT person who intends to address himself to the task of transferring Schiller's ideas into the English language, should first be thoroughly convinced that he possesses three qualities absolutely necessary for its due performance,—a thorough and scholarly acquaintance with the two languages, between which he is, as it were, the negotiator of an exchange,—a perfect knowledge of the genius of the original author with some degree of borrowed enthusiasm,—and a well-practised ear for musical rhythm and expression. To prove that Mr. Irvine has but a very slender claim to any of the aforesaid qualities would be no very difficult task, although the space that a satisfactory proof would occupy, must necessarily prevent its due elimination. Suffice it to say—that Mr. Irvine does not understand German even in that moderate degree that would be required for the translation of a respectable prose work:—much less has he the ability to transfer, even with common accuracy "the thoughts that live and words that burn" of the immortal Schiller. To add to or take from words, every one of which expresses a grand and essential idea, is in our opinion an act of sacrilege; and of this kind of sacrilege the translator must be found guilty by any jury of competent German scholars. Without, therefore, referring to any other point of incompetency, we are quite content to rest our opinion of this translation on the one only of lingual inaccuracy:—and we are very certain, that the well-educated English public will not permit to it a respectable station among the versions of foreign poets.

Of the poetical merits of the "*Bride of Messina*," we entertain the highest opinion. Schiller, unlike Göthe, was possessed of an ardent, highly-wrought imagination, and in his earlier writings ("*The Robbers*" for instance), we recognise a certain hardness of delineation, and a preference of the eccentric and *extré* of moral nature to the gentle emotions of real life, which extraordinary circumstances alone kindle into passion. In "*Wilhelm Tell*" and "*Don Carlos*" these faults—or what we call faults—are less perceptible; and in the "*Bride of Messina*," they are hardly to be traced at all. It was composed in his maturer years, when experience had enabled him to blend into one harmonious

and consistent whole the multifarious produce of the richest mind in Europe. It is indeed one of the very best specimens of Schiller's dramatic genius, and as such we could have wished it to have been effectively translated. With every desire to be pleased, we cannot compliment Mr. Irvine upon even a moderate degree of success; for, if truth be told, he has undertaken a task entirely beyond his powers.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Investigation; or, Travels in the Boudoir. By CAROLINE A. HALSTED. Smith and Elder.

MISS MARTINEAU advocates the Malthusian system, and, by remaining still a spinster, confirms, by her example, the *rather unnatural* doctrine that she professes. But we do not know whether the fair authoress of this interesting and beautifully printed volume is herself an *anti-tourist*; and, while we admit that "much valuable information may be obtained at home," and that "there is indeed nothing on this earth like a happy English home," we must say, that by travelling with discrimination and zeal many things may be learned, and great knowledge may be acquired, which could not be obtained at home, even after employing much time and expense. However, the "Travels in the Boudoir" will be very interesting and useful to young persons, and especially to young ladies, as they impart much amusing information on historical, mechanical, and natural subjects, through the medium of well-written dialogues. We had almost forgotten to add, that this pretty little volume is embellished with thirteen beautiful engravings, and that it is handsomely got up.

Remarks on the Speech of Sergeant Talfourd for leave to bring in a Bill to Consolidate the Laws relating to Copyright. By THOMAS TEGG, Bookseller.

THIS pamphlet is addressed to Sir Robert Peel. Coming as it does from an experienced bookseller, it is entitled to a very careful perusal. The writer entertains an idea that the premises of the learned Sergeant's argument are erroneous, conceiving "that the law respecting Copyright is the same as that in the case of Patents for mechanical inventions—namely, *public advantage*." We believe Mr. Tegg is correct in this remark. At page 7, he says:—

"It appears to me very difficult to support the doctrine, that literary labour is not sufficiently promoted by the present rate of public payment for it. The plough seems to be wrought with the greatest diligence in all the fields of literature, and with such success that authors and booksellers are only at a loss for subjects on which they can hope to excite the attention of the public. The learned Sergeant would do the literati of this country much more service by starting two or three new subjects for them to write down, than by obtaining an extension of the term of copyright; for ninety-nine out of the hundred writers know that sixty days, instead of sixty years, is the natural term of their intellectual progeny. Authors of great acquirements and talents do not want the stimulus of *additional* pecuniary encouragement: those of the highest class write, in many cases, from the hope of fame and professional distinction, but know also that they need not want pecuniary remuneration; and what advantage is it to the public to flog on the inferior artists?"

It is our opinion, and we state it with considerable pain, that the condition of most writers is such (we admit there are exceptions), that they are under the necessity of disposing of their works to a publisher as soon as they have penned them, without reserving any interest therein; this being incontro-

ventible; we ask Mr. Sergeant Talfourd, whether the extending of the period of the Copyright would not be granting a monopoly to the publisher, without benefitting the writer? The law ought not for a moment to allow the publisher's private speculation to impede the diffusion of knowledge. We will conclude our remarks with an extract from page 9, where Mr. Tegg, in a business-like manner, exhibits the evils of a monopoly.

<i>The Lay of the Last Minstrel</i> , was published at	-	-	-	-	£2	2	0
Now sold at	-	-	-	-	0	2	0
<i>Marmion</i> , published at	-	-	-	-	1	11	6
Now sold at	-	-	-	-	0	2	0
<i>Bridgewater Treatises</i> , published in England, at	-	-	-	-	7	15	0
Sold in the United States, at	-	-	-	-	1	2	0

Clarendon's History of the Rebellion is perpetual copyright to the University of Oxford; were it not so, I should publish it at one-fifth of its present price."

THEATRICAL REVIEW.

ITALIAN OPERA.

June 6th.—"Semiramide" was revived to introduce to us Madame Grisi as the "Assyrian Queen," and Madame Albertazzi as "Arsace." As performed this evening, "Semiramide," as a whole, was heavy to "Othello." Much of this heaviness may be ascribed to the badness of the chorus, to the incompetence of Signor Di Angioli, as "Oroe," to the feebleness of Signor Ivanoff's "Idreno," and to the failure of Madame Albertazzi in "Arsace." The part is too low for her voice, and she endeavoured to render it more effective by changes and ornaments very injudiciously introduced. The result was not only a loss of effect as far as the music was concerned, but a want of success for the lady, with all such as are not wonder-struck by ill applied *roulades*. Her acting was very tame. Madame Grisi exerted herself to the utmost; and her performance was a noble specimen of gorgeous singing and appropriate action. She has not the depth and grandeur of passion which Pasta could throw into the character; but she gives convincing evidence of feeling, as well as of force and brilliancy:—these qualities combined and ripened will place her on higher ground as an artist, than she has yet occupied. Tamburini makes an admirable "Assur;" the music exactly suits his energetic, florid style of singing.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.

June 12th.—Mr. Webster, the new lessee, commenced the season on Monday night with a powerful *corps dramatique*. Macready is himself a host, and performed "Hamlet" on Monday with his usual excellence. For comedy the list is more complete, and includes the names of Farren, Strickland, Vining, and J. Webster; Mesdames Humby, Glover, Tayleure, Nesbitt, Miss Vincent, Miss E. Phillips, and Miss Alison. After the national anthem, the performances commenced with "Hamlet." Macready's acting is enough in itself to compensate for all the deficiencies in the minor characters; but we were, nevertheless, disappointed at seeing him so badly supported by the "Horatio" and "Laertes" of the night, Messrs. Saville and J. Webster. We could have wished also that "The Ghost" (Mr. El-

ton) had conducted himself with a little more solemnity. He was by far too brisk and lively, and shocked our prejudices. Miss Huddart, as the "Queen," performed with much dignity; and Miss Vincent, who appeared as the pretty "Ophelia," drew down frequent applause upon her exertions, and exhibited much delicacy and a fair knowledge of her character. The tragedy was followed by the comedy of "My Wife's Mother," in which Farren, as "Uncle Fozzle," kept the house in a continued roar of laughter. Mrs. Nesbit, after an absence of four years, re-appeared in the character of "Mrs. Budd," and her reception proved how great a favourite she continues with the public. The "Mrs. Quickfidget" of Mrs. Glover is a well-known performance. The evening concluded with Buckstone's laughable adaptation from the French, "The Happiest Day of my Life."

DRURY-LANE.

June 24th.—After many disappointing perusals of the play-bills, we were at length induced to visit this theatre to see, if the long promised Opera of "Norma" would really be performed:—wonderful to say, Manager Bunn did not disappoint us, and the treasury actually contained sufficient funds to satisfy the demands of the two foreign cormorants, who prey upon its entrails.

Our opinion of Bellini as a composer has been long made up; and we have had opportunities of seeing "Norma" under the most favourable circumstances at the Academie in Paris. Bellini has exhibited all his glaring faults in this Opera, which so many regard as his *chef d'œuvre*. As a dramatist he is grossly ignorant; for both in this and the "Puntani" his music is totally inconsistent with the action of the pieces, and not very descriptive of the sentiments in the different sections of those pieces. In short, this musk-room *maestro*, has no claim to the reputation, which the more shallow and superficial judges of dramatic music award to him.

After having seen her a few nights before in the "Fidelio," which has attracted us frequently to the doors of this Theatre, and on returning with all those enthusiastic ideas which the mere name of Shroder excited in us, our expectations were naturally raised to a certain pitch; but, unlike many of those around us, we were too well acquainted with *causes*, to wonder much at the failure of the Opera,—for failure it is—most decidedly, whatever Mr. Bunn's puffing critics may say to the contrary.

NOTES OF THE MONTH.

Nallius addictus jurare in verba magistri

Quo me cumque rapit tempestas, deteror hospes.—HORACE.

IT IS PARADOXICAL, BUT TRUE.—Sir Francis Burdett is unchanged, says the "Times," and what the immaculate and consistent oracle of Printing-house square says must be true.—Old Glory of Westminster is unchanged, but he is become the idol of the Carlton Club, and of all the most notorious Tories.—Sir Francis is unchanged, but his election was advocated by the "Morning Post" and the "Standard," by the "Age" and the "John Bull."—The patriot

of Westminster is unchanged, but Castlereagh, Stormont, Holmes, and Westmacott were his most indefatigable canvassers.—Sir Francis Burdett is unchanged, but he is now opposed to annual parliaments, the ballot, and universal suffrage.—Sir Francis Burdett is unchanged, but he has found out that the church must continue in the enjoyment of all its ancient abuses, contrary to his former denunciations.—Sir Francis Burdett is unchanged, and a patriot; but Sir Robert Peel was the first elector of Westminster who voted for his return.—Old Glory is unchanged; but 3032 electors of Westminster, who for years had supported his interests, have voted *against* him, and for a young almost unknown candidate.—Sir Francis Burdett is unchanged, but he has taken his parliamentary seat in the Commons amongst those whom, during the last thirty years he has denounced within and without the house as the enemies of the people, and the perpetrators of all evils. Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah for the unchanged Baronet, and for the *immaculate Times*. May they long enjoy their well-earned popularity!!!

ANOTHER TORY VICTORY.—Bridgewater has at last confirmed the often-expected boasting of the Tories, that there is a re-action in their favour throughout the country. Mr. Broadwood, of Tory notoriety, has been returned for that borough, and this must of course put an end to all doubts with regard to the approaching triumph of the proteges of the "Times." No man will dare to say that Mr. Broadwood has been elected by foul means; no man can say that bribery and corruption have had any share in his triumph. On the contrary, the independent electors of Bridgewater, enlightened by the "Times," have honestly and disinterestedly exercised their functions, and have chosen a conservative for the welfare of their country, and for their own honour. It is true that the renowned Billy Holmes was there during the election, and that he exerted all his ingenuity in behalf of Mr. Broadwood, but this has nothing to do with the success of Mr. Broadwood, whose return is entirely the consequence of the so much talked of re-action. Hurrah, hurrah for the Tories and their re-action! *Nous verrons cela*, and very soon too.—*Ridentem dicere verum quid vetat?*

ESPION RACES.—Of all the sports which form the delight of the English *haut-ton*, races are undoubtedly the most fashionable; but, unfortunately for the imprudent and inexperienced, they are also often the source of much evil and immorality. The gentlemen of the turf are not over-scrupulous and zealous with regard to fair-play, and blacklegs and rogues are too often to be met amongst them. Witness the late victory of *Phosphorus* over *Rat-trap*, the favourite of the day. What an unexpected victory! What a strange unlooked for result! The jockeys have been bribed, say the losers; the horses have been ill-trained, add the backers; but the winners rejoice, and laugh at their expense. Whether it was in consequence of fair or foul means that *Phosphorus* won the day, the blacklegs and rogues were not taken in, and all of them returned from the races richer from the spoils of the imprudent and inexperienced.

PRINCESS VICTORIA'S BIRTH-DAY.—Extraordinary phosphoric illuminations, and a great harvest for pick-pockets.—Regent Street is to London what the Palais Royal is to Paris,—an ocean where all rivers flow, the limpid and the muddy.—There we often meet with the lord and the beggar. There the honest man often walks by the rogue and blackleg, and the modest woman is sometimes insulted instead of the numerous fashionable female worshippers of Venus, who infect that neighbourhood. The 24th of May was, however, a day of uncommon attraction, and consequently Regent Street, towards 8 o'clock p. m., became the rendezvous of a most heterogeneous crowd. Almost in the centre of it an extraordinary phosphoric illumination was the object of general attraction, and soon gathered towards that spot the greatest part of the curious and idlers. At nine o'clock the press of the people was such that it became almost impossible to move either backwards or forwards. The police constables themselves could not be of any assistance to the often repeated cries of squeezed and fainting ladies, and to the more urgent clamour of Thief, thief! During more than an hour the greatest confusion pre-

vailed, and the beautiful phosphoric illumination dazzled so much the eyes of the imprudent spectators, that when they returned to their accustomed light, with not a little surprise and disappointment they found out that pick-pockets had taken advantage of their curiosity, and had gathered a rich harvest out of their apparel and pockets. The Tories are therefore not wrong when they say that the cause of all evils is the enlightenment of the people, since a phosphoric illumination was the source of so many *enlightened robberies*.

HIS LATE JUSTLY LAMENTED MAJESTY WILLIAM IV. AND THE EDITOR OF THE "TIMES."—Every body knows, or at least ought to know, that the editor of that journal that leads *three-fourths of the English nation, and probably of the known world*, is one of the greatest men among the living generation; but how very few would ever have thought that this wonderfully immaculate and consistent individual was the private bosom friend of his late Majesty! And how do you know it? will reasonably ask our reader. How do we know it? Why the editor himself has acquainted us with this almost incredible news. In making his editorial remarks on the patriotic declaration of Queen Victoria to her council and people, that most honest individual says that the young queen has been imposed upon by the Melbourne ministry, and so been led to believe their assertions that William IV. approved of their destructive measures in church and state, because he, the editor of the "Times," knows that the late king abhorred his ministers, and was willing to kick them out of his presence had he lived but a few months longer. Good heavens! who would have ever thought of so monstrous an acquaintance as that of William IV. and the editor of Printing-house Square Thunderer!

WHAT IS A BLESSING TO ONE COUNTRY MAY BE A SCOURGE TO ANOTHER.—The late Duke of Cumberland, of unenviable notoriety, is at present the King of Hanover, and has already sailed in a government steamer for his hereditary dominions. Hurrah! hurrah! say the English, may his Hanoverian majesty have fair winds, and soon reach his destination. We rejoice at his departure as the sailors do when the most stormy tempest ceases to endanger their ship in the midst of the foaming waves and threatening rocks. Even forgetting the past, with all its appalling recollections, the very look of his *illustrious* highness the Duke of Cumberland would have inspired any beholder with awe and dismay. Lord Lyndhurst, however, and his Tory associates have lost their royal patron and friend, and are probably sorrowful and dejected, especially as his Hanoverian majesty has not entrusted him with his proxy, according to the "Times," whose editor has of course the best information on such a subject. But will the Hanoverian people rejoice at seeing amongst them, and as their absolute monarch, a being who in his own country, under a constitutional government, and while he was a subject, was for years the object of just repression and well-earned hatred? Will the enlightened portion of that kingdom that has been acquainted through the English press with the notorious life of the late Duke of Cumberland ever be satisfied with or trust his present Hanoverian majesty? They may, but we doubt it, unless old Griffin is *unchanged like Sir Francis Burdett*.

THE ORACULAR BULLETINS OF HIS LATE MAJESTY'S PHYSICIANS.—One of the most common and most powerful means employed by the Romans to impose upon the credulity of the people at large was the frequent use that the governors made of their cunning and shrewd priesthood, by whom in all difficult national emergencies the oracle was consulted, and its supposed answers were given in such words that they always humbugged the credulous multitude by their ambiguity and double meaning. In the present advanced state of civilization, however, the priests of Europe and North America have little or no opportunity of exercising their superstitious skill in similar cases, because the majority of the people would laugh at their double-meaning predictions. But the royal physicians have of late adopted the deceitful system of the Roman priesthood, and during more than two weeks have published official bulletins of the health of their royal patient which mock comparison with

the unintelligible and ambiguous oracles of old. Sir Henry Hallford, and Drs. Chambers, Tierney, and Davies, must be considered the best adepts of the Sybilline oracle, for they have not only tried to gull the public with their professional jargon, but after all have contrived to get the reputation of acting fairly and in accordance with truth. His Majesty William IV. was to die, not only because he was an old man, but because he had made a rather bad use of his youth. His physicians ought to have spoken the truth from the beginning if they were cognisant of it. The atmosphere of royalty renders those that breathe it quite different to the rest of mankind if they do not work hard day and night to avoid the infection of the court; but Sir Henry and his professional colleagues seem to like very much to be infected, since such an infection confers on them honours and wealth.

A NEW INVALUABLE RECIPÉ FOR CURING THE INFLAMMATION OF THE LUNGS AND BRONCHI.—Give to the patient during his indisposition, paroxysms, cough, and debility, as much of curacao as he can possibly take, and it will speedily relieve him and put an end to all his sufferings.—N.B. This prescription is not an invention of Mr. Morison, the notorious British College of Health, and much less of Mr. Manslaughter Salmon, the new hygeist, but has been used with great success by the first physicians of this best of all possible worlds.

AN AMNESTY IS VERY SELDOM A SPONTANEOUS ACT OF MERCY, BUT IT IS OFTEN A FORCED CLEMENCY IN A KING.—The mock citizen-king of the French, to render somewhat less unpopular the marriage of his son, the *Gros Poulot* of Orleans, has at last granted a partial amnesty to his political opponents, and for this act the modern Dionysius of France has been greatly eulogised by his courtiers and by some paid scribblers of the press. But where can be found the man who has acquired any knowledge of the extraordinary cunning and duplicity of Louis Philippe who for a single moment can entertain the idea that generosity prompted such an act in such a man? Who will dare to deny that if the king of the barricades had not been forced by the French regicides, and by the clamour of the majority of France, he would not have annihilated rather than pardoned those who have just reasons to reckon him a traitor to his oaths, an ungrateful monster, and the apostate tyrant of his country? The amnesty of Louis Philippe resembles very much the generous acts of Caesar Augustus, who, after having perpetrated all sorts of public and private crimes, after having inundated Rome and its provinces with blood, became at last the clement, the generous, and the ostentatious patron of poets and sycophants.

TELEGRAPHIC MANŒUVRES AND SPECULATION PRODUCE SPLENDID BANQUETS, AND GREAT SUMS OF MONEY IN THE BARGAIN.—Of all the living princes and monarchs of Europe, Louis Philippe is not only the most deceitful, but certainly the richest and most parsimonious, not to say the most peevish. While he was Duke of Orleans, notwithstanding his immense private fortune, he had no cook of his own, and all his private and fashionable dinners were supplied to him by *contract*, which was stipulated so adroitly that the more the guests the less was paid for each of them. This economical plan has at present been given up by the citizen-king, in spite of all the remonstrances of the stingiest princess in existence, Madame Adelaide of Orleans. However, although Louis Philippe employs his own cook at the Tuilleries, strict economy is the order of the day, and the remains of the royal table are sold and accounted for by the intendant of the civil list. The marriage of the Duke of Orleans has at last rendered the king of the French very grand with regard to his banquets, and we have been officially informed that the great feast given by him at Versailles has consumed more than two millions of francs, and that the duties imposed by the *octroi* of that town on the viands and friandises of the French *Amphitryon* amounted to the enormous sum of six thousand English pounds. This extraordinary sumptuousness has struck with wonder all those who have been acquainted with the fact, and we do not

wonder at it ; but we know how Louis Philippe can at times squander immense sums without in the least injuring his private purse. The telegraph and the exchange are his majesty's best bankers and purveyors, and if two millions have been spent to feast the German bride ; and the French courtiers, the improvident and credulous speculators, have in the mean time been cunningly swindled of five times that amount by the tricks of the greatest stock-jobber of Europe. No less than twenty agents of Louis Philippe have been daily employed at the Bourse of Paris, and have gathered for their royal master the richest harvest on record in the annals of stock-jobbing immorality. This is the plan that the citizen-king adopts whenever he wishes to appear generous, grand, and sumptuous.

FINE ARTS.

THE daily and weekly newspapers have discussed so much at length the merits and demerits of the pictures exhibited in Trafalgar Square, and one or two of them with so much skill and talent, that, although we had made every preparation and actually written several pages of criticism for insertion in our last month's number, we abandoned our intention, fully convinced that such work would be altogether unnecessary and superfluous :—we are not sorry, in truth, to be excused from a task, which, as it necessarily obliges us to censure, is far from being agreeable. The rooms are generally acknowledged to be very discreditable to the architect :—in fact, there cannot be two opinions about this matter. The whole concern is a job from beginning to end ; and the English nation, after being cajoled by promises of possessing a Gallery worthy of its European rank, is put off with what at best is a mere apology for a gallery,—a building which seems to say to every foreigner who turns on it his wondering eyes ;—“ the English nation have built this edifice ; they should have erected one more worthy of a great people, but they care more for petty economy than for the advancement of the Arts. They possess much money ; but the more they have, the more they love to keep it.” So much for the rooms. The pictures, as usual, are of many sorts, sizes, and qualities ; but large staring portraits, which the vanity of the sitter and the low self-interest of the artist introduce, are, as usual, the principal feature of the Exhibition. Some of them, it is true,—such as Sir A. Shee's Rabbi, Sir D. Wilkie's picture of the late King, Mrs. Carpenter's Lady Slade, Macclise's Lady Sykes, and Say's beautiful groups (170 and 371)—are studies of themselves and deserve a place in any exhibition ; but how many others are there that ought not on any account to have been allowed to cover the walls and encroach on the room justly claimed by pictures of an original character ! We are quite within the mark, when we say, that out of the whole superficies covered with pictures three-fourths are covered with portraits. The Academicians paint portraits because aristocratical self-love and vanity loves to see its own reflexion, and it is vain to hope for reform from them. A general improvement of the public taste will cause historical and poetical painting to be more studied ; and this improvement will not have its origin among the high, noble, and fashionable classes, but among the many—those classes, whose knowledge, wealth, power, and influence are daily on the increase. The academicians and the aspirants to R. A. honours may affect to despise all except the titled and the wealthy among those titled persons ; but we would have them to understand, that in future they must be less exclusive and more general in their pursuit of professional eminence, or else they will fall together with those, whose rank and influence give them their present very precarious support.

To return to the Exhibition,—we may just notice Etty's “ Syrens and Ulysses”—very clever, but full of faults and bad taste,—Calcott's “ Raffaele and Fornarina,” which strikingly reminds us of the old masters,—Wilkie's “ Josephine and the Obi Woman,”—E. Landseer's beautiful animal paintings

(112, 325, 445) and his "Highland Deer-shooting," in which he even seems to excel himself,—Turner's "Apollo and Daphne" steeped in a gorgeous sunshining,—MacLise's "Bohemian Gypsies" (which, however deficient in unity, displays a power in drawing and grouping possessed by no other artist of this day), and Stanfield's "Lago di Lugano,"—as being those which, on the whole, are the best of their respective classes. Still there are many others of great, though inferior merit, which in this mere sketch we cannot mention. We must add a few words about the Sculpture-room and its contents. This apartment, although very superior to the dark closet in Somerset House, is not what it ought to be in extent; and the position of the marbles quite close to each other is very disadvantageous to their effect. It may be very well for such men as Chantrey, Bailey, Gibson, and Westmacott, to use the works of less advanced artists as foils to their own *chef d'œuvre*; but we wholly deny the justice of the arrangement; and, besides, the closeness of their juxtaposition distracts the eye and renders it unable to judge fairly the merits of the separate works. Screens might be useful to individualize the different works of the larger sort, and we recommend the hanging committee to try their effect:—at Munich they have been found to be very great improvements to the marbles in the Glyptotheca. Among the hundred and thirty busts, statues, groups and *relievi*, which are crowded together in this room, whose only good quality is its light, we may mention among the best—Chantrey's sitting statue of Dalton the chemist, and his two busts of Southey the poet, and of Mrs. Somerville,—Gibson's "Love disguised as a shepherd," and "Hylas surprised by the Naiades,"—Behnes' busts of Lord Brougham and Sir J. Beckett,—Bell's "Infant Hercules strangling the Snakes," and Cardwell's "Girl and Lizard." On the whole, this year's Exhibition of the Royal Academy is better than usual, and furnishes some ground for hoping that the Arts are really and substantially progressing in this country.

A far richer feast, however, to the connoisseur and student is the exhibition of the old masters at the British Institution, where not a single picture is hung to which general admiration has not given the stamp of value. Well then—"to begin with the beginning"—we have "Pope Gregory" by Guercino, marked with all the excellencies and peculiarities of this pupil of Titian; and at no great distance is a full length portrait of Philip II. of Spain (8), which is quite a study of character, and represents just such a sensual, crafty, and sanguinary person as history represents him to have been. The same real, unaffected style of delineation is evident in the same master's "Head of a Friar" (122), which, though quite a picture of repose, is highly expressive. In No. 18, we have a kneeling figure of "St. Francis" by Murillo, of whose works, indeed, there is a greater number than of any others." We may notice, as being specially our favourites, a full length portrait of a Spanish gentleman (60), and an Infant Moses (103), both of which are remarkable for their vitality. "They live, move, and have their being." The Moses, infantile as he is, gives token of his inspiration:—he is no common child, but the future liberator of Israel,—the bold opponent of the tyrant Pharaoh. The half-length portrait of Lorenzo Pucci (21), is a disputed Raffaele; but it is indisputably a very fine as well as curiously finished picture, and a talented contemporary has very properly cited it as a proof "that nothing was too little for the attention of the old painters, as nothing was too great for their power:"—it is one of the finest in the collection. Albert Durer's "St. Jerome" (32), with that hardness and strangely bad taste which are so visible in all his paintings, forms a curious contrast with that last mentioned, and in the immediate neighbourhood, is another oddity—Mabrese's "Virgin and Child." Velasquez has several portraits, among which the young "Don Balthazar" (25), and the equestrian portrait of Don Luis de Haro (154), are unquestionably the best and most attractive. There are several very splendid specimens of Salvator Rosa's bold and sublime genius in this exhibition. In "L'Umana Fragilita" (59) we have a very grandly conceived and beauti-

fully executed representation of a gigantic and winged Death hovering over a group of women and children; but to many connoisseurs the landscape (51), and "Jacob's Dream" (58), will present more beauties, though perhaps less of the painter's characteristic features. The Dutch and Flemish masters are not forgotten by the arrangers of this exhibition. Rembrandt's "Old Man Meditating" (55), is a fine specimen of that master, and very feelingly exhibits a countenance full of sorrow and remorse; and there are two or three others, especially the "Lady with a Fan" (62), that may be ranked among the greatest works of this learned *chiaro-scurist*. The palm, however, we feel inclined to give to the *Jew Rabbi* (10), which is the finest Rembrandt that we have ever seen. There is a certain grossness and sensuality in the features, marking a corrupted *morale*, and identifying the object as one of the proud and pampered priests of Judæa; while at the same time they are lighted up with a certain intellectual fire that marks him as one of the subtlest of his sect. He is not ideal, but material:—still that materiality is sublime.

Having individualised the above as the *bijoux* of this assemblage of the old masters, we must take our leave of them,—merely recommending to the reader an early visit. Besides the above, he will see fine specimens of Tintoretto, Albano, and Caravaggio—of Holbein, Vandyk, and Rubens,—of Ryssael, Cuyp, and Vandervelda,—of Gaspar Poussin, Claude, and Watteau. It is the most interesting exhibition that we have visited for some years, and is highly creditable to the managers of the Institution.

MONTHLY SUMMARY OF SCIENCE AND THE SOCIETIES.

BOTANY.—*Vegetable Fermentation.* The Botanical Society have had only one meeting during the month, when a paper on vegetable fermentation was read. Whatever the results of Rosin's and Saussure's experiments may appear to be, the author was of opinion that acetification depends almost exclusively upon an internal action, and that the atmospheric air is of no further use than by furnishing nitrogen to aid the process. Gluten when present is certainly a great incentive to fermentation, and is further heightened by acetic acid. In the process of putrefaction there is always a recarbonization of part of the ingredients, and a consequent evolution of hydrogen.—*Snake Nut of Guiana.* A paper by Mr. Schomburgck was read at the Linæan Society, descriptive of some new species of Orchideæ, natives of Guiana, and also describing the snake nut. It gains its name from a peculiar appearance of the kernel, which, when opened, has the exact resemblance of a snake coiled up, with head, mouth, and eyes, very distinctly marked. The nut is in size similar to the walnut, and is regarded by the natives as a cure for the bite of snakes; the tree is of great size, dividing its branches at fifty feet from the ground.—*Cork.* A French botanist, M. Dutrochet, has made some observations on the *Quercus suber*, or cork tree, the result of which he has communicated to the Academy of Science. It has heretofore been understood that cork was a development of the layer of cellular tissue exterior to the fibrous layers of the bark, but this opinion is controverted by M. Dutrochet. The tegumentary covering of vegetables is composed of two parts, the epidermis, or cuticle, and a composite membrane formed of cells, which increase internally, by the production of new cells. The young branches of the *Quercus suber* have no cork, but it is the enormous development of the internal surface of the cellular tegument, or membrane, which forms cork in the older tree.—*Physiology of Plants.* This department of the science appears on the Continent to be making great advances towards perfection. The French physiologists have, by dint of persevering industry and application, accumulated such a number of *new facts* relating to the structure and functions of plants, as must certainly astonish all our British botanists and indeed drive

them clear out of the field. Perhaps no man has done so much for Vegetable Physiology since the days of Grew, as M. Dutrochet: his name will be handed to posterity in conjunction with Linnæus and Jussieu, and form a watch-word for all future Botanists. The long-established opinion that plants during their growth incline toward the light has recently been controverted by the experiments of Dutrochet and Bory. They have proved beyond a doubt, that tension, the elongation of clasps and even of the flowers, are occasioned by an absence of the sun's rays; and indeed this theory has some degree of plausibility about it. In England, as fast as new species are discovered, so in the same ratio are those already known united together. Thus, *Lamium Maculatum* has, by Mr. T. Hancock, in a paper read at the Botanical Society, been proved to be identical, or only a variety of the common *album*. Researches of this kind are certainly not without their utility; for we are convinced that he renders a benefit to science who contributes in the least degree to simplify its details. — Local Botany is making great progress in England. New stations have been found for plants, wherein they were never expected to exist. The formation of local Floras is of considerable importance, as likely to lead to the discovery of new forms which may supply links necessary to render the chain of vegetable existence regularly harmonious and progressive. — *Botany of Africa*. Dr. Smith has recently returned from his African expedition, and brought, among his zoological collections, one package of dried plants. Great neglect has been shown in this department of his investigations. Why not, upon going to a country so boundlessly rich in vegetable productions, have engaged a person competent to the task of collecting and preserving specimens, and of distinguishing the new and rare from those at present known? — *Beet-root*. Specimens of crystallized loaf sugar obtained from this plant have been exhibited at the Botanical and Horticultural Societies, and its cultivation appears to have made great strides in England as well as in France. The astonishing reproductive power of this plant is not generally known; if a leaf be broken off a few hours is sufficient to present the rudiments of one about to occupy its place, and in a surprisingly short time a leaf equal in size to the one destroyed is produced. The number of beet-sugar establishments in France is 542, and the value of their produce in 1836 was forty-eight millions of francs. In England this production is being cultivated to a great extent, particularly by a Mr. Thomson, who has a large tract of land in the neighborhood of Guildford devoted to it; together with factories for the manufacture of the sugar.

ELECTRICITY.—*A New Power*. An American paper states that a new application of electro-magnetism to the movement of machinery has been made by a Mr. Davenport, which, if true, is likely to supersede the application of steam. Professor Silliman is stated to have given it as his opinion that a circular galvanic battery of three feet diameter would produce one hundred horse power. The required materials are a few sheets of copper and zinc, and a few gallons of mineral water.

An Electrical Society is in progress of formation, "for the purpose of experimental investigation of electrical science in all its various branches, in order not only to advance that important science by entering upon and pursuing original paths of investigation, but also by testing the experiments of other enquirers." — *Magnets*. At the Royal Society a paper was read upon a better method of constructing magnets. The larger quantity of carbon existing in cast-iron was found upon experiment to strengthen the magnetic influence, and magnets produced from that metal surpassed in power all others.

METEOROLOGY.—The Meteorological Society has just closed its meetings for the present session. It is one of those recently formed, and promises fair to become worthy of the interesting branch of science which it is intended to advance. The meetings are adjourned till November, but numerous subjects were proposed for the investigation of the members of the Society, and

others interested in meteorological science, during the interval. This society, together with the Electrical, Numismatic, and Ornithological, all of recent formation, deserve the assistance of all those who have leisure to contribute to them.

ANTIQUITIES.—*Carthage.* A society has just been organized at Paris, having for its object the excavation of the ruins of Carthage; the expenses to be met by a proposed subscription of 20,000 francs. Many works of art will doubtless be discovered, and are to be transmitted to Paris to be disposed of for the benefit of the subscribers.—*Hindustan.* The museum of the East India House has been enriched by a collection of Indian antiquities made by a Mr. Masson, originally a private in the company's artillery, and presented by the Bombay government. The neighbourhood of the Indian Caucasus possesses numerous tumuli of stone, raised to the memory of the saints of the country; from these a great part of the coins, which form the bulk of Mr. Masson's collection, have been taken. Many of the coins are of gold, others are of silver, copper, or bronze; the inscriptions throw light upon some points of chronology anterior to the Christian era. The earthen vases which contained this interesting collection are in a good state of preservation.

MECHANICS.—*Mail Coach Drag.*—A new method of checking the speed of coaches has been successfully applied by Mr. Robeson, secretary to the Edinburgh Royal Society, which saves time, and instead of arresting the motion of one of the wheels, retards the motion of both, as circumstances may require. Blocks of ash are by this apparatus compressed on the tyers, or rims, of the wheels, by turning a small winch handle, which rises above the top of the coach, at the back, just opposite the seat of the guard.—*Railways.*—The advantages of railways are forcing themselves upon the attention of the different countries of the continent. A railway is proposed to be formed, connecting the Peninsula of Jutland with the main land of Germany, to which the Danish government has given its consent. The preliminaries between our countryman Mr. Cockerill the iron-master of Liege, and Louis Philippe, are completed, and the former bold speculator is about to commence a railway to connect Paris and Brussels. The main stipulations regarding the French portion of the work are, that Mr. C. is to enjoy the tolls and profits for fifty years, the fare for that part of the journey not exceeding 12s. 6d.

GEOLOGY.—*Fossil Bones of the Horse.*—This, like all those new sciences which have not yet been fully investigated, makes great and rapid strides. The most important fact, perhaps, that has been elicited at the Geological Society during the present session, is the discovery by Mr. Darwin of fossil bones of the horse in the plains of South America. The source of its existence there will form for geologists an enquiry of much interest; since, in the generally received theories of the present day, we have no means of accounting for any change in the position of the earth's axis such as would occasion a subversion of the kind. And, further, we know that horses did not exist in America till their introduction by the Spaniards.—*Similarity of Strata in Normandy and on the British Coast.* By the researches of Mr. Pratt on the coast of Normandy compared with the observations of geologists in Britain, it would appear that nearly the whole of the strata found between the chalk and the lias in England, exist alike in Normandy, particularly near the sea shores. At Cape Antifer and La Heve, the cliffs of chalk marl overlies beds of green sand, forty or fifty feet in depth; then follow alternations of argillaceous beds with ferruginous deposits, and strata of limestone embedded with extinct shells.—*Curious Fact.* A well at Beaumont Green, the property of Mr. Munt, of Hertford, has been found by boring to contain chalk at the immense depth of 196 feet. Below this was a curious stratum of blue sand with black pebbles, which in wet weather emits such quantities of sulphuretted hydrogen as to suffocate hawks and smaller birds flying over. Dr. Mitchell, upon whose authority we

may rely, states also, that the same fate constantly befalls numberless bees, flies, and other insects.—*Fossil Shells*. In Denmark, Sleswig, and Holstein, Dr. Porchammer has found at considerable elevations fossil shells of precisely the same species with those now existing in the German Ocean. A submarine forest (said to be of fir) has also been found nine feet below high-water mark between the island of Romoe and the shores of Sleswig.—*Temperature of the Globe*. Humboldt's observations as to the increased temperature of the earth at great depths have lately been confirmed by M. Arago, who has measured the temperature of an Artesian well bored at Grenelle. He found the rate of increase to be, one degree of the centigrade thermometer for every thirty-one metres.—*Hydrosaurus*. A considerable portion of the vertebral column of this newly discovered fossil reptile has recently been obtained by Dr. G. Mantell from a quarry in Tilgate forest. The specimen consists of upwards of twenty vertebrae, principally lumbar and caudal. The first caudal vertebra has chevron bones, resembling those of the crocodile, but from the general character of the bones, the tail must have been wide transversely, and not in a vertical direction as in the crocodile.

ASTRONOMY.—The Astronomical Society has closed its session, the last paper read being one on the non-existence of the star called 24 Virginia. Although not of general interest, the papers of this society have been considered of sufficient importance to warrant the government in incurring the expense of publishing them, which is about to be done.

ZOOLOGY.—*Premiums*. The Zoological Society have offered premiums, to be continued annually, of gold medals, or an equivalent in money, I. For the importation of a pair of musk oxen; or a specimen of the hippopotamus; or a pair of the *Ornithorhynchus paradoxus*. II. For the importation of a pair of Indian pheasants of a species not already alive in this country. III. For breeding the greatest number of curassows in the year 1837. IV. For breeding the best specimens of Indian fowls in the year 1837. V. For breeding the most rare and interesting quadruped in 1837. VI. For the best essay on the care and treatment of the genus *Felis* in confinement.—*The Gardens* of the Society would seem to be more attractive than ever. The number of visitors during one month was 24,000. The live animals possessed by the society are, of mammalia 306 specimens; of birds, 702; of reptiles, 17.—*Luminosity of the Sea*. The number of facts collected upon this subject renders it desirable that a revision of them should be made. The luminous appearance is produced by many species of medusæ, and in some instances by testaceous molluscs, although it is very rare in the latter. The immediate organ for the production of the light in the cleodora, is a small glandular sac, perhaps analogous to the kidney in higher animals, and this secretion is probably a compensation for that of the renal glands.—*Singular Serpent*. The Calcutta Medical Society has recently had submitted to it, drawings and descriptions of a new species of venomous serpent found in the Sunderbunds, and in the neighbourhood of Calcutta. It is twelve feet long, and belongs to the genus *Naja*. Dr. Cantur has some specimens in his possession, which are regularly fed with other snakes, and drink water; proving the error committed by naturalists, who state that serpents do not imbibe fluids. The poison is of the consistence of milk, and is pellucid.—*Caterpillars*. Dr. Richardson read at the Entomological Society a paper on the caterpillar, which proves so destructive to the orchards of Kent; illustrating his statements by specimens and drawings. This paper should be printed in the Kentish papers, that those who are most affected by these insects might profit by Dr. R.'s observations.

STATISTICS.—*Miners*. The most valuable paper produced at the Statistical Society, during the month, was one on the diseases and ages of the miners and labourers in the mines of Cornwall. The older labourers are much more healthy than the miners, although their ages average nearly ten years more.

The miners, from the labour of ascending the numberless ladders used in the mines, are subjected to attacks of bronchitis and other diseases—an evil which calls loudly for remedy by the adoption of some mechanical contrivance to obviate the necessity for such violent and injurious muscular exertion. The Transactions of this society promise to be of a more valuable nature than those of societies in general, from the great number of useful details which they must present.

LITERATURE.—The Royal Society of Literature at its last meeting was occupied by a paper on the discoveries of Mr. G. Finlay, in Attica, with a view to the further elucidation of the topography of the Denii and twelve Cecropian cities.—The pension of Mrs. Somerville has been augmented by £100 a-year; and Lady Morgan and Miss Mitford have had pensions given to them. Not the strongest advocate for the abolition of the pension list can object to such rewards being conferred upon these writers.—*Welsh Literature* is likely to receive important illustrations from the efforts of a society for the publication of ancient Welsh MSS. about to be formed. Many curious bardic and historical remains, now in a state of obscurity, are proposed to be published, the first to be the *Mabinogian*, or ancient legendary tales of the Welsh, which is to be accompanied by an English translation.—Foreign literature is becoming rapidly popular among the middle classes; N. F. Zaba, a Pole, has been delivering lectures on his native literature, to crowded audiences, at two of the largest literary institutions of the metropolis.

GEOGRAPHY.—*Bruce*. Major Bruce, at the late meetings of the Institute of British Architects, has exhibited a number of drawings by his celebrated relative, of various buildings in the neighbourhood of Algiers and the surrounding country, together with some unpublished letters and papers of that enterprising traveller.—*Australia*. Two young lieutenants, by name Grey and Lushington, have volunteered to explore a portion of the coast and interior of Australia, at present little known; they have set sail and are expected to be engaged two years.—*Africa*. A Monsieur Bertrand Boccandé is about to start for Senegambia, Guinea, and Congo, for the collection of objects of natural history. Dr. Smith has just completed a journey having the same object in view, and the collection he has made comprises nearly 180 skins of new or rare quadrupeds; 3379 skins of birds; 23 tortoises, mostly new species; several boxes of insects, and 799 geological specimens.

OBITUARY.

WILLIAM IV.

WILLIAM HENRY, the third son of George the Third, was born on the 21st of August, 1765. He is described as having been small in his childhood, but intelligent and engaging in his manners, with a manliness of temper which probably influenced his father in placing him in the naval service. At the age of thirteen the prince was entered as a midshipman on board the *Prince George*, a ninety-eight gun-ship, commanded by Admiral Digby. The king declared that his son should win his promotion in the same way as the most friendless in the fleet; and the prince was accordingly placed on the same footing with all his fellow reefers. He had soon an opportunity of seeing service. An armament under Rodney, of which the *Prince George* formed a part, sailed from Spithead in December 1779; and, on the 8th of the following month, captured the whole of a Spanish convoy, consisting of a sixty-four gun ship (afterwards named the *Prince William*), and a great number of armed vessels and transports. Eight days afterwards the memorable engagement

took place with the Spanish fleet, commanded by Don Juan de Langara; a conflict which ended in the capture or destruction of the whole of the enemy's ships, and rendered abortive the expedition which the French and Spaniards had jointly projected against our West India settlements.

Prince William, during the remainder of his time as a midshipman, was chiefly in the West Indies and on the North American station; and while on the latter he succeeded in gratifying his desire for active service by removing into the *Warwick*, commanded by Lord Keith; and he was on board this frigate, when its commander (Sept. 11, 1783) captured *L'Aigle* a large French frigate, *La Sophie* of twenty-two guns, and the *Terrier* sloop of war at the mouth of the Delaware river. It was on this station and about the date last-mentioned that he first became acquainted with Lord Hood, and through him with Nelson, to whom he was introduced on board the *Barfleur*.

In June, 1783, Lord Hood's squadron returned to England, and in the summer of 1785, the prince, having served the regular time as a midshipman, and having undergone the usual examination, was appointed third lieutenant of the *Hebe* frigate. In February, 1786, he was appointed first lieutenant of the *Pegasus* of twenty-eight guns; and on the 10th of April in the same year (passing over the intermediate step of commander), he received his commission as captain of that frigate, in which he immediately afterwards sailed for Nova Scotia. He soon afterwards proceeded to the Leeward Island station, where he remained for some months under the orders of Nelson, then captain of the *Boreas* frigate. While in this situation his royal highness supported Nelson in his measures for correcting the abuses which existed in the dock-yard at Antigua, and also in the transactions of contractors, prize-agents, &c. A strong and lasting friendship sprang up between them. Of Prince William's talents as a sea-captain, we have the honourable testimony of Nelson himself, who says, "His royal highness keeps up the strictest discipline in his ship, and, without paying him any compliment, she is one of the finest ordered frigates I have seen."

In December, 1787, the prince returned to England, after an absence of a year and a half, and was appointed to command the *Andromeda* frigate, in which he again sailed for the West Indies. On his arrival at Port Royal he received the congratulations of the House of Assembly, who presented to him an elegant star, ornamented with diamonds, as a testimony of their sense of his naval talents and of the particular attention that he had paid to the duties of a profession which was the support and defence of every part of the British empire.

On the 19th of May, 1789, his royal highness was created duke of Clarence and St. Andrew's, in the kingdom of Great Britain, and earl of Munster, in Ireland. In 1790 he was nominated to the command of the *Valiant*, of seventy-four guns; and on the 3rd December, the same year, advanced to the rank of rear-admiral of the Red, and at length, on the death of Sir Peter Parker, in December 1811, he succeeded that veteran officer as admiral of the fleet.

His duties in active service were now ended; and from the period of his appointment in 1811, he was only once more in actual command at sea; and that was on the occasion of Louis the Eighteenth's return to France in the April of 1814, when he was chosen to escort him across the channel. He had frequently solicited active employment in his profession; but he met with no success in his endeavours to resume his profession.

We now advert in the due course of our brief narrative to a chapter in the late king's history which will throw a shadow over his memory as a private man, which cannot fail to dim the otherwise brilliant glory of his name. We allude to his *Widow* with the fascinating Mrs. Jordan. Excuses may be made by some of his late majesty's apologists for the moral failures of a person moving in a rank subjected by law to painful restrictions on his marriage, and if we had merely to record the fact of a long connexion with a talented and

accomplished lady like Mrs. Jordan, all would be well; but the close of that unfortunate actress's life was too sad and tragical to allow of our omitting the recital, however discreditable it may be to the character of him, who has since so well earned the love and esteem of the English nation. In the year 1790 the duke of Clarence first saw that lady "whom to see was to admire;" and he was at once smitten and captivated by her charms. She was at that time supposed to be the wife of a Mr. Ford; but the notion was incorrect, for on the duke's offer of protection, she made the offer of her hand in marriage to her more humble suitor; but it was coolly declined. She embraced the alternative offered by the royal sailor, and during twenty years devoted herself to his interests and domestic pleasures, and became the mother of a numerous and fine family.

The conduct of the duke and Mrs. Jordan, in what may with little impropriety be called their conjugal state, was worthy of the highest praise. She, by constant exertion in their profession, materially increased an income which was by no means ample; and their habits and course of life were exceedingly retired and domestic. Their parental duties were performed with exemplary assiduity and prudence; and although none of the Fitzclarences have distinguished themselves either as public characters or men of letters, their mental endowments and amiable dispositions are a sufficient proof of the care bestowed on their education. The year 1810 is the date of the separation of the duke of Clarence and Mrs. Jordan,—an event totally unexpected on the part of the latter. What may have been the motives that induced her royal protector to take this step we know not; and we feel little disposed to embrace the opinion that he was led to it by the hope of relieving his pecuniary embarrassments by marriage, for he was not married till nearly ten years after the dissolution of his connexion with Mrs. Jordan. The duke conveyed his intentions to her while at Cheltenham by letter, and desired a farwell meeting with her at Maidenhead. After struggling with heart-broken anguish through the character of *Nell* in the *Mayor of Garrett*, she was put into her travelling carriage to keep her appointment with the royal duke. The following extracts from her correspondence will, perhaps, throw some little light on a subject, which has not yet been sufficiently explained. We take them from Mr. Boaden's life of the admirable actress, who was the victim of an act grounded on expediency but quite opposed to principle. In a letter written by Mrs. Jordan to a friend, a few days afterwards, she says, "My mind is beginning to feel somewhat reconciled to the shock and surprise it has lately received; for could you or the world believe that we never had, for twenty years, the semblance of a quarrel? But this is so well known in our domestic circle that the astonishment is the greater! Money, money, my good friend, or the want of it, has, I am convinced, made him at this moment the most wretched of men; but, having done wrong, he does not like to retract. But with all his excellent qualities, his domestic virtues, his love for his lovely children, what must he not at this moment suffer! His distresses should have been relieved before, but this *entre nous*. . . . And now, my dear friend, do not hear the duke of Clarence unfairly abused. He has done wrong, and he is suffering from it. But as far as he has it left in his own power, he is doing every thing kind and noble, even to distressing himself." In another letter she says: "The constant kindness and attention I meet with from the duke, in every respect but personal interviews (and which depends as much on my feelings as his), has in a great measure restored me to my former health and spirits. Among many noble traits of goodness he has lately added one more, that of exonerating me from my promise of not returning to my profession. This he has done under the idea of its benefitting my health and adding to my pleasures and comforts; and though it is very uncertain whether I shall ever avail myself of this kindness, yet you, if you choose, are at liberty to make it known, whether publicly or privately." In a third letter, dated 7th December, she says: "I lose not a moment in letting

you know that the duke of Clarence has concluded and settled on me and his children the most liberal and generous provision; and I trust every thing will sink into oblivion."

Mrs. Jordan for some short time resumed her histrionic labours in London; but her gradually increasing embarrassments, owing, in great part, to the misfortunes or extravagance of some members of her own family, obliged her to retire to the continent. She lived a short time at Boulogne, and visited Brussels, where she played during the time when so many English were resident there:—she finally settled at St. Cloud, where she died (aged fifty-six) neglected and in poverty, in July 1816. Mr. Boaden has attempted to prove that this unfortunate woman did not die in want and was not neglected either by her children or by their royal father. The biographer makes out a very weak case at best; and besides, we have had access to information from her own family, which in our opinion quite sets at rest any question respecting the propriety of the duke's conduct. But the subject is too painful to pursue; and we proceed with our narrative.

On the 11th of July, 1818, the duke of Clarence married Adelaide Louisa Theresa Caroline Amelia, daughter of the duke of Saxe Meinengen, who had been strongly recommended to him by his mother, Queen Charlotte, on account of her amiable qualities and domestic virtues. Parliament having on this occasion granted an addition of only 6,000*l.* to the duke's income, the royal pair, thinking their allowance was too limited to enable them to support their dignity in this country, went to reside at Hanover. They returned to England in the end of the year 1819. In the end of the following year the duchess became the mother of a seven months' child, the Princess Elizabeth, who died in her infancy. On three other occasions—twice in 1819 and again in 1821—the duchess had the misfortune to be prematurely confined.

On the death of his brother, the duke of York, in 1827, the duke of Clarence, having become heir presumptive to the crown, obtained an additional parliamentary grant, which raised his income to nearly 40,000*l.* per annum. In the course of the same year, during Mr. Canning's administration, he was appointed Lord High Admiral. He performed the duties of his office with great zeal and activity; but, when the duke of Wellington became prime minister, objections were made to the expense of his official visits to the different naval establishments of the kingdom, and he consequently thought fit to resign his post.

In 1829, when the Wellington administration saw the folly of resisting public opinion and brought in measures for the relief of the Catholics, the duke of Clarence took a decided part and stood forward in its defence with a zeal and impressive eloquence which struck all persons with surprise and admiration. The following extract from his speech on the Associations-Suppression bill will show that we have not spoken too highly of his powers of advocacy:—it produced a great impression and much facilitated the passing of the measure into a law. The royal duke thus addressed the bench of bishops:—

"I trust that in the interval between the passing of the bill which we are to consider to-night and the announcement of those measures by which the noble duke purposes to effect this most desirable object, the right reverend prelates will apply themselves seriously, deliberately, and without the admixture of any unbecoming passion or prejudice, to the consideration of the condition in which we are now placed, and what would be the result of its continuance. I trust that in this deliberation they will call to mind that they are the appointed ministers of peace. I trust they will also call to their recollection what might be the situation of Great Britain if those events which are every day taking place upon the continent of Europe should by any possibility give rise to such difficulties as would involve us in another war. I would ask the right reverend prelates whether they can conscientiously bring themselves to oppose a measure which may place us in a situation to avoid all hostility in

the present state of Europe; and I would ask them still further, whether, knowing that by opposing it they may be the means of introducing hostilities abroad and inhumanity at home—I ask them how they can then dare to call themselves the ministers of peace?”

On the demise of George IV., William Henry, his next surviving brother, came to the throne, and was proclaimed king, June 1830, amid the joyous shouts and gratulations of his subjects of all ranks and parties. The deportment of the new king, who was as frank, cordial, and condescending as his predecessor had been haughty, reserved, and secluded, soon gained him a high degree of popularity, which he never lost to the day of his death.

The habits of business adopted by the king at the outset of his reign, and persevered in to the end of his life, deserved no less approbation. In regularity he even exceeded the habits of his father, and his diligence presented a striking contrast to the supineness exhibited in the former reign, when days and weeks often elapsed before the royal signature could be obtained even to an important document. Every paper submitted for his consideration and signature was executed and returned to the proper office within twenty-four hours after he received it. Every letter received an immediate and polite answer, the contents of which showed that his Majesty must have been consulted; and, if the request was refused, regret was expressed and a satisfactory reason usually assigned. The kingly office, in his hands, was indeed no sinecure; and it would be well for the country if the example set by him in the way of conducting business were more generally imitated.

When the king entered upon the functions of government he made no change in the cabinet of his predecessor. On the ministers waiting on him he expressed his approbation of their policy. He appears to have been then unaware of the state of public opinion, to which, however, his eyes were soon opened, and he became convinced that the cause of reform had made a progress which rendered the continuance of a Tory government impossible. On the 23rd of July his Majesty prorogued the parliament, which met again for the despatch of business on the 2nd of November. When the king went to the House of Lords to open the parliament the people marked their loyalty to his person by the loudest acclamations, but a different spirit was displayed towards his ministers, whose measures and opinions respecting Ireland and Holland had made them extremely unpopular. This feeling was still further increased by the foolish expedient of preventing the king from attending the City banquet under pretence that a general insurrection was on the point of breaking out. Its first effect was to depress the funds and to cause an apprehension of impending danger and tumult all over the country. Alarm, however, very speedily gave place to indignant scorn at the weakness of ministers. Unable to justify their silly conduct before Parliament, they felt that their reign was at an end, and being defeated on a motion for a committee to revise the civil list, they threw up office in despair.

The king was now aware that the wishes of the nation were steadily bent upon reform; and it is evident from the tenor of his conduct during the progress of that question that his own principles were in accordance with those which prevailed throughout the country. He accepted the resignations of the duke of Wellington and his colleagues, and immediately sent for Lord Grey, whom he authorized to form a new ministry, of which he himself should be the head. Lord Grey accepted office, on condition that he should have his Majesty's authority to make parliamentary reform a cabinet question; and from that hour, we may date the final downfall of Toryism.

On the memorable 1st of March, 1831, the reform bill was brought into the House of Commons. To this measure the Tories and waverers offered the strongest opposition, and succeeded so far in thwarting the plans of ministers, that it became necessary for them to request the king to dissolve the parliament, and once more appeal to the sense of the people:—their request was cheerfully complied with on the following day, to the great gratification of all unprejudiced persons in his Majesty's dominions.

The effect of the promptitude and decision exhibited by the king on this occasion will long be remembered. The dissolution was hailed by illuminations and rejoicings in the metropolis and every part of the kingdom. His Majesty's appeal to the nation was so well answered, that in the new House of Commons, all opposition to the progress of the reform bill was thenceforward vain. It was passed on the 21st of September, 1831, and though, to the indignation of the nation, the lords ventured to throw it out on the second reading, yet the measure had gained a footing which rendered its future progress irresistible.

The ingenuity of Lord Lyndhurst and his clique, however, was for a time successful in opposing the bill, and the Whig-ministers were left in a minority, which rendered their stay in office impossible, unless the crown would sanction a creation of peers sufficient to secure success. This the king refused, and accepted the resignation of his whole cabinet. He immediately sent for Lord Lyndhurst, who consulted with the duke of Wellington, and the result was, an offer of the premiership to Sir Robert Peel. The baronet, however, would have nothing to do with the formation of a Tory ministry. Meanwhile, the House of Commons passed strong resolutions, and threatened to stop the supplies; the people met throughout the capital and all over the country, declaring their purpose of meeting the crisis by refusing taxes, and by every lawful resistance to government; and a run commenced on the Bank, which amounted in two or three days to above a million. These signs of the times were too much even for the iron nerves of the duke, who intimated his intention of proceeding no further in the business; and the result was that Lord Grey and his colleagues were instantly recalled by the king, to the general joy of the nation.

After this the bill met with no further impediment from the lords. The king showed his own zeal in the cause, by making a personal appeal to several of the anti-reform lords, calling upon them to withdraw their opposition, and this had the effect of preventing further opposition on the part of the duke of Wellington and a number of other Tory peers. They took no further share in the proceedings respecting the bill, which was soon carried through its remaining stages: on which it received the royal assent, and became the law of the land.

In 1832 the king nearly met with a very serious and perhaps fatal accident from a stone thrown at him by a discharged seaman on the Ascot race-course. As the event had no painful results except to the miscreant himself, we need not further allude to it.

The month of June, 1834, was marked by the retirement from office of Lord Grey. The immediate cause of his resignation was a difference of opinion in the cabinet respecting the Irish Coercion Bill, and the same cause led to the resignation of Lord Althorp. The Tories were again busy, and every attempt was made to mislead the king, so as to induce him to recall them to his councils, or at least to pave the way for their future ascendancy. But the king, labouring as he did under the disadvantage of being surrounded by those whose interest it was to deceive him, was not deceived. He decided upon committing to Lord Melbourne, a man of firm principles of reform, the task of forming an administration. This task that statesman accomplished to the entire satisfaction of the country, after a week spent in Tory intrigues, which were defeated by Lord Melbourne's steadiness of purpose, and the unwavering confidence placed in him by the king. Lord Grey's resignation took place on the 9th, and the reconstruction of the cabinet was completed by the 17th of July.

This fragment of a ministry, however, was destined to have a very brief existence; for at the end of four months it had become quite evident that ministers could not carry on the affairs of the country against the well-organized opposition of the Tory peers, and the scarcely less formidable disaffection of the radical section in the commons; and the king took advantage of Lord Althorp's elevation to the peerage, and of some minor differences in the cabinet, to declare the Whig administration at an end. He sent once more for the

duke of Wellington, and he was invested temporarily with the conduct of affairs, until Sir R. Peel could return from Italy to take the management into his own hands. That the return of the Tories to office and state influence was a popular event, none can suppose; but still the new premier was so infatuated, that he dissolved the parliament. The new House of Commons met on the 20th of February, 1835; and Mr. Abercrombie was chosen speaker, in preference to Sir Manners Sutton (the present Lord Canterbury), by a majority of ten, in a house of 622 members, the largest on record. This result showed that the cause of the Tories was desperate; for the division exhibited, on the one side the whole Tory strength, backed by all the neutrals and waverers, and, on the other, *not* the whole strength of the opposition. It was immediately seen that the ministry could not possibly carry on the government with so hostile a parliament: and after a hopeless struggle, Wellington and Peel announced their resignations in both houses, on the 9th of April, having the night before been left in a minority on Lord John Russell's resolution on the Irish tithe question. Next day, Lord Grey, Lord Lansdowne, and Lord Melbourne attended the king: Lord Melbourne received his Majesty's commands to form a new administration; and a ministry was completed on the 18th, which has ever since subsisted.

On the more recent events of his late Majesty's life, there are none of a public nature so important as to require notice in so brief an epitome as the present. His health and activity had been gradually declining for some months before his malady assumed a definite or alarming form; and an increasingly lethargic disposition had given token for some time previously of the existence of disease or of growing debility. The fatal event,—the approach of which the policy of ministers, or the benevolence of the monarch would fain have kept concealed from the knowledge of the nation, happened early in the morning of the 20th of June; and certainly few sovereigns have either met with or deserved such general regrets and lamentations as William the Fourth.

JOURNAL OF FACTS.

Queen Elizabeth's MSS.—The keeper of the state papers, on examining some of the papers of the reign of Elizabeth, lately discovered some in the handwriting of the Queen, and marked "The Thirde Booke." On carefully searching further, he found the papers of four other books, which turn out to be the translation of "Boëthius de Consolatione Philosophiæ." Nearly the whole of the work is in the Queen's own handwriting.

Mortality of Paris.—Out of every fifteen males, from the age of eighteen to thirty, who die throughout all France, it has been lately ascertained, one dies in Paris; but with respect to females, it is only one out of every nineteen.

Extraordinary Surgical Operation.—An operation was performed at the Edinburgh Royal Infirmary, upon a young man, by Professor Lizars, which had never been performed in Great Britain. The case was what was called aneurism of the subclavian artery, so near the heart that the first large trunk required to be tied—the arteria innominata. The patient was a carter from Dalkeith. He was laid upon the table, and the professor commenced by making an incision in the neck, and progressively cutting down to the artery, when the ligature was applied. The operation was completely successful. The patient was only on the table fifteen minutes.

LITERARY NOTICES.

A History and Description of the Temple, with some Account of the Knight Templars. By F. K. Hunt.

The Emigrant's Introduction to an Acquaintance with the British American Colonies, and the Present Condition and Prospects of the Colonists, dedicated to the Magistrates and Landlords of the over-populous districts of the United Kingdom, and designed to fix the Determination of all Persons who may contemplate Emigrating, and to assist the judgment of those at a loss to know what advice they may, with the greatest safety, give to uninstructed persons under their particular influence.

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THE PRESENT PROSPECTS OF GREAT BRITAIN.

THE demise of the crown is an event which naturally draws men's minds from social and private interests to the recognition of their political existence—to a strong and all-pervading feeling that the welfare of the country is inseparably linked with their own individual happiness and prosperity. The death of a sovereign is an event of great solemnity, for it presents a picture of faded grandeur and fallen pride, and it teaches us more forcibly than the death of an ordinary being that universal truth—that dust we are, and unto dust shall we return; it is an event of unfrequent occurrence, as it seldom happens more than twice in the term of years allotted to human existence, and from its mere unfrequency disposes us to serious and interesting reflections; but above all it is an event ever likely to be followed by the most important consequences, owing to the change of policy rendered at any rate probable by the change of the supreme magistrate. The religious improvement to be made of such an event has given the clergy an opportunity for impressing great truths on the people, which they have not neglected; and we leave that part of the subject to their treatment exclusively. Our present intention is to confine ourselves to the political consideration of the late demise of the crown, which seems, more than any other within the last hundred years, fraught with the most important national results. In the last number of this Magazine an attempt was made to ascertain the merits of our late lamented king and the amount of public benefits conferred on the country during his tenure of the kingly office: in the present article we shall confine ourselves to the discussion of our future prospects under our youthful, amiable, and dignified Queen Victoria.

August, 1837.

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The daughter of the late Duke of Kent,—with whose name, illustrious by sterling worth no less than by courtly flattery, we love to associate his august offspring,—ascends the throne of these dominions at a period presenting to her the opportunity of becoming the best queen—nay the best sovereign that ever held sway over this country. Following as she does immediately after a monarch who had the boldness to break through the slavish rule of precedence, which dictated a policy, which regarded no interests except those of the aristocracy; and following after a king who has given her a good example by his patronage of measures tending to repair and ameliorate our existing institutions, she enjoys advantages which have never yet been offered to any sovereign of these realms. Let it not be supposed that we are advocates for those violent changes which often produce anarchy instead of judicious, peaceable, and economical government; but, while we repudiate such a charge, we will not submit to be classed among the few who remain wilfully blind to every imperfection and state abuse existing in the Constitution and the management of public affairs, nor are we among that other scarcely more reputable party, who look upon Reform as a question of state-expediency to be yielded against their own conviction to the thunderings of popular clamour. We have long felt convinced of the necessity of a thorough reform in our public institutions, and have not failed on different occasions to manifest this opinion, and to advocate it with all fervour and with so much of ability as Providence may have allotted to us. The first steps in the work of reform have been already taken:—Roman catholics and other dissenters from the national Church are no longer debarred the exercise of their civil rights and excluded from national appointments; the Commons of England are no longer nominees of peers, placemen, and great landed proprietors; slavery no longer disgraces our colonies; and our corporate towns are no longer the nests of dishonesty and corruption. Much has been done in clearing the Augean stable; but those who love England and are justly proud of her European pre-eminence—far more glorious in peace than in war—must still be stirring and apply themselves vigorously to the work that has been so auspiciously begun.

Queen Victoria has reigned but one short month; and if we had no data to guide us except her policy since she has assumed the regal power, it would seem rather premature to venture an opinion as to the probability of her future conduct. Fortunately, however, we know

that her earliest associations, consecrated by the memory of a parent—one of the most honest and sensible of his family—and endeared to her by the affections of her august mother and illustrious uncle, have strengthened with increasing age, and been matured and confirmed by that well-directed course of education for which the nation owes a great debt of gratitude to her surviving parent—the Duchess of Kent. We were not surprised, therefore, when Her Majesty signified her intention of adopting the counsels of those who had been the late King's advisers during the far greater part of his reign. Every appointment subsequently made is indicative of the same sentiment so favourable to the liberal cause; and we have little doubt that this strong demonstration from the highest quarter will have its due effect in removing the opposition and allaying the animosity with which the Aristocracy have hitherto met all measures tending to the benefit of *all* classes of the British community. We shall proceed to the enumeration and discussion of some of the principal measures that have been canvassed in Parliament and require the immediate consideration of the Queen's government.

Among the many subjects of consideration pressing on our attention in the different departments of home, colonial, and foreign policy, there is one that seems to us to be of paramount importance and from the necessities of the case to require the immediate care of the Legislature. We allude to **THE STATE OF IRELAND**. That the different Governments, which have directed the public concerns during so many years, should have bestowed so much of their time and anxiety in arranging the disputes and pacifying the hostilities of foreign nations, while an integral portion of the British nation is labouring under all the evils of the most abject poverty and degraded barbarism, seems to us so absurd and at the same time so disgraceful, that we can scarcely find terms sufficiently strong to express our abhorrence of their conduct. What,—are the Irish undeserving of our compassion,—indolent and incapable of the exertion necessary for public prosperity? no,—they are far more active than ourselves and far more patient under hard labour;—nay, are they not the great labourers of the British Empire? Whose hands get in our yearly harvests,—those of Irishmen. Whose labour contributes so much to the erection of our public edifices and private dwellings?—It is Irish labour. Who are our bravest soldiers and most daring seamen? Again,—they are Irish. Are the Irish an insincere and traitorous people? No person at all

acquainted with that nation from the highest to the lowest—from the native aristocrat in Fitzwilliam Square, Dublin, to the barbarous denizen of a smoky, filthy hovel in Tipperary—will deny to them their great characteristics of single-heartedness and warm affection. Violent in the expression of their feelings,—nay even riotous the common people are but too frequently; but let us recollect with what studious care all the benefits of education have been withheld from them and to what an extent their strong feelings have been aggravated by an oppressive clergy and a coercing government. Is their country physically incapable of advancing the condition of its inhabitants? On the contrary, it is more favoured, by reason of its excellent soil, extensive woodlands, beautiful lakes and navigable rivers, for humanizing and refining a people than any other part of the British dominions. The Shannon which drains fifteen counties is the third navigable river in Europe, and the bays on the western coast of Ireland offer far greater advantages for shipping than any port of England. The Irish Fisheries are only in abeyance, because the natives are so poverty-stricken as to be totally incapable of providing the instruments necessary to their vocation. No:—every circumstance connected with Ireland itself,—every honest feeling that should animate our own bosoms and stir us to kindly exertion,—is in favour of those wretched and oppressed people. Many persons—even among liberal politicians—exclaim against O'Connell and make his agitations an excuse for delaying an act of justice to suffering Ireland. Those who created this modern Prometheus rail against him,—as if he was not a being created by their own misconduct,—a personage raised to avenge the wrongs of his country. We are no advocates for the Irish Demosthenes:—we at any rate dislike his violence, if we doubt not the purity of his patriotism; and we should be heartily delighted to see his mighty and dangerous influence diminished or annihilated. The people of Ireland care nothing—as a body—for the repeal of the Union,—for it is the favourite question of a small political junta; but they are united as one man for the redress of grievances and for the repeal of those statutes passed at the beginning of the present century, that leave such a stain on the memory of the Irish parliament and English government of that day and have entailed so much misery on the nation at large. It may be asked:—what is wanted, and what cure do we propose? The question is more easily put than answered. Seeing the extremely wretched condition of the Irish, we entertain great doubts respecting

their fitness to receive a Poor-law, however judiciously framed; but still it is a question meriting mature and lengthened discussion. Of one piece of injustice, however, we are well satisfied; and this is—imposing on six millions of Catholic Irish the obligation of supporting with the tithe of their agricultural produce the clergy of a single million of Protestants. If this burden had been imposed on a nation, the majority of which were professing protestants at the time of such imposition,—some plea might exist for justification or extenuation. But this was not the case:—the Irish were a Catholic people in 1800, as much as they are now in 1837, they were sold, literally sold to the English government by a corrupt parliament. That such a state of things cannot longer continue—is very certain. The people cannot and will not any longer pay this mulct on their religious sentiments; and all parties have at length acknowledged that something must be done for the relief of the Irish Catholics. We trust that the government will persevere in a plan, which so admirably combines all the requirements of the Catholic and Protestant population, but which has not hitherto met the approval of the sticklers for Orthodoxy that exist in the Upper House of Legislature. Education is the greatest boon, that can be conferred on the sister island; but it would be rather a curse than a blessing, if it were so conferred as to maintain rather than destroy religious animosities. When religious persecution shall have ceased, and the benefits of education shall have become generally diffused, when party violence shall have subsided and peace resumed her sway,—the absent landholders will return and resume their proper place in the country. The government, however, must itself begin the work, remove obstructions and clear the road for the immigration of the lords of the soil. These latter have done the mischief and wrought their own ruin:—their generous opponents, who first warned them and all along blamed them for their suicidal madness, must themselves restore them to a country from which they are exiled by their own wilful conduct. Then and not till then will any moral or religious improvement take place in Ireland. To say, that the Catholic religion as practised in that country deserves the name of piety, is quite absurd:—it is superstition—ignorant and debasing superstition; and as soon as the torch of national education shall have illuminated the country, priests as well as demagogues will cease to hold their present mighty influence. When opportunities shall be no

longer offered for the assumption of imaginary merit in obstinately resisting religious persecution, the good sense and increased cultivation of the people will discover that a simpler and more rational creed is quite as compatible with their temporal and eternal happiness as the follies and mummeries of Romanism.

Our attention, however, must not be devoted to Ireland exclusively, —however much her wrongs call for redress more loudly than any other part of the British people. The English have grievances to be redressed and wants to be supplied as well as the Irish;—and we can point to no want greater than that of a recognised system of NATIONAL EDUCATION. That we, who boast of taking the lead of the world in the arts of civilization, should deplore the want of a blessing which many of the continental people of Europe and the United states of America possess to the fullest extent,—is indeed matter for sorrow and self-reproach. There are some who regard knowledge as *the power to do evil* only:—to those we leave the undisturbed enjoyment of their own opinions and narrow prejudices. Our own feeling is that education conducted on rational principles dictated by plain common sense leads to that knowledge which is *the power to do good*; and because we are deeply impressed with this sentiment we most strongly urge the subject on the attention of our readers. But when we mention education, we do not mean merely reading, writing and arithmetic—that meagre apology for teaching which has hitherto been substituted for really good teaching. We desire that education should be systematised and based on the principle of man's intellectual and moral existence. He must be taught how to think—how to form just conceptions of the matters that come under his observations—how to discern truth from error and right from wrong. His moral faculties must be cultivated with no less diligence;—he must be led to look on himself as a person responsible for his actions and having social duties, the proper performance of which makes all around him a scene of happiness of which he is the centre, but whose omission at once renders him wretched and despicable, while it scatters far and wide a dreadful moral pestilence. The subject of education especially recommends itself in connexion with crime. We need not now make the trite observation that crimes decrease in proportion to the advances of education; for that fact is already fully established. This being the case, it becomes the paramount duty of

all who have the power to exert it in furtherance of a measure which tends to diminish crime and its consequences; and the subject specially recommends itself to the notice of the sovereign who is *the fountain of mercy* as well as of power. Looking at the subject in another point of view in connexion with the rapid increase of popular influence, we regard national education as an indispensable prerequisite to the proper exercise of that power—called the elective franchise. The power of the people is unquestionably and rapidly increasing:—means must be taken to make it not merely harmless but positively beneficial.

Another subject closely connected with education is the state of our RELIGIOUS ESTABLISHMENTS. There are some who desire the destruction—not the reform of our national Church. We thank God that we are not of that ungrateful tribe who forget every blessing consequent on the Reformation. Look to Italy and Spain labouring under all the wretched effects of tyranny and superstition. Such were we once; and that we are not so now—is due to those noble characters who purchased with their blood our religious freedom. No:—we can never forget such inestimable benefits, nor can we ever lend a helping hand to pull down the noble erection. But still we cannot blind ourselves to the defects and abuses that will creep into every aged establishment, and which have crept into the Church. Pluralities must be totally abolished, and such a provision must be made for the clergy, as shall enable each pastor adequately to fulfil the duties of his own small circle. This can only be done by an equalization of the Church revenues, which should immediately be effected to the utmost extent compatible with the respect due to what is *bona fide* private property. It must be acknowledged that something has already been done to ameliorate the condition of the Church. The Rev. Sydney Smith says in his sermon on the new reign, that “its powers of persecution are destroyed,—its monopoly of civil offices is expanded from the book of the law, and all its unjust and exclusive immunities are levelled with the ground,—that the Church of England is now a rational object of love and admiration—perfectly compatible with civil freedom—an institution for worshipping God and not a cover for gratifying secular ambition.” We do not entertain so favourable an opinion respecting the benefits that have yet been conferred on the religious establishments of this country. The temporal goods of the

Church are to a certain extent necessary to its existence and prosperity; but there is wealth sufficient actually in possession to render needless a mulct, which, while it offends the consciences of dissenters, confers little credit on the cause of the Establishment. Religious zeal and moral worth are the true pillars of that Church against which the gates of Hell shall not prevail.

A subject scarcely less connected with the moral condition of the English people is—THE STATE OF THE LAW. Lord Denman, following on the track of the noble-minded and humane Romilly, has taken some excellent measures for reforming our criminal code—once the most sanguinary in the world and the horror of all surrounding nations:—death is now, in fact though not in profession, the punishment allotted to murder only. We should wish to have an entire abolition of death-punishments, and this must be the final result of reforming measures; but meanwhile a considerable modification of our secondary punishments is absolutely necessary and demands immediate consideration. The horribly demoralized condition of our penal colonies makes it at any rate doubtful, whether transportation as a punishment ever can combine in a proper degree the three requisites of severity, reforming tendency and intimidation; and the state of prison-discipline in America seems to point itself out to us as worthy of adoption in the way of a corrective for many other offences than those visited under present circumstances. But there are many other departments of the law that might well occupy the attention of a cautious and able reformer. The present law respecting Debtors cries aloud for alteration:—it has nothing but high antiquity to recommend it, and that is but a poor recommendation in opposition to its acknowledged improprieties and defects—cruelty to the debtor placing the unfortunate on the same level as the criminal and insecurity to the creditor giving the unprincipled a premium on their dishonest practices. The bill that has now for the third time been strangled in its progress through Parliament must pass at a very early period, or else much evil will result to both the creditor and debtor part of our population. The law of property demands in no less a degree the careful revision of our learned dignitaries of the legal profession; for nothing can be more clumsy, more at variance with the suggestions of reason, more insensate and ridiculous than

the present method of conveyancing. But there yet remain other subjects connected with Legal Reform, the necessity of which is sufficiently obvious. Law ought to be the perfection of common sense and the science of justice; its benefits should be equally diffused among all classes of the community. Pecuniary mulcts are severe or not in proportion to the wealth of the offender—not according to the enormity of the offence. Misdemeanours that involve moral character, whether committed by the rich or the poor, should be visited with undistinguishing severity. The general conclusion from what has been said is—that the Law requires a thorough reform.

Passing over many other measures of internal policy,—we proceed to a view of our COLONIES, on the possession of which so many politicians at various times have congratulated the country. Leaving others to consider the general expediency of maintaining at a great expense and with no little inconvenience vast establishments in every part of the world, each of which, like the Spanish colonies of old, may one day lend a helping hand to ruin its parent state,—and no one has treated this subject more sensibly, although briefly, than Mr. Cobden in his pamphlet entitled “England, Ireland and America,”—we shall venture a very few remarks on our present colonial policy which without materially benefitting these possessions impoverishes us by crippling our commerce to a most injurious extent. Our various colonies so large individually—and collectively so far diffused as to give rise to the saying that “the sun never sets on the King of England’s dominions”—were gained at a vast expense of blood and money, and, as if the mother country had not yet made sufficient sacrifices for them, we annually impose on ourselves restrictions and prohibitions on our dealings with foreigners. Our trade with Brazil, which *might be* extremely profitable to us, is restrained by the discriminating duties on West-India sugar—duties levied for the purpose of unfairly favouring a few islands with exhausted soil, the possession of which is proved by the indisputable test of arithmetic to be most unprofitable to us:—our trade with the Baltic and the United States from which regions we might obtain on most advantageous terms the best timber in the world is most unjustly shackled, that the Canadians may enjoy the monopoly of sending to us an article of very inferior value and totally unfit for our importation:—nay, we not

only injure ourselves, but injure one colony to benefit another,—as, for instance, by granting to the West Indies a monopoly of the trade to Canada and giving to the latter the exclusive privilege of supplying the former with corn and timber, while the West Indian could, if permitted, resort to a market much nearer where he could be provided with cheaper and better articles. Is it fit, that we should any longer do gross injustice to ourselves with the false notion of promoting the prosperity of our children? These things call for reform. But again,—do we govern our colonies, as the colonies of a free people should be governed? It is to little purpose that we extend a protecting hand over their trade, if we administer not to their internal peace and happiness. The policy lately adopted towards Canada is scarcely less disgraceful to the present ministry than that pursued by the Duke of Grafton and Lord North towards our lost American colonies. If Canada be worth keeping, the Colonial secretary must be actuated by more liberal sentiments in his conduct towards that ill-used country.

We should now direct the reader's attention to the policy pursued by the English government towards foreign nations,—a policy that has been fraught with the most ruinous consequences both during war and in time of peace; but this is a subject of too great extent to begin at the close of an article that has already extended to some length. We content ourselves with the suggestion that the maintenance of peace and absolute forbearance from intervention with Continental politics is the line of conduct that prudence dictates. We may probably return to the subject on a future occasion.

How far the different measures above mentioned may seem expedient to the present advisers of Queen Victoria we know not;—but of this we are well assured that undecisive conduct will win neither for them nor for their illustrious mistress the approbation and support of the intellectual and numerical majority of the British nation. The result of the Elections is still matter for speculation. A few months will prove, how far our hopes of the rising Star of Britain are well or ill founded.

THE COUSINS.

"AN OW"ER TRUE TALE."

BY J. S. COYNE.

"Alas! the love of woman, it is known
 To be a lovely and a fearful thing;
 For all of hers upon a cast is thrown;
 And, if she lose it, life hath nought to bring
 To her, but mockeries of the past alone."

It was one of those rich autumnal evenings which, whatever poets and travellers may say of Italian skies and Campanian plains, nowhere looks more lovely or glows with hues of such surpassing beauty as on the green valleys and happy homesteads of merry England.

The golden rays of the last sunbeam still lingered on the side of the distant hill, crowning it as with a departing halo; and the tinkle of the sheep-bell came faintly on the passing breeze. All was still and serene; it was an hour to soothe the mind into a delicious repose; but the flushed cheek and eager eye of Helen Johnstone, as she gazed from her window upon the path which led from the adjacent village to her father's dwelling told how little sympathy her feelings had with the quiet scenes by which she was surrounded.

"It is very strange," said she at length, half turning from the window towards her cousin Agnes, who was sitting also in the recess of the window, seemingly absorbed in a volume which she was reading, "it is very strange, Agnes, that Cecil has not appeared before now, he was not wont to stay so late,—and this too the *last* evening he may see us for a long time," she added in a reproachful tone.

"His regiment does positively leave for Ireland to-morrow then?" replied Agnes without raising her eyes from her book.

"It does, and he promised—but hist, 'tis Juba's back, there he bounds over the style; ah! Agnes, I knew he would not deceive us."

"Us!" echoed Agnes emphatically. Helen coloured slightly, but the approach of Juba and his master put a period to any further remark. Meantime, while the expected youth is making his *devoirs* to the fair cousins, we will give the reader a short sketch of each.

Helen Johnstone was the daughter of a gentleman whose fortune, if it did not enable him to launch into the fashionable extravagance of life, sufficed to afford him the enjoyment of most of its elegancies. Left a widower when Helen was but ten years of age, his whole time had from that period been devoted to forming and improving her mind; nor was the task an unprofitable one. Helen, with all the quickness of woman, had much of the reflection of the sterner sex; it was thus as her dawning faculties became developed and her mind stored with valuable knowledge that the gaiety of the light-hearted girl prevented her becoming a pedant in petticoats; and while one moment she would surprise with the extent of her information, at the

next she would fascinate by her innocent and almost childish vivacity. In her temperament she was ardent and enthusiastic, but an innate pride served like a veil to conceal the warmth of those dangerous attributes to a female heart; and it was only to those who shared her utmost confidence that Helen Johnstone appeared as she really was—a very woman; and one too the gentlest and most confiding of her sex. Her cousin Agnes was almost the reverse of Helen in every point of character; naturally selfish and designing, she disguised her real disposition under the mask of excessive candour and good nature. She was what is generally termed pretty, that is without being a regular beauty; she had an animated cast of countenance which was very much admired. Helen's was a beauty of a higher and more intellectual order; a pale high brow, dark expressive eyes, a delicately chiselled mouth and nose, and a form whose height was rendered more commanding by its exquisite symmetry and the graceful dignity of her motions.

A few months before the time we speak of Helen had met Cecil (then a subaltern in a marching regiment) at a neighbouring ball. Gifted with more intellectual acumen than many of his cloth, he was not long in discovering and selecting from the herd of country belles who came armed for conquest to the revel the gentle and retiring Helen.

After having danced a set with her, he led her to a seat somewhat apart from the throng. There, in the increasing confidence of an animated conversation, Helen, by the lively sallies of her wit, and the elevated dignity of her understanding, unconsciously threw a spell over her new acquaintance, which he could scarcely believe the reality of until the following morning he found himself leisurely walking towards her father's house, with as strong a predisposition to be irretrievably in love as ever possessed a young gentleman of susceptible propensities. Had it happened that Helen was insensible to the tender whispers of Cecil, our tale might have stopped here; but, like her too, too easy sex, she listened with burning cheek and down-cast eye to his protestations of eternal fidelity; and when he imprinted on her fair hand a kiss—"pure as that by angels given"—she did not frown or withdraw it, but looked as interestingly confused as young ladies under similar circumstances are wont to do.

The atmosphere of love will not long continue clear; sunshine is ever succeeded by clouds, and smiles by tears. Cecil's regiment, after a few months' sojourn in the village, received orders to embark for Ireland. This was a cruel blow to the lovers, they felt as if the fiat of destiny had disunited them for ever, and it was therefore with thoughtful look and swelling hearts that they met previous to their separation in Helen's little parlour, the scene of many a blissful recollection, now rendered bitter by the thoughts of their approaching misfortune.

Cecil had taken his seat beside Helen, one of his hands was pressed between both of hers. They spoke but little, and their conversation was confined to low and indistinct whispers. Agnes had resumed her book in the window, but her eye glanced incessantly from the page towards the pair. A restless movement of her lip betrayed

some internal emotion which she could no longer suppress, and flinging down the book with a pettish air she suddenly rose. Helen, startled by the fall of the book, turned to discover the cause.

"It is nothing," said Agnes laughing, "but an experiment of mine to see if any thing can rouse you from your lethargy. Well! if I ever saw such a melancholy moping pair; do, Helen, try if a song will reanimate Cecil's pensive humour."

Helen with a faint smile complied, running on the keys of the pianoforte a few chords of a plaintive air which she had learned from Cecil. She sang in a voice naturally sweet, but rendered more touching by the emotions that struggled in her bosom, a few stanzas of Camoens' touching canzonets. The subject was that of a forsaken girl complaining of the falsehood of her absent lover.

"Shall I too be forgotten, Cecil?" whispered Helen to her lover as he hung over her chair; "shall I too be forgotten and left to sigh ditties of blighted love to the pale moon when you are gone?"

"Helen! this is unkind; 'tis cruel at such a moment. Doubt my truth, my devotion?"

"Hist! I know that man's affections are the sport of chance; he goes into the world amongst the beautiful and gay, he sees around him bright eyes and warm hearts—the temptation is too strong for his will,—he forgets the once loved cheek that grows pale, and the eye that becomes dim watching his return; he returns not, or if he does he is cold and changed, his vows are forgotten, he has learned to love another!"

"Helen, Helen, what a picture!"

"'Tis not filled up yet. What becomes of the forsaken one? does the world contain a balm for a broken heart? can the affections she has garnered up for *one* be bestowed upon another? No! The casket has been robbed of its gem. The light that shone upon her existence is quenched, and what remains for her but to die?"

"Helen, think you that I could ever prove untrue?"

"I think better of your mind, Cecil, than to suppose that you could contemplate such an act; but you have the same feelings, the same passions, the same foibles as others of your sex. Would you be a phenomenon amongst men?"

Cecil replied not, and again the conversation sunk into an indistinct murmur.

The following morning the young soldier quitted the village of D—, and Helen was left to her own meditations, unless when relieved by the lively sallies of her cousin, who, now become more animated than usual, rallied her incessantly on her love-sick reveries.

In a very short time after Cecil's departure, Helen's heart was gladdened by a letter from him, in which he informed her he had joined his regiment in Dublin, which he found extremely gay, but that he could experience no happiness while removed from her who was the sum of his earthly felicity.

Long and frequent were the consultations the cousins held upon this epistle. Helen saw only in it the same warm affectionate sentiments which had ever governed her lover's actions, while Agnes

insisted that already he had entered the whirl of pleasure and had begun to forget the quiet village of D— and all its rustic associations. Each damsel seemed satisfied that her own interpretation was the true one; until the lapse of autumn and the approach of winter without bringing a second letter from Cecil afforded strong grounds for suspecting that the unfavourable conjectures of Agnes were nearer the truth than those of her confiding cousin.

Helen now seldom spoke of Cecil; nor did his silence seem to affect her in any manner, save by an increasing love of solitary walks; in all other respects she was unaltered: she played, sang, and entertained her father's friends with her usual ease and gaiety. Thus it is with the human heart; to the casual observer it seems like a smooth and unruffled sea, but few eyes can discover the strong under current that silently and secretly tends towards one point, fretting and chafing in its course the channel that itself has made. Helen's evening walks were often prolonged until the failing daylight had left the world in darkness, and the fast falling dews chilled her frame; then she would return, and, without making any change in her dress, resume her usual household avocations.

It was after one of these protracted rambles that a slight cold, which confined her to her room for a few days, gave the first indications of the secret ravages which her constitution had sustained. When she next took her place at the family breakfast table there was a frightful change visible in her appearance,—her cheeks had become hollow and colourless, and her eyes, though they shone with their usual brilliancy, were sunk in their sockets. Yet she smiled with her accustomed cheerfulness, and when her friends expressed concern for the delicate state of her health, she laughed at their fears, and said that she intended to be the merriest of the village group at their Christmas sports. Christmas came, but the graceful form of Helen Johnstone was missing in the merry dance, and her light laugh and sweet voice were unheard in the festival. The cold hand of consumption, though arrested by the skill of medicine, still clutched its victim with tenacious grasp. Helen's constitution had been excellent, and it was only by slow degrees that the insidious enemy could sap its foundations; and when at Christmas she found she was still unable to quit her chamber, she looked forward to the fresh flowers and balmy breezes of spring to restore her to health.

The dreary frowns of winter had passed away, and were succeeded by the changeful moods of spring; by spring we mean April, that fickle time when nature's tears and smiles mingle as kindly as the parting kisses of a venerable matron and her gentle child. But Helen Johnstone had not received that benefit from the change of season she had anticipated. Wasting, wearing almost imperceptibly away, the lamp of life now hardly flickered in its socket. Yet she still retained that strength of mind which sustained her spirit to the last. She had not for months mentioned the name of Cecil, until one morning, reclining on a sofa supported by cushions, no one being in the room but Agnes, she suddenly asked what day of the month it was.

"The twelfth of April, love," replied her cousin.

"The twelfth! ha!"

"What is there singular in this day, Helen?"

"Nay, little; only I was just thinking that it was on this very day twelve months I first saw Cecil in this room."

"Helen, dear, you must forget such subjects."

"Forget! Oh, yes! forget—forget—forget—I shall soon be where all will be forgotten. Yet 'tis strange—this day twelve months—and the morning was as bright and beautiful as this. Agnes, I should like once more to look upon the fair face of nature. I think with your assistance I could walk to the window: I feel quite strong to-day, and the sight of the green budding trees and opening flowers would cheer me."

Accordingly, aided by Agnes, the poor invalid reached the window; for a few moments she gazed in silent rapture upon the scene.

"How beautiful!" she exclaimed, "how beautiful to the exile seem the valleys of the land he is quitting for ever. What an earth were this did not our wayward passions mar its fairest features. Look, Agnes, at those violets that nod their purple heads along yon bank, I almost fancy I breathe their rich perfume. They were planted by Cecil."

"Helen, I fear you will over-exert yourself by speaking too long."

"No, Agnes, it does me good; 'twas the *silent* worm that gnawed away my heart in secret." As she spoke, a flush, deeper and more sudden than the hectic of her disease, flooded her cheeks and brow. "Agnes! Agnes!" she exclaimed, almost breathless, "see that dog that comes running along the path, is it not like—it is—it is—Juba—and, merciful heaven! Cecil!" and the agitated girl sank back in her chair almost fainting.

"You positively must not see him, Helen," said her cousin eagerly.

"Not see him, Agnes!" replied the proud girl, rising to her full height without assistance. "Think you, now that the momentary weakness of my woman's heart is past, that I shall shrink from a meeting? No, you shall see how firmly I will act." Resuming her seat she awaited with apparent calmness the approach of her faithful lover. The door opened and Cecil hastily entered; he had advanced a few steps, when, perceiving Helen, he stopped as if petrified; at length, rushing towards her, he flung himself at her feet, and grasping one of her thin wasted hands, he exclaimed in a voice almost inarticulate with emotion, "Helen, my beloved, is it thus we meet?" Helen, by a strong effort retained sufficient composure to withdraw her hand, and pointing to a chair said, in a cold tone, "Mr. Cecil, pray be seated, the time for this foolery is long past."

"Past! and why is it past, Helen? was it thus we parted?"

"Mr. Cecil, we must change the subject; I have learned a lesson, Sir,—"

"But one word, Helen, before I am condemned. Why did you not reply to my numerous letters?"

"Sir, do you mean to add duplicity to wrong?"

"Helen, I speak the truth! letter after letter I wrote to you without receiving a line in reply, till maddened at your neglect I received leave of absence, and hurried over to learn from your own lips the cause of it."

A visible tremor ran through Helen's frame; turning to Cecil with a look in which joy and agony were strangely blended, she laid her cold hand upon his, and speaking slowly and earnestly said, "Cecil, as you have hope in heaven, as you value the peace of this spirit, which is even now hovering over the threshold of eternity, deceive me not; is this truth you tell?"

"It is, so help me heaven!"

"I never received but one letter of yours, and though I told it not to the world, the thoughts of your faithlessness broke my heart. I am dying—dying, Cecil, but I shall die happy in the consciousness that I am still beloved by you." She leant her cheek upon her lover's shoulder, exhausted by her emotions; while her fast dropping tears fell like rain upon his bosom. Fearful of further agitating her, Cecil bore her gently to the window, where the bright beams of the mid-day sun were playing through the young green leaves of the vine that wreathed round it.

"I am better here," said Helen, "I will sit in this sunshine; I feel its warm beams vivifying my chilled heart. Open the window, dear Cecil, the fresh air will revive me,—there, how sweetly and freshly it comes! Cecil, your hand, let me feel you near me; ah! the sweet songs of those birds, their music will be soon lost to me; in the cold grave there is no sweet music—Ah! that pang—Cecil, don't go—I am happy—how happy—let me—"

The gentle girl's head sank, her bright eyes grew dim, a shadow came over her beautiful features—it was DEATH.

We dare not profane the solemn scene by going further with the picture. A plain white slab in the village churchyard marks the resting-place of all that is mortal of Helen Johnstone. Cecil after her decease rejoined his regiment, and in the red field of glory won those laurels which may hide, but not heal, the wounds of his seared heart.

There is but one other circumstance connected with this "ow'er true" tale worth recording. Many years after the events here related, Colonel Cecil, then a retired veteran, received a packet containing all the letters which he had written to Helen Johnstone, but which the writer (who was then on the bed of death) acknowledged she had, from motives of envy and jealousy, intercepted. This wretched woman was Helen's cousin Agnes.

ABD-EL-KADER, THE PRESENT EMIR OF MASCARA.

"Di loro indugio *Abd-el-Kader* altero
Impaziente gli minaccia, e grida:
O gente invitta! o popolo guerriero
D'Europa! Un uomo solo è che vi sfida!"

Tasso, *Ger. Lib.* Canto vii.

"The haughty *Abd-el-Kader* impatient stay'd,
And with loud threats provok'd the strife delay'd:
Unconquer'd nation! Europe's martial bands!
Behold! a single chief the war demands!"

HOOKE'S Translation.

THE precarious and unsettled state of the French possessions on the coast of Africa,—the almost continual warfare which, during the last seven years, has existed between the invaders and the natives,—the disastrous and shameful failure of the expedition of Marshal Clauzel against Constantina,—and the late humiliating treaty of peace concluded by General Bougaud, and ratified between France and the Emir of Mascara,—have rendered the name of Abd-el-Kader so familiar and so renowned, that a brief relation of his private and public life, and of his military career and exploits, cannot but be interesting. In performing our task of historians, adopting for our guide that celebrated sentence of the Roman orator,—"*Amicus Socrates, amicus Plato, sed magis amica veritas*,"—and unbiassed by either party, we will lay before our readers all that we have been enabled to learn from official sources, and from the writings of our French neighbours on the subject of this memoir; and here we candidly acknowledge that, without such an assistance, we could not have easily succeeded in collecting either the materials or the dates of the important events which we are going to relate.

Abd-el-Kader (Abi-Sidi-el-Adi-Mahommed, Ben-Sidi-Mahhi-el-Dinn) was born in 1808 at *La Zayouat*, commonly called *Si-Moustapha-el-Mokhetar*. Sidi-Mahhi-el-Dinn, his father, a renowned and highly revered Marabout, of the province of Oran, lived as a dervish on the alms and donations of the faithful Osmanlis, who from all parts flocked almost daily to his residence. Such was his religious and public influence, that a word of him was sufficient to arrest any persecution of the Bey; and he enjoyed also the strange privilege of sheltering in his house both criminals and fraudulent debtors. The superstitious veneration of the people towards Mahhi-el-Dinn went so far as to attribute to him several miracles, and especially that of multiplying in the pockets of his visitors the money which they carried with them. It was, in fact, to these foolish fables and impostures, that the shrewd Marabout owed his immense wealth, which, in course of time, rendered less difficult his elevation to the throne.

Mulay-Ali, nephew of the Emperor of Morocco, having abandoned the beylick of Oran, in order to avoid the continual encroachments, vexations, and extortions of the French army, Mahhi-el-Dinn, being

considered by his countrymen the only man capable of protecting and maintaining their nationality and independence, was unanimously elected *Boy of Mascara*. However, he did not continue long in the enjoyment of his deserved elevation, because Ben-Nouna, the chief of the Moorish party at Tlemecen, being afraid of being deprived of his post by Mahhi-el-Dinn, treacherously poisoned him. Sidi-Mahhi left two sons as heirs. Sidi-Mahommed, the eldest, being very pious, and wholly devoted to the contemplation of religious subjects, cared but little for worldly affairs and honours. Abd-el-Kader, the second son, having scarcely attained his twenty-fifth year, was endowed with quite a different character and disposition, and had already manifested such an activity and solidity of mind, and so great a desire for glory and fame, that he was thought superior to the rest of his countrymen.

When, in 1826, he visited, as a pilgrim, the tomb of Mahommed, the saints of Mecca had openly told him, *Thou shalt reign*. This very extraordinary but very pleasant prediction was never forgotten by Abd-el-Kader; and, confidently expecting its accomplishment, he continually prepared himself for such an event. Under the tuition of his father he acquired the knowledge of the Koran, and all that regards the religion and traditions of his country. In consequence of his uncommon learning and erudition he deservedly obtained the title of *Thaleb* (meaning learned), and, through his exemplary and inoffensive conduct, that of *Marabout* (signifying Saint). It was by these means that our aspiring Arabian hero endeavoured to win the affection of his countrymen, and to gain influence and popularity above all his equals. In order to increase his chances to the prophesied throne, he applied, with great assiduity to learn the useful art of handling warlike weapons, and of drilling and managing the most fiery Arabian horses. Thus, after the unexpected demise of his father, he encountered no great difficulties, but obtained the succession of his authority, honours, and possessions. When he made his public entry into Mascara, only a few Arabs, whose appearance and accoutrements bespoke neither luxury nor greatness, accompanied him, and thus his government was at first considered both precarious and powerless.

But, after a little time, Abd-el-Kader gave evident proofs both of his activity and of his courageous determination, by marching against the city of Tlemecen, whose population was then divided into two parties, that of the Moors, headed by Ben-Nouna, and that of the Coulanghis (or descendants of the Turks), under the control of Ben-Aouna-Bourshli; and having freed the country of Ben-Nouna by poison, and of Ben-Aouna by transportation, he formed there a mixed administration, and thus soon appeased the rivalry of the two factions. From Tlemecen he went afterwards at the head of his army to besiege Mastagenem, which, however, having been well defended by Ibrahim-Mouhir, the Arabian chief was compelled to retreat; and in order to repair this check, he took by assault and possessed himself of Arzew. As Sidi-Ahmet, the commander of that city, had been taken fighting at the head of the Kabâiles, Abd-el-Kader condemned him to be beheaded, after having had his eyes burst and his limbs broken. After establishing at Arzew a new administration, composed of his partizans, and after having levied in the province of Titevi heavy contributions in money and provisions, the young Emir returned in triumph to Mas-

cara; and was received with enthusiasm by his subjects. There, in his wretched residence of brick and mud, served by only a few negro slaves, and dressed as simply as the meanest of his countrymen, Abd-el-Kader began to think of the possibility of restoring the empire of the Arabs, and their independence, by laying the foundation of a regular administration. The establishment of the French on the coast of Africa, instead of intimidating his mind, greatly stimulated his natural energy, and augmented in him the desire of realizing his bold enterprise, by uniting under the same standard all the inhabitants of the Atlas, and of the beautiful valleys which surround it; thus submit them to his domination, under the specious pretext of their national unity and independence.

Having succeeded in this, Abd-el-Kader did all in his power to obtain popularity amongst his new allies and subjects, by inspiring them with respect for his military importance, and with abhorrence for a foreign yoke. Until 1833 he remained a perfect stranger to the warfare that raged between the Africans and the French. But when the French, abandoning the coast, undertook the conquest of Arzew, Abd-el-Kader began hostilities with them; and at their advance upon the Beylicks of Mediah and Tlemecen, he so vigorously and so obstinately harassed and charged the invaders, that they were compelled to retreat. General Boyer, who was then commander-in-chief at Oran, having been informed by the Jews that Abd-el-Kader was the only man capable of opposing serious obstacles to the establishment and aggrandisement of the French in Africa, very wisely opened friendly negotiations with him, and endeavoured to make him an ally of France. The Numidian chief received with great caution and politeness the Turkish envoys who called upon him on the part of the commander-in-chief at Oran, did not refuse the proposals of General Boyer, but, amusing his agents with specious promises and protestations, would not subscribe to any document.

General Desmichels having succeeded General Boyer in command, persuaded that, by friendly means, the Arabs could never be subjected to the French domination, determined on conquering them by brute force, and consequently attacked several times the Arabs under the command of Abd-el-Kader, but without any signal success because he was obliged to fight in a country almost wholly unknown to his troops, intersected by water-floods and impracticable muddy passes, at every step of which his precarious military resources could be greatly damaged. During his retreat towards Oran, General Desmichels was unable to force Abd-el-Kader to accept battle; notwithstanding the Arabian chief, at the head of his cavalry, continually harassed the French army, and massacred all those that were separated from the main body. At last, Abd-el-Kader, having succeeded in surrounding a corps of infantry under the command of Colonel Dubarail, forced them to seek shelter in Arzew, which of course was soon invested by the Arabs. Having waited several days, without an opportunity of engaging the French, Abd-el-Kader, on the 5th of August, 1833, sent Colonel Dubarail the following note:—

"Praise to Mahommed! The Chief of the Moors, Sidi-el-Adi-Mahommed-Abi-Abd-el-Kader-Sidi-Mahhi-el-Dinn, to the French

Chief. Health to the unbelievers! As you have not fulfilled the conditions of your treaties, and as you did not come out yesterday to fight with us, let us know your determination. We inform you on our part, that our troops surround Arzew on every side, and are ready to mount upon its bastions. We have several times beaten our drums, to show you that we wish to fight. If you seek after your safety and welfare, leave our country; otherwise I shall oppose you for ever. I will unite under the national standard all the inhabitants of the east and of the west, and I will wage a continual war against you. Our God will help us in fighting and in expelling you. Lay down your flag, and I will retreat to let you depart. Do not rely on the counsel of your guides, because they will be your ruin."

The next day, however, the French attacked Abd-el-Kader, and, well supported by the superiority of their artillery, and military experience and stratagems, repulsed the besiegers, after an obstinate and destructive combat; but were soon after compelled to re-enter the town, without having gained an inch of territory or any important advantage over the Arabs.

The French government having taken into their serious consideration the truly alarming and ruinous state of their African possessions, and the enormous expenditure which every year was forced to be employed in order to keep the conquest, and to defend the lives and property of the French from the continual incursions and depredations of the savage natives, hit upon the plan of sending to Africa a civil and military commission, composed of experienced, intelligent, and prudent men, who were instructed and empowered to propose the adoption of such means as they should think the most proper and fit to insure the future settlement and welfare of the French in Africa.

These commissioners having consulted with the chief Turks and natives (allies and friends of France), and having by them been minutely informed of the state of the hostile tribes, the numerous inhabitants of the Atlas and its neighbourhood, and, through the instrumentality of the Jews, what were then and what could be the financial and military resources of the Arabs,—the commissioners unanimously declared themselves in favour of a system of conciliation and friendly intercourse, when they advised the civil and military authorities to try the experiment.

This was, in fact, a decision both prudent and indispensable; because, notwithstanding that the French were masters of Algiers, and that their conquest was defended on the right by Oran, and on the left by Bougia, they could not insure the welfare of their colonists from the incessantly repeated incursions of the natives; and to subdue them, either by the sword or fire, appeared almost impossible. On the other hand, as the Arabs had hitherto been constantly at war with the Turks, who oppressed them, by their vexatious extortions, they would probably tolerate the French domination, provided it procured to them an advantageous mart for the sale of their corn and of their cattle, with the assurance that their property and their religion should be both respected and maintained inviolate.

General Desmichels, concurring with the advice of the commis-

sioners, adopted their suggestion; but, unfortunately, it was already too late. The proposed conciliation demanded, however, great precaution; but the French passed suddenly from one extreme to the other; while those with whom they had hitherto treated only by means of the sword and cannon, were soon transformed into allies, and became the object of their confidence and generosity. Abd-el-Kader, according to his custom, received the envoys of General Desmichels with marks of great politeness; and after the preliminary negotiations were settled, the Governor of Oran recognised his independence. The river Chetif, which has its source in the interior of the province of Titary, and, after having traversed the lake of the same name, turning to the left, discharges its waters into the Mediterranean, near Arzew, became the boundary of his possessions, comprising the whole of the fertile country lying between the empire of Morocco and the provinces of Oran, Titary, and Algiers. Abd-el-Kader obtained also great commercial advantages, with a supply of arms and ammunition, on promising to make use of them only against the enemies of France.

During the numerous skirmishes which had already taken place between the French and the Arabs, the able Numidian had remarked the superiority that military discipline and tactics imparted to their soldiers: his quick and enterprising mind had not observed in vain the great resistance which a single French battalion had opposed to thousands of his cavalry; consequently he soon began to instruct his troops after the European fashion. Having formed a corps of infantry, he had them drilled by French deserters, in order that they might learn how to make use of the bayonet. Thus, behind the small river assigned to him as a limit to his estates, Abd-el-Kader was spreading military civilization amongst his subjects, and preparing the means of making the French repent of their silliness. As soon as the chief of the Arabs thought that he could stand against the conquerors of Algiers, several corps of his army were allowed to commit, with impunity, depredations on the province of Oran.

General Voriol, who had succeeded General Desmichels, being informed of the incursions of the Arabs, signified to Abd-el-Kader, that if such infractions of the treaty of alliance did not cease immediately, he should be compelled to treat him as an enemy. The governor of the colony, General d'Erlon, also addressed to the Emir an equally strong letter on the subject, and even threatened to depose him. But the brave and cunning Numidian appointed Ben-Dran as his agent and plenipotentiary, and despatched him to Algiers in order to negotiate with General d'Erlon. Ben-Dran is a Jew of a fine and imposing countenance, polite in his manners, graceful and lively in his conversation, and, above all, endowed with all those deceitful qualifications which are the essential and honourable requisites of a diplomatist. Such a clever and cunning personage very soon won the confidence and esteem of the French governor; and having clearly perceived that, in consequence of the want of sufficient military resources, the French were not able to attempt any thing decisive against his master; informed Abd-el-Kader of the exact condition of the French, and advised him to keep his troops in readi-

ness, and to seize the first favourable opportunity of invading the French possessions.

About this epoch, a sheriff of the Sahara, called Monça, secretly stimulated and encouraged by French emissaries, entered with his army into the province of Titary, and having taken possession of Medeah, sent from thence his agents to Milliana, exhorting its inhabitants to join his standard, in order to shake off the yoke of Abd-el-Kader. The Emir, however, having been soon informed of what had taken place, crossed the Chetif at the head of his cavalry, and, passing like a thunder-bolt through Titary, entered in triumph into Medeah; and having expelled the Bey of the French, appointed in his stead one of his faithful friends, and began to organize his new conquest according to his plan and interest. General Trezel, then commander-in chief at Oran, remonstrated against so open an infraction of the treaty which had been concluded between the French and Abd-el-Kader, and demanded an explanation of the Emir's conduct; but his reclamations were utterly disregarded. General d'Erlon, either unwilling, or, rather, unable to employ military coercion against the Emir of Mascara, engaged, through his agent, Ben-Dran, the Numidian warrior to address submissive letters to both the Governors of Algiers and Oran; and, to obtain this, an officer of the staff, accompanied by Ben-Dran, was despatched to Abd-el-Kader: they found him at Hallouan, near Belida, very busy in establishing the settlement and organization of his new province. The French envoy, having presented to the Emir, on the part of General d'Erlon, several precious French curiosities, was, of course, well received, and obtained the object of his mission; and Abd-el-Kader, in reward of his apparent submission, was acknowledged the rightful conqueror and possessor of a new province.

A few weeks after this extraordinary renewal of friendly intercourse between the French and the Arabs, the Emir of Mascara, having been informed that the chiefs of the tribes of the *Drouers* and *Zmelas* were secretly intriguing with the French, and trading with them, he ordered the apprehension of Ismaël, one of them. The persecuted tribes appealed to General Trezel for protection, who, thinking that they deserved it, left Oran with his army, directed his course towards Tlemecen, and pitched his camp at Misserghien. From thence he apprized General d'Erlon of the cause and object of his movements, and demanded immediately both his approval and military resources. Having expected in vain for several days an answer from the governor, General Trezel considered it to be his duty to advance, and having reached Thielet, on the road to Mascara, fixed and fortified his camp there on the 24th of June, 1834. The next day he sent the Jew Amar, with two officers of the staff, to endeavour to settle with Abd-el-Kader by peaceable means, but without success. On the 26th the French advanced towards the *Lârig*; but while they were marching over a narrow passage near Mulay-Ismaël, they were suddenly attacked by the Arabs, under the command of Abd-el-Kader, and an obstinate and destructive engagement ensued. The French, however, routed the Arabs, and having passed the Sig, took possession of the camp of the Emir; but the

victory not only cost the French great loss of life, but proved to them that Abd-el-Kader, whom they had hitherto considered as a savage Arabian, had already made rapid progress in the art of war, since, for the first time, he had commanded his infantry in person, and had fought with skill and order.

On the 28th, General Trezel, proud of his success, through his Jew agents demanded of Abd-el-Kader to acknowledge again the domination of France, and to pay a tribute, as a fine for his late transgression. These imperious conditions having, however, been refused by the Arabian chief, and the French army having no means of maintaining itself in such a position, a retreat became indispensable; and as Arzew was the nearest point where the troops could safely embark for Oran, on the 28th, before day-break, the French directed their march towards that city. The foreign legion formed the van-guard, the wounded and the provisions were placed in the centre of the army, and the cavalry served as both wings and rear. About noon, while the French were advancing over a muddy and difficult tract of land, between the Macta and a steep hill, the Arabs fell upon them like ravenous wolves, and surrounded them on every side. The foreign legion having given way, Abd-el-Kader, profiting by the great disorder occasioned by their unexpected flight, attacked the centre with great impetuosity, massacred all the wounded, and those who defended the provisions, and took possession of many carriages and a great quantity of ammunition. General Trezel having succeeded in rallying again his discouraged troops, the Arabs were obliged to retreat, carrying with them their booty. The same evening, Trezel, with the remains of his exhausted and completely demoralized army, reached Arzew, from whence some of his troops embarked for Oran, and the rest returned to the same place by land.

The unlooked-for result of the expedition of Trezel caused an alarming sensation in Algiers, and produced great uneasiness in France, where the name of the Emir of Mascara began to inspire respect, and even apprehension, because Abd-el-Kader, both at Muley-Ismaël and at Macta, had given to the French convincing proofs of the great improvement which military civilization and discipline had engendered amongst his subjects; and this did not augur well for their future welfare in Africa. The French government felt, therefore, the necessity of striking a decisive blow at the young and powerful Arabian warrior, who was becoming daily more popular amongst the natives, and more dangerous to the establishment of the French. Marshal Clausel was appointed governor-general of the French possessions in Africa, and was provided with new and extraordinary military and financial resources, in order to undertake a formidable expedition against Constantina, and thus exterminate at once the growing power of Abd-el-Kader. The Duke of Orleans, who had acquired an unrivalled military reputation at the siege and conquest of the Citadel of Antwerp, went to Africa, to honour this campaign with his royal presence.

It is not generally known, but at the same time it is an incontestable fact, that, during the last two centuries, the inhabitants of the states of Barbary, and of almost the whole coast of Africa, have

been, unfortunately, under the *indirect* but permanent yoke of a few powerful Jewish families. Those degraded, cunning, and crafty Pariahs, although naturally slaves in the land, and universally despised by the natives, through their intriguing manoeuvres, and by their base prostitution and shameless subserviency to the brutish dictates and debauched caprices of the Turkish rulers, had openly usurped and enjoyed the monopoly of all the most advantageous situations, both in the administration and in commerce, in despite of the reclamations of the inhabitants.

After the conquest of Algiers, the French foolishly adopted this impolitic and anti-national system of their predecessors, and not only continued the overbearing influence of the Jews, but entrusted them with their confidence in all the delicate negotiations which became indispensable between the conquerors and the numerous savage inhabitants of the interior of Africa. Thus we find that the famous Jew, Mordakai-Amar, after having committed all sorts of extortions and oppressions at Oran, under his brutish Turkish master, Hadji-Hassan, was chosen by the French as their agent and all-powerful negotiator. Ben-Dran, who had been intimately acquainted with Abd el-Kader, and who was for a length of time his agent and spy at Algiers, has been entrusted with the most important negotiations by the French government, and has lately nearly compromised General Bougaud: The renowned Jacob Lassary, a fraudulent bankrupt Jew; after having been the purveyor of arms and ammunition to the Arabs, and especially to Abd-el-Kader, was afterwards employed by General Desmichels to negotiate in favour of France with that Emir, and was also chosen by Marshal Clausel as his *factotum* during the late ruinous expedition against Constantine. It was Lassary who was entrusted with the secrets of the commander-in-chief of the French army, and with the plan which he intended to pursue.

After having thus briefly stated these historical facts, let us now resume our narration with regard to the expedition of Marshal Clausel. General d'Arlandes, who succeeded Trezel as commander of Oran, informed the marshal of all he had been able to learn concerning the military resources of Abd-el-Kader and of his allies. Clausel, through the instrumentality of his Jew emissaries, first endeavoured to disseminate discord amongst the Arabian tribes of the interior, then flattered and bribed several Beys who were opposed to the Emir of Mascara, and, afterwards, did all in his power to excite the natives against Abd-el-Kader, who, having been made acquainted with the means that the French had adopted to dispossess him of his estates and authority, lost no time in appealing to his numerous adherents and subjects, impressed on the minds of his Beys the degrading humiliation of a foreign yoke, and exhorted them to fight with him for their common national welfare and independence, and for the defence of the religion of their ancestors.

Towards the end of November 1835, Marshal Clausel, having divided his army into four divisions, left Oran, and marched against Mascara; but, during ten days, passing through a country intersected by rivers, deep water-pools, and mountains, his progress was continually opposed by Abd-el-Kader at the head of his army. At Muley-

Ismael the Emir accepted a battle, but was compelled to retreat upon the Sig, where another combat took place; and having, at last, engaged with the invaders a third time, and having been conquered at Sidi-Emberrat, Abd-el-Kader, with a small body of his cavalry, retreated to Cachero. The greatest part of the chiefs of his party abandoned him; and one of them, insulting to his misfortune, carried his insolence so far as to deprive him of the parasol of feathers, which was the distinction of the commander-in-chief, saying, *We will return it to you when you become again our Sultan.* The brave Numidian, without being in the least abated by these reverses, immediately ordered the evacuation of Mascara, not wishing to defend his capital uselessly. The Jews having refused to leave the town, the enraged Moors pillaged their houses, and massacred a great number of them. The French entered the town soon after these scenes of slaughter and depredation had been perpetrated, and there found the twenty-two cannons and the carriages they had lost at the battle of Macta.

Such was the result of the expedition of Marshal Clausel; but it was of no advantage whatever to the French; because, after pillaging and consigning Mascara to the flames, and destroying by mine the establishments of Abd-el-Kader, after having taken possession of Tlemecen, they were compelled to effect a precipitous retreat into Oran, from whence the Duke d'Orleans sailed in great haste for France, without any laurels, and carrying on the back of his royal person a disgraceful mark of his flight from the Arabs. But, soon after his supposed annihilation, the Emir of Mascara resumed his hostile operations against the French, covered the province of Oran with his divisions, and intercepted the communication between Oran and Tlemecen. General d'Arlanges, at the head of his division, and supported by a strong park of artillery, undertook to re-establish the intercepted communication; and having met with the Arabs, under the command of Abd-el-Kader, engaged in battle, but was opposed with so great a resistance, that, in order to obtain the victory, he was compelled to sacrifice a vast number of his soldiers, two leagues from Tlemecen. Having once more conquered the Arabs, the French general now thought that he could easily enter into Tlemecen; and having given his troops two days' repose, advanced towards that town by the river Tafna; but the enemy was soon discovered encamped on the heights which surround that river, and Abd-el-Kader fell so vigorously and so suddenly upon the French, that, notwithstanding the superiority of their artillery and manœuvres, they were obliged to retreat in great haste into their fortified camp.

The Emir, greatly encouraged by this success, established his head-quarters between the Isser and the Tafna, and disposed his army in such a manner as to intercept again the communications between General d'Arlanges and Oran; and every day his riflemen advanced near the French camp, and challenged them to fight. Seeing that the French remained tranquil in their position, Abd-el-Kader wrote to General d'Arlanges the following: *Abd-el-Kader is nearer to thee than thou thinkest; he is ready to fight, but thou dar'st not to meet him.* This challenge not having been answered, the Arabian

chief again addressed the French general, in these words: *A moment of fight is sweeter to Abd-el-Kader than an hour of the sweetest sleep; but thou remainest shut up in thy fortified camp, avoiding to stare him in the face.*

Meanwhile, the situation of the French was truly distressing and painful: surrounded on every side, they had scarcely any communication with Oran by the sea; their provisions had begun to be very scarce, and, in order to feed the army, they were compelled to kill and eat their horses. However, their dangerous position having at last excited alarm both in the African colony and in France, General Bougaud was despatched to Oran, in order to deliver the division of General d'Arlanges from the Arabs; and having advanced with a fresh and imposing army towards the fortified camp of the Tafna, he succeeded in introducing into it both provisions and ammunition; then, after some days of hesitation, he marched on his right towards Oran, with the intention of turning the position of Abd-el-Kader. The Arabian chief avoided several times to engage with Bougaud's division, but at last he accepted a battle at the confluence of the Isser and the Sullif, and there, as at Tafna, he commanded his infantry in person, and, by a very able manœuvre, succeeded in attacking, at the same time, both the van and the rear of the French. Having, however, unwisely opened his centre too much, General Bougaud, profiting by his mistake, and making use of his powerful artillery, completely defeated the Arabs. This battle was both long and destructive on both sides, and Abd-el-Kader, at the head of his cavalry, defended well his retreat. The victory of Bougaud will not in the least advance the welfare of the French in Africa, and cannot but produce most disastrous results. Hitherto the Africans have looked upon them as usurpers and destroyers of their nationality and religion, and have fought against them with courage and perseverance, although their antagonists, very superior in military science and discipline, and supported by their destructive artillery, have almost always been victorious in the field of battle.

In reading the struggles and battles which, during the last seven years, have taken place between the French and the Africans, we could almost think to witness the repetition of the bloody warfare of the invasion of the Gauls by the Romans, as related by Julius Cæsar in his Commentaries. The Roman legions under the command of able generals, armed and drilled according to military science, and skilled in using stratagems and warlike machinery, were there employed to conquer the national ferocity and national devotion of the natives, who, guided by Vercingetorix, their valorous chief, and encouraged and excited by his example and indefatigable zeal, sustained for a length of time the shock of the invaders, and by continual attacks destroyed one by one many Roman generals, and were not conquered but when almost the whole of them had been exterminated. The Numidian chief, apparently, has the same influence over the Arabs under his orders that the Celtic hero had over the Gauls; he can inspire them with the love of their invaded country, and with the hatred of a degrading foreign yoke, and,

sharing with them both the hardships and dangers of military life, stimulates and increases in them their natural daring intrepidity and valour.

But in the present state of civilization, in order to render secure and useful their African possessions, can ever the French, in imitation of the brutality of the Romans, make a war of extermination against the Arabs? And if they wished so to do, can they ever hope to succeed in their inhuman enterprise? No, they will not, because they could not; Abd-el-Kader and his numerous partisans, if it be possible, must be conquered by very different means, and as all the treaties of peace and alliance hitherto stipulated with him through the instrumentality of rapacious Jews, have always been followed by new and more vigorous hostilities, the late treaty of Bougard will, probably produce no better results. Experience has proved to evidence, that brute force and destructive battles, instead of intimidating or subjecting Abd-el-Kader, have only served to increase his animosity against the French, and his popularity amongst the natives. The burning of Mascara, and the destruction of the establishments of the Emir, engendered the defeat of General d'Arlange, and the expensive campaign of General Bougard.

The treaty of peace which has been lately concluded between General Bougard and the Emir of Mascara having been ratified by the French government, leaves the French possessions in Africa exactly in the same precarious situation as they were heretofore. Abd-el-Kader has already learned by experience, that, besides his indefatigable application to the art of war, besides his extraordinary energy in the field of battle, he cannot rally around his standard the natives, of whom he has declared himself both the chief and the protector, without a good and regular administration. Consequently, as far as circumstances and his resources permit, he has endeavoured to establish in his dominions a regular system of finances and commerce; and as, when travelling through Egypt, he observed with attention the organization which Mahommed-Ali has wisely introduced amongst his subjects, he is now in a condition to make use of his experience, and will probably emulate the reforming Pasha of Egypt. The Numidian, who has hitherto manifested so great an activity of mind, and so brave and noble a character, in resisting the invaders of his country, is, however, a man of a delicate state of health. His person is below the middle size, his complexion pale, and his eyes rather thoughtful and melancholy. He is naturally a man of few words; but, when engaged in conversation, he is full of animation and brilliant imagination. By a strange peculiarity amongst his countrymen, he has had but one wife, the daughter of his paternal uncle, whom he married when he became Emir of Mascara, and with whom he lives in perfect conjugal harmony. When he is not in the field of battle, his manner of living is both simple and laborious. Every morning, at six o'clock, he attends the hall of audience, where a great number of his subjects daily resort, in order to obtain his advice and decision on any subject that interests their welfare. At twelve o'clock he enters his private cabinet, and there remains until three, attending to his own private affairs and to the

despatch of public business. At six o'clock P. M. he regularly frequents the Mosque, where, every Friday, to fulfil his duty as a *Marabout*, he reads the prayers, and explains the Koran to the congregation. Such is the young Arab, whose energetic and intrepid mind has not yet consented, and probably never will consent, to submit to the French yoke.

As the limited faculties of the human mind cannot unfold the secrets hidden by Providence under the impenetrable veil of futurity, we do not pretend to foretell what will be the final destiny of the military and public career of the Emir of Mascara. However, be it what it may, Abd-el-Kader justly deserves to be handed down to posterity as an exceedingly clever man, and a great Arabian patriot, who, being unfortunately born and bred in a barbarous country, in the midst of ignorant and savage tribes, has, by his own exertions, greatly improved his natural abilities, and, through his unrelenting efforts, good example, and enduring perseverance, has already effected a wonderful revolution in his country, has introduced some civilization, and financial and commercial organization in his dominions, and has spread military discipline and habits amongst his soldiers.

* P. S.—Since writing the above, the ratified treaty between France and Abd-el-Kader has been officially published; and it must truly be a subject of galling humiliation to the military pride of our French neighbours, since the Emir of Mascara, whom they boast of having almost conquered, has not only been recognised the rightful owner of his former dominions, but has been granted an accession of territory, and new commercial advantages.

ANECDOTES AND SKETCHES OF JAPAN, ITS MANNERS AND CUSTOMS.

THERE is perhaps no part of the world where civilization has entered, that is so little known to Europe as the kingdom of Japan. The political jealousy of its inhabitants closely resembles the well-known exclusiveness of the Chinese; in the latter state, it is a principle that has existed from an early age, which is adhered to by the existing dynasty; while late attempts have shown that it is against the wishes of the people. In the somewhat similar case of Japan a material difference is observable, for whilst the common Chinese is in a great degree indifferent to the regulation in question, the Japanese naturally timid and suspicious, even in his private life, gives individually every practical effect to the ordination of his rulers on this head, shunning in his own person every intercourse, however casual or rare, with strangers, and invariably apprizing his government of any attempt towards such intercourse on their part.

Hence it happens, that whilst individuals, and even bodies, scientific or religious, have been tolerated in China, and afforded ample information of some portions at least of its interior, the rigid seclusion in which the few political, or rather commercial, agents of Europe are held in Japan, have kept us in utter ignorance of the latter country; and of the published works on the subject all are confessedly defective. Some particulars therefore of this little known people may not prove uninteresting to our readers and the public in general.

The Japanese, kingdom consisting of Nippon, the principal, and a considerable number of other islands, includes an extent of about 12,600 square miles, and is separated from China and Tartary by a breadth of sea varying from 100 to 500 miles.

Japan is continually involved in mists, which, even in summer months last often from three to four days at a time; and there is scarcely a day of which some hours at least are not obscured by mist, clouds, or rain. The high mountains too in the northern part of various islands, reaching to the clouds, barren wastes, and large tracts of water, all conspire to render the winds that pass over them excessively cold, even during summer.

The Japanese believe that after the creation the earth lay a long time under the waters, unnoticed by the Creator; till at length his eldest born, *Kami*, received permission to reduce it to order and people it. He gathered the earth out of the waters, which formed the island of Nippon, endowed it with all natural riches, and framed one portion of it into male, another into female natures,* and thus was produced man. The brethren of *Kami*, in emulation, formed the other countries; but of course their skill and success were inferior to his, and hence the Japanese are superior to the rest of the world.

Another tradition refers all the knowledge and skill of the natives to the physician of a Chinese emperor, who finding his master desirous of living for ever, pretended that the plants bestowing immortality grew only in those islands and could be gathered only by the hands of pure youths and maidens. Of these he brought therefore 300 each; and his sole object being to escape the emperor's tyranny, he remained with them in that place of refuge and instructed the Japanese of his time in all useful knowledge. These two traditions are not, however, received amongst the more enlightened of this people: the similarity of speech, customs, and traditions, identifying the Japanese with the Kuriles.

With some trifling exceptions the Japanese have for centuries been free from foreign or domestic warfare. Plague and epidemic diseases, unless the small-pox, are likewise unknown to them; and the kingdom is consequently over-populated; but it is impossible to estimate their number correctly, for many hundreds of thousands of the poor, destitute of fixed habitations, are continually wandering over the country. The capital is believed to contain about 10,000,000 souls. Jeddo counts 280,000 houses in the principal streets, each with

* This notion is taken from the Chinese doctrine of the yin and yang, or, "male and female energies in nature," by which some attempt to account for the production of all things.—Ed.

from thirty to forty inhabitants ; and the tenants of the remainder, the houseless, the royal guards and attendants, may be reckoned altogether as one million and a half more.

There is a singular institution, that of the blind, possessing its own privileges and regulations, and a superior styled prince, together with attendants, a treasurer, &c., all blind men. The members get their living by various kinds of labour, and bring their earnings to the common stock : many of them are physicians, many musicians. The order owes its institution to a Japanese general who was imprisoned by a victorious adversary, that had triumphed over his sovereign. The usurper treated his prisoner with kindness, and proposed he should enter his service. "I thank your courtesy," replied the other ; "but you have slain my prince and benefactor, therefore I cannot serve under you ; the frequent sight of you would stimulate me to vengeance ; to avoid the temptation, therefore, I will see no longer." So saying, he tore out his eyes, and threw them at the usurper's feet. This order of the blind was established by his will after his death.

The indifference to life manifests itself strongly amongst the Japanese, and child-murder, though common, is not forbidden by the laws, as it is some check to the increase of population. Suicide is even encouraged ; and when a man of rank is doomed to death, he has his choice to suffer, or inflict it on himself, the former being somewhat disgraceful. In the latter he is frequently assisted by a friend.

On such occasions the party ordered to die retires from the court, and summons his nearest connexions for the following day to his house. There they are handsomely entertained, and after drinking some time they take formal leave of him, and the sentence of death is read aloud. The principal performer in this tragedy now makes a set speech, or else addresses a few affectionate words to the company : he then bows his head, draws his sword, and makes a crucial cut to the bowels : one of his trustiest attendants, standing at his side, then gives him a blow on the head. To avoid the appearance of fear, a second and longer cut, and then a third, are bestowed on the throat. In such a death there is no disgrace, and the son succeeds in place of the father without attracting particular notice.

On the commission of a crime the fear of detection also induces suicide in the guilty, that his family may escape the consequences of a criminal sentence.

This feeling extends to the lower classes, and is not confined to one sex. A person of rank married a woman of great beauty in Fingo. The sovereign desired to possess her : he doomed the bridegroom to die, and directed the widow to be brought to the palace. She abhorred the idea, but, feigning compliance, requested three days for bewailing her husband. At the expiration of this time she gave an entertainment to all her friends and relatives, the prince himself with his attendants forming part of the company. After rising from the table she went up into an open balcony, under pretext of looking round her for the last time, and there stabbed herself before the eyes of her lover.

Another widow, the mother of three sons, lived in the bitterest

poverty, the labours of her children not sufficing to support the family. In this extremity of want a proclamation appeared, offering a set reward to whoever would bring a certain robber into the hands of justice. Without their parent's knowledge the three sons resolved that one of them should pass for the robber, the two others as witnesses against him. They cast lots, and the youngest obtained the fatal post. He was denounced, thrown into prison, and the witnesses received the promised recompence. But brotherly affection could not be dormant, nor the voice of nature hushed in the two: they obtained permission to visit the pretended culprit, and mingled their tears with his. The gaoler had some feelings of curiosity; he listened, and heard their groans and lamentations, and as nothing escaped them that could satisfy his mind, he followed the two visitors on their return home to their wretched dwelling, and caught the exclamation of the miserable parent on hearing the dreadful expedient, "No, rather let me die a thousand times than live on the blood of my innocent child." The gaoler hastened to the judge, who was filled with pity and astonishment at the tale. He sent for the prisoner and examined him once more, but could elicit nothing beyond a repetition of the former statement. The judge then explained what had come to his knowledge; sent again for the brothers, and finally obtained the truth: he then laid the facts before the sovereign, who settled on the youngest a pension of 1500 silver pieces, and on the two others 500 each.

Even duelling amongst the Japanese is but a double suicide. The following anecdote will sufficiently illustrate the fact. Two gentlemen of the Court met on the steps of the royal palace, and their daggers, in passing, happened to strike together: this was a point of honour. At the royal table the conversation turned on the circumstance; and the narrator, who was one of the parties, addressing the other, observed, "My dagger is as good as thine." "I will show you the contrary," the latter replied, and drawing his weapon at once, he plunged it into his own body. His adversary, if such we may call him, hastened forward without saying a word, and bent a moment over the bleeding body of the fallen; he was overjoyed to find, though the wound was not fatal, that the latter was not actually dead: he exclaimed that his dagger was in truth as good as the dying man's, drew it, stabbed himself to the heart, and fell dead, first!

From these specimens it will easily be imagined that the resolution of the Japanese is not altered by danger. Though superior to the Chinese in moral as in physical qualifications, and remarkably steady, well-informed, open-hearted, industrious, patient, honest, and just; they are also suspicious, superstitious, haughty, and prone to anger: though not warlike, they are not to be subdued, and their love of vengeance is almost heroic at times. We give an instance of this: A Japanese vessel came from the peninsula of *Susuma* to trade at *Formosa*, where the Dutch had a settlement in 1630. The governor of the colony treated the Japanese with great harshness in consequence of some former misunderstandings. They complained on their return to *Susuma* of this treatment, and begged the prince to take vengeance. The latter not thinking himself sufficiently powerful for

this, declined ; but seven young men of his guard came before him, and spoke thus, with the applause of the bystanders :—" We should be unworthy of our station and your service if we could fear any thing in supporting your honour. Blood alone can wash out the insult sustained. We will bring him, living or dead, before you, and seven of us are sufficient for this undertaking. Neither the foaming waves, nor his fortifications, nor even his guard of soldiers, shall prevent our succeeding in our design." Their repeated instances finally obtained the permission of the prince for this enterprise, and their address and resolution proved successful. The adventurous party went to Formosa, and under pretext of paying their respects procured admission into the governor's presence ; then, suddenly drawing their swords, and taking advantage of the first astonishment at their daring, they carried him off, despite all opposition, to their ship, and sacrificed him to their resentment.

Notwithstanding the infrequency of wars, the martial spirit is sedulously cultivated by the Japanese in the education of their children at schools. The pupils are taught and confirmed in the impression of their forefathers' valour by every possible means ; and it has even been affirmed that the copies they write from are the last letters of their departed heroes and self-destroyers.

A festival also is observed on the fifth day of the fifth month to imprint martial feeling more strongly on the youthful mind, which is said to be in commemoration of the total destruction or expulsion of the Tartars on their first invasion of Japan A. D. 781. They had landed a portion of their forces in the island, when, their fleet being totally destroyed in a single night by a storm, the natives fell upon their brave and terrible foes, and left not one to relate the tale of that disastrous attempt. A similar invasion from the same quarter of more than 240,000 Tartars proved equally unsuccessful ; the Japanese gained a complete victory over their invaders A. D. 1281, and treated them as in the previous instance their forefathers had done.

The inborn pride of the Japanese carries him to the most fearful excesses. He scorns the task of reconciliation, deeming it a disgrace. When therefore his vengeance sleeps it but seeks a surer opportunity of awaking ; and he is never more to be feared than when he seems calm and tranquil. This feeling in truth leads him to doubt if an offence can ever be fully avenged ; it descends from generation to generation, and the descendants of the offended party continually watch for an occasion of revenge on the children of the offender.

To sum up the qualities of the Japanese,—they are cleanly to extreme in their persons ; but the habit of intoxication is prevalent amongst them, though not to the same extent as in some European nations. The humblest are degraded beyond measure if seen inebriated by day.

TWARDOWSKI.

A TALE OF THE 16TH CENTURY.

"In every age," says Gibbon, "the absence of genuine inspiration is supplied by the strong illusions of enthusiasm, and the mimic arts of imposture." The historian might have added with perfect truth, that under the garb either of piety or wisdom, the two ruling and unchanging passions of human mind in every age, the artificers of delusion sought to conceal the hideous nakedness of their villainy. But if their deceit profaned often the vestibule of the sanctuary, it has still more frequently polluted the wand of science. The purlieus of kingly courts, in which genuine inspiration being totally banished from it, every thing must assume the gaudy appearance of mystery, uniformly opened the largest and most lucrative field for ingenious impostors. Divination has thriven most at the courts of Rome and Constantinople;—astrology and the magic art grew to the importance of a state doctrine under the roof of the castellated palaces of the middle ages; and it was left only to the glory of our enlightened epoch to consign sortilege to the theatre, or the mountebank planks as the fittest places for its achievements. The office of the fifteen Augurs, who watched the flight of birds and observed the current of the clouds, was held in greatest estimation by the Romans. The dingy laboratory of Paracelsus Bombastus de Hohenheim received the honours of all-powerful sovereignty from courtiers, of every rank and station, of every nation and creed. Cagliostro, that travelling monarch of imposture, filled Europe with his glory, saw many a crowned head bent in humiliation before him. But in the nineteenth century, Pinetti and Bosco are obliged to depend upon the favour of the public, who in search of diversified amusement willingly pay and applaud a performer, who contrives for a while to amuse their curiosity, deceive their senses or elude the most attentive scrutiny of understanding.

Although, however, we may boast of having reduced that power, like many other, to its fair proportion, we cannot deny to it a lasting influence upon fiction. What novel, what dramatic piece, especially if its scene be laid in the stirring period of the age of chivalry, can banish the part of the magician or the astrologer from its composition? Is he not the fastener of all intrigue and the unraveller of the final catastrophe? Hence, as no longer subjects of reality, but of history and poesy, those "dark figures" have lately, thanks to the host of romances to which the admiration of Scott's genius gave rise in every country, been ennobled by the rich colouring of fancy, and brought into action again on the arena of composition. And every country has found in her annals some such mysterious person, throwing the shadow of misgiving over the pageantries of the court, or even crossing with its invisible agency the course of political events.

To the phalanx of such celebrities in other quarters of Europe, Poland has to oppose the far-renowned Twardowski. While in

France Nostradamus was bewildering with his art the already weak intellect of Henry the Second, Twardowski contrived to beguile the powerful mind of Sigismundus Augustus. For the details of that necromancer's extraordinary existence we are indebted more to popular tradition than to written record. Ignorance has assigned to him the honour of the proudest inventions,—for instance, that of the art of printing; persecution raised his fame and power, and superstition attributed to him the ministry of every mysterious act of that period.

According to vulgar belief he used to live in a subterranean cavern in the vicinity of Cracow. There he studied and perfected his science:—there he was employed in composing his "*Liber Magnus*," turning base metals into pure gold, and constructing that colossal and magic mirror which presented to every one the image of his face and showed things of which his philosophy never dreamt before. Superstition, which guarded his retreat from intrusion, ascribed his supernatural faculties to the intercourse with some yet more potent power, with Beelzebub himself. He is said to have entered with the latter into a compact, written on an oxen hide and signed with his own blood. By one of its numerous articles, he bound himself to go to Rome after the term of seven years, and give himself up to his Satanic Majesty. 'It was one thing, however, to promise, another to execute such a hard condition. For some time he eluded the watchful pursuit of his foe. But Beelzebub, or rather his deputy Mephistofeles, knew how to lead him into a snare. On one of his journeys, Twardowski entered an Inn, and began as usual his legerdemain tricks, to the astonishment of the drinking crowd. On a sudden the day began to darken, an innumerable swarm of ravens and crows alighted with horrible shrieks upon the roof, and Mephistofeles stood in the middle of the company. "This Inn is called Rome," said he, "and henceforwards thou belongest to me." Twardowski trembling and dismayed, looks up to the sign of the Inn and discovers the fatal inscription, "At the city of Rome." He looks around for protection. In the corner of the room stood a cradle with a sleeping infant. He runs to it and implores the holy intercession of innocence. The dark Mercury, kept aloof by the sunshine of the smiling child, exclaims with bitter reproach, "And is it so that a Polish nobleman redeems his word? Is it so that he follows the rule of his ancestors,—*verbum nobile debet esse stabile*?" The pining mortal felt at these words all his blood of noble descent boiling in his veins, and surrendered himself without the slightest resistance. In one minute he was hurled into the region above. Only when on high he bethought himself of singing a psalm. Abashed at this sound, Mephistofeles instantly dropped him from his clutches, and ever since Twardowski has been swinging between earth and heaven.

Such is the drift of popular tradition. It has been diversified and improved upon by the Polish poets. The greatest among them, Mickiewar, has not thought the subject unworthy of his genius. In the ballad which bears the title of Madame Twardowski, he makes the magician, unexpectedly caught at the Inn called Rome, impose the three following conditions upon Mephistofeles, for by the con-

tract entered into he had a right to do so before he yielded to the "arrest."

"Look up," said he; "on the sign of the Inn a white charger is painted. I wish to jump upon the saddle and let the horse start at full speed from the spot. Weave then a whip from sand to lash my galloping steed, and in yon grove build me a palace for rest and relay. The building, high as the highest pinnacle of the Carpatha, must be constructed from nut-kernels, the roof thatched with Jewish beards fastened together with poppy grains. Look here, there is a nail one inch thick, three inches long. Three such nails drive in every poppy grain." Scarcely had he said it, than all was done, the horse stamped the earth, the whip was ready, and the palace reared its lofty pile. Another condition was a bath in holy water. The ordeal was withstood as bravely as the first order was executed quickly, "One more condition," said the magician: "this lady is my wife,—Madame Twardowski. I will take service at Old Nick's for you during a year. In the mean time let my dear moiety remain with you, as with a husband. Swear to her love, respect, and obedience without limits. And if you break through one single of these promises, all our compact falls to the ground." The poor devil listens to him and eyes the lady askance, while he retreats towards the door. Twardowski bars the way to the door and draws him back from the window. But the devil jumps through the key-hole and so this time runs in the wide expanse.

From this humorous composition if we turn to the scanty details upon record, we shall find that superstition immortalized Twardowski in type no less than in oral tradition. A Jesuit gravely asserts in a historical work,* that the enchanted manuscripts, supposed to contain the quiescence of Twardowski's wisdom, having been deposited in the library of a convent, and there bound with strong chains to the wall, in spite of that pious precaution, were carried away one night by the monarch of the dark region. "The abbot," says the author, "led by curiosity, opened the fatal manuscript. No sooner had he touched the first page than a horrible shriek pierced the air, and the spirit of evil filled the room. The abbot dropped the book in consternation and took to his heels. On visiting the spot on the following morning, in company with other monks, he found to his amazement that the manuscript had disappeared, no doubt carried off by the same hand which had consigned its author to the dungeons of hell." But if we have been thus bereft of a precious store of wisdom, the magic mirror has been till now preserved. It is a piece of polished metal, encased in ebony, nineteen inches in breadth and twenty-two in height; a truly colossal mirror. At first, it was used as a decoration in the church of Wengrow, the sanctity of the holy precincts being deemed powerful enough to counteract its evil influence. But the priests soon had evident proofs that it lost nothing of its malignant capacity. If, dressed for the mass, they happened to look into it, they never failed instantly to perceive their features strangely distorted, their caps adorned with the unseemly

* Naramowski. *Facies rerum Sarmaticarum*

appendage of a pair of black horns, and the cloven foot peeping from beneath their pontificals. Prudence advised then to place it beyond the reach of the eye. But even from that lofty position it never ceased to frighten the inhabitants with strange apparitions on its surface. In 1829 it was purchased by Princess Orastoryski, and added to her sumptuous collection of national curiosities at Pulacoy; and it must be still there in some forgotten corner, if the Emperor Nicholas, in his Vandal pillage of that magnificent monument, has not already ordered it to be transported to St. Petersburg, as an appropriate reflector of his dark deeds; and if it has still preserved its former attributes, it may delight him by showing him the image of him, of whom he strives to be deemed the worthy prototype on earth.

Twardowski continued his intimacy with the king until his strange disappearance from the Inn of Rome. A secret door used to admit him into the monarch's presence. The amusement derived from his divinations, and the curiosity excited by his predictions, were powerful stimulants in causing his friendship to be courted, and his services well repaid. He, however, failed in the most essential of his predictions. The king, to whom he foretold a life of seventy-two years, died at fifty-two. A young lady, whom he is said to have rescued from the fury of the Cracow mob, and initiated into the mysteries of his art, soon equalled her master, and superseded him in the confidence of the king, whose heart was as much bound by her personal charms, as his reason was bewildered by her crafty contrivances. She it is who soothed his painful illness; she it is also who closed his eye and received his last breath. Her name is recorded in history.

Of the great mass of stories current till now in Poland, we will select the following as approaching most nearly to truth, and as strikingly contrasting the venal scurrility of the impostor with the weakness of the monarch reputed as one of the strongest spirits in his time.

I.

• It was in the year 1551.

Mournful and desert stands the castle of Cracow. The wind chases large flakes of snow along its pillared porticos. The glass panes jingle in their leaden frames. All seems lifeless and benumbed as in the abode of death. Is this the place where yet so lately beauty and virtue held their court, where all was gaiety and sport in the sunshine of Barbara Radziwill's smile? She is no more that ill-fated queen, against whose happiness the whole world conspired,—temporal as the spiritual powers, hate and jealousy, religion and political animosities,—the nobility, the bishops, the pope and her own stepmother, till a dark crime, poison, bereft the earth of an angel, and Poland of her best and loveliest queen."

In one of its stately halls, richly covered with damask hangings, illumined with the faint rays of a solitary lamp, an aged man lay on a stately bed. His sunken face, his emaciated features, revealed yet the traces of former beauty, and his large fixed eyes vouched still a working mind. From time to time a deep sigh heaved his breast,

and a convulsive jerk directing his hand towards the heart, as the seat of illness, showed the violence of his mental sufferings."

At the bedside of the slumbering monarch, for it was Sigismundus Augustus, who struggled with the first pangs of approaching death, the celebrated Jew, Dr. Simon de Guinsburg, stood in solemn meditation, attentively observing every motion of the patient and feeling his pulse at intervals of subsided calmness. Few however were those moments of quiet. The doctor looked often into a parchment scroll, as if consulting some secret signs, but then invariably his features darkened with opinions foreboding, and his hand, on whose forefinger a large diamond ring with the symbolic sign of the river Sambation poured out jets on rainbow rays, pressing the sullen forehead, vainly strove to illumine with the arch of peace the gathering cloud of despair. The fits of the paroxysm began at last to subside. Vague, unconnected, and scarcely audible sounds, which even curiosity espying a secret could not shape into words, which even a wife's or a daughter's tenderness could not have been able to construe into a wish, were at times escaping the monarch's breast. But as the nervous contortions gradually grew fainter, the lisping lips gave utterance to something like feverish exclamations, and the voice became resonant as a silver tone.

"Barbara!—To see you but once more!—Poison!" were the words whose frequent repetition showed the current of his frantic ideas.

Half an hour of torpid slumber, which but for a few intervening sighs might have been taken for the rest of death, followed that momentary return into the region of thought. The doctor was already preparing to leave the seat at the royal couch, when suddenly the monarch springing forward on his bed, and supporting the worn-out frame on his elbows, exclaimed,

"Yes, I remember well. Men, elements, witchcraft, all are leagued against us. I enter the senate. Here stands a proud grey-haired nobleman, once my friend, but now my foe. 'Sire,' says he, 'thou hast chosen a spouse without the consent of the diet. Thou hast forgotten the interest of the state. Thy marriage is a glaring outrage against the spirit of our laws. The husband's oath has made the monarch a perjurer. Barbara cannot hold sway over Poland. We admire her all. If the sceptre was the reward of virtue, she would merit the rank of our queen. Oblivion has covered with its impenetrable veil a host of crowned women, but those who have devoted themselves to their country shall be remembered for ever. Let Barbara renounce the throne, let her devote herself to Poland's welfare, and we shall fall at her feet. From a queen she will become an angel.' And all the senate kneeled before me, and the tears of so many honourable men bedewed the steps of my throne. 'Sire, follow the example of Titus,' exclaimed another, 'who dismissed from his side her whom the whole east adored. He feared to lose the love of Rome,—of Rome, which from pride hated Berenice. Dost thou stand less in need of our faith and attachment? Break the ties with a woman to strengthen those with the nation.' There an impudent bishop jumps up and insolently cries out, 'Is it thus, that

thou beginnest thy reign? Thou imposest a tyranny so much more odious, as thou seekest to justify it by the obligation of a sacred oath and by the interest of thy people. If thou hast trampled on the dearest laws of the republic, thou at least shouldst not endeavour to make her sanction the contempt of her own self. The nation ought to smother the evil in its birth, and not allow it to grow into precedent. We cannot recognise a marriage, where there is none. But at all events, if it be a crime to send away a legitimate wife, there is not one amongst us, who, for the sake of our dear country's welfare, shall not readily take the responsibility on his own conscience. The overbearing priest would continue; but a young nuncio, a stripling boy, steps forward.—'Over whom dost thou think thou reignest?' exclaims he in rabid fury. 'Must we remind thee, that if the Poles are proved to honour the kings who respect the laws, they know how to deal with those who violate them? If thou betrayest thy oath, ours is equally unbound. Forget not that thou art but the first citizen of the republic!' And I, I stood in the midst of that whirlwind, which at every moment widened the gulph between me and the gentle dove, who had nobody but me to protect her. 'What,' answered I, 'you urge me to break the faith sworn to my wife? what trust could you place in my oaths, if I proved treacherous to the queen?—Must the king of a free people be a slave himself? If by taking a spouse from among my countrywomen without the senate's advice, I have departed from ancient customs, must I expiate a fault by a crime, and must my reign be ushered in by blackest perjury?—By betraying Barbara I should punish innocence, when I am alone guilty. Titus repudiated a concubine and the world applauded him; but he would irretrievably have dishonoured his name had he repudiated a wife. You shall not obtain it from me, I swear upon this sword. The diet, the nation, the whole world could not force me to that disgrace. I prefer my faith to the throne and even to life itself.' And I withstood their fury. The proud grey-haired nobleman bowed, the insolent bishop sneaked away, and the young nuncio repented his audacity. I seated her on the throne and placed upon her head the crown of the Jagellons. But—O horror! O misery! the festive cup poisoned by my own mother!"

The king sunk again on the couch. Astonished, bewildered at the long soliloquy, which might have unnerved the strongest organ, and yet pronounced in one breath with marvellous volubility by a sick man, the doctor approached again to feel his pulse. But he shook off his hand, and, as if following a string of ideas, loudly resumed: "And is there no power on earth to restore her to me, were it only for a moment? Look, doctor, to that corner; there sits a man who fed my youth with wonderful tales. He often told me that the dead might be roused from their graves. Speak out, Gonska."

The jingle of a silver bell directed the eyes of the doctor towards a dark corner, where a crooked, ricketty imp stood motionless, not unlike a statue of a satyr, snugly filling the space of a small niche. When that strange figure jumped down on the tessellated floor, his stature scarcely reached the height of the stick which he

held twirling in his hand, so that a fox's tail fixed on its top continually kept in motion the silver bell on his fur cap.

"And who doubts it?" answered Gonska, the king's fool, "there are powers which defy death and may summon again to life what has long returned to earth. I know a man—"

Here he stopped as if to gather irony, with which he added. "But your majesty had better have recourse to the Italian doctors of his mother, who, as they possess secrets to extinguish life in a twinkling of the eye, may, for what I know, be skilful enough to infuse animation again in the corpses of their victims."

"You know a man," said the king, unheeding the last words of the fool, "I do know him too full well. But will he condescend to comfort the expiring king, who has offended him, hurled persecution at him, and branded his name with ignominy? A thousand pieces of gold if he succeeds."

"Perhaps he may," answered Gonska, as the doctor on a sign from the king was leaving the hall.

The first rays of the rising sun found yet Sigismundus Augustus in deep conversation with the jester, now intent perhaps on the last jest in his life.

II.

A few days had scarcely elapsed from the night on which the king's death appeared imminent, and all in Cracow was sportive joy and noisy gaiety again. The bells of the ancient cathedral rung a merry peal, the old walls echoed loud hurra's, and the long winding streets poured constantly streams of holiday folk into the principal square of the town. On every point of its capacious area something new or extraordinary attracted the curiosity of the spectators. Here a gang of gaily attired gipsies danced to the sound of the tambarine. There a German conjurer was swallowing burning tow. A little farther an alchemist recommended in pompous phraseology the wonderful properties of his nostrums, around a great number of diviners were sowing right and left predictions to the mob, which pushed, shrieked, and struggled to obtain a view of the marvellous achievements.

The signal of the public repast being served recalled them soon to another part of the town. In one of the courts of the castle, one hundred long tables groaned under the weight of barons of beef, salt fish, and dishes with cakes and sweetmeats. Colossal tin jugs with beer and hydromel, arranged in tasteful clusters and adorned with flower-wreaths, gave to the feast the appearance of grandeur. The gates were opened. The crowd rushed in, and in a quarter of an hour only the drink-jugs filled again with liquor reared their foaming tops amidst the empty dishes. The revelling mob sung, rapturously shouted, and extolled to the skies the liberality of the monarch, who gave them thus an opportunity of worthily celebrating this sudden convalescence. But wiser men, who observed as the king's emissaries were busily engaged in conversing with the Jews, the Bohemian and the Christian conjurors, shrugged their shoulders in unbelief, and secretly whispered to each other that all

the quacks of the kingdom were thus called together to show their skill in some occult performance.

And so truly was it; but vain proved the task of the royal envoys. The German who swallowed fire, the alchemist who turned brass into precious metal, the conjuror who divined future events,—all separately acknowledged that the deed which they were requested to perform required

“Powers deeper still beyond.”

At the nightfall the carousing crowd began to disperse. As in tumultuous groups they proceeded in different directions, they perceived that the streets were already illumined, every window swimming in the blaze of wax-tapers. One only mansion in the principal street stood in ominous darkness, like a solitary mourner in the assembly of gay revellers. The drunken mob remarked it.

“Whose house is this?” cried out somebody from the crowd, “who is bold enough to keep aloof from our joy? He must be more than a mortal who dares not to smile when we smile, nor to weep when we weep.”

“It is the noble Giza’s,” answered a dirty urchin.

“Giza’s, the heretic’s?” enquired an athletic peasant.

“Down with the apostate, the Lutheran,” shouted the whole mob, and the most forward amongst them rushed to break open the gate.

“Forbearance,” said an old woman. It is but the day before yesterday that Giza lost his dear wife, and the joyous tidings of our gracious king’s convalescence have not yet reached perhaps the seclusion of his despair.”

Her voice was drowned amid the sound of the repeated strokes on the massy portal. The populace began to grow impatient at the tardy work of the assailers. An axe was instantly procured. Suddenly a faint light glittered in one of the windows, and Giza, bent under sorrow, leaning on the arm of a young trembling girl, appeared on the first-floor balcony. “Friends,” said he in a mild and persuasive tone, “what will ye from an old and sorrow-stricken man? If I am guilty, lead me to a tribunal and let me be judged according to the law of my country. But if—”

A thousand cries interrupted and overpowered his feeble voice. “Burn the heretic!—to the rack with the apostate!—stone the enemy of Christ.” And he would have been killed on the spot by a volley of stones, which the furious ringleaders began to root out from the pavement, had not the mansion given way at that moment. An instant sufficed to them to rush into the house, and to drag from it the venerable nobleman with his daughter obstinately clinging to his breast as if to protect him from a hundred weapons directed against it. They shattered their clothes, and two sturdy fellows had already separated them, and aimed the fatal blow on Giza’s bald head, when a gigantic hand thrust its fist between them, and with a single hit wrenched both weapons from the two murderers.

“What is he here back again? Has hell spawned him again on earth?” murmured the abashed crowd as they flew back before the glowing eyes of the stranger, who, muffled in an ample velvet cloak

and covered with a large-brimmed hat, stood like Satan amidst the feast of revelry.

At this moment the cavalry of the Starost of Cracow arrived and pushed onwards the receding people. A volley of stones answered their first onset: they recoiled back. For a few minutes the street changed into a scene of carnage. At last the cavalry succeeded to disperse the rioters and to rescue Giza, who in the turmoil of the fight fell again into their hands.

When the young girl opened her eyes, she found herself in the arms of the black stranger, who was rapidly carrying her away through a lonely street.

"A thousand pieces of gold for a drop of this elixir," said he as he was approaching to her white lips a crystalline phial.

"Where is my dear father?" asked the girl, looking with horror around.

"He is in safety," responded the stranger, "and if thou but wilt follow me, thou shalt see him again. There is not an instant to be lost. Your life is yet in danger."

They passed the gates of the city. On the snow-covered way the tall figure of the stranger seemed to personate the lengthening shadow of the girl, who, unconscious of all around, allowed herself to be dragged by his hand.

"Heim! merry fellow! Let us see the brilliant eyes of thy lady. We shall drink all to her health and to thy happiness," shouted behind them a party of drunken peasants returning home from the festivity.

"Let us hasten our step—we are pursued," whispered the stranger in the ear of the fainting girl.

"Not so quick," said the followers as they overtook them.

The stranger turned only around and fixed his eyes upon them.

"Heavens," exclaimed they, "bad luck to us. Who ever thought to meet him here? Look, he is hastening to yon bold mountain. There with that companion he will soon begin his midnight dance."

And they took to their heels. The stranger and the girl pursued their way. At last they came to the foot of a mountain. They ascended a path through heaps of thorns and a labyrinth of stones detached from the rock above. They arrived at a landing-place. The stranger gave a stroke on a stone. A door opened. They descended a few steps, and in a minute the shuddering girl found herself in a magnificent hall all swimming with light.

"Look into it," said Twardowski, uncovering a huge looking-glass.

She saw her image dressed in a gold woven mantle, and a crown encircling her forehead.

"Barbara Giza," sounded a magic voice, "thou hast entered here as a fugitive girl, thou shalt leave it as queen of Poland."

III.

The day so long expected by the king has arrived. All is ready in Twardowski's palace. Millions of coloured lights whiz in long jets from the strong walls. In its clear and sparkling blaze a modern inquirer would have recognised the Gaz. A host of emblematic

signs glitter in studied disorder on the velvet tapestry of the hall. Yellow and black mummies peep out from niches inlaid in marble white as snow. At their feet huge sphinxes repose, while ibises, as if in mockery, stare into their eyes. The circular roof displays the twelve signs of the Zodiac. Strong tables support sundry globes, astronomical instruments, and retorts filled with the miraculous fluid turning all metals to gold. Old books in heaps overlay the floor, while pyramids of parchment scrolls shoot up their cones towards the roof. On an elevated pulpit fixed with chains to the wall, the great book, the *Liber Magnus*, glitters with its black inscriptions. Behind it in a spacious embrasure the magic mirror stands covered with a dark veil. A golden pedestal placed before its centre seems to await the *Medican Venus* or a *Pythoness*.

In the midst of this scene, Twardowski leaning over the *Liber Magnus* seemed absorbed in deep meditation, till a gentle knock at the door roused him from his trance.

"Who is there?" asked he, as he drew a black curtain, which covering the inner recess left in comparative darkness the part near the door.

No one answered, but a fox's tail made its appearance through a small aperture in the wall.

"Is it you, Gonska?"* Does the Gander follow thee? Thou seest all is ready. Now for the thousand pieces of gold. But, silence! she is there. O that thou mightest see her; how like the other. But that would spoil the fun."

"Well, well," said Gonska, on entering and handing over to Twardowski a purse full of gold; "I am sorry only that we have made such a bad bargain. He would have given us all his treasures had we strained more his patience."

"The thing may be repeated," answered the magician."

"What a fool to sigh after a long rotten corpse. He is the very antipod of his English brother. Why hast thou not heard that Henry has just married another wife,—the sixth? indeed a pretty sport. Two of them have died on the scaffold. Instead of thus enjoying the resources of his station, our poor monarch spent days and nights without repose, without a moment's rest, only in expectation of once more seeing the shadow of Barbara. Had I not assured him that precipitation might spoil every thing, he would have been here ere now. But listen! I hear already the heavy footsteps of the menials, who carry his letter."

Scarcely had Gonska said it, than Augustus, brought in a chair into the passage, began to call them by their names. Both hastened to the door and led him into the room. As soon as they were alone, Twardowski threw himself at his feet, exclaiming, "Pardon, Sire, to the outlaw. Without your favour there is no power in my wand."

The king feverishly pressed his hand.

"A thousand pieces of gold for my master."

He threw him a diamond ring.

* G. nska, Goose in English.

"Not a word to be spoken."

He nodded assent.

Twardowski then began his conjurations. On a sudden a thunderbolt shook the rocky foundation. The smell of sulphur filled the air. The curtain fell asunder, and in an ocean of blue flame, on the golden pedestal, before the magic mirror stood Barbara Radriwill. The eyes voluptuously closed, the arms folded on the heaving breast, the paleness of the face produced by the artificial fire, all concurred to beguile the senses and to represent the image of the queen when in the last hour of her agony.

The king extended his arms towards the lovely object, muttered an indistinct word, and fell to the ground.

Now all was dark again, and only the sorcerer's voice resounded in monotonous tones.

When the king opened his eyes, he lay on the state bed in the castle of Cracow; and Simon de Guirnborg was sitting at his side.

The following morning thanksgivings were offered in all churches for the king's having passed a quiet night. The Cracow matrons hastening to the cathedral mysteriously related to each other, that by the intercession of the holy virgin the queen Barbara appeared to the king in a dream.

"Methought," said Gonaka to Twardowski, as a few days afterwards they were reckoning their profits, "that I saw the devil peeping from the mirror, and extending his arms over the lovely girl."

"She may be his, for what I know," answered the magician.

"Qualis ab incepto" . . . added the fool, gently tickling his bald head with the end of the fox-tail.

SONG.

Air.—Had I a heart for falsehood fram'd.

THOUGH mighty seas between us roll,
Yet loved thou still should'st be;
Though one were placed at either pole,
I'd waft a sigh to thee!
Yes, lady fair, thy charms divine
Must e'er affection claim;
And ever shall these lips of mine
Soft syllable thy name.

The sun-beam leaves no lingering trace
Upon the blooming flow'r;
Not so the memory of thy face
Can perish in an hour.
Oh! no—till Death's malignant dart
Arrest this mortal frame,
Ever engraven on my heart,
Eternal is thy name.

SHAKSPEARE'S SONNETS.*

ON THEIR POETICAL MERITS, AND ON THE QUESTION OF TO WHOM
ARE THEY ADDRESSED?†

AT a time when our elder poets are so much studied, and so justly admired, it seems not a little extraordinary that the sonnets of the immortal Shakspeare should be almost utterly neglected. When alluded to, as they rarely are, by modern critics, it is generally to echo the flippant insolence of Steevens, who asserted that nothing short of the strongest act of parliament could enlist readers into their service. We know, however, that in Shakspeare's life-time these "sugred sonnets," as Meres quaintly calls them, were in great esteem, and were for a long while far better known than many of the plays, which fell into comparative disrepute for some time before the author's death, and were not published in a collected form until several years after. Only eleven of the dramas were printed during the Poet's life. Shakspeare died (on his birth-day, April 23,) in 1616, and the edition I have alluded to was printed in 1623, and was the joint speculation of four booksellers; a circumstance from which Malone infers, that no single publisher was at the time willing to risk his money on an entire collection of the plays. A bookseller of the name of Jaggard did not hesitate to publish on his own account, in 1599, the sonnets which appear under the title of "The Passionate Pilgrim," even in defiance of the author, or at all events without consulting his wishes. The collection was so inaccurate and made with so little care, that Marlowe's madrigal, "Come live with me," &c., was included in it as the production of Shakspeare. The unpopularity of Shakspeare's dramatic works, during even the greater part of the seventeenth century, is another illustration, to be added to a thousand others, of the capriciousness of the public taste. In one hundred years were published only four editions of his plays, and now perhaps, next to the Bible, the exclusive copyright of these works would be more valuable than that of any other publication that has yet appeared.

When we reflect upon the manner in which the plays have been subjected to the fickleness of the public mind, we ought perhaps to be less surprised at the fate of the sonnets. There are also certain considerations connected with the latter, which may render their present unpopularity a mystery of more easy solution.

In the first place, we must recollect the equivocal nature of their subject; and secondly, the unpopular character of the sonnet as a peculiar form of verse.

* From "Literary Leaves." By D. L. Richardson, Esq. of Calcutta.

† "An almost impenetrable darkness rests on the question, and no effort has hitherto, in the smallest degree, tended to disperse the gloom."—*Drake*.

Another cause of their neglect may be discovered in the enmity of Steevens, whose arrogant and tasteless criticisms have had a strange influence over succeeding commentators.

In most of the critical and biographical notices of Shakspeare, a contemptuous silence is observed on the subject of the sonnets; and indeed the mass of readers, at the present day, are not even aware that Shakspeare is the author of a volume of *Miscellaneous Poems*. Wordsworth, in one of his prefaces to his own poems (published in 1815), announces it as an interesting fact, that such a work is extant, and that it is every way worthy of the illustrious Shakspeare. Dr. Drake, however, is the only writer who has taken up the subject with the enthusiasm that every thing connected with that glorious name is so well calculated to awaken. His indefatigable industry, and the genuine love of literature, which he on all occasions exhibits, excite the respect and sympathy of every generous mind. He has contributed more than any other critic with whom I am acquainted to revive these unjustly neglected poems.

A regret has often been expressed that we have little beyond a collection of barren dates in what is called the life of Shakspeare. Now, I conceive, and in this opinion I do not stand alone, that if any new light is to be thrown on Shakspeare's life and character, it must result from a careful and profound study of these sonnets. Frederick Schlegel has observed, that it is in these pieces that we are first introduced to a personal knowledge of the great poet and his feelings. "When he wrote sonnets," he observes, "it seems as if he had considered himself as more of a poet than when he wrote plays; he was the manager of a theatre, and he viewed the drama as his business; on it he exerted all his intellect and power; but when he had feelings intense and secret to express, he had recourse to a form of writing with which his habits had rendered him familiar. It is strange but delightful to scrutinize, in these short effusions, the character of Shakspeare. For the right understanding of even his dramatic works, these lyrics are of the greatest importance; they show us that in his dramas he very seldom speaks according to his own thoughts or feelings, but according to his knowledge." This is also the opinion of his celebrated brother Augustus William Schlegel, and I take up a strong position when I shelter myself under such authorities.* Mr. Thomas Campbell, however, has expressed his surprise that the last-mentioned critic, "one of the most brilliant and acute spirits of the age," should have made this "erroneous over-estimate of the light derivable from these poems respecting the poet's history." He contends that the facts attested by the sonnets "can be held in a nut-shell;" that they do not unequivocally paint the actual

* It betrayed an extraordinary deficiency of critical acumen in the commentators on Shakspeare, that none of them, as far as we know, have ever thought of availing themselves of his sonnets for tracing the circumstances of his life. These sonnets paint most unequivocally the actual situation and sentiments of the poet; they enable us to become acquainted with the passions of the man; they even contain the most remarkable confessions of his youthful errors."—*Lectures on Dramatic Literature, by Augustus William Schlegel*. The remarks of Frederick Schlegel, I extract from his *Lectures on the History of Literature, Ancient and Modern*."

situation of the poet, nor make us acquainted with his passions ; nor contain any confession of the most remarkable errors of his youthful years. He does not deny that some slight hints of a personal nature may be gathered from a careful perusal, but he considers these to be grossly exaggerated by the German critic.

Malone and Dr. Drake are of opinion that the sonnets of Daniel were the prototype of Shakspeare's, and though their observations on this subject are not without weight, I am inclined to think that Shakspeare had studied all the sonnet compositions of his predecessors without constructing his own after any particular standard. Daniel's system is not peculiar to himself ; there were other writers, both before and after him, who adopted the same form. As to his turn of expression, though in some respects similar to Shakspeare's, it is not more so than that of his other contemporaries. It was the diction and idiom of the age. Shakspeare not being an Italian scholar, and not therefore acquainted with the strict models, chose the system that was most popular at the time, and which was certainly the most easy to construct, and perhaps the most agreeable to his own ear. That the form of three elegiac quatrains, concluding with a couplet, is infinitely less difficult than the Petrarchan sonnet, and is capable of being rendered highly musical and agreeable in skilful hands, no critic would be willing to dispute, but it is not entitled to the name of sonnet. In the legitimate sonnet, the first eight lines should have but two rhymes, and the concluding six lines should have either two or three rhymes arranged alternately. Shakspeare's fourteen-line effusions are very exquisite little poems, but they are not sonnets, and I only call them such to distinguish them from his longer pieces, and because they are generally recognized by that title.

I shall not enter into any elaborate explanation of my reasons for refusing to these poems the character of sonnets, but shall content myself with observing, that their defective arrangement of rhymes, and their want of that unity and point which are deemed essential to the true sonnet, are strong objections to their claims to that denomination. Some writers have a ridiculous habit of calling every short poem a sonnet, without reference to its precise number of lines or its general construction. They might just as well call a didactic poem an ode ; a blank-verse poem a song ; or an elegy an epigram. It is uncritical and injudicious to confound the different orders of verse by inappropriate titles.

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But it is time to draw the reader's especial attention to the sonnets (for such I must call them) of Shakspeare. If I regret their defects as *sonnets*, the truly Shaksperian beauties with which they are so profusely sprinkled make me delight in them as *poems*, without any reference to their peculiar class or construction. I shall commence with pointing out what I conceive to be specimens of their poetical merit, and shall afterwards proceed to offer some observations upon the difficult question of *to whom are they addressed?* which seems to have turned the heads of some of the poet's commentators.

Mr. Steevens has asserted that "*the sonnets are composed in the highest strain of affectation, pedantry, circumlocution, and nonsense.*"

Now I shall endeavour to make the reader acquainted with the real nature of the poetry thus spoken of, and then leave him to his indignation and astonishment at such critical blasphemy in one who set himself up as a commentator on Shakspeare and a pretender to taste. Leigh Hunt has well described Steevens as "an acute observer up to a certain point, but who could write like an idiot when he got beyond it." As the merit of these little poems does not consist in unity, point, and finish, but in the freshness, force, beauty, and abundance of the thoughts and images, I shall not confine my extracts to entire sonnets, but give such detached lines and short passages as seem most remarkable, and may be most easily separated from the context. I commence, however, with a complete poem, in which the writer persuades his friend to marry.

"When forty winters shall besiege thy brow,
And dig deep trenches in thy beauty's field,
Thy youth's proud livery, so gazed on now,
Will be a tattered weed of small worth held.
Then being asked where all thy beauty lies,
Where all the treasures of thy lusty days;
To say within thine own deep sunken eyes,
Were an all-eating shame and thriftless praise.
How much more praise deserved thy beauty's use,
If thou couldst answer—"This fair child of mine
Shall sum my count, and make my old excuse—"—
Proving his beauty by succession thine.
This were to be new-made when thou art old,
And see thy blood warm when thou feel'st it cold."

The following lines, in which the same subject is continued, contain one of those vivid images that are flashed from the fancy of the genuine poet only :—

"Thou art thy mother's glass, and she in thee
Calls back the lovely April of her prime;
So thou through windows of thine age shalt see,
Despite of wrinkles, this thy golden time."

The ensuing extract has much beauty :—

"Those hours, that with gentle work did frame
The lovely face where every eye doth dwell,
Will play the tyrant to the very same,
And that unfair which fairly doth excel;
For never-resting Time leads summer on
To hideous winter."

Where in any modern poem may we look for such a description of sun-rise as the following? There is a freshness of imagery, a masculine simplicity and strength of diction, and a noble freedom of versification, in this passage, that could hardly be over-praised.

"Lo, in the orient when the gracious light
Lifts up his burning head, each under eye
Doth homage to his new-appearing sight,
Serving with looks his sacred majesty;

And having climbed the steep-up heavenly hill,
 Resembling strong youth in his middle age,
 Yet mortal looks adore his beauty still
 Attending on his golden pilgrimage."

Scarcely less beautiful are the following lines :—

"When I do count the clock that tells the time,
 And see the brave day sunk in hideous night;
 When I behold the violet past prime,
 And sable curls all silvered o'er with white;
 When lofty trees I see barren of leaves
 Which erst from heat did canopy the herd,
 And summer's green all girded up in sheaves,
 Borne on the bier, with white and bristly beard;
 Then of thy beauty do I question make—
 That thou among the wastes of time must go!"

There is a mellowness of sentiment and a tenderness of feeling in the following sonnet, written in the decline of the poet's life, that would touch the coldest reader.

"That time of year thou may'st in me behold
 When yellow leaves, or none, or few do hang,
 Upon those boughs, that shake against the cold
 Bare ruined choirs, where late the sweet birds sang.
 In me thou seest the twilight of such day
 As after sunset fadeth in the west,
 Which by and by black night doth take away,
 Death's second self, that seals up all in rest.
 In me thou seest the glowing of such fire,
 That on the ashes of his youth doth lie,
 As the death-bed whereon it doth expire,
 Consumed with that which it was nourished by.
 This thou perceiv'st, which makes thy love more strong,
 To love that well which thou must leave ere long."

There is much grace and ingenuity in the following apology for his long silence. The line in *Italics* is truly exquisite.

"My love is strengthened, though more weak in seeming,
 I love not less, though less the show appear:
 That love is merchandized, whose rich esteeming
 The owner's tongue doth publish every where.
 Our love was new, and then but in its spring,
 When I was wont to greet it with my lays;
 As Philomel in summer's front doth sing,
 And stops his pipe in growth of riper days.
 Not that the summer is less pleasant now
Than when her mournful hymns did hush the night,
 But that wild music burdens every bough,
 And sweets grown common lose their dear delight.
 Therefore, like her, I sometimes hold my tongue,
 Because I would not dull you with my song."

The imagery and the harmony of the first two lines of the sonnet to Time are perfect.

TO TIME.

"Oh! carve not with thine hours my love's fair brow,
Nor draw no lines there with thine antique pen."

The pathos and melody of the ensuing sonnet will be immediately acknowledged by every reader of taste and sensibility.

"No longer mourn for me when I am dead,
Then you shall hear the sullen surly bell
Give warning to the world that I am fled
From this vile world, with vilest worms to dwell;
Nay, if you read this line, remember not
The hand that writ it; for I love you so,
That I in your sweet thoughts would be forgot,
If thinking on me then should make you woe.
O if (I say) you look upon this verse,
When I perhaps compounded am with clay,
Do not so much as my poor name rehearse;
But let your love e'en with my life decay:
Lest the wise world should look into your moan,
And mock you with me after I am gone."

The next brief extract, in which the poet expresses his willingness to bear all the blame of his forced separation from his friend, is equally touching. There is great force in the line in *Italics*.

"Knowing thy will,
I will acquaintance strangle, and look strange;
Be absent from thy walks; and on my tongue
Thy sweet beloved name no more shall dwell,
Lest I (too much profane) should do it wrong,
And haply of our old acquaintance tell."

The freshness and beauty of vernal breezes and blue skies must be felt by the reader of the following.

"From you have I been absent in the spring,
When proud-pied April, dressed in all his trim,
Hath put a spirit of youth in every thing
That heavy Saturn laughed and leaped with him.
Yet nor the lays of bird, nor the sweet smell
Of different flowers in odour and in hue,
Could make me any summer's story tell,
Or from their proud lap pluck them where they grew:
Nor did I wonder at the lilies white,
Nor praise the deep vermilion in the rose:
They were but sweet, sweet figures of delight,
Drawn after you, you pattern of all those;
Yet seemed it winter still, and, you away,
As with your shadow I with these did play."

The following is a fine burst of poetry, and is characterized by that easy force of style, and exuberance of fancy, and that almost miraculous felicity of diction, which seem peculiar to this mighty genius. His descriptions of morning come upon us like the dawn itself.

"Full many a glorious morning have I seen
Flatter the mountain tops with sovereign eye,

Kissing with golden face the meadows green,
Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchemy."

Those persons to whom I may have the good fortune to introduce Shakspeare as a sonnet-writer, will feel no little surprise at the extreme elegance and accuracy of his verse. There is an occasional smartness, terseness, and antithesis in many of his poems, that people are apt to consider peculiar to the moderns. There is a balanced harmony, a point and opposition, in the following couplets, that have not been excelled by Pope or Darwin. And yet they were written *upwards of two centuries ago!*

"The worth of that, is that which it contains,
And that is this, and this with thee remains.
I am to wait, though waiting so, be hell;
Not blame your pleasure, be it ill or well.
For sweetest things turn sourest by their deeds;
Lilies that fester, smell far worse than weeds.
For we, that now behold the present days,
Have eyes to wonder, but lack tongues to praise.
But thence I learn, and find the lesson true,
Drugs poison him, that so feel sick of you.
Him have I lost; thou hast both him and me;
He plays the whole, and yet I am not free.
For I have sworn thee fair; more perjured I,
To swear, against the truth, so foul a lie.
Come there for cure, and this by that I prove
Love's fire heats water, water cools not love.
Blessed are you, whose worthiness gives scope,
Being had, to triumph,—being lacked, to hope."

The following lines contain a touching allusion to his profession as an actor, an acknowledgment of his follies, which he no doubt rightly attributes to the influence of his unfortunate circumstances, and an avowal of profound repentance. Pope has observed that "Shakspeare was obliged to please the lowest of the people, and to keep the worst of company." Chalmers replies to this, that we have only Pope's conjecture on the subject. Now, if the former commentator had only judged for himself, and had not turned from Shakspeare's poems with disdain, because they were not good enough for Mr. Steevens, he might have met with the ensuing passage, which would have convinced him that Pope was correct in his assertion.

"O, for my sake do you with fortune chide,
The guilty goddess for my harmful deeds,
That did not better for my life provide,
Than *public means*, which *public manners* breeds,
Thence comes it that my name receives a brand,
And almost thence my nature is subdued
To what it *works* in, like the *dyer's hand*."

It has been erroneously asserted by many writers on Shakspeare, that he was not conscious of his mighty faculties and had no anticipa-

tion of his future fame. There are numerous passages that are characterized by a glorious egotism and self-confidence. The following lines bear unanswerably on the point.

"Nor shall Death brag thou wanderest in his shade,
When in eternal lines to time thou growest,
So long as men can breathe, or eyes can see,
So long lives this, and this gives life to thee."

And let me add one more example.

"*Not marble nor the gilded monuments*
Of princes shall outlive this powerful rhyme."

Some of the sonnets, however, that appear to have been written in his youth, and before he had gained his reputation, are as full of graceful humility and a reverential regard for others, as his later productions are of a just and noble confidence in his own pretensions.

"If thou survive my well-contented day,
When that churl Death my bones with dust shall cover,
And shalt by fortune once more re-survey
These poor rude lines of thy deceased lover;
Compare them with the bettering of the time,
And though they be *outripp'd by every pen,*
Reserve them for my love, not for their rhyme,
Exceeded by the height of happier men."

"O! how I faint when I of you do write,
Knowing a better spirit doth use your name."

This "better spirit" is supposed by some to be Spenser, but though Spenser is also alluded to by name in the "Passionate Pilgrim," and with great praise, "the better spirit" is thought by other critics, and with some reason, to be Daniel, who had then a high reputation.

Leigh Hunt thinks that we may gather from the sonnets that Shakspeare was lame.* I suppose he alludes to the following passage, but it is perhaps doubtful whether it should be interpreted literally or not.

"As a decrepit father takes delight
To see his active child do deeds of youth,
So I, made lame by fortune's dearest spite,
Take all my comfort of thy worth and truth;
For whether beauty, birth, or wealth, or wit,
Or any of these all, or all, or more,
Entitled in my parts do crowned sit,
I make my love engrafted to thy store:
So then I am not lame, poor, nor despised."

There is a line in another sonnet of a similar description to the one above marked in Italics.

"Say that thou didst forsake me for some fault,
And I will comment upon that offence:
Speak of my lameness, and I straight will halt,
Against thy reasons making no defence."

* It is strange how many poets have been lame—Tyrtæus—Shakspeare—Akraside—Darwin—Anna Seward—Scott—Byron—Pringle, &c. &c.

The fortieth sonnet shows that he was accustomed to travel on horseback, and that when vexed by his steed's dulness, notwithstanding his own sweetness and gentleness of nature, he could not help "provoking him on" with "the bloody spur,"

"That sometimes anger thrust into his hide."

He adds, however, that the groan of the poor animal was

"More sharp to me than spurring to his side."

These sonnets also prove that he was a warm friend and a passionate lover. Indeed, considering that he was a married man, and a father, it must be confessed that his extravagant love for a notoriously low and licentious woman (Campbell calls her a *married* woman, though I recollect no passage in the sonnets that exactly justifies him in so describing her) certainly throws a shade upon his moral character. His thinking it necessary to publish and immortalize the matter makes it a thousand times worse.

Shakspeare married at eighteen. His wife was eight years older. It is supposed that she did not contribute to his domestic happiness. One of his biographers imagines that he was *jealous*; but this is scarcely probable, I think, considering that he did not take her with him to London, but lived at a distance from her for many years. It is certain that he neglected her in his will, in which her name was at first wholly omitted, and subsequently inserted with the bequest of only "*his second-best bed*." That he was unfaithful to her, is, I fear, pretty clearly proved by some of these "Confessional Sonnets," which seem to correspond in their character with a scandalous anecdote lately discovered by Mr. Payne Collier. Burbidge the actor, while playing Richard the Third, struck the fancy of a fair citizen, who appointed him to call upon her under the name of Richard the Third. Shakspeare overheard the assignation, and forestalled poor Burbidge. When the latter arrived and sent in his name, Shakspeare sent word back that *William the Conqueror* was before Richard the Third.

SONNET.

To a Young Lady.

If charms can make this world a scene of bliss,
 Defy affliction's scourges, laugh at care,
 And never yield to sorrow nor despair,—
 Then surely thou, sweet maid, art blest in this:
 For seldom yet did western climates cull
 Than thee a flower more bright, more beautiful!
 The heavenly lustre of thy radiant eyes,
 Sparkling like fiery ripples round the prow
 When the tall vessel Asia's waters plough,
 Could win an angel from the empyreal skies,
 And make him languish ever at thy nod,
 As Christians say he stands before his God.—
 Oh! if they'd bow, who own a heavenly birth,
 How must thou triumph o'er the sons of earth!

THE BARONESS.—A NOVEL.

BY PARISIANUS.

CHAPTER I.

THE CALAIS MAIL.

IT was in the middle of August, 1822, that the epoch of our tale commences. The clock of the General Post Office in Paris had struck the hour of five in the afternoon, and the passengers, who had secured places in the various mails for their different destinations, began to arrive. Hackney coaches, cabriolets, private carriages, and gigs, thronged opposite the gate of the extensive building, and encumbered the narrow street which has been dignified with the illustrious name of *Jean Jacques Rousseau*. The porters and numerous dependants on all public institutions were most assiduous in aiding, or rather embarrassing, the individuals who issued from their respective vehicles, with importunate assistance: and the often repeated cries of "Which mail does *Monsieur* go by—Brest—Havre—Strasbourg—Calais—Lyon—Mezieres?" &c., were strongly mingled with the oaths of postilions, the shouts of hostlers, the authoritative commands of the government *courriers* or guards, and the harsh voices of the sentries patrolling in front of the portals of the post-office.

The mails were drawn up in a long line across the wide court which is known as the Cour d'Horloge; and many an anxious eye was turned towards the large clock that stands upon the building at the extremity of the yard. It was Sunday afternoon, and the moment of departure on the Sabbath is fixed at half-past five instead of six, which is the ordinary hour during the week. The horses were already harnessed to the massive vehicles, the postilions *stepped into* their ponderous boots, and the passengers were requested to take their seats.

A variety of questions and petulant replies now ensued.

"Is my baggage safely stowed away, porter?" enquired a fat English gentleman in bad French.

"Certainly, my lord," was the reply; "do you think the people who attend upon the Lyons mail are robbers?"

"And my umbrella!" screamed an old lady, as she endeavoured to ascend the steps of the Orleans coach without assistance.

"Right as the flask of cognac I stowed away for you, madam, in the left hand pocket," returned an insolent fellow in a smock-frock.

"Which is the Caen mail?" demanded an Italian refugee, taking the remnant of a cigar from his mouth, and throwing it upon the list shoe of a gouty Scotchman who was employed in paying the porter for having taken care of his trunk, which contained two shirts and a pocket handkerchief.

"Cannot you use your eyes and read the names on the panels?"

"How ignorant some people are!" said a little English boy of

thirteen to his mother.—“Thank God! I have received a good education, and should know where to look for C, A, E, N,” added the urchin, as he spelt the word with a triumphant glance towards his parent.

“Send for a *gendarme* to take up that gentleman in the handsome coat and new hat, who is fumbling in this old lady’s pockets,” roared a postilion, as he pointed to an individual literally clothed in rags.

“The governor ought to complain to *monseigneur*, the minister of the interior,” observed another beggar, scarcely better clad than the one to whom his allusion was directed.

At length the bustle ceased, the busy hum of voices dwindled into comparative silence, and the passengers were quietly ensconced in their respective places. The postilions were seated like statues upon their horses, waiting the signal for departure, and fixing their impatient glances upon the clock at the bottom of the court. No sooner had the first stroke of the chimes announced the half-hour, than the mail which stood first in the rank, and which as long as we can remember has always been that of Mezieres, started from its station, and dashed out of the gates with the speed of lightning. The others followed with the same rapidity, and in five minutes not even the noise of their wheels met the ears of the loiterers in the *Cour d’Horloge* or the *Rue Jean Jacques Rousseau*.

The Calais mail was the fifth that issued from the post-office. The postilions cracked their whips as the four strong Normandy horses that were harnessed to the vehicle launched forth at full speed, and the equipage threaded the narrow streets with an astonishing velocity, despite of the crowds of carriages, coaches, waggon, carts, and cabriolets, which often threatened to bar its progress. At ten minutes past six the horses were changed at St. Denis, a distance of six miles from the post-office of Paris.

But the reader must not imagine that the remainder of the long journey of seventy leagues was to be performed at the same rapid rate. The first stage is called a Royal Post, and the postilions deem it their duty to accomplish it in as short a time as possible. When once St. Denis is passed, the mail relapses into the sober pace of about eight miles an hour.

The mail is separated into two divisions. The front department is occupied by the guard or *courier* and one passenger; and the body of the coach, or the *interior*, contained in 1822 three persons; this number is now reduced to two.

On the present occasion the interior was occupied by three gentlemen, who observed for a long time a reserve and taciturnity with regard to each other that showed the pre-occupation of their minds. One was an old man of seventy. His few thin locks were as white as snow—his forehead was covered with a thousand wrinkles—his mouth was drawn in—his cheeks sunken—his small dark eyes hollow and death-like. Still the ravaging hand of time had not robbed his countenance of a certain stern expression, nor his aspect of a noble and aristocratic air, that denoted the individual once habituated to command and to be obeyed. He was dressed in deep black—his clothes were cut in a peculiarly old fashion long ago exploded—and the ponderous cloak, with which he was more encumbered than ren-

dered comfortable, was lined with costly sables. A massive gold chain hung from his watch-pocket, and he occasionally regaled himself with a pinch of snuff from a box made of the same metal. But his hand was trembling, and his head shook with the feebleness of overburthening years. Still his countenance betokened that the energies of his mind had not failed in sympathy with those of his frame, the physical force of that old man did not involve the moral powers in their decay, nor did his memory cease to recal in glowing colours the deeds of his youthful day. The actions of his past years seemed to him but as the events of a few by-gone summers at a little distance.

This venerable personage had taken his place in the mail under the name of the Chevalier d'Altamont; a title, the cross of St. Louis, which he wore at his button-hole, seemed to corroborate.

The individual who occupied the second place in the Calais mail was a man who had probably seen fifty summers. His cheeks were florid, his hair still dark, his teeth well preserved, and his large black eye seemed capable of piercing to the very soul, and of scanning the secret thoughts of the most wary and the most skilful in concealing their intentions beneath a mask of hypocrisy. A certain satirical smile played around his lip and gave to his countenance an air of conscious importance and sovereign contempt for his inferiors, which failed to impress a new acquaintance or a stranger in his favour. He was dressed in the extreme of fashion, his clothes were evidently fabricated by the first Parisian tailors, and his eye occasionally glanced with a look of complaisance and satisfaction on the red riband of the legion of honour which he wore.

His name was entered upon the courier's way-bill as M. de Meiroi, Notary Public of the Rue Vivienne, Paris.

The third seat of the interior was filled by a gentleman of about thirty. His features were regular and striking, the facial line was aquiline, the eye dark and fiery, the hair black and slightly curled. But his countenance bore evident marks of the inroads that dissipation and irregularity of life had made upon his constitution. His clothes were somewhat shabby, he possessed no cloak nor great-coat to envelope himself withal, and every now and then he pulled down his sleeves to conceal the holes that appeared in his dirty kid gloves. His double-breasted waistcoat was carefully buttoned up to the throat, and did not permit the smallest particle of linen to show itself about his person. His manners were free and easy, his impudence in addressing the most perfect stranger was unparalleled, and his good opinion of himself was only equalled by the bad one that others entertained of him.

This individual; whose name was Sans-gêne—and a very appropriate name it will eventually prove to be—had booked himself for Boulogne-sur-Mer, whither he was going to receive a considerable property left him by his father, who had just died in that town through a surfeit and consequent apoplexy occasioned by the deceased gentleman's unconquerable predilection for fried eels.

It was not till the mail had arrived as far as Chantilly that either of these three passengers ventured to break the silence they had so

rigidly maintained. At length M. de Moirot was wearied of that selfish taciturnity, and resolved to interrupt it. He turned for a moment towards the window on his side, looked in the direction in which the palace was situated, and pointing it out to his aged companion said, "The king is at this moment in yonder dwelling."

"I know it," returned the chevalier, "and let us thank a bountiful Providence for having restored an ancient dynasty to its rights, and established the former glories of France on a firmer basis than ever!"

"You were then no friend to the emperor?" observed the notary.

"An honest man is never a friend to tyrants," was the laconic answer.

"Quite right, old fellow," said Sans-gène, accompanying his approval with a familiar slap on the chevalier's knee.

"And yet, *messieurs*," persisted M. de Moirot, with a peculiar suavity of voice and manner, "and yet Napoleon has done more for France than ever was performed by the Bourbon family."

"He rendered her the most miserable country in the world—he covered her plains with slaughtered heroes."

"*Sacrebleu*!" cried Sans-gène, totally unawed by the indignant glances of d'Altamont, "the old fellow does not preach badly."

"Still the fame of Napoleon's victories is undying on the page of history," said de Moirot, casting a look of contempt at Sans-gène, who ran his fingers through his hair with the most ineffable *nonchalance*.

"Glory is an empty bubble, and peace conduces to the welfare of illustrious men. But let us change the conversation," continued M. d'Altamont; "and, in order to vary the topic, ere we dispute, allow me to ask whether you propose going as far as Calais?"

"Ah! that's it," cried Sans-gène, helping himself to a copious pinch of the chevalier's snuff. "Good dust this, old boy—bought at the *Ciret*, of course—eh?"

"I intend to stop at Amiens," said de Moirot.

"And I also," observed the chevalier.

"Tis a disagreeable hour to arrive at an hotel—three o'clock in the morning," observed Sans-gène; "deuced tired, and obliged to shift for one's-self. No gentleman can stand it, *ou le diable m'emporte*."

"Had not pressing business compelled me to visit the neighbourhood of Amiens," began M. de Moirot, without noticing Sans-gène's observations, "I should not—"

"Ah! it is not in the town, then," exclaimed the old man quickly, "that the mail will put you down?"

"*Mon pardon*—I must endeavour to snatch a few hours of repose at Amiens, and then a hired carriage will speedily convey me to the chateau."

"A chateau near Amiens, in Picardy!" said the chevalier hastily.

"I am about to visit the Baroness of Grandmanoir," observed the notary.

"Devilish high connexion that," exclaimed Sans-gène.

"Within a mile of Amiens," continued de Moirot, "the two very

first objects that meet the eye are the tall spire of the cathedral, and the distant turrets of the ancient chateau."

"I have remarked them in former times," said the old man.

"The manor-house is surrounded by groves of lofty trees; but the turreted walls peep over that verdant enclosure. There is not a finer estate in all Picardy than that of Grandmanoir. Perhaps you have seen it yourself?"

"If my memory do not fail me," returned the chevalier slowly, "I think I have once or twice been an inmate of the noble mansion. But for many years I have not visited this part of the country. Of course the baroness is still alive?"

"And in good health," said de Moiroi. "The excellent lady! she has seen many a change of season, many a political vicissitude! At this moment she cannot be less than sixty-five or sixty-six years of age. I have had the honour of transacting business for her during a quarter of a century, and my father—"

At this moment the wheels of the mail rattled on the pavement of the town of Clermont, and the conversation was dropped by the passengers in the interior. The chevalier d'Altamont did not exhibit any wish to renew it, Sans-gêne was fast asleep, and de Moiroi became thoughtful. The night was dark, but not a breath of wind disturbed the tranquil leaf: the soft breeze of the morning had entirely subsided to a dead calm. The noise of the horses' hoofs, and the cracking of the postillion's whip, now alone interrupted the solemn silence, and the heavy vehicle rolled onward at an even and unwearied pace. Occasionally it made way to allow a diligence or a waggon to pass by, and then with the right wheels in the dusty road, and the left on the pavement, its deviation from the perpendicular appeared to threaten an overthrow. But in a moment it regained the middle of the wide route, and relaxed not an iota of its steady pace.

The clock of the town-hall had struck half-past three in the morning, when the mail entered Amiens at full gallop. The postilion urged on his four obedient horses with whip and spur, and the *courier* blew a loud blast upon his bugle to give due warning to the clerk at the post-office. In a minute the coach stopped at the door, and a hostler, who was employed in changing the horses, volunteered his services to convey the baggage of the two gentlemen, whose journey was completed, to the inn where they chose to put up.

The morning was cold and gloomy. A mizzling rain descended like a fog, and beat in the faces of the shivering travellers. In vain the chevalier drew his cloak more closely around him, he could not repel the frigid sensation that numbed him. M. de Moiroi's teeth chattered as he walked up and down immediately opposite the post-office, while Sans-gêne thrust his hands into the great-coat pocket of the *courier* to warm them. But the horses were soon harnessed to the mail—Sans-gêne resumed his seat in the interior, the postilion mounted into his saddle, and the equipage again set forth upon its journey, carrying with it an individual who will soon become no unimportant nor unamusing character in the progress of

this tale. The reader may readily guess that we allude to *Sangène*.

The hostler was now ready to perform his promise; and the two travellers followed him to the *Hotel de France*. By dint of ringing at the gate, the porter was at length induced to obey the summons, and admit the chevalier and the notary within the precincts of the hotel. A chamber-maid was obliged to leave her warm couch, and prepare beds for the early visitors, which she did with an internal dissatisfaction that her countenance dared not betray.

"You will call me at eight o'clock," said M. de Moiroi to the girl. "And you will suffer me to sleep as long as I choose," observed the chevalier.

A reply in the affirmative was given to each of these injunctions, and every one retired to his respective chamber.

CHAPTER II.

The Breakfast Table.

About four miles from Amiens, in the most fertile part of Picardy, stood the vast dwelling of the Baroness of Grandmanoir. The old house, which had existed for ages, displayed a variety of species of architecture. On one side were Gothic towers, with frowning parapets, and long windows arched at the top; on the other were colonnades supported by massive pillars in the Corinthian fashion. The Doric and Ionic were not less visible amongst that motley pile of buildings, which on the whole was vested with a certain air of sombre magnificence and gloomy grandeur that inspired awe and veneration rather than any other more pleasurable feelings.

The chateau consisted of a large edifice, three stories high, with antique gables and massive chimneys that seemed incapable of resisting the violence of a storm. But there they had stood for three centuries, and the lapse of years had scarcely proved more ravaging than the efforts of the gale. The old chateau—it appeared to belong not to time, but to eternity! On each side of the main building, retreating some paces from a level with the front of it, and connected to it by the above-mentioned Corinthian colonnades, projected the two wings in rigid uniformity with each other. At the extremity of the wings were the Gothic towers, and in their immediate neighbourhood an ignorant architect from Amiens had lately built a variety of out-houses in numerous modern forms and fashions. But on the central edifice was the grand Gothic tower. Figures representing ancient warriors occupied niches between every high-arched window of the whole fabric; the wood-work of the gables was fantastically carved; the very belfry, in which hung the sonorous instrument that periodically called the inmates to the dining-halls, partook of that venerable antiquity. At equal distances along the roof of the building were placed tall rods of iron as conductors to the lightning. On one of these rods floated the banner of France—the insignia of the re-establishment of the Bourbon dynasty.

The principal entrance, which was situated in the centre of the

main building, was approached by a flight of five or six steps, beneath a portico supported by two pillars. This was also an improvement of the last century. The gate itself was composed of folding-doors, well studded with large nails, and as well secured inside by bolts and bars. They were only opened on grand occasions; a small wicket served as a means of egress and ingress for ordinary purposes.

The inside of the venerable manor-house was as varied and diversified in its arrangements as the exterior. Some of the apartments were furnished in the fashion that was prevalent during the glorious sway of Louis the Fourteenth; and others were occupied by chairs, tables, and carpets, manufactured in the reign of the good King Louis the Sixteenth, or during the times of the Republic. The causes of this extraordinary variety may probably be accounted for hereafter.

The gardens and surrounding parks were laid out and arranged in the most tasteful manner. Cascades, Chinese bridges, fountains, arbours of twining jasmine, labyrinths of clematis and grape-vines, fish-ponds teeming with carp and tench, bowers of roses, rich fruit-trees, gaudy flowers, hot-houses, and summer-houses, were seen in all directions. Never was there a more enchanting spot. The gardens were enclosed by high railings kept in excellent order, and beyond them were the parks in which the sportive deer fed tranquilly and unmolested.

The baroness herself was an old lady who had entered her sixty-sixth year when the epoch of this tale commenced. Forty-eight summers had scattered flowers over her extensive domains, and forty-eight winters had cast their snows upon the old castle, since she was first led a blooming bride to those ancient halls. The lord of Grandmanoir had encountered her in the gay saloons of the Faubourg St. Germain, in Paris, and selected her from the fair daughters of the noblesse of France as the partner of his fortunes. The baroness was wooed and won; her parents, who were not wealthy, although of an ancient family,—being descended from the venerable constable Montmorenci, who fought and died at St. Quintin in 1557,—were too much delighted at the proposal of the illustrious baron to raise the slightest scruple; and the wedding was celebrated with all the pomp and splendour that individuals of their rank might have been expected to display. With an immense fortune, a magnificent estate, a handsome person, and engaging manners, the baron of Grandmanoir was well suited to render his spouse the happiest of women. They dwelt at the chateau near Amiens in the summer, and in the winter they sought the pleasures so abundantly found in the sovereign city of the world. Their union was blessed by the birth of a son in the year 1775; and soon after this event, to the astonishment of their friends and relations, the baron and baroness of Grandmanoir sold their princely hotel in the Faubourg St. Germain, dismissed their servants, disposed of their furniture, and departed on a tour to Italy.

M. de Moiro, a notary in the Rue Vivienne, was nominated their agent to superintend their pecuniary affairs in Paris, to visit the

chateau at Amiens from time to time, and to transact all business that the baron might have with the French metropolis. For some time the chateau was shut up, as the return of the proprietors was expected to take place in the course of a year or two. But they did not make their appearance; and M. de Moirot at length advertised the ancient manor-house to be let. A rich banker, with modern ideas and with notions of comfort rather than of conservation of Gothic grandeur, hired the chateau; and being empowered by the conditions of the lease to make any reasonable alterations or additions he chose, he caused the Corinthian colonnades to be erected, to enable himself and his family to proceed from the main buildings to the wings without being exposed to the inclemency of the winter or the scorching heat of summer. He moreover pulled down the old out-houses, and erected others in the modern style we have before deprecated.

It was not till the year 1790 that the banker's lease was concluded. The baroness Grandmanoir then returned to France, accompanied by her son, but unattended by her lord. They were dressed in deep mourning—the one for a husband, the other for a father. M. de Moirot attended them to their ancestral halls, and gave up the keys to the widow. But she did not long inhabit the spacious manor-house in peace. The revolution broke out, and she was obliged to leave her native land. This time she sought the hospitable shores of England, where she remained until the re-establishment of the Bourbons allowed her to return to France and take undisputed possession of her property. Her son had married the daughter of a French emigrant who had also been obliged to take refuge in England; and two daughters were the fruit of that union. The little girls were named Eugenie and Clemence; and both gave promise of being one day remarkable for an extraordinary degree of beauty. The anticipations of their parents were not disappointed; but they did not live to witness the fulfilment of their prophetic wishes. An epidemic malady carried them to the tomb; and at the respective ages of eleven and nine, when the baroness returned to France, the interesting orphans were dependent on their venerable grandmother alone, whose years had multiplied, whose brow was wrinkled with cares, and whose path through life had not been strewn with an unusual profusion of flowers. Alas! many thorns had embittered her existence!

When the baroness returned to France in 1815, M. de Moirot's son had succeeded to his father's business, and to the agency of the financial arrangements of Grandmanoir. He is the same individual whom we have already introduced to our readers, and whom we have seen travelling in the Calais mail from Paris to Amiens. His father, at his decease, had left him an immense fortune in addition to his *etude de notaire*; and there were not found wanting certain scandalous tongues who declared that the greater portion of this wealth was extracted from the productive lands of Grandmanoir. Be that as it may, the baroness did not dispute the accuracy of the notary's accounts, and M. de Moirot was an *occasional*—we know not whether a *welcome*—guest at the chateau.

It is, then, in the year 1822 that we have commenced our tale. The baroness was seated with her grand-daughters and two gentlemen at the breakfast table, and an unusual silence reigned on all sides. The old lady was oppressed in spirits, a nervous anxiety made her start at every step she heard in the corridor, or at every time the door of the oaken parlour was opened. Her countenance was paler than ordinarily, and ever and anon she cast glances of commiseration or sorrow on Eugenie and Clemence.

Eugenie was now eighteen years of age. She was tall and exquisitely formed; her dark eyes were replete with fire, they were the mirror of the purest of souls to reflect the chastest of thoughts. Her guileless bosom was unacquainted with the name of sin. She was one of those ravishing creatures that seem unfit to breathe the tainted air of this earth, and that are alone adapted to dwell in regions where care, vice, and infamy are not known. Her luxuriant hair fell in long ringlets over a neck of snow: her high-arched brow set off a forehead that spoke of virgin candour and innocence. Her complexion was somewhat inclined to the clear olive—a brunette, where the vermilion was scarcely distinguished, save on her lips, which were red and pouting. Her ivory teeth were small and even, her nose was perfectly straight, her eyes were shaded by long dark lashes, which seemed to indicate that Spanish blood rolled in her veins;—but it was not so. Nor were her passions like those of the ultra-Pyrenean maidens. Her heart was as incapable of a sentiment of revenge as her virgin pride was impossible to be beguiled by the seducer. The amiability and generosity of her disposition were as unquestionable as her beauty and accomplishments.

Clementine or Clemence was two years younger than her sister; and although her charms were in nothing inferior to those of Eugenie, they were entirely of a different stamp and cast of beauty. Her blue eyes beamed with mildness and bewitching softness, her flaxen hair was parted above a brow that might have shamed the whitest alabaster, and her delicate complexion was slightly tinged with the purple hue of health and youthful freshness. Her airy form was chiselled in most exquisite and enchanting proportions, her tread was elastic, her walk upright as the young tree, and her delicate foot scarcely seemed to touch the ground she trod upon. Her manners were full of playfulness and girlish sportiveness, while her sister's were somewhat quiet and reserved. Eugenie was a domesticated being—Clemence was like the winged butterfly of opening summer.

Between these two fascinating creatures was seated a young man of about six or seven and twenty years of age. He was of noble bearing, somewhat haughty in his manners, and very proud of his fortune and title. He had been left an orphan at an early age, and the care of aristocratic guardians increased his revenues to a considerable extent. His estate joined the vast lands of Grandmanoir, and, notwithstanding the haughtiness of his notions, he was well beloved by his tenantry and dependants. He was still single; and, being a constant visitor at the chateau of the baroness, it was generally supposed in the neighbourhood that Eugenie or Clemence would one

day become countess of Montville. As yet he had shown no marked preference for either; he was attached to them both, was enamoured of their beauty, was captivated by their amiability, accomplishments, and virtue; and although he secretly determined to fulfil the predictions of his acquaintances, he was still undecided which to choose.

With regard to Eugenie and Clementine themselves, each thought that the attentions of the count were paid chiefly to her sister; and of the two, perhaps, Clementine was the one who entertained for the aristocratic scion of the noble house the more deeply rooted germinations of affection.

The other gentleman, who occupied a seat at the breakfast table of the baroness of Grandmanoir, was the Abbé Prud'homme. Father Joseph, as he was familiarly called by the family, was a man of about five-and-thirty. He was amongst that class of individuals whose characters are delineated by their actions and not by their appearance or words. Like the generality of priests he was a hypocrite and a gourmand, full of jesuitical sayings, holy remonstrances, saintly allusions, and divine breathings. He had many bad and many good points about him. He was cunning, clever, artful, and designing; on the other hand, he was generous, charitable, and even profuse in his liberality. He had been installed in his present position in the family since the return of the baroness to France. In person Father Joseph was tall, spare, and thin; his eyes were dark and sunken, his complexion sallow, and his cheeks hollow. He was a man of few words, generally wrapt in deep meditation, and capable of concealing his sentiments and acutest feelings from the most penetrating and experienced. Such we believe is the character of Roman Catholic priests, a character formed by a mystified system of religion; but let not the reader suppose that we aim a blow at that religion through the medium of an attack upon its ministers. The flock may be sound and pure—the shepherd may be false and designing.

The count de Montville, the priest, and the two sisters, all noticed the down-cast air of the venerable baroness, and longed to question her as to the cause. But that lady had inculcated such sentiments of deference and respect into the minds of her grand-daughters, and inspired the same awe in the hearts of the others, that no one ventured to hint at the melancholy which oppressed her, nor uttered a word that might bear the slightest allusion to the subject. The baroness of Grandmanoir maintained a certain feudal authority in her own house; and any visitors, who from time to time partook of her hospitality, soon became accustomed to the stately manners of the ancient dame, and paid strict observance to those laws that regulated the rest of the family. No general ever possessed a greater command over his regiment—no monarch ever reigned more absolutely over his people than did the baroness in the ancestral halls of her departed husband. Still was her sway lenient and mild; no one felt the chains her authority had cast around her dependants,—all fancied they obeyed from motives of respect and deference.

The restraint already mentioned was peculiarly irksome to the two sisters. They loved and revered their grandmother, and were

naturally anxious concerning the cause of her melancholy demeanour. They knew that M. de Moirot was expected, but they could not connect his anticipated arrival with the springs of the baroness' sorrow. We must, however, leave them and our readers in a state of uncertainty for the present, and procrastinate any development of the mystery to the next chapter.

(To be continued in our next.)

THE LOVERS.

A LEGEND OF GUERNSEY.

ON Sarnia's* shores the gales are soft,
And all the maids are passing fair,
That wander in her gardens oft,
To meet their own true lovers there :—
But none was fairer in that isle
Than Elgitha, whose very smile
Might win an angel from his skies,
And heav'nly cherubim beguile
To leave their native paradise.
And Albert owns the maiden's love—
Oh ! he must be supremely blest ;
Less sweet the pleasures of above,
Less enviable to be possess'd
Of boundless wealth and countless store,
And Harems fill'd with women bright,
That scarce endure their master's sight,—
He craved not these, for she was more !

And they are wand'ring in the vale,
And she is list'ning to the tale
Young Albert's lips are breathing ;
Less sweet to her the loveliest rose
That in her own fair garden grows,
Less sweet the jasmine wreathing
Above the maiden's fav'rite bow'r,
Than Albert's syllables that hour.
They told of passion never ceasing,
And she the object of that love ;
Thou canst not wonder words so pleasing
Might waft her senses to above,
As saints have been in slumbers deep,—
But those the dreams that fled with sleep,
And this would never, never die ;
For while on earth 'twas her's to stay,
Still would this one celestial ray
Gild ever radiantly her day,
And light th' horizon of her sky !

Now the shades of night had begun to fall,
As they reach'd at length her father's hall ;

* The ancient name of Guernsey.

And they linger'd a moment in the grove
 To utter their parting sounds of love,
 And to witness the Moon in her virgin splendour,
 As they breath'd their adieus and farewells tender.
 At length they part, and the green-wood shade
 Has veil'd from her lover's eye the maid :
 He hurried apace to the open plain,
 And homeward has trac'd his steps again ;
 He saw the light from his turret gleaming,
 Around on the plain was its lustre streaming,
 Brighter by far than Cynthia's beaming.
 He turn'd to the joyful beacon straight,
 But, ere he has reach'd his castle-gate,
 A challenge arrested his eager pace,
 And a brand has wav'd across his face,
 And a figure stern in his pathway stood,
 That haply had issu'd from the wood,
 Which on the right for a mile was spread ;
 But the youth has betrayed no sign of dread.

Now Albert knew that the pirates there
 Often ravag'd the island fair,
 And bore in their barks, across the main,
 The wealthy till they were ransom'd again.
 He answered not, but he drew his blade,
 And a furious stroke at the pirate made ;
 But the seaman blew a whistle loud,
 And quickly was join'd by a ruffian crowd ;
 Till they came he diverted the blows that thickly
 Young Albert dealt with his weapon quickly,
 As patters the hail on the window pane,
 Or as falls in torrents the deluging rain.
 They have hemm'd the young warrior in around,
 They have dash'd his weapon to the ground,
 And have bound him strongly, foot and hand,
 At the voice of their daring chief's command.

Their work was done without blood or slaughter,
 And they bore their prey along to the water,
 Where their anchor'd barge, in a little bay,
 Securely moor'd from the curious lay.
 In Albert's breast there was scarcely scope
 To entertain e'en the smallest hope ;
 But in deepest sorrow may come relief,
 And the glow of bliss may exterminate grief,
 When despair has seized on the wretched mind,
 And the soul to suffer its ills is resign'd.
 So came it now, as the lightning's glance
 O'er the gloom of night will suddenly dance.

" Release your prey ! " The sudden word
 Clearly by all the crew was heard ;
 The pirates smil'd to think that *one*
 Should bid them leave their booty, won
 By toil and danger—often dar'd !
 But, oh ! the interval for thought
 Amid that pirate crew was short ;
 • In vain might they till death have fought,
 In vain a host of heroes brought,
 In vain their brands were bare'd !

A single warrior to the ground
Has borne the glaives of those around
With one sweep of his own;
And on the ruffian-crew his eye,
Like angry meteor in the sky,
Glances so dread and fearfully,
Their hearts grow cold as stone.

As the snow melts away
From the beam of the sun,
So the glare of the ray
From the eye of that one
Dispers'd the crew; and now his hand
Unloos'd young Albert's binding band.
'Twere vain to say how Albert gave
Meet thanks unto the stranger brave;
Or how upon his knees he fell,
And to the Virgin there
Address'd himself; his beads did tell,
And pour'd his fervent pray'r
To heav'n; but, ere his vows were done,
He chanced to gaze upon that one,
And mark'd that stranger's eye.
Great God! the boldest hero's breast
That moment terror had confess'd,
And sank all tremblingly.
There was indeed enough for fear—
His lip wore a contemptuous sneer,
His eye was far more bright
Than comet rushing in the heav'n,
Tow'rd's Phœbus' regal palace driv'n;
Or than the radiant beacon gleaming,
And high o'er Albert's turrets beaming
With far more pure a light!

"Albert!" exclaim'd the stranger then—
"Yes—thou art like thy fellow-men;
For all must shudder when they see
A being in this world like me.
Yet, haply, to this hand of mine,
Which bears a power *almost* divine,
Your life to-night you owe;—some task
For this, then, in return I ask!
I wish a confidant, to hear
Secrets, that ne'er to mortal's ear
By lips of mine were breath'd before—
For this I sought your native shore,
As I have watch'd you from your birth—
And you may live to scourge the earth.
Thou shalt inherit all my power—
For that I sav'd thy life this hour!
Such is my heat—by few, O youth,
That were not quickly done, in sooth!
Hast thou ne'er heard of him whose life
Is not contingent on the strife,
Age, sickness, poison, or the knife—
Him whose duration on this earth
• Will reach to centuries from his birth?"

But let it pass—behold him here—
 Ah! well thy heart may sink with fear,
 As thus these sounds so strange you hear!"

"Thou wretched mortal!" Albert cried—
 "Of what avail's thine earthly pride,
 Since heav'n and immortality
 Of future bliss are lost to thee?"
 "Ah!" cried the other,—"*what! dar'st thou*
Reville the one who sav'd ere now
Thy life endanger'd.—But you fear
To ponder on the unborn year,
Because, amid the mists of time,
You see some penalty for crime,
And a small chance of doubtful bliss?—
Oh! have I sav'd such heart as this?—
Go, recreant, go—worm of to-day—
I would not crush thee in my way:
Too insignificant for wrath,
I would not tread thee in my path!"

"Then take the life thou deign'st to save
 This moment from the pirate's glaive.
 Deem'st thou my heart so weak, that taunts,
 And all thy base alluring vaunts
 Of earthly grandeur and of power,
 Have force to make me wish the hour
 That's mine on earth—although so short—
 Were long as thine? I spurn the thought,
 And would not link with one like thee—
 No, not for immortality!"
 Stern was the glance that stranger gave—
 "Then blindly rush into thy grave!
 Not by my hand to-night—Oh! no—
 This weapon shall not deal the blow:
 My vengeance must have other sort
 Of agony to make me sport!"

He paus'd an instant—then again
 Resum'd his converse stern:
 "You love young Elgitha! how vain
 Is mortal's dream! a sullen train
 Of woes, his happiness to pain,
 Will in a moment turn!
 Speed on the bridal—haste the cheer—
 Proclaim the hour of marriage near:
 Hence—hence unto thy maiden dear,
 And tell her whom thou hast met here!
 Say that upon the bridal night
 Will he join the assembly bright,
 And make her sport so rare,
 That Sarnia's island long shall ring
 Of him that could perform such thing
 As I will show her there.
 Farewell—farewell! Forget not thou
 The message I have told thee now;
 But haste thine Elgitha to tell—
 Speed on the hour—till then, farewell!"

The night has pass'd—another day,
 Another, and another gone ;
 And many a week was whil'd away
 Since Albert saw that mystic *one*.
 He told not Elgitha the tale,
 But kept it in his breast ;
 To sadden her, of what avail ?
 Why need it be confess'd ?

• • • • •

Her father's halls with lamps are bright,
 And Elgitha is smiling there ;
 And Albert's heart is gay and light—
 His love has never seem'd more fair !
 That evening to his longing arms
 Would give the maiden's blushing charms ;
 That eve would crown his bliss !
 His days had been a scene of joy—
 Since first he was an infant boy,
 Those days had pass'd without alloy,
 But, oh ! how blest was this !
 The music seemed to breathe more sweet
 Than e'er before his ears did greet :
 He felt more free—his heart more light
 Than e'er himself had known ;
 For, oh ! it was the bridal night,
 And she is now his own !
 Yes—Elgitha is Albert's bride—
 And there are gather'd Sarnia's pride
 To welcome beauty's fav'rite daughter :
 Her eyes could scarce their raptures hide,—
 Those eyes, that, blue as ocean's water
 Around the island deeply flowing,
 With perfect happiness were glowing.

By Elgitha so sweetly blushing,
 Young Albert's standing now ;
 And while his very veins are flushing—
 Those veins with liquid ardour gushing,
 And pleasure's in his breast below,
 To think how soon clasp'd in his arms,
 Shall languish all those blooming charms—
 He whispers tender things, and she
 Fondly attends—but timidly.
 " O Elgitha, this is reward
 " For all the moments we have shar'd
 " Together faithfully—
 " How bright our views of future bliss,
 " For ev'ry day, as fair as this,
 " Changeless appears to be !
 " And when—great God !"—why sinks he there
 In agony of wild despair ?
 Why groans his sorrowing breast !
 And why is fix'd his glance upon,
 Amid the crowd, a single *One*,
 That stands among the rest ?
 But, oh ! that *One*—his very breath
 Seems laden with the shafts of Death !

All look'd upon the object near,
 That seem'd the cause of Albert's fear :
 None knew his person, nor his name,
 Whence he had come, with whom he came ;
 All shudder'd, as they each address'd
 His neighbour, " who might be that guest ?"
 And he, with glance of eye so bright
 As to outvie the torches' light,
 Was gazing on the luckless swain,
 Who ne'er on earth shall breathe again !
 Yes—he has fall'n, and breath'd his last,
 His latest sigh is giv'n and past :
 From bliss to sudden woe the turn
 Came on so rapid and so stern,
 His heart, too much elate with joy,
 Broke 'neath that glance, which could destroy,
 For ne'er was such unearthly light—
 And this was Albert's wedding night !

" 'TIS THE IMMORTAL !" one and all
 Cri'd out together in that hall !—
 " It is th' Immortal !" he replied,
 " By whom this night has Albert died.
 " Is not the scene a sport full rare ?
 " Go—gaze upon the body *there*,
 " And learn that he, who dares my wrath,
 " Shall thus be cut off in his path !—
 " And you, young maiden, and your sire,
 " That thus have mark'd your friend expire,
 " Record in letters bright the thing,
 " That Sarnia's island long may ring
 " With mem'ry of a deed so fell—
 " Gentles, and lovely dames, farewell !"

None mov'd—and scatheless 'mid them all
 Has he departed from the hall,
 Leaving behind him hearts too sad,
 That but an hour before were glad.—
 And what of Elgitha ?—She liv'd—
 But how that shock has she surviv'd ?
 Oh ! frenzy seiz'd upon her brain,
 And reason ne'er return'd again.
 Still does her melancholy sprite
 Ramble on Sarnia's plains by night,
 And breathe unto the list'ning gale
 The sad adventures of her tale ! *

PARISIANUS.

* It is scarcely necessary to remark that the original idea of this wild legend, without reference to locality, was partially furnished by a passage in *Melmoth, the Wanderer*.

ON THE GENIUS OF EDWARD YOUNG.

THERE is no English poet to whose merits less justice has been done by critics, than Edward Young. His name, indeed, by a sort of tacit consent, is allowed to hold a high place in the literary world; but no monument of literary labour has been raised by his admirers, to perpetuate his greatness, to defend or palliate his errors. No Boswell has given to the world a detailed history of his private life and social habits; no Moore has expatiated on his beauties; and while other and inferior writers have been panegyrised and exalted to an almost superhuman dignity, by officious commentators, no elaborate and studied memorial has been inscribed to the genius of the author of the "Night Thoughts." Numerous side-winds have, indeed, favourably affected him; but never yet has the steady gale of critical admiration shed its balmy and refreshing influence on his memory.

Johnson, whose large and vigorous mind was capable of entertaining all the bearings of whatever was submitted to his judgment, and retracing, with judicious penetration, the subject to its first principles, seems, in his criticism on Young, to have been in some measure deterred from giving a correct analysis of his poetry, by its alleged want of uniformity in manner and style. He says—"Of Young's Poems it is difficult to give any general character; for he has no uniformity of manner—one of his pieces has no great resemblance to another. He began to write early, and continued long; and at different times had different modes of poetical excellence in view. His numbers are sometimes smooth and sometimes rugged; his style is sometimes concatenated and sometimes abrupt; sometimes diffusive and sometimes concise. His plan seems to have started in his mind at the present moment; and his thoughts appear the effect of chance,—sometimes adverse, and sometimes lucky, with very little operation of judgment." And thus, because one of his pieces has no great resemblance to another, the learned Doctor finds it difficult to fix a locality for his excellence, and considers a variety of style indicative of want of judgment. This is something of the strangest. A poem which is intended to convey the feelings of sorrow and despair, as they arise in the bosom of the poet, while suffering under the loss of his best beloved, is condemned for want of judgment, because a regular and systematic classification of the passions is not laid down in methodic order. It would be singular if they were, the passions had been so methodically classed, and would justly make the author liable to censure in a far higher degree than even his commentator is pleased to assign him for the omission. But what absurdities are broached under the sanction of a great name. Had Dr. Johnson considered for a moment before he pronounced such an uncandid sentence, he would most assuredly never have laid himself open to censure for the mere sake of relieving his strong and comprehensive mind from the labour of analytic comparison.

In the "Night Thoughts," it was not possible, in consistence with

the nature of the subject, to lay down a direct plan of composition, or to prescribe the boundaries of sorrow and gloom; and it cannot therefore be considered an encroachment on poetical rules, where the subject is new in the annals of poetical science. In asserting this, it is by no means meant to insinuate that grief has never been the subject of poetry, but simply that the "Night Thoughts" present a wider field, and embrace a greater diversity of subjects, than those performances of which lamentations are the only theme.

Considering the poem with reference to the peculiar position in which the author stands, we cannot then, with fairness and candour, condemn it for irregularity. The tale we hear is not the recital of by-gone griefs, of former sufferings, but we start with the poet at the very outset of his sorrows. To every pang which rends his heart, a response is felt in our own bosoms; in whatever situation we find him, we are, for the moment, as if actuated by the same emotions. He enlists our feelings on his side, and we wander on, unheeding aught save the eager desire of expressing them as they arise. To talk of order and regularity in a poem of this nature, is a palpable absurdity, and contradicts the very idea we form of expressing the sentiments of grief. It is not the object of the poet to take a prospective view of the subject of his poem, but rather to present before us thoughts as they arise in the mind; allusions and reflections of the most exalted nature, conjured up by melancholy remembrances, and a deep sense of mournful desolation. The whole poem is one of wild, irregular grandeur; but it is a wildness and irregularity which so well accords with the feelings it agitates, that any attempt at precise disposition would dissolve the charm. Indeed it possesses the strongest claim to admiration by its very irregularity.

Although Dr. Johnson, in criticising the aggregate productions of Young, has awarded him but a kind of negative praise, and that too after a very slovenly manner, considering the universal admiration bestowed on the works, yet candour compels him to admit the unusually rich and varied landscape spread before us in this divine poem. He says, "It exhibits a very wide display of original poetry, variegated with deep reflections and striking allusions, a wilderness of thought, in which the fertility of fancy scatters flowers of every hue and of every odour. * * * The excellence of this work is not exactness, but copiousness; particular lines are not to be regarded—the power is in the whole; and in the whole there is a magnificence like that ascribed to Chinese plantations—the magnificence of vast extent and endless diversity." And this is the man whose "thoughts appear the effect of chance, sometimes adverse, and sometimes lucky, with very little operation of judgment."

Speaking of the individual poem, the Doctor is content to bestow on it the highest praise; while, in pronouncing a general opinion on the whole works, he censures the poet for want of uniformity. Now this is unfair. The "Night Thoughts" is a poem in no way professing to resemble any of the other productions of Young, but stands isolated and alone, requiring to be judged only by its own individual merits. As well might we accuse Milton of want of uniformity, because his "Paradise Lost" bears no resemblance, in style of thought

or versification, to "L'Allegro;" or censure Thomson for the same reason, because the "Seasons" differ entirely from the "Castle of Indolence." Indeed, there is no end to the catalogue; and every author, whether in prose or verse, would come in for an equal share of the learned Doctor's extraordinary reprimand.

In the whole circle of ancient and modern authors whom our country has produced, no man of true judgment will assign Young a secondary place; and yet it is almost past a doubt, that very many individuals, whose judgment is otherwise clear and discriminating, have usually condemned Young, for being what they call gloomy. He is, say they, too much inclined to picture the dark side of things; to mourn as one who hath no hope. Now this, though true in the fact, does not of necessity lead to the conclusion, that he is therefore to be regarded as a morose and cheerless speculator, whose overheated imagination, without regard to accuracy or selection, delights only in dismal meditations, and conjuring up pictures overspread with melancholy gloom! As well might they bring the like charge against Blair, because the "Grave" abounds in the most harrowing and freezing descriptions, many of which are most revolting to the feelings; but still they are undeniably so true a picture, that, in all its terrors, man only sees, as it were, an embodiment of his own imaginings. In truth, the same may be urged against almost all the more solemn productions to which the world has awarded the highest poetic honours.

Those individuals whose judgment is given before they sufficiently understand the subject, ought not to suppose a man's mind entirely enveloped in gloom, until they actually perceive some subject, which they know to be capable of conveying pleasurable sensations, to have been so distorted, as to leave the reader no alternative for his judgment. But how many are there who, without an instant's reflection, without a moment's preparation, destitute of the most superficial acquaintance with the subject, even in its most limited degree, take up the poem, and quietly leave the mind to be swayed from side to side by every illustration, until, bewildered and wearied, they give up the pursuit, and can only sufficiently understand its beauty by recalling the more prominent passages to their recollection.

To form a proper estimate of the intrinsic merits of any poem, a far different course must necessarily be pursued. We must make ourselves intimately acquainted with the relative combinations which the poet illustrates; else, it is next akin to an impossibility to appreciate, to its full extent, the process by which the author "accommodates the shows of things to the desires of the mind."* To say that the reader should be acquainted with the subject, is therefore to state an absolute necessity, in so far as a critical analysis is required. If those who charge Young with gloom, were only to look with a moment's attention on the subject of his Muse, they would at once perceive that the gloomy grandeur which pervades his poetry follows as a natural consequence of the subject; few things being so incapable

* This is Lord Bacon's saying respecting poetry; and few are more appropriate in their meaning, or so often and deservedly quoted.

of the lighter and more pleasing adornments, as the consideration of human vicissitudes, and of the responsibility of the soul to its Maker. To disprove the assertion that Young's plan of poetry is irregular, we have only to refer to his first great performance, where we shall find a degree of equability which even calls down the admiration of Johnson, who declares many of the passages to possess a high degree of splendour and nobility. This shows that his "want of uniformity of manner, and the no great resemblance one of his pieces bears to another," so far from detracting from his merits, rather adds to his praise as a man of genius, inasmuch as it awards him the credit of having excelled in different modes of composition. His merits, like those of other great men, rest solely on the degree of excellence that he has attained in composition. Without looking at the resemblance one of his poems bears to another, let us look at the merit which distinguishes each performance; and if his mind and genius shall appear to have been of such a high order as to distinguish him in more than one style of thought, it must follow, as a natural and undisputed consequence, that the degree of praise awarded to him must bear a proportionate relationship. That he excelled in more than one style of poetry, is abundantly testified by his works. "The Last Day," "The Love of Fame," "Jane Gray," "Paraphrase on Job," "Resignation," "The Revenge," "The Night Thoughts," &c., sufficiently attest the grasp and compass of his mind, and the surpassing vigour of his understanding. The variety and magnitude of his images are only equalled by the admirable beauty with which they are rendered applicable to the subject, and the consummate skill with which they are worked into the narrative. The moral reflections, which distinguish his poetry above all others, are scattered throughout his works with the most unsparing bounty, and show his mind to have been deeply impressed with the knowledge which adds grace and dignity to human nature, and without which poetry loses half its charms.

Young has eclipsed almost every competitor in the cause of virtue. Religion seems to be the atmosphere which his soul most delights to breathe; and in pouring out his thoughts on man, and man's condition, he never forgets or loses sight of the connexion subsisting between our state of probation in this world, and the awfully important scenes which await us in eternity.

In all his poems, this feeling of religion more or less predominates; and even where it is not brought prominently to view, his Muse is evidently under the control of Christian love. His talent for satire displays itself in a degree so eminent, that Dr. Johnson has without hesitation assigned him a place in the very highest rank. He describes him as possessing all the gaiety of Horace, without his laxity of numbers; and the morality of Juvenal, with greater variation of images. In that great satirical performance, the "Love of Fame," he shows such brilliance, such discernment and nicety, as must at once convince the mind of a judicious observer, that but little labour on his part was wanted to constitute him one of the greatest masters of that particular style of literature. His sentences have at once a keenness and solidity rarely equalled, and carry with them a resistless and overwhelming force, tempered with undeniable truth.

His "Paraphrase on Job" is undoubtedly entitled to our highest commendations, for the admirable consistence with which the style of thought peculiar to the original poem is preserved throughout the translation. A fault often urged against those who have attempted a metrical version of this distinguished author, is their want of skill in preserving a proper balance between the metaphor and sentiment. Now, to those who are acquainted with the nature of translating the sacred authors into verse, nothing will appear to be so difficult as to maintain the metaphorical illustration in due subjection ; to keep it so disposed as only to shine forth as the ornament, and not to obtrude itself as a component part of the text. It is to be remembered, that no writings abound so much in simile as the Hebrew ; and they are introduced with such bountiful magnificence as in some instances to destroy the very end at which they aim. This luxuriant abundance, therefore, presents attractions which too often lead the versifier away from his subject ; and it consequently reduces the composition to the rank of mere tinsel. No writer abounds so much in metaphor as Job ; and hence the increased difficulty of rendering his poetry into metre, and presenting the same style of language and thought which characterizes the original.

The taste and power of Young as a translator are eminently conspicuous in his "Paraphrase." The task is one of the utmost difficulty, and requires the greatest nicety and discrimination. The care necessary in the disposition of the metaphors, which abound to so extraordinary a degree in the most descriptive of all poets, has in no instance been more correctly or judiciously observed than in this version. It is indeed a production meriting the highest commendations, whether we look at the taste with which it is executed, or the skill displayed in bestowing on it all the ornaments of diction which his genius made it capable of receiving.*

Of the other productions of Young, it is sufficient to observe, they amply attest the vast powers of mind with which Nature had endowed him, and the noble use he made of them in the cause of religion and virtue. No poet claims a higher rank among men of wit, and few can make the same boast, of having employed that wit in the cause of truth. Of his tragic powers, the "Revenge" will sufficiently testify the esteem in which he has always been held by those who are entitled to respect for their dramatic taste.

The story of "Jane Grey" is a happy proof of the elegance with which our author could, when he pleased, deck the subjects of his choice ; and, in this respect, it will bear comparison with some of the very best productions in our language ; although, as Johnson observes, it never became popular ; adding, archly—"Jane is too heroic to be pitied."

Without dwelling on the merits of the "Last Day," and other equally celebrated pieces, we will at once proceed to speak of his

* Job has been here classed among the Hebrew poets, though it is quite evident from his writings that a different country from Palestine, and a different people from the Israelites, were witnesses of his afflictions. The scene is laid in the land of Uz, and hence he has been called an Arabian poet ; though latterly some have attempted to prove him a Persian.

greatest work, and that on which his fame chiefly rests; namely, the "Night Thoughts." This divine poem, never surpassed in the sublime grandeur of its conception, and the splendour of its execution, may, and indeed ought, to be taken as the criterion whereby to judge of Young's powers as a poet. In point of sublimity, it is not only equal to every poem in our language, but superior to all, save "Paradise Lost;" and when we say this, it is not surprising that we should feel indignant at the coolness with which Dr. Johnson describes his merits, and the indifference to his excellencies with which he sums up his character, as shown in the quotations we have made at the beginning of this paper. Although, however, this is highly objectionable, whether as regards its accuracy of analysis, or its candour of judgment, it does not quite prepare us for the concluding sentence of the criticism, in which the learned Doctor takes leave of this great poet in these words:—"His verses are formed by no certain model; he is no more like himself in his different productions than he is like others; he seems never to have studied prosody, nor to have had any direction but from his own ear; *but, with all his defects, he was a man of genius, and a poet.*" Thus there seems to have originally been a doubt on the Doctor's mind, that Young had real pretensions to the character of a man of genius; but, with praiseworthy candour, he grants him the possession of some few, and withal adds, that he was also a poet; premising even this meagre praise with the qualification, that he had defects. Dr. Johnson could occasionally utter nonsense; but to suppose a man capable of bestowing a criticism of such a nature, where Young forms the subject, is to pay even a more degrading compliment to his powers, than to accuse him plainly of stupidity.

The care with which he has perused and criticised Savage may be excused on the score of friendship; but the neglect with which he treated Young can only be condemned as utterly unworthy of the critic or the poet. He has not indeed refused approbation to many of Young's pieces, but from such a writer, and on such a character, we look for something more than a mere general acquiescence in public opinion. Leaving Dr. Johnson and his criticism, therefore, we will examine some of the beauties of the "Night Thoughts," and discover in what Young is entitled to the praises that have been bestowed on him, and whether or not the objections urged against his poetry have their foundation in truth, or are urged only in general terms, and not founded on facts.

The "Night Thoughts" may be compared to a field abounding in a surprising variety of plants, of every hue and colour, but overshadowed with the dark cloud of despondency, surcharged with more than mortal griefs. From brooding over the sorrows which oppress his own bosom, he is led to mourn over those of the whole family of man. He becomes rapt in more than earthly cast of thought, and his lamentations are those of a superior being, mourning over the children of mortality. His prophetic spirit mounts into ætherial regions, and wanders amid "the glories of the sky," in the majesty of immortal greatness. But he does not emerge, like other poets, at once from the regions of earth into the unspeakable grandeur of

other worlds : no ! he leads us through the dark valley of the shadow of death, and presents before us the horrors which beset mortality. It would not accord with the spirit of his mighty Muse to show us the glories of eternity, without our having first been overshadowed by "death's dark gloom," and passed "across the unknown river, life's dreary bounds."* He does not leave us to vague imaginings, but he presents things before us with a force and truth at once appalling to the mind, and startling to the understanding. Man is stripped and dispossessed by him of his imaginary perfections, and we see ourselves in all the naked deformity of human nature. Our passions, strong and wild, are often shown, in their impetuous course, overwhelming the barriers of virtue, and luxuriating in the delights of sensual gratification ; until, alternately stung by remorse and shame, man shakes off the vile besetting sins, and seeks for consolation at the throne of the Almighty. Thus his poetry is not a spectacle for the cold front of critical inspection to gaze at, but a vast performance, in which all mankind mingles ; where each passion of the human heart is traced through all its dubious windings, with a more than scientific skill, and the secret workings of the soul laid bare with such awful minuteness as to become almost physically perceptible.

Our social vices do not escape his searching glance, but are held up to our detestation, and their end and aim made despicable, when compared with the glorious pursuit of virtuous perfection. The mere man of the world, whose faculties are tied down to this narrow scene, is admirably pictured in the following lines :—

" Ye sold to sense, ye citizens of earth
(For such alone the Christian banner fly),
Know ye how wise your choice, how great your gain,
Behold the picture of earth's happiest man :
He calls his wish,—it comes ; he sends it back,
And says he call'd another ; that arrives,
Meets the same welcome ; yet he still calls on,
Till one calls him, who varies not his call,
But holds him fast, in chains of darkness bound,
Till Nature dies, and Judgment sets him free—
A freedom far less welcome than his chain."

How finely conceived, and how exquisitely drawn ! The last line especially is introduced with wonderful skill, and places at once before the mind, not only the character itself, but a beautiful and just reflection, which volumes could scarcely make more apparent to the reader's mental vision. It is not, however, by quotations that a proper estimate can be formed of Young's poetry. As Johnson very justly remarks, the power is rather in the whole ; and in that whole there is the greatest magnificence. His poetry abounds in thought, and may with equal justice claim the praise which Pope has bestowed on Homer, where he describes the "Iliad" as being like "a wild paradise, a copious nursery, which contains the seeds and first productions of every kind." His similes are always grand and impres-

give ; and in no instance does he fall into the error (in the "Night Thoughts" at least) of pursuing his illustration to a more than judicious extreme ; the mind of the reader is left to fill up the space between distant allusions. This can be accomplished without difficulty ; for though in some instances his allusions are somewhat obscure, yet they are never so much so as to break the train of thought passing through the mind of an attentive and intelligent reader. He alternates with great felicity, and spreads out a vast variety of images with an almost inexhaustible profusion. For instance :—

" How poor ! how rich ! how abject ! how august !
 How complicate ! how wonderful is man !
 How passing wonder He who made him such !
 Who centred in our make such strange extremes !
 From different natures marvellously mix'd,
 Connexion exquisite of distant worlds !
 Distinguished link in being's endless chain !
 Midway from nothing to the Deity !
 A beam ethereal, sullied and absorbed !
 Though sullied and dishonoured, still divine !
 Dim miniature of greatness absolute !
 An heir of glory ! a frail child of dust !
 Helpless immortal ! insect infinite !
 A worm ! a god ! I tremble at myself,
 And in myself am lost ! At home a stranger,
 Thought wanders up and down, surprised, aghast,
 And wond'ring at her own ! How Reason reels !
 O what a miracle to man is man ! "

In the whole range of poetry it would be almost impossible to find such a multitude of ideas so closely assembled, and yet so admirably arranged. Language is inadequate to fill up the chasm, the "connecting link midway from nothing to the Deity ;" and with the most consummate skill the author gradually increases in grandeur, until the enlarged mind of the reader is able to comprehend what words are inadequate to supply.

Thus, from the very commencement of the "Night Thoughts" to the concluding line, does the Christian poet enchain, by his magic powers, the faculties of the mind. He leaves nothing untouched by which he may illustrate his thoughts ; and whatever he touches receives fresh beauties from his pen. Animate and inanimate nature are made subservient to his will, and become, as it were, the mouths by which he addresses our understandings, through the medium of the physical senses. In every thing of which we speak, the language on all occasions should be well suited to the nature of the subject. This important rule is the more necessary to be observed where the theme is sacred or divine. In this case the language employed should be the noblest and weightiest to be found, that nothing mean or paltry may jar with the exalted ideas passing through the mind. When we mention this, we naturally recur to Milton, where the words, though the most impressive that our language contains, seem to acquire a superior grandeur when clothing the sublime thoughts of this immortal poet. Though we do not mean in this respect to institute a comparison between the author of the "Night Thoughts"

and the illustrious author of "*Paradise Lost*," yet we may with perfect safety assert, that Young has not been insensible to the importance of most carefully selecting his diction, and his poem sufficiently attests the anxiety with which he laboured to convey his meaning in the most impressive language.

But though he does not equal his great rival in this respect, we must not use ungenerous comparisons to detract from his merits. Milton stands at the very head of our poets for the magnificence of his style; and the reproach (if inequality with such a man can be called a reproach) must be shared alike by every author. But if precedence is to be awarded, where Dryden, Pope, and Thomson,—Goldsmith, Wordsworth, and Rogers, are competitors, the unbiassed judgment would never permit Young to be superseded by even one of these mighty masters of song. We must therefore estimate Young's style by the accessible standard of our greatest bards; and leave the divine Milton in his unapproachable eminence, surrounded by his own unapproached glory in language, as the indisputed monarch in sublimity of thoughts and splendour of language. Comparing him, then, with poets of his own order, we shall find that Young, though occasionally harsh and inharmonious, has not been unsuccessful in embellishing his ideas with suitable language, and that he has succeeded, upon the whole, in conveying his thoughts in a wonderfully impressive manner.

There is another essential requisite of poetry of this kind, in which all must agree that Young has succeeded in a very eminent degree. This is in the character of the images he has employed. Where the theme is of a sacred nature, nothing is more absolutely necessary than the strictest care in selecting the grandest and most sublime parts of nature wherewith to adorn the subject. In this respect Young has been peculiarly happy. Throughout his whole poem we find in no instance any allusion but to the noblest images that creation can furnish. In this instance at least, he may claim comparison with any poet in any language; for in few works of imagination, except those contained in the holy Scriptures, do we find such a multitudinous assemblage of exalted and imposing illustrations. In the Hebrew poetry, indeed, we are presented with such conceptions of the phenomena of nature, as are to be met with in that of no other nation. Although Homer is universally admired for his sublimity, yet Isaiah and Job, in instances almost innumerable, soar infinitely above the Bard "*of Troy divine*." Perhaps the reason always given for Milton's superiority over Homer and Virgil, in majesty of thought, may be considered as correct when it is attributed to his full acquaintance with that volume in which the wonders of God and his creation are treated of with a power which no mortal mind save his own has equalled. In British poetry we look in vain for a single individual who has come so near the divine author of "*Paradise Lost*" as Young. Some indeed there are, who may justly contest the claim in particular passages; but taking the "*Night Thoughts*" as a poem, it undoubtedly is entitled to the praise of maintaining a more elevated course throughout, and with greater equality.

After saying so much of his beauties, it may be expected that we should now advert to Young's faults. Many and various are the cen-

asures which have been passed on his poetry, some of them certainly true, and others equally false; yet none have assumed a very imposing form, either as regards bulk or substance. He seems indeed to be a poet too great to allow of many defects being made visible by critics; for none have gone the length of systematically pointing out his faults; and his admirers have never therefore thought it necessary to analyze his merits.

His words and style have been already alluded to, as being in some instances harsh and deficient in harmony of sound. These however are but solitary and isolated instances, and deserve to be mentioned only as exceptions to the general excellence which distinguishes his poetry. Another defect, and perhaps that of all others which has caused him to be censured as a gloomy poet, is the peculiar manner in which he treats of what is called, the dignity of human nature. "In forming our notions of human nature," says Hume, "we are apt to make comparisons very favourable to ourselves by instituting a parallel betwixt men and animals." Now it is evident that this is a method by which we are likely to elevate ourselves in the scale in a very absurd degree. But Young, on the other hand, falls into an error equally ridiculous, by pursuing the argument in the opposite direction, and depressing the proper notion we ought to entertain of our own excellence and importance in the chain of nature. By instituting a comparison between men and angels, we shall never arrive at a proper estimate of ourselves; and yet, Young seems to delight in picturing the deficiencies of man, and comparing the deficient state to which he has reduced him, with a perfection of which we are incapable, and which we are in no wise expected to equal.

The absurdity of this can in no way be excused, for it betrays an evident want of reflection; and an unphilosophical method of pursuing enquiry, scarcely indeed deserving, in so great a man, the name of reasoning. This great defect, then, must be allowed to stand in condemnation of Young, as an inaccurate metaphysician; and so it must ever remain.

This his most prominent error however, though in its relative sense obnoxious, must not be considered as a peculiar characteristic of the poet alone. It is the distinguishing quality of many of our most eminent theologians; who with praiseworthy zeal, but mistaken notions, attempt to perfect human nature by invidious comparisons with the exalted condition of the immortal and celestial beings. Young was a divine, and had not emancipated himself from the prevailing mode of clerical reasoning; but apart from these imperfections, the "Night Thoughts" must be allowed to hold a conspicuous place among the productions of the most exalted intellects;—and though surpassed perhaps in smoothness of numbers, and correctness of style, it justly claims the title of being classed only as the second sacred poem in our language.*

* We are not inclined to entertain so high an opinion of Young's poetical merits, as the writer of this paper; but we fully agree with him, that this divine's unquestionable merits as a sacred poet have been treated with as much neglect, as the very questionable qualifications of others in the same department have been unnecessarily lauded by interested admirers.—ED.

SCRAPS FROM THE HOMERIC FEAST.

By a Contributor to the Encyclopædia Britannica.

CERTAIN epithets of Homer, which have been hitherto involved in obscurity, we will restore to their original light, namely, *Λιπαρός*, *Ἀρβρόσιος*, and *Νεκτάρεος*.

I. *Λιπαρός*.—The limbs or the garments of the Gods, as divine, are, we read, anointed with *nectar* or *ambrosia*, while the shoes and the feet of the men are *λιπαροί*, and to this distinction the poet faithfully adheres. Thus, about Agamemno, *Il.* B. 50, and so everywhere about his heroes, we have—

Ποσει δ' ὑπαὶ λιπαροῖσιν ἰδήσατο καλὰ πίδαλα,

where the word is unfitly rendered *shining* instead of *anointed*, or *shining with unguent*, as Tibullus i. 7, 51—

“ Illius e nitido stillent unguenta capillo.”

The brief *Scholias* here hold a torch to guide to the truth, when they say, *Λιπαροῖσιν* λευκοῖς, καὶ εὐτραφέειν, ἢ προαλειφομένοις ἐν τῷ ὑποδεδέσθαι. We are surprised that all the interpreters of Homer prefer the senses of *white* and *shining* to that of *præunction*; men always, it seems, rush to the worst side. Hence in *Il.* Σ. 382, *Χάρις λιπαροκρήδεμνος*, the sense is, “ whose fillets are moist with unguent,” as in *Il.* T. 126, *κεφαλῇ λιπαροπλόκαμος*, which is imitated by Martial, ii. 29, 5—

“ Cujus olet toto pinguis coma Marcelliano,”

that is, “ with the unguent of Marcellus the perfumer.” So Suetonius, *Ner.* 20, speaking of the Neapolitans, *Insignes pinguissima coma, et excellentissimo ornatu pueri*; and Tibullus i. 8, 9—

“ Quid tibi nunc molles prodest coluisse capillos ?”

that is, “ soft with unguent;” and verse 16—

“ Nec nitidum tarda compserit arte caput,”

that is, “ shining with unguent;” which passages have been differently, and in a way far removed from the meaning of the poet, interpreted by learned men. Though Spanheim, a man of wonderful erudition, has made the most learned remarks (in *Callim.* pp. 72, 427, 431, 565) about the words *λίπος* and *λιπαρός*, yet, on this subject, he has not written with his usual clearness; nay, we have observed that he has forgotten to state his interpretation of *λιπαροὶ θέμιστες* in Homer, and of *λιπαροὶ χόροι* in Hesiod. It must also be confessed, that many topics, which escaped us, have been handled by this distinguished critic; so that if any person will compare the two, he will perhaps find every thing connected with this word, which was before obscure, now explained.

It remains for us to discuss the meanings of the word in the two instances just referred to. In *Il.* I. 156, 298, we have *λιπαρὰί θέμιστες*, which the Scholiast most appositely interprets *πλουσίαι, opulent tributes*; but no one has yet noticed such a signification of the

word. The Latins, however, hold the torch and enlighten us, by showing that they almost to satiety call well-purged men *unctus* and *fat*, but, on the contrary, those who are most necessitous, *sicci* and *aridi*. Catullus, *Ep.* 30, 44.

"Nisi uncta devorare patrimonia;"

and 10, 11—

"Cur quisquam caput unctius referret,"

i. e. "return more opulent." So Horace, *Epist.* i. 17, 11, what is known to barbers—

"Si prodesse tuis pauloque benignius ipsum

Te tractare voles, accedes siccus ad unctum;"

and i. 15, *fin.*—

"Verum ubi quid melius contingit et unctius;"

i. e. "more gainful." Martial, v. 45, calls a more splendid feast *unctiorem*, but a spare or dry one, "the bones of a feast"—

"Antiquæ venies ad ossa cœnæ."

In the same sense we should receive the epithet *pinguis*: Catullus, *Carm. Nupt.* 3—

"Surgere jam tempus, jam pingues linquere mensas."

Hence the common phrase, *pinguis hereditas*, &c. On the contrary, the words *aridus* and *aritudo* denote "want," or "mere avarice," as well as *siccus*. Plautus, *Rud.* ii. 6, 39—

"L.A. O scirpe, scirpe, laudo fortunas tuas,
Qui semper servas gloriam aritudinis."

Cicero, *pro Q. Roscio*, "In rusticis moribus, in victu arido, in hac horrida incultaque vita;" and *pro Quint.* c. 30. "Vitam semper horridam atque aridam opposuit profusis sumptibus." And we now first know what Martial (xi. 50) means by *siccus onyx*—

"Nunc furtiva lucri fieri bombycina poscit,
Profertur Cosmi nunc mihi siccus onyx,"

and elsewhere, on the contrary, *pinguis onyx*, *i. e.* a vessel of unguent, either *empty* or *full*,—a passage which has miserably tortured the interpreters,—and many other instances of the same kind. That we may not multiply examples, we will just add a passage from Suetonius, *Vespas.* 16, in which *sicci* and *humentes* are banteringly conjoined: "Creditur etiam procuratorum rapacissimum quemque ad ampliora officia ex industria solitus promovere, quo locupletiores mox condemnaret, quibus quidem vulgo pro spongiis dicebatur uti, quod et quasi siccos madefaceret, et exprimeret humentes."

If you ask from us what Hesiod (*Theog.* 63) means by the *λεπροὶ χοροὶ καὶ δώματα καλά*, assigned to the Muses, so inappropriately translated, *Splendidi chori et ædes pulcræ*, we will immediately reply, that they are "perfumed apartments, fit for dancing, and beautiful houses;" for *χορός*, as tiros know, is both "a dance" and "a place for dancing," as the Latins use *concio* in a double sense. Be not

startled at the idea that houses and apartments are said to be perfumed, *λιπαρὰ*, for Homer has, in *Il. Γ. 383*—

Κάδδ' εἰς' ἐν θαλάμῳ εὐώδῃ, κηέοντι,

"placed in the sweet perfumed house of Paris;" for *θάλαμος*, in Homer, is a *house*, never a *couch*, which neither the Scholiasts nor the interpreters have seen.

II. *Ἀμβροσίος* and *Ἀμβροσία*, *Νέκταρ* and *Νεκτάρεος*.—The Gods, on the contrary, are anointed with *ἀμβροσία*, *Il. Ξ. 170*, as, while Juno arrays herself in royal robes, Homer several times uses the words *ἀμβροσίη* and *ἀμβρόσιος*—

Ἀμβροσίη μὲν πρῶτον ἀπὸ χρόδς ἱμερόεντος
 Ἀύματα πάντα κάθῃσιν, ἀλείψατο δὲ λίπ' ἱλαίῳ
 Ἀμβροσίῳ, ἰδανῶ, τό ρά οἱ τιθυμνίμων ἦεν
 Τοῦ καὶ κινυμένιοις Διὸς προσι χαλκοβατὲς δῶ,
 Ἑμπης ἐς γαίαν τε, καὶ οὐρανὸν ἔειτ' αὐτμή.
 Τῷ ῥ' ἦγε χρόα καλὸν ἀλευφάμενῃ, ἰδὲ χαιτάς
 Πεζαμένη, χερσὶ πλοκάμους ἔπλεξε φαινοῦς,
 Καλοῦς, ἀμβροσίους, ἐκ κράτος ἀθανάτοιο.

And in *Il. Γ. 385*, *νεκταρέου ἱανού*, and *T. 25*, *νεκταρέω χιτῶνι*, because garments of that kind were essenced with the most exquisite and liquid odours. Hence, in Homer, *νέκταρ* and *ἀμβροσίη* are rarely *potions*, and most frequently *unguents*, *Il. T. 38*—

Πατρόκλῳ δ' αὐτ' ἀμβροσίην, καὶ νέκταρ ἱερὸν ἔνθον
 Στάξε κατὰ ῥινῶν, ἵνα οἱ χρός ἱμπεδὸς εἴη.

So Idothea, the daughter of Proteus, that she might inspire Menelaus and his companions with ability to bear the fetid smell of the sea-monsters, dropped unguent into their ears, *Od. Δ. 445*—

Ἀμβροσίην ὑπὸ ῥίνα ἱέασθῃ θῆκε φέρονσα,
 Ἢδὲ μάλα πνέουσιν, ὅλεσσι δὲ κήτιος ὀδμήν.

And that *ἀμβροσίη* is an *unguent*, of which the Gods made use, the great poet has expressly shown to us, *Od. Θ. 365*—

Ἐνθάδε μὲν Χάρτις λοῦσαν, καὶ χρῖσαν ἱλαίῳ
 Ἀμβρόσιῳ, οἷα θεοὺς ἐπενήνοθεν αἶν ἰόντας.

"Here then the Graces laved Venus, and anointed her with *ambrosial oil*, according to the custom of the immortal Gods." This passage is a decided confirmation of the fact, that the Homeric *ambrosia* is not so much a *drink* as an *unguent* of the Gods. The *very ambrosial Poems* of Theognis, verse 5, afford a further proof—

Φοῖβε ἀναξ, ὅτε μὲν σε θεὰ τίκε πορνία Λητώ
 Φοῖνικος ῥαδιῶν χερσὶν ἱφαφάμενῃ,
 Ἀθανάτων κάλλιστον ἐπὶ τροχοειδῇ λίμνῃ,
 Πᾶσα μὲν ἐπλήσθη Δῆλος ἀπειροσίῃ
 Ὀδμῆς ἀμβροσίης, ἐγίλασσι δὲ γαῖα πελώρη,
 Ἐφάρσιν δὲ βεβῆς πόντος ἄλδς ποδῆς.

We disregard the degenerate sons of Homer, who represent *ambrosia* to be "food," and *nectar* a "drink;" whereas, in their proto-
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type, both *ambrosia* and *nectar* are always liquid and fluid: *Od.* I. 359—

‘Ἀλλὰ τόδ’ ἀμβροσίης καὶ νέκταρός ἐστιν ἀπὸρρώξ,

where he is speaking of the wine of Ulysses. So Plato, who is the *Homer* of philosophers, (that we may pass by the Latins), departing from the meaning of the divine poet, with whom he never wished to contract a close friendship, writes, in his *Republic*, ‘Ἀμβροσίην ἔδῃ καὶ νέκταρ πίῃ. And if we covet examples from poets of an inferior age and rank, Nonnus is before us (*Dionys.* x. 284), who has from these two *potions* made one *edule*—

οὐ πότον ἔλκω

Νέκταρος, ἀμβροσίης δ’ οὐ δεύομαι,

and xii. 207—

‘Ἀμβροσίην καὶ νέκταρ ἐμοῦ Διὸς, Ἀμπελε, τίκτης.

Here the grape is *ambrosia*, i. e. “food,” and *nectar* is the “liquor of wine,” or “drink.” The poet is speaking of *Ampelus* being changed into a *vine*. Hence xii. 211, *Bacchus* says—

Ἐδρα ἰγὼ μερόπειςσι, καὶ οὐ πόμα μόνον ἐπάσσω.

We will take the occasion to correct an error in xii. 146—

Ἀμπελος οὐ τίθηκε, καὶ εἰ θάνειν, ἱμερόεν γὰρ
‘Ἐς πότον, οὐ γλυκὲ νέκταρ ἰγὼ σίο κοῦρον ἀμείψω,

which words are thus translated: “*Ampelus non mortuus est, licet obierit, desiderabilem enim in potum, non dulce nectar ego tuum puellum mutabo.*” We see that in the Greek, as well as in the Latin words, it is denied that *Ampelus* should be turned into *sweet nectar*, though all the poets perpetually call the *vine* (ἄμπελον) or *wine* “*nectar*;” nay, even Nonnus himself (xii. 223) affirms the conversion of *Ampelus* into *nectar*—

Σὸν δίμας εἰς γλυκὲ νέκταρ ἀναξ ἤμειψε Κρονίων.

Therefore, that the poet may, in respect to verse 146, maintain his own consistency—

‘Ἐς πότον, οὐ γλυκὲ νέκταρ,

change the participle οὐ into οἷ, *whose*, which was an obvious conjecture; and the meaning of Nonnus is clear, and he will be consistent with himself—

‘Ἐς πότον, οὐ γλυκὲ νέκταρ, ἰγὼ σίο κοῦρον ἀμείψω,

“I will change your son into drink, of which the nectar is sweet;” and we shall wonder that a thing so plain has escaped the notice of interpreters, and of learned men.

We are grieved to remark that *Hesiod*, who is in other respects always *symphonious* with *Homer*, is now first in opposition to him: *Theog.* 640—

Νέκταρ τ’ ἀμβροσίην τε, τάπερ θεοὶ αὐτοὶ ἔδουσιν;

and verse 642—

Ὡς νέκταρ δ’ ἐπάσαντο, καὶ ἀμβροσίην κρατείνην,

which words are taken from *Il. T. 347*; and he seems to confound the two words, as if they were *food*, not *potions*; but, while *Guilietus* would expunge the second verse as supposititious, we ourselves would rather eject the first, because *ἐτάσαντο* is translated *gustarunt*, "tasted," which is applicable to a *potion* also; and thus *Homer* and *Hesiod* would agree. Therefore, if the adjunct *ἀμβρόσιος* be used in mentioning the limbs of the Gods, as *χαῖται ἀμβρόσιαι*, (*Il. A. 529*), do not translate with the *Scholiast*, *θείας*, "divine," but *εὐόσμονς*, "odorous," or "shining with unguent;" and *Nonnus* says of feet—

Καὶ ποδὸς ἀμβρόσιου μεσήμβρινον ἴχνος ἐκίγων,

"of a foot odorous with unguent." But if the epithet be applied to *night* or *sleep*, the signification is fetched from *sweetness*: we may say the same about the word *νεκτάρειος*. This agreement, or non-agreement, of *Homer* with *Hesiod* furnishes to *John Le Clerc*, *Adnot. in Hesiodum*, p. 102, an opportunity of charging both poets with negligence and inaccuracy. For, having cited what *Eustathius* has unscientifically written in his *Commentary on Homer*, he was not ashamed to make this effusion:—"But we should speak much more plainly, if we say that neither poet has spoken accurately, and that no inference is to be drawn on the supposition of accuracy in either. It is, however, true that some of the ancients considered *nectar* to be a 'solid food,' and *ambrosia* a 'drink,' as *Eustathius* shows in what follows, from *Anaxandrides*, *Aleman*, and *Sappho*. So little consistency do the poets observe in mere fictions."

We could wish that very learned men of this sort would not so precipitately detract from the longæval fame of *Homer*, and would discuss at fuller leisure the topic which they handle; before they promulgate their decrees; for no writer can we expect to see, who is more uniform and more accurate in the use of terms than *Homer* and than *Hesiod*, who always sympathizes with him in these respects. We find in *Athenæus* (xv. 8), that *ambrosia* was a name given to the lily, *Προείρηται δ' ἂνω περὶ αὐτῆς (ἀμβροσίης) ὅτι τὸ κρίνον οὕτως λέγεται*, and *Themistius* so far deviated from the original Homeric sense of the words in question, that he makes the first a *fountain*, and the second a *meadow*; so that the exquisite and divine *unguents* at length became *water* and *grass*! We know not by what malignant influence men corrupt the holy genius of words: *Orat. iv. p. 119, ed. 1618*—'Ἀλλὰ καὶ ὁ θρόνος αὐτοῦ τοῦ Διὸς, καὶ ἡ ἀληθινὴ προεδρία, καὶ αἱ πηγαὶ τοῦ νέκταρος, καὶ ὁ λειμὼν τῆς ἀμβροσίας.

We wonder, indeed, how it happened that *Marianus Scholasticus* (*Anthol. iv. 18, 34*), in a more evil age, conspires with *Homer* in applying *ἀμβρόσιος* to *unguents*, when men born in the happiest times have distorted it into a very different meaning, especially the *Latins*, whom we want leisure and inclination to inspect and cite. We will lay before our readers that elegant *Epigram of Marianus on the Bath of Venus* :—

Μήτηρ Κύπριν ἔλουσεν ἔρωσ ποτὶ τῷδε λοτρῇ
 Αὐτὸς ἀποφλίξας λαμπάδι καλὸν ἔδωρ·
 Ἴδρῶς δ' ἀμβρόσιου χυθεὶς χροὸς ἀμμικα λευκῶς
 Ὑδασι, φεῖ πνοιῆς ὕσσον ἀνηψεν ἔαρ

Εἶθ' αὖ δαὶ βοδύσσαν ἀναλίουσιν ἀντμήν,
Ὅς ἐστὶ τῆς χρυσῆς λονομένης Πασίης.

We have thus κατὰ λέξιν, at our leisure, translated it, while the other versions give only the sense :—

"Cyprida Amor matrem dum proluit hisce lavacris,
Fons purus gnati lampade concaluit :
Sudor ab ambrosia fusus cute, mixtus et almis
Undis, o quantum veris ad instar olet !
Exinde et roseos expirant semper odores,
Aurea adhuc veluti se lavet ipsa Venus."

Even a man of duller optics would see here that *χρῶς ἀμβρόσιος* is "a skin anointed with *ambrosia*," because Marianus, in the 5th verse, clearly represents that *ambrosia*, or unguent, to have been *rosy*, which had thenceforth always perfumed the bath with its sweet influence. But if *ἀμβροσίη* is in Homer sometimes "*food*," it does not lose the nature of an *unguent*, because the most learned Fortunatus Scacchus, in *Myrothecio*, l. 42, p. 210, whom the reader can consult, has shown by many examples that the ancients even drank unguents, and we are indebted to him for having saved to us the trouble of proving the fact ; but this most diligent scholar has forgotten Galen, *de LL. Aff.* iv. 9, who has most appositely called *Θηριακή*, which is at once both an *unguent* and a *potion*, by the name of *ἀμβροσία*, and he must have learnt this from Homer ; for the remains of what is true and ancient, often shine forth in writers of great fame and wisdom : Ἐδίδουν δὲ καὶ πίνειν αὐτῷ φάρμακα, τὴν τε μυθράδατειον ὀνομαζομένην ἀντιδοτον, ἀμβροσίαν, καὶ Θηριακὴν.*

We must also beg leave to observe that Homer, and his coeval Hesiod, were unacquainted with a word of great celebrity among other writers, *μύρον*, *unguent*, and *μύρω*, *to flow by drops* ; and we should ourselves conjecture that the words *ἀμβροσία* and *νέκταρ*, in these master poets, had the same signification as *μύρον*, since each knew that the ancients used the *most exquisite unguents*, *μύρα*, and if you do not take *ἀμβροσία* and *νέκταρ* in those poets for the *choicest unguents*, *unguents* would have been without a *generic* name. And we may well wonder that the sons of Homer should easily forget the epithets and adjuncts of so great a poet ; so that when Homer had said *χαῖραι ἀμβροσίαι*, Meleager (*Anthol.* iv.) has degenerately used the word *μυροβόστρυχος*, *whose hair is essenced with unguent*.

(To be continued.)

* But the author of the criticism is here mistaken ; for, by the principles of Greek construction, *ἀμβροσίαν* refers to *μυθράδατειον*.]

MONTHLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE.

BIOGRAPHY.

The Life of John Thelwall. By his WIDOW. 2 Volumes.—Vol. I. pp. 477. Macrone.

So long as civil liberty shall be regarded by Englishmen as the greatest blessing that they can enjoy and the source of many inestimable public and private advantages,—so long as high-minded and consistent patriotism shall meet with its due reward in the praises and enthusiastic aspirations of a grateful people,—so long will it be the duty of that journalist who espouses the great cause of civil and political freedom to rescue from oblivion the names of those, who in other and far different times fought and suffered for the acquisition of those rights which we now enjoy without question or dispute, and to hold up their names as beacons that have lighted us along the dark and thorny path leading to the land of promise. John Thelwall was one of those early political reformers who first kindled the spark which has since become a mighty flame;—and we pity that man, who, looking back on the times in which the orator lived and the scenes in which he played a conspicuous part, can rise from the reading and say that the interest excited both by the man and the events has long passed by. Feeling a very different sentiment ourselves, and convinced, as we are, that common gratitude should suggest kind and pleasing reminiscences of the man who did all that he could do *constitutionally* in denouncing a tyrant king, an oppressive war-loving and poor-grinding ministry, and a venal, time-serving House of Commons,—and in establishing, even at the hazard of life and freedom, the liberty of opinion and of the press, we shall endeavour with what little ability we possess to do for the memory of John Thelwall what a highly respected contemporary has so ably done for Muir and his fellow-martyrs of Scotland.

John Thelwall was the son of a respectable sick-mercator of London, and was born on the 27th of July, 1764. He received the kind of education then usually given to the children of his own condition; but the early death of his father most probably shortened the term of his school-existence which was so distasteful to the embryo champion of liberty. All efforts to induce him to adopt his father's calling as his own were unavailing; for his mind soon betrayed a love of literature and the drama, which unfitted him for the pursuit of trade. After remaining for three or four years in an unsettled state—first thinking of the stage—then, of the arts—and subsequently of the law, he at length took up literature as a profession, in which at the age of twenty-four, he was already gaining an honourable and competent livelihood. The progress of revolution in France was at this time (1789) the theme of general and all-absorbing interest all over Great Britain; and it can scarcely be matter of surprise that youthful enthusiasm prompted Thelwall to take that prominent part in the debating clubs to which his talents entitled him. The most celebrated of these clubs—"the Society for Free Debate"—was held at Coach-makers' Hall:—it existed for more than half a century, and boasted, among other members, of an Erskine, a Garrow, and a Gurney. From the age of nineteen, at which he enrolled himself member of that society, to that of four-and-twenty, Thelwall's political opinions experienced that change which free and honest enquiry will ever produce in a young man. His earliest prejudices verged towards Toryism:—we cannot wonder that, living as he did in full

view of all the horrible abuses which that party had encouraged to the injury of all classes—except the immediate dependents, he went into opposite extremes and advocated measures, which the more rational reformers of the present day repudiate as subversive of public peace and happiness. Degraded as the great *factions* were, which composed the parliament, and alike regardless of the national privileges and lavish of the public money,—venal, servile, and minister-ridden, all justly thinking that men had begun to feel that the heaven-born minister was fast plunging the country into slavery; but few had the boldness to run the hazard of pains and imprisonment for the expression of their honest opinions. Thelwall not only had the boldness to express his own, but to advocate the right of all to express theirs freely and without control.

The absurdity of calling that assembly a national representative house, in which a majority were the nominees either of the government or of individual peers and commoners,—in which, in point of fact, 162 individuals could unite their influence to legislate for several millions to whom they owed no personal responsibility, became so strikingly manifest to Thelwall, that in the Westminster election of 1790 he came forward as an active supporter of Mr. Horne Tooke—an independent candidate—neither Whig nor Tory, but the friend of the people. The great factions coalesced, and Horne Tooke was thrown out; but the zeal of Thelwall's advocacy made for him a friend, who for several years continued to solace him under the persecutions to which his fearless conduct as a politician exposed him. To bring about parliamentary reform in the fullest sense of the term, and to effectuate the abolition of all state abuses, was his great ambition; and he never omitted any opportunity, both by writing and public speaking, to denounce the corruptions of the court and the commons. Thanks to improvements in education—the public at large have gained for themselves the great victory and already obtained—in part, at least—the object, in striving for which so many excellent and upright individuals forty-three years underwent the greatest persecutions, and were treated as common felons. The probable success of these early reformers induced the Pitt administration to gag public opinion—to destroy the liberty of speech and of the press: and under this baneful influence the different political debating societies that had been established by the Duke of Richmond, Lord Grey, and Major Cartwright, fell one by one either into ruin or insignificance. “The Society for Free Debate” was about to be suppressed—Thelwall embraced this opportunity of vindicating the right of popular discussion, and he was obliged to fight the battle *ALONE*,—for none had the boldness to stand by him in the contest. The associations still fell one after another, and Thelwall's popularity declined with them; but still he held on his purpose steadfast and unwavering. “The London Corresponding Society” was the only body that kept its ground during the panic occasioned by the measures of government and the news from France. It was just at the period, when every difficulty was thrown in the way of public meetings, and when individual hazard was incurred by harbouring these unfortunate recusants, that Thelwall delivered the following speech, which, as being highly characteristic of his general style of oratory, we insert here as being characteristic of the *man* not less than the *politician* :—

“This is no season for indulging the idle sallies of the imagination; the hour is full of peril and dismay; the womb of Time is labouring with great events; and now, if ever, every good citizen, every real friend to the peace, the prosperity, and, above all, the permanent happiness of mankind is called upon to sound the solemn alarm that rouses the noble energies of the soul, that shakes off the sullen lethargy of indolence, and, chasing the idle phantoms of pastime and frivolity, calls up that serious, awful train of contemplation, without which it is utterly impossible that we should acquire the sedateness of character, the improvement in knowledge, the true wisdom, and the advancement towards the perfection of truth and fortitude, which all of us, ere

long, may have reason enough to wish we had attained. In short, this is a season for enquiry, not for pastime; and it is therefore that I assemble you together in this public manner, to stimulate you to enquire into the nature of your rights as Britons and as men, and to investigate the nature and causes of that unhappiness which we cannot but feel too sensibly, however ignorant we may be of the sources from whence it is derived. Penetrated with the truth of this representation, and aware of the precipice on which we stand, and to the very verge of which the persecuting violence of an overbearing and desperate faction is endeavouring so precipitately to urge a half-awakening nation, I have renounced myself those pursuits of taste and literature, to which, from my boyish days, I have been so fondly devoted as to sacrifice to them the flattering prospects of affluence and worldly ambition which a lucrative profession presented before me, and have devoted myself, wholly and entirely, to the service of the public; a sense of whose injuries is the only stimulus of my conduct, and whose happiness alone I look forward to as my dearest and my ultimate reward.

"When every coffee-house is filled with party hirelings and venal associators; when anonymous letters are sufficient to blast the peace and destroy the personal security of the best and worthiest members of the community; when even your own house and your own table furnish no longer a sanctuary and an altar, where it is safe to offer up the free incense of friendly communication; when the very domestic, who eats your bread, stands open-mouthed behind your chair to catch and to betray the idle conversation of your unguarded moments; at such a time as this, the utmost caution is evidently necessary, both in our conduct and in our expressions; and that this caution, on the one hand, may not degenerate into tameness and inactivity, nor be frustrated, on the other, by the nets and snares of wicked and designing men, it becomes more than ever requisite for ourselves and for society, that we should cultivate, with tenfold diligence, every species of political and constitutional knowledge; because, it is by such means alone that a fund of intelligence and copiousness of idea can be obtained, that may enable us to utter our complaints with sufficient perspicuity, without, at the same time, trespassing on the boundaries of legal propriety, and exposing ourselves to the malice of the harpies that are hovering aloft ready on the first opportunity to devour us. . . . I shall not, at present, enter into the inquiry concerning the proper deserts of those by whom a system of this description may be introduced or supported; it would be a painful task. I am more desirous of informing, than of irritating, your minds; more anxious to impart the wisdom that softens to benevolence, than to inflame the passions to coercion and revenge. . . . I am a stickler for PRINCIPLES, not the advocate of MEN and PARTIES; an *opposer of vice* and TYRANNY; not the personal enemy even of the oppressors. If others, judging from the warmth of my expressions, or perhaps from the *narrowness of their own souls*, cannot believe these professions, I pity them; I am not angry with them; I look into my own heart, and I believe I know my motives! . . . I am a *sans culotte*! one of those who think the happiness of millions of more consequence than the aggrandizement of any party junto! or, in other words, an advocate for the rights and happiness of those who are languishing in *want and nakedness*! (for this is my interpretation of a *sans culotte*; the thing in REALITY which WHIGS PRETEND to be!) All factions, therefore, do me the honour to hold me in equal detestation; and would be as far from trusting me, as I from being the tool of their ambition. . . . Every individual may do something in the service of the cause. We have virtue and truth on our side; and these, if we are at once *active, vigilant, and prudent*, cannot fail of ultimate triumph over the arts of falsehood and corruption. Let us speak truth, then, with boldness, and cultivate it with incessant diligence; but let us speak with all the caution we are masters of; that, as our views are peaceable and honest, our conduct may, if possible, escape calumny and misrepresentation, and so we may shun the

fangs of the harpies that would devour us; and this, not because we shrink from oppression and persecution (for to suffer injustice in a good cause is, in fact, a glorious distinction), but because, whenever ignorance and misery are so prevalent as we now behold them in this unhappy country, the real friend of mankind has duties of an active nature calling incessantly for his benevolent exertions, which cannot be duly attended to and discharged within the gloomy confines of a prison. Not that I mean to insinuate that, even in a dungeon, a philosophical and enlightened patriot need be entirely useless to society. Mind! mind!—that almost omnipotent faculty of man! superior to the malice of persecution—defies the chains and dungeons of the oppressor; and, while the body still languishes in confinement, makes to itself wings, and, scaling the walls and barriers that vainly endeavour to enslave it, scatters its emanations far and wide.”

Unceasing were the annoyances and persecutions which Thelwall encountered in his well-intentioned endeavours to establish the freedom of the subject; and at length, with a view of suppressing the Corresponding Society, the government agents arrested Hardy, Thelwall, and six others who were active co-operators of the small body of LIBERAL politicians. We shall now quote from the work respecting Hardy’s arrest, for the account is, to us at least, graphic and interesting:—

“On the morning of the 12th of May, 1794, about nine o’clock, a friend called upon Thelwall, when the following conversation took place:

“‘Citizen, I am an early visitor, and I am sorry to say I have bad news to communicate.’

“‘Say it quickly then,’ replied Thelwall. ‘More fourteen years’ transportation? or is it to be hanging now?’

“‘You have said it, citizen! It is too true! Hardy was arrested at six o’clock this morning, on a charge of high treason, and all his papers seized!’

“‘Then my information was correct! I was told on Friday last, that warrants were made out against eight of us; and that the names of Hardy, Richter, Lovet, and myself are among them.’

“‘Pitt triumphs, citizen Thelwall; you must fly while you have a chance, or you are a dead man!’

“‘Fly, citizen, fly! and by flight stamp all our proceedings with the appearance of conscious guilt! Why should I fly?’

“‘For my sake, and your dear child’s,’ said his agitated and weeping wife, who was present.

“‘My dear wife!—my poor child!—you have already tasted of the cup of persecution, but as yet disgrace has not approached you. Shall I, by flying in the hour of danger, avow myself a traitor, and make my Stella and her children hopeless outcasts?’

“‘You will act for the best, I know,’ replied his wife, ‘and I will endeavour to bear, as I ought, whatever may be your decision.’

“‘Affairs are coming to a sad crisis, citizen,’ said his friend.

“‘Affairs are at a sad crisis, citizen,’ returned Thelwall. ‘Let us look back upon the last thirty years, and see to what we are brought. The fruits of our incessant labour snatched from us to pay enormous taxation; our bodies seized on, and pressed into a hateful war; our minds cramped by the heavy penalties of a judge’s sentence; our constitution subverted by laws made to suit the purposes of a government oppressive to the people; our petitions for redress treated with insult; our legal meetings punished with what amounts to transportation for life; and, finding that heavy fines, imprisonment, and transportation, do not suffice to satisfy their revenge, they must satiate it in our blood, for daring to stand up for our rights and the rights of generations yet unborn! It is not for ourselves, citizen, we are struggling, but for our children’s children! How many generations yet in embryo will have to slave to pay the enormous debt of the last twenty years!’

" 'Citizen,' returned the other, 'our country will never sanction this attempt on our lives.'

" 'Alas! friend,' replied Thelwall, 'we shall have a hard struggle for it. Show me, in the whole history of state prosecutions in this country, any instance where the victim has escaped the hands of government, and I will admit hope! But we *will* hope, nevertheless,' said he, brightening up, 'we will not only *hope*, but we will cast away *fear*! We have gained one point at least—a grand, a glorious point—we have taught a jury what is *their right* and *duty*; and our persecutors have been obliged to confirm that right. We may have an independent jury; and, if we have, give us but the slightest appearance of justice, and, as we have neither compassed nor imagined any unlawful act, we will beat them here, too! So cheer up, my dear wife,' said he, kissing his child; 'though I may be kept from you for a short time, it is impossible the heart of a man can be more free from fear than mine is at present.'

"Immediately upon this information, Thelwall proceeded to visit the different sections of the society, urging them to firmness and moderation during the approaching crisis. As nothing had yet been done by them to justify, according to the constitutional law of the land, any charge of treason, which the proceedings of government seemed to menace, he exhorted them neither by rashness on the one hand, nor by timidity on the other, to give any advantage to their enemies. He took also the proper means for summoning an extraordinary meeting of delegates of the societies at his house, for the following evening; and then, without troubling his head about his papers, which he had been advised to destroy or to conceal, he spent the rest of the day at home, in endeavours to re-assure his wife and mother, and, in the evening, went to the theatre."

Throughout his trials Thelwall maintained the same calmness and self-possession. On the 13th of May, 1794, the spy Walsh and his satellites arrested him and seized all his papers and books, many of which he never recovered. His examination before the privy council and what passed in the Tower we must pass over; but we cannot avoid quoting more largely than usual from the trial:—

"On the 1st of December, 1794, according to notice which had been given to Holcroft, Kidd, Joyce, and Bonney, they were placed at the bar of the Old Bailey, and underwent the form of being *acquitted for want of evidence*!

"After their discharge, Thelwall was placed at the bar; this trial lasted *five* days, during which time he kept up an incessant correspondence with his counsel, Messrs. Erskine and Gibbs, which enabled them to detect a multitude of misrepresentations and perjuries, and prevarications, in the testimony of the spies and informers by whom he had been beset. The statements of the *genuine* witnesses, as they may be called, to distinguish them from the former, were, in reality, more favourable than adverse to him, as they particularly established the fact of his utter abhorrence and reprehension of all suggestions that could have any tendency to violence, nor must it be forgotten, that neither Thelwall nor his colleagues rested any part of their defence on the circumstance of the proposal for calling the convention being negatived in the committee.

"In the calm and full possession of his mind, having watched the whole proceedings, he had the firmness deliberately, but with politeness, to stand up and interrupt the judge in his final summing up, and to point out to him an error in his recapitulation of the evidence, which error, the judge after referring to his notes, had the candour to acknowledge, with thanks, for the *very proper* interruption.

"But there was a circumstance attendant upon this trial, more gratifying to Thelwall than even the acquittal which preserved his life: and this was the opportunity he had of clearing his character from the vague but deeply in-

jarious calumnies which had been urged against him, both while he was in confinement, and in the course of the preceding trials.

"The number of witnesses which he now brought forward, whose station and respectability in society made their evidence indisputable, was sufficient to make the judge himself assert in his summing up, 'that the gentleman at the bar had produced such testimony as to character as was seldom heard in that court.' Some of this testimony was so clear to the whole tenour of his life, that we cannot refrain from quoting a few of the answers which were given on that occasion. The reader will there see, that the judge, in his summing up, speaking of the evidence, Mr. Cline, Mr. Wilson, and Mr. Clark, professional men of distinguished eminence, says, 'they have given a very good character of the gentleman at the bar—a character of such a nature, that we cannot read it over again without astonishment, after the very bad character which he has, with that luxuriance of idea, that Mr. Parkinson speaks of, given of himself. With a disposition to make large allowances for temper, and for manner, and *with a very favourable impression* of the prisoner's character, from the account given of him by these witnesses, it is impossible to say there is not a great deal to explain in the writings and conduct of this gentleman, and if it cannot be explained, there is a great deal to blush for, considering he is a man of letters, a man of liberal education, who has lived in habits of intercourse with gentlemen, and, above all things, he is a British subject.'

"The summing up being concluded, the jury retired to consider of their verdict.

"As it was well known that this would be the last trial, should the prisoner be found not guilty, the whole kingdom was waiting in anxiety for the result. Thousands of people, on this, as on Hardy's trial, were congregated around the prison, and the court itself was crowded to suffocation. On the retiring of the jury, a dead silence reigned in the court. The crowd without, when given to understand that the jury were in deliberation, eager to catch the first sounds that might inform them of the result, sunk also into the stillness of night. The chief justice, who probably conjectured what the verdict would be, availed himself of this silence to address the court, particularly warning his audience against any tumultuary expression of their feelings.

"At this awful moment all eyes were fixed upon Thelwall, who, firm and undaunted, awaited erect the fiat which was to award him life or death!

"The door of the jury-box at length opened, and the gaze of the audience was turned upon the countenances of the re-entering jurymen, which Thelwall scrutinized with a glance which would have read their inmost souls.

"An awful pause of some seconds succeeded, which was at length broken by the steady firm voice of the foreman of the jury. 'My lord,' said he, turning himself towards the judge, and then towards the prisoner, 'we pronounce the gentleman at the bar—Not Guilty.'

"These words were no sooner uttered than the enthusiasm which pervaded every breast, burst through all restraint, and filled the court with acclamations; the multitude on the outside of the court-house, as before on Hardy's trial, caught the sounds, and instantly re-echoed them.

"Thelwall, to whom permission to live had thus just been given, stepped forward, and silenced the applause by a burst of eloquence, which must have been heard to give an adequate idea of it, but of which we have some faint conception from the following extract, taken from W. Ramsay's short-hand notes of the trial.

"My lords and gentlemen of the jury, if any thing could increase the affection I bear my country, it certainly must be the circumstance of this acquittal. If a plain, simple, unconnected man, with neither rank, fortune, nor connexions to recommend him, after having laboured twelve months under all the calumny which a particular set of party writers could pour upon his head—after lying seven months in prison, without any opportunity to vindicate

case himself, and whose friends could not dare to vindicate him for fear of falling under similar predicaments themselves—if, under all these circumstances, after the diligent collections of this mass of evidence (a great part of which, I own, appeared to me not connected with my case—but I submitted to the judgment of the court)—if, under all these circumstances, the accumulated weight and pressure laid upon me was not sufficient to bear down and crush so isolated and unprotected a man, there must be something in the dispositions of the people of Great Britain—something eminently virtuous in this country, which every Briton must reflect upon with pride, and which must render every individual still more anxious to promote its happiness and prosperity.

“My lords and gentlemen of the jury, I protest, in the sight of my country, and call upon that posterity whose applause I hope to obtain, and whose happiness I have anxiously laboured to procure, to bear witness for me, that I never was actuated by one vicious motive in any part of my political conduct, however provoked by the insults and indignities that may have stimulated too irritable a disposition. I call upon that country, and upon that posterity, to regard either with detestation or affection my memory hereafter as what I now say shall be found true or false—that no part of my political conduct has ever had any actuating motive but a desire to promote the welfare and happiness of my fellow-creatures, by peaceable means—by reason alone; and that there stands not an individual in this court, there exists not an individual in this country or in the universe, who has blended so much activity with so anxious a desire to prevent all violence. Not only have I forborne all personal concern with violence, or plans of violence, myself, but a great part of my activity has been exerted in preventing the society with which I have been connected from being led by spies and informers (by the Taylors and the Lyons who had insinuated themselves into it, for purposes of the blackest treachery) into schemes of rashness and violence—in preventing them from being seduced by such beings into the ridiculous project of procuring arms, and exchanging the artillery’ (*holding up a pen*), ‘which you have been told in evidence is the only artillery I ever mean to make use of, for pikes and guns, and all those instruments of destruction, which I hope, one time or other, and anxiously believe, will be entirely thrown aside, and no longer be permitted to make the wife a mourning widow, and the orphan babe an outcast from society.

“My lord, I take leave of the court and jury, returning them my most sincere thanks for the anxious attention they have paid to this trial.”

“The effect of this address was extraordinary. The manly eloquence and earnestness with which it was uttered, the truth which was so evidently poured from the deep recesses of the heart of the speaker, the energy of action with which it was accompanied, most forcibly impressed every hearer; and such was the extent to which the judges participated in the emotion which it excited, that it is a fact, they actually forgot to go through the customary forms of liberating their prisoner, until reminded of it by the gaoler.

“Thelwall now retired through a private passage to join his family, who were waiting in the neighbourhood, in anxious expectation, the result of the trial, and to whom every quarter of an hour messengers were employed to convey intelligence of the proceedings. He endeavoured, with equal privacy, to regain the residence from which he had been detained for seven months, but notwithstanding all his precautions, he was recognised by the multitude, who took the horses from the carriage, and drew him, with shouts of triumph, to the door of his house in Beaufort Buildings.”

We have now passed over the most stirring incidents of Thelwall’s public life. The result of the Tory measures of 1794, however fraught with ill they may have been to individuals, was equally decisive and glorious to the cause of Reform. The Whigs and Reformers reconciled their differences, set aside their jealousies and made common cause :—their united efforts, weak at first,

became at length more powerful, and finally succeeded, after a contest of more than forty years, in defeating the enemies of the people and the supporters of corruption.

Mr. Thelwall's private life was in every respect what his best friends could have desired:—he was a good husband, a good father, and an honest upright member of society. He married his first wife in 1791,—by whom he had a numerous family, of which three sons and one daughter are still living. Of his "Stella" those who knew her speak with unqualified and enthusiastic praise; and it was owing undoubtedly to her affectionate fondness and sound discretion, that he was enabled to bear up cheerfully and successfully against the civil storms that threatened to overwhelm him. Thelwall's occupations in private life were those of a teacher and lecturer on elocution; and in this professional pursuit he received most efficient aid from his wife. This lady died in 1818, —and in 1820 (as we believe) he again married. By her, to whom he then united himself, and who is the writer of his Memoir, he had a son in 1833. Of his amiable widow we now take our leave, thanking her for the trouble that she has bestowed in the collection of materials not generally familiar to her sex, and for the efficient manner in which she has unfolded the various important events which not only concern her husband's memory, but teach a great national lesson. We hope that her labour will meet with a reward more substantial than the praise of reviewers.

TRAVELS.

Journal of a Horticultural Tour through Germany, Belgium and France. By JAMES FORBES, A. L. S. 8vo. Ridgeway.

THE scientific cultivation of plants may be said to be quite of modern date; and in no country has it been carried to greater perfection than in England, where the establishment of various societies for its encouragement sufficiently indicates the interest felt upon the subject. Mr. Forbes is well-known to all connoisseurs of plants as the author of a valuable work entitled the "*Hortus Woburnensis*," a catalogue of the exotic and indigenous plants and shrubs at Woburn Abbey, together with directions for their cultivation. As the Duke of Bedford's head-gardener, and one of the best horticulturists in England, Mr. Forbes was especially well-fitted for the task of describing the contents of one of the best gardens in England; and the duke's sense of his ability is sufficiently proved by his liberality in commissioning him to visit the gardens of the continent, and to compare the state of the art abroad with that at home.

The book, although chiefly devoted to professional purposes, contains many pleasant and instructive remarks on general subjects, and may be read with advantage even by those to whom the science of botany is a sealed volume. The author's conclusions with regard to the general state of horticulture in Germany, Belgium and France are as follow:—

"The plants in the hot-houses are in most of the establishments kept in excellent order and in a healthy state; the *Succulentes* also appeared to be much more extensively cultivated than they had hitherto been in England; but the general order and neatness of the grounds were but little attended to. They did not appear to me to well understand the forcing of fruits, except in one or two places in France, nor did I perceive that nicety in the training of fruit-trees which is thought indispensable in this country. Vegetables are, however, in large establishments more extensively grown; but there certainly did not appear to be such a general spirit for horticultural improvement as is now prevailing in this country. At no period, indeed, was gardening and the collecting of plants ever pursued with greater spirit in England than at this moment,—insomuch, that we can scarcely visit a nobleman or gentleman's garden without observing improvements and alterations proceeding in every direction."

POETRY.

A Selection from the Poems of His Majesty Louis the First, King of Bavaria, imitated in English Verse. By GEORGE EVERILL. London: Smith, Elder, and Co.

THE poems selected by Mr. Everill give a very fair specimen of the mind possessed by the royal author. The versification being good, the work merits perusal. Mr. Everill, in the preface, speaking of the original work, remarks, "The feelings of the royal author led him to the selection of such subjects as were more immediately connected with his own affections and interests, individual and social. His poems may, therefore, be traced from his palace, his family, and his friends—to Germany, under the invasion and depression of the French; to Italy, fallen from her Roman glory; to Greece, beneath the tyranny of the Turks; and to the political prospects of the whole of Europe. The poems also exhibit a keen sense and vivid description of the beauties of Nature and Art which the author visited in his various tours, both in his own country and in various parts of Europe."

Sketches from Life, Lyrics from the Pentateuch, and other Poems. By THOMAS RAGG. Longman and Co.

THE reception that the former works of this author received, has induced the "Nottingham Mechanic" again to present himself before an intelligent public. In his preface he says, "We are indebted to pecuniary straits brought on by a long train of affliction, for issuing this small publication; for which he respectfully solicits the same indulgence and liberal support so kindly vouchsafed to his preceding publications."

We have no doubt but the religious part of the community will cheerfully respond to this appeal, as we are assured that they will derive much pleasure and profit from a perusal of this excellent little volume, as it breathes a spirit of elevated piety through all its pages.

It opens with "Night," which forms two books. In the first book, the poet's lament of the "death of his boys," we think is very pathetic, as it calls forth all the tender feelings of human nature. Towards the conclusion he says:—

"Yet cheer thee up, my heart, the psalmist's joys
Be thine.—They never can to me return,
But I may go to them. The brilliant spots
Of love's warm sunshine, fancy's pencil laid
Upon the canvass of forth-coming years,
I may not, cannot see. But I may meet
My boys, my darlings, 'neath a fairer sky,
Where, in the rays of Uncreated Love,
Delighted, we shall bask for evermore;
And there throughout eternal ages learn
To bless the hand that smote them, and thus bore
From earth's dark sorrows to a realm of peace."

"Night" is followed by minor pieces, under the head of "Sketches from Life," "Lyrics from the Pentateuch," and "Caradoc," in three cantos, which obtained the prize from the Nottingham Literary Society, with other miscellaneous poems.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Suburban Gardener and Villa Companion. By J. C. LOUDEN, F. L. S. Longman and Co.

To the amateur gardener, and those who contemplate what is termed a country residence, that is, a residence of a few miles from the metropolis, or other populous towns, will find this work highly useful. Judging from the first number, we strongly recommend it to all who are desirous of inhaling a pure atmosphere, as it contains remarks that will be found highly useful in the choice of a suitable residence, gardens, &c., which would occur only to a very few of the many who recede from densely populous places of habitation.

What Asylums were, are, and ought to be. Edinburgh: Adam and Charles Black: and Longman and Co. London. 1837.

THIS is a valuable little work, containing much matter in one volume small octavo, being the substance of five lectures delivered before the managers of the Montrose Lunatic Asylum, by W. A. F. Browne, Surgeon, medical superintendent of the Montrose Asylum, formerly President of the Royal Medical Society, Edinburgh, &c. &c. The object of this excellent tract seems to have been to draw the attention of the public and of the medical profession in particular to the consideration of what has been done and of what remains to be done for the relief of the most unfortunate of our species; even of those who may be almost literally said to sit in darkness and in the shadow of death. Mr. Browne puts forward no arrogant claims to originality in the design nor to superiority in the execution of his treatise, and yet he has produced the most complete and the most interesting little work on its subject that we recollect ever to have perused. At the outset and in the introductory part of the volume, without undertaking to supply the desideratum of an adequate definition of insanity, the author has thought it more useful to direct the attention of his reader to a practical distribution of the human faculties, the lessons of which either singly or in diverse assemblages are observed to constitute the ordinary forms of insanity. He supposes accordingly the mind to consist of four classes of powers. Of these he places first the instincts or impulses manifested by man in common with the lower animals, but capable of being directed by reason or the moral feeling to great and noble ends. The *second class* comprehends the sentiments, where there is a vivid emotion superadded to a propensity to act. Among these are pride, vanity, veneration, hope, &c. The purely intellectual faculties constitute the *third class*. By them we recognise the relations of ideas, of the impressions of the mind itself, we are enabled to trace effects to their causes, to ascertain the difference or agreement of propositions, and to conduct processes of reasoning. In the *fourth class* are the observing powers, or those by which we perceive the qualities and relations of external objects. It is observable that all these feelings and faculties are gradually developed and that again they gradually decline; that they are weak in infancy, strong at maturity, and again weak in old age; that their evolution and decay correspond with certain actual changes of physical organization. It has been, in short, ascertained that the condition and intensity of these powers are influenced by the state of the body and the effects of external and internal stimuli; that in certain affections of the nervous system, as for example during the excitement of intoxication, their energy is impaired, and that in certain other affections, as in phrenitis and ramollissement, their operation is altogether destroyed. And, finally, it is now pretty satisfactorily proved that the integrity and health of these powers depend upon the structure of the brain and its coverings; that if this organ be prevented from attaining a certain size, no mental manifestations appear; that if by accident or disease

the nervous mass should be either directly or indirectly injured, these manifestations are diminished in number, impaired in strength, or altogether annihilated.

In what manner this connexion between mind and matter subsists, the author professes not to enquire. The link so connecting the living soul to the living body will elude human research most probably for ever. Enough has however been already ascertained to teach us the importance of recognising the connexion and of making it the foundation of all enquiries into the nature of mental alienation, as well as of all attempts to improve the condition of the insane. From the admission of this principle derangement should be no longer considered a disease merely of the understanding, but of the centre of the nervous system, upon the unimpaired condition of which the exercise of the understanding depends. The brain is first at fault, and then the mind. The brain is oppressed by blood; it is irritated; it is softened; and the ideas are confused, the feelings are exalted, because that part of the system with which their healthy manifestation is associated in this world has undergone a substantial change of condition. But let this oppression be relieved, this irritation be removed, and the mind rises into its native strength, clearness, and constituency.

In all cases, accordingly, where disorder of the mind is detectable, from the faintest peculiarity to the widest deviation from health, it must and can *only* be traced directly or indirectly to the brain. The change may indeed exist either in its own structure or in distant organs, which influence its condition in such a manner as to make it impossible that the mental operation should be continued with regularity or unabated soundness and vigour. A blow, for example, is received on the forehead; the skull is depressed, the brain is lacerated or contused, and the individual passes at once from the possession of a sound and powerful reason, from a clear perception of the position which he occupies, the plans which he has formed, and of the knowledge and energies which he can put forth, into a dark fatuity, a bewilderment of thought, and into an ignorance of all he has done, can do, or is required to do. Here the two facts of cerebral lesion and of depravation, even to deprivation of intellect, stand so distinctly in relation to each other of cause and effect that all men are accustomed to regard them, and are warranted in regarding them, in that light. Again, let the dissolute and reckless debauchee abandon himself for years to the practice of destroying his digestive powers by all manner of abuses of his physical functions, inimical at once to virtue and to health, and in all probability you will observe in the sequel the gradual progression of the natural consequences of such a course of conduct, in the failure perhaps in the first instance of his digestive organs, in the interruption of his gross but most especially valued enjoyments, to be however speedily followed by obviously diseased states of the stomach and of the nervous and sanguineous systems. To these will succeed in their due trains general uneasy sensations, pains of diverse locality and character, uneasy sensations difficult to be described, but indicative of no little danger of visceral disorganizations. With the increasing tremulousness and decay of the body the reasoning faculty will in vain attempt to contemplate steadily its own situation, and the mind totters, and ultimately falls, in the general wreck.

After a few years of raving madness or helpless idiocy the patient dies. On dissection the stomach will probably exhibit traces of deep-seated or of long-continued morbid action, the obvious consequences of frequent exposure to the action of stimulants. But will this be the only lesion discoverable? Can such changes, which are found to follow other causes without disturbing the functions of the brain, in this particular case produce insanity? experience proves the reverse of this. In or around the brain will be detected some obvious alteration of structure, with the existence of which health was incompatible. The incessant determination of an accelerated or vitiated current of blood to the head, or the condition of the nervous system consequent on repeated intoxication, accounts for the production of this alteration. Occasionally cases present themselves, where the lesions are very slight, have been

overlooked, "and according to some authors have not existed. In such cases the disease has been called functional; it being supposed to depend upon some change in the proportion or qualities of the elements of which the brain is composed, not appreciable by our senses nor detectable by chemical agents. Neither of these explanations is satisfactory. The prevailing opinion at present would seem to be, that no cases do occur where no pathological condition can be observed; that those recorded owe this feature to the negligence or ignorance of their narrators; and that, should such cases really exist, the brain must be affected similarly to the rest of the body in fever, where the alterations are evanescent, disappearing on the extinction of life. This doctrine, founded on the results of much personal observation and good sense, is further supported by the authority of many excellent opinions and dissections of the best pathologists of recent and present times.

Two excellent lectures are devoted by our author to the statistics of insanity. These essays are full of excellent practical matter, although in the present state of our knowledge materials are greatly wanting to furnish a complete treatise upon the subject. The third lecture is an answer to the question, *what asylums were?* Here we have the diverse nouns and adjectives obtruding themselves at every page of coercion, keepers, gaols, cages, caves, dungeons, fury, filth, terror, cruelty, chains, forcing, muffing, wailing, howling, bells, bars, chains, collars and straight waistcoats, with oubliettes and inflictions of cold blood barbarities of all conceivable descriptions. In this section of our little book we have also a brief but interesting account of the celebrated case of William Norris, who had been confined fourteen years, in consequence of attempting to defend himself from what he conceived to be the improper treatment of his keeper, who was a habitual drunkard, and at the time intoxicated. The case is too long for quotation. See p. 116. Lecture IV. is an illustration of the proposition, *what asylums are*, and is a highly interesting piece of moral and professional composition. The work concludes with lecture V. which gives a pretty good painting of the author's reflections on *what asylums ought to be*. The reader may read the following passage as a faithful specimen of the writer's general manner of thinking and writing. We think he will be pleased with both; and if not, we fancy we could pity him.

On the character of superintendent of an Asylum.

"But to whom, rather than the well-educated physician, is such a sacred and momentous trust to be consigned? The word well-educated is employed advisedly and in its most comprehensive sense. The combination of qualifications which it represents is assuredly rare, but it is as assuredly indispensable. The basis of such a character must be dispositions truly Christian and catholic. Coleridge has said with great acumen, that, 'in the treatment of nervous disease, he is the best physician who is the most ingenious inspirer of hope.' There must exist a benevolent kindness which shall be so deep and expansive as to feel sympathy for the lunatic, not merely because he is an alien to his kind, because he is visited with the heaviest and hardest affliction which humanity can bear and live; but will feel an interest in those unreal and artificial and self-created miseries with which the distracted spirit is oppressed, and which will be as solicitous to alleviate suffering, where it is absurd and the result of violence and perversity of temper, as where it flows from misfortune. There must be a benevolence which will be prepared to make the lunatic a companion and a friend in all the essential qualities of reciprocal confidence, mutual forbearance, fellow-feeling, and rational counsel, which will in all cases forget that an awful but not an unpassable gulf of obliterated acquirements, numbed or lethargic emotions, and darkened reason, can separate two beings born of one family; and only hold before the mind's eye the things that still remain in common. There must be that benevolence, which will, at an immeasurable distance, imitate the mercy of Him, who, in curing the broken and bewildered spirit of demonomania, 'took him by the hand and lifted him up.' But this gentleness must be

controlled; it must be graduated. It may sink into a barren sympathy, or, more fatally for the welfare of those towards whom it is directed, it may be active in soothing momentary pangs at the sacrifice of permanent peace; it may, indulge vicious propensities, it may give way to unreasonable demands, it may, rather than inflict uneasiness, foster the very delusions and irritability which are the root of the disease. The purely benevolent physician can never be a good practitioner. There must be mingled with such a sentiment that highly refined sense of duty, that keen perception of right which guides even kindness and affection in their ministrations, and which holds the balance as scrupulously in deciding on the moral rights of lunatics as on the civil rights of our fellow-citizens. That this quality is required, in order to secure the discharge of the ordinary obligations of regular attendance and the exertion of every means prescribed for the alleviation of insanity, every one must see and admit. But it appears to be even more essential and more important in indicating what the conduct of the physician and his subordinates ought to be towards their charges, in enabling the former to feel what are the real interests of the latter, and, aided by judgment, in distinguishing the degree of responsibility attachable to each action; but above all in conferring that impress of high integrity and honour which is appreciated and revered and confided in almost as generally among the insane as among the most shrewd and intelligent of mankind. In this light, a disingenuous and unconscientious, in other terms, a bad man, cannot be a good physician. But even these noble attributes would be of little avail in the trying situations in which the curator of the insane is placed, without that moral and physical courage and firmness which confer calmness and decision in the midst of danger, and in dealing with the most furious and unlistening madness, and imbues the whole character with that controlling influence, which, tempered with mercy and justice, governs the turbulent while it appears to guide, and commands the most wild and ferocious by the sternness and at the same time by the serenity of its orders,—by the absence alike of timidity and anger. The intellectual qualifications for such a trust are high and varied, but cannot easily be specified. They must comprehend a familiarity with the true and practical philosophy of the human mind, in order that its diseases may be understood and controlled; as general an acquaintance as is practicable with the usages and workings of society, with the habits, the pursuits, and the opinions and prejudices of different classes, with literature and science so far as they contribute to the instruction, happiness, or amusement of these classes, with every thing, in short, which is or can be rendered influential in what may be called adult education, in the management or modification of character, in order that as great a number of moral means of cure, of restraining, persuading, engaging, teaching the darkened and disordered mind may be created as possible; and finally, as liberal a professional education as long preliminary study and equally long practical observation can accomplish, in order that the causes of alienation, the physiological conditions by which its duration and intensity may be increased or diminished, and the operation of medicines or external agents in removing or modifying either the one or the other, may be thoroughly mastered. To acquire and apply this amount of knowledge and discrimination, it is not only necessary that he who devotes himself to the care of the insane should pass his noviciate in an asylum; or, in the active discharge of his duties, see his patients, as has been recommended, once or twice a-week; he must live among them; he must be their domestic associate; he ought to join in their pursuits and pastimes; he ought to engage them in converse during the day, and listen to their soliloquies in the retirement of their cells; he must watch, analyze, grapple with insanity among the insane, and seek for his weapons of aggression in the constitution and dispositions of each individual, and not in general rules or universal specifics."

EDUCATION.

Practical Remarks on Infant Education. By the Rev. Dr. and Miss MAYO. 12mo. pp. 105. Seeley and Burnside.

THIS is a very small and unpretending little book; but nevertheless it is one which every person at all versed in educational science must admit to be highly valuable,—inasmuch as it is what has long been wanted,—a practical treatise. To train children properly—a commencement should be made in very early life, before bad habits have been contracted and erroneous prejudices formed,—before vicious example has polluted their young minds and taught them to tread the paths of sin and death. This has long been acknowledged as an undeniable truth by all, who admit the general proposition, that education *at all* is useful and necessary; and the only point of difference between parties is the *how*, the means by which the object is best to be attained. We are not by any means certain, that the little book now under consideration, is well adapted in every particular as a teacher's manual,—especially as it inculcates much as being requisite to religious instruction, which savours of sectarian enthusiasm. Let it not be supposed, however, that we object to religious teaching,—for we entertain quite as strong an opinion as the much respected principal of Cheam School respecting its high importance;—but we hold the cultivation of the religious affections—the pure love of God and of our Saviour Jesus Christ—to be more the business of an infant's teacher than the development of doctrines which at any rate admit of dispute, and which, admitting them to be true, require the exercise of a strong and cultivated understanding properly to comprehend. Miss Mayo, no doubt, acts conscientiously in recommending what *she finds* most accordant with the results of her own scriptural studies; but still it somewhat savours of exclusiveness to make her own creed the basis on which infant education is to rest. What Mr. Wyse* says on the subject, seems to us judicious and important. "Without the aid of religion, without 'this purifying and preserving salt,' there is no soundness in any country. Morals die with religion, and even our more economic virtues sooner or later drop off with that on which they grew. True religious education, far deeper than sectarianism, far wider, is also more powerful in its re-organizing effects. It has to do, not with factions, but with the nation, nor with transitory or local pretensions, but with real and inward strength, with the natural and enduring character of man." We advocate religion, but repudiate sectarianism in general education, and for this reason have ventured to make a few strictures on a book which in every other respect is unexceptionable.

The second chapter of Miss Mayo's practical remarks on moral education is extremely well drawn up, and marks its authoress to be a person of great experience as well as of sound good sense. We cannot do better than quote the short opening paragraph, in which the grounds of moral obligation are explained.

"This branch of education consists in the *cultivation of right feelings and sentiments; and the formation of principles and habits*. It cannot be too strongly enforced that the paramount object in every Infant School should be to call into action the affections of the children, and to engage them on the side of religion and morality. It is the greatest honour to these establishments that they have taken precedence of all our public institutions in recognising the unspeakable value of this branch of education. Most equivocal indeed would be the advantages they offer, if they aimed at mere intellectual attainment; or if the religious instruction was addressed only to the understanding. No! the ground on which Infant Schools have a claim upon our

* Wyse's Education Reform, vol. i. p. 271.

gratitude and our support, is their moral training on the principles of the gospel.

"If religious instruction be carried on in a right manner, it will undoubtedly tend to the formation of good principles; but it must be the constant aim of the teacher to strengthen the connexion, and to point out how religious knowledge ought to produce moral habits. One of the most powerful auxiliaries in the cultivation of the character is the force of example; children not only imitate what those around them do and say, but involuntarily acquire their habits and manners. It is not enough, therefore, that a teacher speak of love and recommend it; he must habitually exhibit it in his conduct; he must display untiring good humour, sympathizing tenderness, and playful vivacity, keeping up in the school-room an atmosphere of cheerfulness and love. The force of example alone, however, is not sufficient for the formation of moral character; the consciences of the children must be exercised in determining between right and wrong, in choosing the good and rejecting the evil, and the power of resisting temptations strengthened. They should therefore be carefully watched, and yet at the same time allowed a freedom of action; trials and temptations will arise in their intercourse with each other, especially in the play-ground, and their conduct should be brought to the test of scripture precepts, and made the subject of affectionate admonition, or fatherly correction, as the case may require.

"One of the first impressions that a teacher should endeavour to make on children's minds, with a view to their moral education, is the conviction of their *responsibility to God*. Teach them that they are not at liberty to sin,—that it is not a matter of indifference how they behave, so that they injure no one,—but, on the contrary, that they will be called to account for the omission of what is right, as well as the commission of what is wrong. With the knowledge of their responsibility, connect the impression that the eye of the Lord is ever upon them, that their habitual feeling may be, 'Thou God seest me.'

"It is very important also to accustom them to consider what is their right position in society, and their consequent duties. Teach them that the different grades of rank are established by the Lord, and that each has its appointed work, as each member of our body has its peculiar office. By leading them to look to God as the disposer of their lot, and themselves as unworthy recipients of his mercies, you will promote a spirit of cheerfulness and contentment, and a desire of rendering to all their due. In order to correct that selfish principle which causes us to view things through a false medium, considering more what others owe to us than what we owe to them, you should lead them to reflect upon what are the claims of their companions, what of their master, what of their parents, what of God. Teach them to consider their actions in reference to these claims, and see that they not only acknowledge the principle, but that they carry it out into practice, for it is essential, besides awakening feelings and instilling principles, to cultivate moral habits, and habits are formed by the frequent repetition of an action."

Miss Mayo's observations on the intellectual training to which young children should be submitted are based on the experience of several years. They are not ruminations in the closet, or theories based on the perusal of other books. The writer of this notice has frequently seen her in the midst of her pupils both in the class room and in the fields, so that he speaks confidently to her ability as a teacher of young people, as a teacher who seeks—not to load the mind with facts beyond its powers of digestion,—but to unfold in *proper harmony* all the nascent faculties of her pupils. She recommends that things should be taught before words, that the powers of observation should be cultivated and strengthened by stimulating and properly directing that curiosity and love of novelty, which are characteristic of childhood.

We have no room to follow the Christian instructress through the minutiae of the scheme:—we are content to have developed the general plan of a work

which deserves better than any other that we have seen to be generally used among teachers; but we cannot resist the temptation of extracting her concluding observations, which in all respects are highly admirable:—and with these, we take leave of this valuable little manual.

“Before closing these remarks it may not be unprofitable to address a few words to Teachers. You have undertaken a work of great difficulty and high responsibility; one perhaps, which if you had fully appreciated you would scarcely have considered yourselves competent to fill. Nevertheless be not discouraged, you yet may do much by industry to qualify yourselves for the duty you have engaged in, but especially seek strength, seek grace, seek direction from above. Sow the good seed carefully, preparing well the soil, and trust to the Lord, that he will, when he sees fit, bless it to his own glory. Avail yourselves of every opportunity of acquiring knowledge that may prove useful to you in teaching. Whenever you meet with what appears to you valuable information, note it down for future use. The questions of children often lead us to see our own ignorance; let them also lead you to seek for knowledge upon points in which they prove you deficient. You should consider that your work is by no means over when you close your school-room doors; your evenings should be devoted to self-improvement and to preparing your materials for the next day. It is very important before you enter upon your work, that you have the instruction you propose giving, carefully arranged, and ready to be produced when you require it. Those who do not attend to this point, either go over their old lessons day after day, till they have lost all freshness and interest both with themselves and their scholars, or depending upon their own resources, they leave it for the moment that they are to give a lesson, to decide what it shall be and how it shall be treated; the consequence is that they are occupied in these matters, when their minds ought to be free to watch their pupils, and to keep up their attention; and if visitors come in, they lose their self-possession, and know not what they ought to be doing. It is therefore recommended that you should review every evening the state of your school during the past day, consider what plans seemed to succeed, what to fail, then endeavour to gain something new for future use, at the same time determine what lessons you will give on the morrow; what aim you propose in the lessons, and how you ought to treat them. If you find your pupils not improving, getting disorderly, inattentive, &c., do not become angry with them, but look for the fault in yourselves; there has been, you may feel assured, something deficient in your teaching or your discipline; if you allow yourselves to get out of humour with the children, the evil will only increase; if, on the contrary, you look to yourselves as the cause of what is wrong, you will try some new lesson, something more interesting, you will use gentleness instead of harshness, and, seeking a strength not your own, your school will no doubt recover its usual tone.

“Punishment should be resorted to as seldom as possible; consider it as an evil, though sometimes a necessary one, for the sake of example, or to subdue a bad spirit that is gaining ground; but recollect that its office is not to stimulate to good, but to prevent the recurrence of wrong conduct. There cannot be a greater proof of a school being badly managed than the necessity of frequent punishment. Again, never punish a child when you are irritated against him, or you will completely do away the good effects of the chastisement; he will be much more inclined to attribute the pain he suffers to your temper, than to his own misconduct. When you are convinced that punishment is necessary let it be evident that it is (what it ought to be) a grief to you to inflict it. Imitate the example of your heavenly Father, who afflicteth not willingly the children of men, but chastises in love.

“Study simplicity not only in your language, using the most plain words, but also in the manner in which you present a subject to the children; this should be natural and easy, setting before them only one difficulty at a time. Whatever injury may have been done to children, it has seldom arisen from

intellectual culture having commenced too early, for children's minds are always in activity; but from this activity having been exercised upon subjects unsuitable to their age, and still more perhaps from presenting to them more than one difficulty to contend with at the same time, for this causes a perplexity and distress peculiarly injurious to the delicately-constituted minds of infants. On this ground, teaching children to count by balls of various colours, under the idea of practising their eyes upon colour, whilst they are also learning arithmetic, is decidedly objectionable. We also disapprove of *early* reading lessons which require any exercise of thought; it is quite sufficient labour for a child at one time to be practised upon sounds and their symbols. When it is a mechanical difficulty to be overcome, do not in the same lesson attempt an intellectual exercise; the relief afforded by a complete change in the character of their studies, is very essential to the mental and physical health of the children. Beware also of the snare of making a show of any particular pupil—never let one take too prominent a part and be called upon to display his little powers; and be careful not to excite a spirit of emulation in your school; in its train inevitably follow, vanity, envy, and ill-will; this is sacrificing moral to intellectual improvement, and is a fearful mistake in education, which has disfigured some of our best Infant Schools. Emulation is indeed a most powerful engine, a school may easily be kept alive and stimulated to great exertions by its aid; but recollect that it is not a Christian engine, and good cannot eventually result from its use. The great means by which the mental, moral, and physical powers are to be improved, is by *exercising* them; this is well set forth in a modern work on education, from which is taken the following concluding quotation. 'The law of exercise is of universal application. It is a fundamental law of nature, that all the capacities of man are enlarged and strengthened by being used. From the energies of a muscle up to the highest faculty, intellectual or moral, repeated exercise of the function increases its intensity. Inseparable from the very idea of exercising the faculties, and of course from the practice of that exercise, is the requisition of exercising each faculty upon the objects which nature points out as related to it. Muscular strength is to be gained by familiarizing the muscles with the resistance of external forces, and by the habit of conquering mechanical difficulties varied, to exercise all the muscles, which amount to several hundreds in the human frame. The senses are improved by long and particular training, applying each to its own object;—sight, by habitual looking at distant or minute objects; hearing, by accurate practice in the perception of sounds;—taste, in the discriminating use of the palate. In the same manner, the observing faculties are rendered acute, and diversified by the constant practice of observation of details in existing objects, their qualities, and of passing events. The same law extends to the moral world. For the exercise of justice, the child must be made aware of his own and his neighbour's rights, and be habituated practically to respect them in all contingencies. For the exercise of benevolence, the habit of repressing the selfish feelings, and of actually doing good, kind, compassionate, and generous things, not by fits, but as a steady, unvarying principle of action, will be found indispensable.'

THEATRICAL REVIEW.

DRURY LANE.

Those who have witnessed the triumph of Madame Schroöder Devrient in Beethoven's "*Fidelio*," must have experienced a feeling of sorrow and regret at seeing her placed by that Boeotian manager, Mr. Bunn, in characters utterly unsuited to her talents. We must

confess that we approached the doors on the first representation of "Norma" with no very sanguine expectations respecting the success either of the opera or the singer. Bellini's music, owing to the improvements in the public taste, is not relished by the true lovers and competent judges of music, as the productions of his school used to be in times past. His vocal music—a species of professional short-hand, to be filled up by the singer to whom it is intrusted—can no longer be allowed to take the place of older and better compositions; and the clap-trap contrivances of double bands, deafening trumpets, and tinkling cymbals, which a vulgar taste is apt to designate as *splendid instrumentation*, will not satisfy an audience acquainted with the soul-stirring compositions of Mozart, Beethoven, and Weber. The German music is essentially *ideal*, and admirably expressive of every passion that can animate the human breast; whereas the florid Italian music is wholly deficient in this essential quality of all good music. A singer brought up in either school is unfit to perform the music of the other: the Italian cannot soar to the simple but sublime grandeur of a Haydn or a Mozart, nor can the German task himself to execute all the minutiae and exuberant embellishments required to give effect to the productions of Rossini, Mercadante, and Bellini. If Grisi or Albertazzi should attempt to personate "Fidelio" or "Euryanthe," the result would be certain failure; Schroöder might have been sure of failure, and for the same reason. Her "Norma," so far as respects the singing, was coldly correct; and the musical defects were imperfectly redeemed by her excellent acting. She certainly was ill-advised to attempt a character which has become in a manner identified with Pasta; and yet more injudicious, after her signal failure in "Norma," to try Malibran's part in the "Sonnambula." We judge Mr. Bunn to be the person who imposed this unpleasant task on Madame Schroöder; and he has, no doubt, ere this, been made to repent of his folly, by the slender increase which these performances have brought to his treasury.

We have endeavoured to point out the reason of Schroöder's failure in "Norma." It must not be supposed, however, from our use of the word *failure*, that we would convey the idea of a disgraceful defeat or total incompetency. No:—in the midst of her defects she was noble still,—still the highly-gifted songstress of Germany, whom to see and hear is to admire. Her excellencies are all her own,—her apparent defects are foisted on her by Messrs. Bellini and Bunn. So much for Schroöder's "Norma." *As reste*,—Miss Betts gave the *scorviture* and cadences in her best style, and did all for "Adelgisa" which that mimic personage deserves:—Mr. Giubilei satisfied himself—if not his auditors—with his declamatory singing and windmill-like action; and Mr. Wilson, whom we flatter by denominating a vocal automaton, did all that a moral freezing machine can be supposed to do in bringing down Schroöder's temperature to zero. By the way,—why does not Mr. Bunn insist on better acting from this singer? He is mistaken, if he thinks that sweet warbling will atone for acting so bad as not only to disgrace the singer and disgust the audience, but to render every character with whom he comes in contact inept and ineffective. Surely there are men as good as Wilson

to be procured, who will exert themselves to personate as well as dress the characters which their profession calls on them to assume. For such he must make way, unless he chooses to improve.

We might now dismiss the subject of Bunn and Schroöder altogether, for all that can be said has been already spoken; but we suppose that a few remarks will be expected on the "*Somnambula*," which she most unaccountably chose for her benefit on the 15th of July last. To those who are familiar with poor lost Malibran's "*Amina*," in which she was wont to mingle high and almost overwrought acting with an exuberance of florid singing to such a degree as almost to destroy the keeping of the character, it will not be surprising that Schroöder met with less success than her talents deserve. There is nothing grand in the music:—a few pretty melodies it certainly does contain; but how much larger is the proportion of meagre, rapid composition, whose defects can only be covered by ten thousand ornaments! What Grisi and Malibran could do from having studied in the florid Italian school, Schroöder could not, inasmuch as her native music neither requires nor will bear such embellishment. That she did make the character effective was owing to the energy and enthusiasm of her acting much more than to her style of executing the music. The *beneficiaire* was well received and much applauded on several occasions: still it is to be hoped that she will in future seasons confine herself to music better suited to her vigorous and characteristic genius than the noisy unmeaning productions of Bellini.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.

June 26.—Mr. Sheridan Knowles favoured us this evening with what he terms an adaptation of Beaumont and Fletcher's "*Maid's Tragedy*"—called by him "*the Bridal*." It must be acknowledged by those who know the plot, manners and language of the original, that our modern dramatist had undertaken a very difficult task; and, ere the curtain drew up, we were not very sanguine respecting his success. We are happy to be able to add, that we were pleasantly disappointed; for, although the story can never be made agreeable to "*cars polite*," there is a deep interest in the action and a strength of portraiture in the characters that cannot fail to make it a favourite with the true lovers and competent judges of the Drama.

But to the story: It is enough to mention shortly, that *Amintor*, a noble gentleman of Rhodes, on his marriage with *Evadne*, discovers that the marriage had been brought about by the king, her paramour, to serve as a cloak to their connexion. *Melantius*, the hero of the piece, is the bosom friend of *Amintor*, from whom he draws the fatal secret of his sister's dishonour. A dreadful catastrophe ensues. *Melantius* makes an unsuccessful attempt on the king's life, and is thrown into a dungeon. But *Evadne*, awakened to a sense of her guilt, resolves to avenge her wrongs on her betrayer. She murders the king in his sleep, swallows poison, and expires in the arms of *Melantius*, who dies of grief.

Boudier, it must be acknowledged, is a very revolting character,

and her moral deformity is rendered more striking by the general levity of her conduct and the cool avowal of her dishonour; but still there was something either in the words or in Miss Huddart's splendid acting—beyond all praise that we can award,—which gave an idea of sublimity to the personage and reminded us not a little of the ancient Clytemnestra and others of the classic school. Her scene with *Melantius*, where he extorts from her the confession of her guilty commerce with the king, was decidedly *the* grand scene of the play: and the obvious distinction between his fine warm-hearted and honourable character and that of this degraded sister gave great scope for display of acting,—of which neither Macready nor Miss Huddart failed to avail themselves. To our mind,—neither ever appeared to such advantage as in the Bridal. Miss Taylor as *Aspasia* the deserted *inamorata* of Amintor, was, as usual, affected and unnatural; Mr. Haines, as the king, was somewhat less vulgar and pedantic than we have been used to think him; and Mr. Elton as Amintor contrived to show that he can do something beyond tearing a passion to rags and tatters. The piece was well received.

We address, in conclusion, a few words of thanks to Mr. Knowles for having taken up the business of moulding into presentable shape a play which, with all its grossness, must be allowed to be one of the Elizabethian dramas. He has performed his task with credit to himself and benefit to the public. A large portion of the play has been re-written; but it must be acknowledged, that while he has altered the form, he has preserved the spirit of the original; and where he incurred any danger of sacrificing the latter, he left whole scenes untouched, that he might not weaken nor distort the characteristic features of the dramatic personæ. If Mr. Sheridan Knowles cannot find time to sit down and write a well-arranged and refined drama like “*The Hunchback*,” or “*The Wife*,” he will certainly consult his literary interests better by taking on himself the humble business of an *adapter*, than by sending forth to the world such crude productions as “*The Wrecker's Daughter*” and “*Brian Boroihme*.” We have a great respect for Knowles the play-writer; and what we have said has been dictated by the pure sentiment of friendship.

July 15th.—Mrs. Gore has produced a lively comedy at this house, which will most probably have a long run. Madame du Barry the celebrated mistress of Louis XV. while at the zenith of her power is stopped, on entering with great state into the hotel of the Marquess de Lauzun, by a young relation, whom her elevation has caused her to forget. This humble cousin, Jeanette Duval (a stocking-mender inhabiting a *tub* at the side of the street), not being recognised by the haughty lady of pleasure, vows vengeance against her; and assists the Marquess de Lauzun in working her ruin. Inviolable in her purity and constant in her attachment to her lover a young soldier, she consents to personate the Marquess's mistress, in which disguise she not only has many opportunities of paying off Madame du Barry in her own coin, but succeeds also in procuring a discharge for her lover and a marshal's baton for the Marquess.

The weight of the piece falls on Mrs. Nesbitt and Mrs. Humby.

The former was all that could be desired, and she met with the approbation that she so highly deserved. With respect to the latter, we should recommend her to study her character a little better and to assume the lady more completely. The *bourgeoise* was too flimsily disguised to be mistaken by any fool:—either the King or his mistress would have detected her instantly. We must, however, give her great credit for her acting in the scene with du Barry, where she intimidates her by the threat of revealing her former indiscretions to the king. It was admirable.

This comedy is not unworthy of its fair authoress; but it will be much benefitted by judicious pruning. In most parts there is much dialogue that does not form part of the plot or hasten the catastrophe; and in the whole of the last act the story flags and the play loses its interest. The remedy is easy, and we trust that Mrs. Gore will not fail to do for her comedy what will ensure it *permanent success*.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.

French Plays

July 10th.—We were glad to see a notification of the removal of the French company to this little theatre, which the excellent good taste of Madame Vestris has made so celebrated for its elegant and appropriate *mises de scene* and other arrangements, and which, besides, is consecrated to us as the place of Perlet's unrivalled histrionic exertions. The chief pieces of the evening were those in which Mlle. Plessis appeared. This young and beautiful actress had appeared once before at the Lyceum; but, not having been present on that occasion, we must confine our remarks to her acting in Cassimir Delavigne's "Ecole des Vieillards" and the afterpiece of "La Jeune Femme Colère"—the original, we believe, of our "Day after the Wedding." Her acting as "Madame Danville" in the former piece was lady-like and graceful throughout,—and in those parts where the action of the piece gave scope for a more elevated style, she was very lively and energetic; but we regret to say, that the wretched actors called to fill the subordinate parts supported her so badly, that we could not ascertain fully her real merits. Her personation of the angry wife in the latter piece was admirable, and gained universal applause. Next to Mlle. Plessey, we must speak of Madame de Ruel: it is evident that this lady is not accustomed to the theatre; she has not sufficient confidence in her own powers; she has beauty and talent, and, on the whole, is a performer of no mean order.

STRAND THEATRE.

July 10th.—That veteran, but not very highly-gifted playwright, Mr. Moncrieff, presented to the frequenters of this place of amusement a species of *rifacimento* from Boz's "Pickwick Papers," which he presumed to entitle "Sam Weller, or the Pickwickians." Now we have a particular respect for Mr. Boz, and an equal respect for what may be called literary taste; and we cannot help remonstrating against such absurd attempts to dramatise a work—whose whole

beauty consists in comic description. To turn Homer's *Iliad* into a play would be, as we think, quite as wise a proceeding as torturing poor Pickwick and his man Sam into scenes and acts. Mr. Yates made a wretched failure at the Adelphi, which neither his own impudence and good acting, nor John Reeve's irresistible drunken drollery, nor American Rice's classical "Jim Crow," could at all redeem. Mr. Moncrieff ~~we~~ should never have selected for the task; but as he has saved us the trouble by volunteering in the public service, we must see how he has acquitted himself.

-- If weaving together into a meagre, common-place story, the *disjecti membra poetæ* of different parts of Boz's papers, and bringing extraneous characters on to the scene that have no similitude to and connexion with the Pickwickians, be considered success, then may Mr. Moncrieff be said to have met with all the success that he could have desired. The rich condiments, with which Boz has made his dishes palatable, have lost their flavour in course of transference, and we have nothing left beyond the *caput mortuum* deprived of all its spirit and vitality. The immortal Pickwick is lost in his mimic representative; and we miss altogether the self-important ardour, wondering credulity and naive eccentricities that distinguish the hero of Boz's cockney satire. The satellites of Mr. Pickwick—sufficiently contemptible as most of them are in the original—sink far below contempt under the hands of Mr. Moncrieff. Mr. Dickens, we think, has reason to pray God to save him from his friends;—for such we suppose our theatrical cook would designate himself. So much for the play:—and now a word or two of the players in this wretched libel on the Pickwickians. Hammond, of whose comic talents we have before expressed a high opinion, acted his part of "Sam Weller" quite *à merveille*; but it has not the racy humour and keen perception or knowingness of the epic *valet de place*. "Mr. Pickwick" was only just respectably represented by Mr. A. Younge; but Mr. Hall's "Old Weller" was excellent,—so far at least as we can judge from the little that the posthumous papers communicate to us respecting that gentleman.

We cannot speak much in praise of the production; but perhaps the drollery of the actors will carry it through a short stage existence.

NOTES OF THE MONTH.

"Nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri,
Quo me cunque rapit tempestas, deferor hospes."—*HOMER.*

JUST MOURNING AND PAINFUL REJOICINGS.—The day that the mortal remains of the best of the English Guelphic kings of England were entombed at Windsor, the metropolis of the British empire presented the aspect of a city under the visitation of the greatest possible calamity. All places of amusement, great part of the shops, and all public offices, were shut in order to pay the last mark of respect to the memory of a sovereign, who, as far as it lay in him, had concurred in reforming several obsolete laws and national abuses, and in forwarding amongst his subjects civilization, liberty, and economy. The mournful, but generally busy and active Londoners however, being much dejected in spirit, and fearing lest they should become a prey to the blue devils which ordinarily infect the English atmosphere, and to avoid in the mean time the endurance of the deadly tolling of the bells, and of the noisy roaring of the cannons, determined to lessen as much as possible their heartfelt sorrows, by visiting the delightful watering-places on the banks of the Thames. During the whole of that melancholy day, the steamers which convey passengers to Greenwich, Woolwich, and Gravesend, were crammed to suffocation, and the innkeepers and coffee-houses of those places reaped an uncommonly abundant harvest out of the pockets of the mourners. The day being beautiful, our doleful travellers enjoyed their sports exceedingly well, and for some hours drowned both their cares and grief in the exhilarating bowl. But night, dismal night, came at last suddenly upon them, the steamers were not sufficient to convey them back again to London, and the inns and private lodgings could not afford comfortable accommodation to the whole of those who had unluckily been left behind. John Bull was of course in a rather unpleasant situation. As it was to be expected, the inn-keepers became less ceremonious, and their bills of fare uncommonly dear. The atmosphere was cloudy, and threatened to supply, without payment, a showery bath to our unlucky travellers, and consequently thousands of them were obliged either to remain exposed to the unwholesome air of the night, or to pay from five to ten shillings in order to be admitted into some suffocating room, there to wait, almost always standing, for the slow-coming rays of the sun. Many repented of having profaned the strict observance of the mourning, but not a few laughed heartily at their peculiarly uncomfortable situation, and made the best of their unexpected disappointment.

PROROGATION OF PARLIAMENT.—Our great and wise legislators have at last been released from their parliamentary labours; they have indeed worked very hard night and day, but although they had promised to do wonders during the session, they have almost done nothing for the people; but as the committees have been very numerous, not a few of them must have gathered a good purse of gold. Never was a sovereign so well received, so spontaneously cheered, and so universally applauded, as our youthful queen was during her procession to and from the parliament-house. As we will not imitate the blarney and flatteries of our daily and weekly periodicals, we must say, that although the queen behaved with dignity and grace while addressing Lords and Commons, it was evident that she performed her duty with great uneasiness, as it was naturally to be expected. The speech of her ministers meaning *every thing*, and *nothing*, has met of course with the approbation of

the *Times* and the *Morning Chronicle*, of the *Standard* and the *Globe*, and of *John Bull* and the *Examiner*, and this is indeed a great blessing.

DISSOLUTION OF PARLIAMENT.—The house of Wellington and Peel is no more. It has indeed lasted too long for the good of the country, it ought to have been dissolved two years ago. The representatives of the people must again be chosen to serve under a new reign, and under a queen who is much in need of a conscientious, liberal, and patriotic House of Commons. Let the electors of England look sharply after the private and public life of those who appeal to them for their suffrages. Let them beware lest ravenous wolves in sheep's clothing deceive them by their promises and protestations. One thing must awaken their distrust: the Tories have inscribed on their standard "The Queen and Constitution." The Whigs have done as much, and a few, but a very few, have deigned to add to their banner the glorious and powerful word—"People." The next parliament will seal the doom of the destinies of the nation. The next parliament must prove whether the people of England are to reap all the fruits which they have the right to reap in consequence of the Reform Bill, which, without their unanimous support, would never have become the law of the land. Should another milk and water wavering House of Commons be returned, we candidly say a crisis, a dreadful national crisis, must unavoidably take place to put on a just footing the *few* and the *many*.

THE FIRST ROYAL ACTS OF THE PRESENT KING OF HANOVER.—Ernest of Cumberland, the glory of English Toryism, having scarcely taken possession of his hereditary dominions of Hanover, by the grace of his *royal letters patent*, has deprived his new subjects of the constitution granted to them by William IV., their late king and master. For perpetrating such an unconstitutional *coup-d'état*, Ernest Augustus I. has assigned two reasons. First, the great Tory leader asserts, that the constitution of his brother, William IV., was not binding upon him. Secondly, his *gracious* Majesty adds, that the said constitution had been imposed upon the Hanoverians against their wishes. We are convinced, nay, we will say that every liberal and thinking mind is convinced, that both those pretexts are utterly false. But supposing, for argument sake, that what his present Hanoverian majesty advances is true to the letter, certainly Ernest Augustus I. ought to have acted in quite a different manner, in order to avoid the censure of the world. If his intentions are truly pure and patriotic towards his new subjects, as the editor of the *Times*, his only defender in England, seems to insinuate, why did he not appeal to the representatives of the nation, and through their constitutional rights effect the salutary reforms which his *well-known benevolent heart and disposition* are ready to grant for the welfare of his beloved Hanoverians? Why, soon after this *coup-d'état*, has he declared himself the commander-in-chief of the Hanoverian army, and ordered the formation of new regiments, both of infantry and cavalry? Why? Because Ernest Orangeman apprehends that, notwithstanding that his beloved subjects are surrounded by the despots of Prussia and Germany, they will probably, sooner or later, show their teeth to the wolf who has dared to snatch from them their constitutional rights. Be it as it may in Hanover, those acts of the late duke of Cumberland speak volumes against English Toryism, and we are sure will be a salutary warning to all those who still believe in the patriotism and sincerity of that wealthy, gentlemanly, and respectable, but rather anti-national and obsolete party.

SIR FRANCIS BURDETT, THE WORTHY PISMIRES OF WESTMINSTER, AND THE ELECTORS OF WILTSHIRE.—The *unchanged baronet* having been fully convinced by the result of his last expensive return to parliament that a great number of his former supporters and electors of Westminster have unfortunately *changed principles*, feeling, as a true patriot ought to do, that if he continued to represent in parliament such a constituency it would tarnish his *Old Glory*, has therefore resigned for Westminster. But Sir Francis, having obtained the sanction of his surgeon Mr. Lawrence, has become the Con-

servative candidate for North Wiltshire, and, like Don Quixote, has mounted his crutches in order to work out *the salvation of our glorious institutions, one and all, and our unrivalled English liberty and religion; the safety of this great Protestant state*, of the united kingdom, neither more nor less, is the stake he plays for, and nothing short of this would have made him again engage in political warfare, again buckle on his armour of righteousness, for so that may well be called in which he harnesses himself for the welfare of our country.—These are his own words. Truly the name of the *unchanged baronet* will be handed down to posterity as the most wonderful individual that England has ever produced.

THE GREAT NASSAU BALLOON, AND A FATAL DESCENT BY PARACHUTE.—Travelling by balloon has of late become a very fashionable sport, Royal dukes, and lords, ladies, and gentlemen, have liked to take an uncertain aerial trip, and by that means have acquired *an elevated celebrity*. The duke of Brunswick and Clanricarde Monk-Mason, and even a monkey, have undoubtedly raised themselves higher than the greatest living or dead hero. If balloon-keepers and speculators were not so uncommonly extravagant in their aeronautic charges, we should not be surprised to learn one of these days, that the fashionable beauties of the town abandoning Regent Street and the theatres, had selected balloon-excursions in order to exercise their profession with greater advantage, and on an *elevated position*. But to be serious, we truly do not conceive what great benefit humanity can ever reap from the hazardous and uncertain balloon-speculation. Astronomic science has not advanced a single inch in consequence of the perils of Montgolfier, Garnerin, Green, and Graham. Speedy communication between nation and nation has not yet, and as long as the current of air cannot be fixed, will never be accelerated by great balloons, and the welfare of mankind cannot be attained by aerial excursions. The only result that can reasonably be expected from so daring an enterprise, is the private gratification and emolument of a few individuals, the stupid satisfaction of the gullibility of the curious, and fatal accidents of some imprudent aeronauts. Mr. Cocking, after having toiled for years to acquire a comfortable independence, has ended his career in a *glorious*, but at the same time in a *foolish* manner. His scientific calculations had proved to evidence that his descent by parachute was as safe as to walk slowly in an even, gentle field, at least Mr. Green has assured us that Mr. Cocking thought so; but what has happened, is a blunt contradiction to his assertion. Would to God that such daring speculation may soon cease to attract the attention of the public. Thirst of lucre, but not of science, is the only stimulus of aeronauts, and John Bull ought not to encourage with his purse a traffic that can but produce the ruin of some of his fellow-creatures, and do no good at all. May the fate of Mr. Cocking open the eyes of those who pay *hard cash* for the sake of placing themselves on the almost certain danger of acquiring a *foolish immortality* by suddenly *breaking their necks* after a rapid and elevated aerial excursion. *A propos*. What has become of the *Great Commercial Balloon-Association* for the accommodation of travellers to and from Africa? Have the shares which promised such uncommon benefits been all sold? We should like to know.

JOURNAL OF FACTS.

Recovery from Hydrophobia.—On Tuesday, the 5th current, a bee-ster (a water-carrier) who had been bitten three weeks before in the leg by a mad dog, was carried to the native hospital, about three o'clock in the afternoon, with the symptoms of hydrophobia strongly upon him. He was immediately bled by Dr. Shoolbred to the extent of 40 ounces. The symptoms of the disease yielded in succession as the blood flowed; and before the vein was closed he stretched out his hand for a cup of water, and calmly drank it off, though the mere approach of the water but a few minutes before had thrown him into convulsions. After the bleeding he lay down on a cot, fell asleep, and continued so for nearly two hours. When he awoke the symptoms of the disease were threatening to return, and eight ounces more of blood were taken away, which so completely subdued the disease that he has not had a symptom of it since.
—*Ceylon Gazette.*

Discovery of an Ancient Lead Coffin at Canterbury.—A few weeks ago the workmen employed in digging the foundations of the new wing of the Kent and Canterbury Hospital, on the site of the ancient monastery of St. Augustine, struck a pickaxe into a leaden substance. It proved to be a coffin of lead, in a good state of preservation. It is about six feet two inches in length, and little more than eighteen inches in breadth at the widest part—the head projecting in a straight line from the trunk, as in the human body. It does not appear to have been enclosed in wood. A stone, which on being touched crumbled to dust, lay on the breast, and probably bore the name of its possessor. The weight of the superincumbent earth had pressed the leaden covering on the corpse, and the situation of the knee-bones, one of the feet, and the bone of the nose was plainly visible. Through a small aperture near the mouth the teeth were seen; and the skull, which is of a deep brown, was exposed. The coffin is of very rude manufacture, and the soldering has not been cleared away when the corpse was enclosed. It was found nine feet below the surface of the earth, and lying amidst a profusion of human bones of every description.

Coal-beds of South Wales.—Dr. Buckland calculates that the beds of coal in

South Wales alone are sufficient to supply the whole of England for 2000 years.

Railroads in France.—The construction of railroads is being carried on in France with great spirit. Some of the lines are undertaken by the Government, and others by private companies, as in this country. The most important lines determined upon are the following:—From Paris to Havre, through Rouen, a distance of 55 leagues; from Paris to Calais 53 leagues; from Paris to Lille 53½ leagues; from Paris to Lyons and Marseilles 219 leagues; from Paris to Strasburg 116½ leagues; and from Paris to Bordeaux 154 leagues. Besides these principal lines, of which the central point is Paris, there are numerous branches of considerable importance to the commerce of the country.

A Live Rat Embedded in Stone.—A short time ago, as two miners, of the names of Jonathan Thompson and George Douglas, were occupied in blasting a drift in a stratum of solid stone, called the scar limestone, at Alston Moor, six fathoms below the surface, they shot into a small cavity of the rock, out of which, to their surprise, sprung a full-grown rat. The miners endeavoured to take the animal alive, but in their attempts to do so it was killed. How long the animal had been embedded in its living grave, and in what manner it had contrived in such a situation to exist (considering the organic formation of the animal), are questions that must be left to conjecture. On examination, the stone around the cavity was found to be perfectly solid and close in every part.

Greenwich Railway.—The actual number of passengers who have passed over this line from December 14 to May 24, we have ascertained to be 653,705, and the receipts 17,609*l.* 5*s.* 8*d.*, giving a daily average of 4035 passengers, and 108*l.*

Belzoni the Traveller.—The widow of the lamented Belzoni, who perished in Africa, resides at Brussels in circumstances of great pecuniary distress. Is not this a case that might very properly be taken in hand by the Geographical Society or by the Queen's Government? Few, very few men have done greater service to history and antiquarian knowledge in their time than poor Belzoni.

Blood.—M. Lasenigne has been examining the action of bi-chloruret of mercury on the fibrine of blood. He states, that a solution of bi-chloruret of mercury, in which fibrine has been steeped for some days, does not contain any free hydrochloric acid, as generally supposed; for the mercury, when agitated with the liquor separated from the fibrine, precipitates all the bi-chloruret in a state of proto-chloruret, without leaving any hydrochloric acid in the water. Moreover, M. Lasenigne has detected the absence of chlorine in this same liquor separated from the fibrine. He therefore concludes, from this double experiment, that fibrine, like albumen, combines with bi-chloruret of mercury, without reducing it to a proto-chloruret.

The Tongue.—M. Flourens has recently studied the tongue of man and other animals, and consequently establishes the existence of the mucous body of the tongue in man, as well as other mammalia, and does away with the celebrated network of Malpighi, by finding that it is continuous; the appearance of net-work having been probably caused by ebullition, whereas M. Flourens employed maceration. The nature of the tissue which forms this body, he thinks to be new, and *sui generis*.

Polypus.—A M. Turpin has presented a memoir to the French Academy of Sciences, containing a curious description of the fresh-water polypus, *Cristatella muscicola* of Cuvier. Its eggs were found upon, and mistaken at first for the sporules of, the *Erysiphile guttata*, and were entirely covered with crooked spines. One was broken for examination, and the albumen which issued from it convinced the observer that it was an animal substance: the other was hatched in a phial, and, separating into two gaping valves, an animal issued, which proved to be the *Cristatella*. But the microscopic examinations of M. Turpin show that this polypus can no longer be termed naked, for it consists of an envelope which contains three polypi. These multiply by two methods, eggs and gemmæ; the spines which attend the former are developed after they have left the mother.

Dyeing.—The attention of M. Chevreul has lately been given to the process of dyeing, and he has laid a memoir on this subject before the French Academy of Sciences. In it he endeavours to ascertain the changes which may be produced, in certain cases, upon the same colouring matter, fixed upon cotton, silk, and wool. When speaking of dyes extracted from organic matter, he says, that the fastness of

a colour depends very much on its proportionate weight, as compared with the weight of the stuff which it colours: for instance, the dark blue cloth which is worn by men, owes the preservation of its tint to the large proportion which the weight of the indigo bears to the proportion of the wool which it dyes. The general opinion, adds M. Chevreul, that wool has more affinity for colouring matter than any other substance, is not borne out by his experiments. The action of light, and steam from water, but slightly alters the rose given by Carthamus to cotton, while it changes the same substance on wool, and a deeper shade on cotton. It has scarcely any effect on orchil fixed on silk or wool, but a strong one when orchil is fixed on cotton. Indigotic acid, so fleeting on cotton and wool, is more lasting than indigo itself on silk.

Character of the Hottentots.—Hottentots have a natural aptitude for war. They are a reckless people, light-hearted, light-made, and hardy. With their high cheek-bones, narrow eye-lids, projecting chin and lips, and smoke-dried complexion, they are far from being a handsome race. But, to use a homely phrase, they have a "rough and ready" look about them; march and fire very well; have an uncommonly keen sight; rival North American Indians in tracking an enemy by his marks, though several days old, on the ground and on the bushes; are indifferent to the shelter of tents; can eat six pounds of meat and two of bread at a sitting, and then, with the assistance of a girdle, go three days without food; and, in short, are excellent materials for light troops, and are rapidly trained to war, whether on foot or on horseback.

New Zealand Flax.—It has been ascertained that the fibres of the *Phormium tenax*, or New Zealand flax, are double in strength to those of the common flax, and a third more so than those of hemp, and 5.17 less so than silk. In the south of France it has been used for manufacturing women's bonnets, which only cost three francs.

Preservation of Fishes.—M. Bory St. Vincent, jealous of the honour of his country, claims for the French the method of preserving fishes, generally attributed to Mr. Yarrell. He ascribes it to the celebrated Réaumur, and says that he himself practised it, when quite young, in 1790: and at Montpellier, the collection of fishes belonging to M. Fournier is prepared according to the method of Réaumur and Mr. Yarrell. It is probable that originality belongs to both ichthyologists.

Discovery of a Human Skeleton.—As some labourers were employed upon the works of the Southampton railway, lately, at Surbiton-common, near Kingston, they discovered the entire skeleton of a man about a foot below the surface. There were no traces of a coffin visible. The skeleton, which was of very large size, was subsequently examined by Messrs. Mitchell and Taylor, medical gentlemen, of Kingston, who appeared to differ in opinion as to the time it had been in the earth, one of them stating that it had been there about six years, while the other considered that it must have been there a much longer period. The skeleton is very generally believed to be that of a man who, about fourteen years since, came to Kingston market to sell a number of beasts, and received a considerable sum of money, but who was never heard of afterwards, and was generally thought to have been murdered. The skeleton has since been placed in a shell to await the decision of the coroner as to the necessity of holding an inquest upon it.

Effects of Cultivation on Climate.—We have always been taught to believe that a country becomes warmer as it is more cleared of woods and better cultivated. In some parts of America, Montreal for instance, the contrary has appeared, and M. Devize de Chabriot has proved the same by historical documents, with respect to Saint Flour, in France. He shows that on the hill of Saint Flour, where the vine flourished in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, it will not now

grow; that in many cantons where the chestnut-tree formerly grew, it has now disappeared; and that numerous villages on the summits of hills have been abandoned. Similar effects have been produced on rivers by the clearing of woodlands, and many ancient sources have been dried up.

Southampton Railway.—The navigators' work is very forward, and proceeding with great rapidity. All the works between London and Kingston will be finished by the end of August, and opened on May 1, 1838. It is expected to get within six miles of Guildford by the 24th of June, 1838; to Basingstoke by Lady-day, 1839; and to Southampton itself in the spring of 1840. We hear between 4000 and 5000 men are now employed on the line.

Figures of Clouds over the Earth.—A curious meteorological phenomenon has been related by Mr. Green, the celebrated aeronaut. He says that when a body of cloud is floating over the earth at a moderate height, but so as not to rest on it, it takes very nearly the figure of the earth as to its inequalities; so that when he is above such a body of cloud, and out of sight of terra firma, he can generally tell whether he is over hill or dale. This is a somewhat difficult phenomenon to account for; but it is partially borne out by the well-known fact, that though the quantity of rain for any one spot diminishes notably as we ascend, yet in adjacent hills and vales, the quantities are sensibly the same for any given height above either.

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A FEW WORDS ON OUR FOREIGN POLICY.

"John Bull is a busy-minded personage, who thinks not merely for himself and family, but for all the country round, and is most generously disposed to be every body's champion. He is continually volunteering his services to settle his neighbours' affairs, and takes it in great dudgeon if they engage in any matter of consequence without asking his advice; though he seldom engages in any friendly office of the kind without finishing by getting into a squabble with all parties and then railing bitterly at their ingratitude. . . . All I wish is that John may cease to distress his mind about other people's affairs,—that he may remain quietly at home, gradually get his house into repair, cultivate his rich estate according to his fancy, husband his income—if he thinks proper, bring his unruly children into order—if he can."—WASHINGTON IRVING'S SKETCH BOOK.

In the observations that were submitted to our readers in the last number of this Magazine, we barely hinted at the conclusion of the article, that peace should be the guiding principle of ministerial policy towards foreign nations. We shall now, in fulfilment of our promise, treat this subject at more length than our space permitted on a former occasion, not as a question connected with *party* politics, but as a distinct problem easy of solution by all who are not wilfully blind to the first principles of political conduct.

No person can turn over the Parliamentary history without noticing how large a share of attention has been paid to Foreign affairs during the last few reigns,—and that too, at a time, when our thoughts would not naturally be carried abroad, and when the internal state of the country was such as to demand exclusive attention. This predilection for foreign interference has exhibited itself regularly and without intermission for the last hundred and fifty or two hundred years—as well during peace as in times of war, and has been entertained by statesmen of all parties:—nay, that this feeling is at present very strong in the country, must be quite evident to those who have read the debates of the last session, many, very many nights of which were occupied by full assemblies in the discussion of Russian and Spanish affairs, which ought to hold a secondary station in the thoughts of the British legislature. We have reasons for thinking, that all this is not as it should be:—indeed we are much of the opinion of the witty satirist who has been quoted at the head of this paper. We shall attempt to state these reasons,—not presuming, however, that they are

new or uncanvassed, or that we shall offer any novel views on a subject which has been handled with admirable talent by a "Manchester manufacturer,"—but simply because we are impressed with the importance of the question—*shall we interfere or not in the political concerns and connexions of foreign nations?* It is our intention to maintain the negative—much, perhaps, to the astonishment of those, with whom this Journal has been accustomed to agree in politics; and the following remarks will perhaps be not altogether complimentary to the policy of any *party* whatever. Let that be: *veritas est magna, et prævalebit.*

It will be thought by some to be a bold undertaking to meddle at all with a question that has been most ably defended by the talents of so wily an antagonist as David Hume—the great authority quoted by modern politicians in defence of the "BALANCE OF POWER;" but we shall not flinch from our duty on that account, because we feel assured, that, if that great writer (greater as an essayist than as an historian) had not been influenced by the party politics of the day and if he had lived to see England holding commercial dominion over the world, he would not have written a paper that has served as a leading article in perpetuum for subsequent politicians. To deny the antiquity of the principle or that it was understood by the republics of Italy in the middle ages, or that it was adopted by the nations of Europe from the commencement of the sixteenth century, would be as absurd, as to deny that we are running after this *Will o' the wisp* to the present moment. Let us recollect, however, that all *good* measures are not of universal application, either to periods or nations. Monopolies of trade, once highly useful, are now become the greatest evil, of which modern commerce has to complain and are justly condemned by all disinterested and competent judges;—and so likewise, to us at least, the absurdly denominated *balance of power* has during the last hundred years been a source of great and irremediable injury to this country, whereas at one time or other it may have been a real advantage. What have we—the English people—sacrificed in blood and money for the maintenance of this principle? Not less than *six or seven hundred thousand* of our brave fellow-countrymen have fallen victims to it,—and we have been mulcted for the same object to an amount (besides enormous war-taxes) of 500,000,000*l.* (not including the millions spent on that pet project of George III.—the American war.) Still we are not satisfied,—even after enjoying the benefits of peaceful commerce during twenty-two years, which years have raised us to a station far more commanding in any *rational* point of view, than we held during the period of our false glory in the continental wars,—not satisfied with the trial that has been given at such horrid cost to the system upheld by Hume and his followers. The same bustling energy, which made us the first fighters—aye, and the first paymasters (*infandum renovare dolores*)—during the wars of the continental powers, still urges us to interfere with affairs, that do not really in the most remote degree concern ourselves; and the result proves, that all the lessons of bloodshed and lavish expenditure have been thrown away upon us. We will try to show this more distinctly.

That our past experience has been most dearly bought—the following facts taken from the history of the last hundred and fifty years will abundantly show. William III. was no sooner seated on the throne of England than he plunged us into a continental war, for which no better apology can be offered than the paltry one of humbling the power of France and maintaining the balance of power between the Catholic and Protestant states of Europe:—the peace of Ryswick found the nation embarrassed with a debt of *sixteen millions*. The wars of the Spanish succession,—our interference with which is wholly attributable to the adoption of what is called the European system—first shed a ray of glory on the head of Marlborough and then plunged him and his party in irretrievable ruin—not a very unfit recompense for wantonly adding *thirty-eight millions* to the burdens of the country. It is reasonable to suppose that our rulers having such evidence before them of the inexpediency and folly of interfering in the disputes of the continental powers, would have been less inclined to meddle with others' affairs:—but no,—for we find that the dominant party still—as down to the present moment—fancying the necessity and rather liking the important office of maintaining the *balance* was busily engaging as a member to no less than eight treaties of offence and defence during the thirty-five years intervening between the peace of Utrecht and that of Aix-la-Chapelle; and that the country was nearly uninterruptedly engaged in warfare with Philip of Spain, who ventured to complain of the marauding propensities of our merchants and to dispute our claim to the monopoly of commerce. History expressly tells us that on many of the occasions above mentioned the nation jealous of its honour and ambitious of glory was eager for war and cried aloud for its proclamation. It is not improbable:—nay, even now,—much as we have suffered—multitudes of would-be politicians with difficulty contain their wishes to engage in a Crusade against the Czar of Russia or the Carlist insurgents in Spain. Our inherent restlessness and delicate sense of wrong plunged us once more in war with our *natural enemies* the French, and after eight years' fighting and the acquisition of much military renown we settled our differences at the peace of Paris in 1763, retiring with the gain of Canada and Florida and the loss of *eighty-seven millions*—making the aggregate of the debt *one hundred and thirty-nine millions*. Of the disastrous results of George the Third's policy to America (which added one hundred and twenty millions more,) it is not our province to speak here any further than just to mention them as flowing out of a propensity for war. The French war, in which neither justice, expediency, nor any other principle should have allowed us to engage in the first instance,—a war respecting which it has been justly said, that England piped, while all Europe danced,—a war, which was maintained for years against the general feeling of the country by a faction that carried all before it,—a war in which England sacrificed thousands of her bravest warriors before the Moloch of absolutism,—a war which nearly *quadrupled* our national debt, and ultimately ruined the agriculturists of this country, is the last and greatest lesson of experience respecting the folly of wars, all and each of which have been induced by the ambition of commercial mono-

poly and the propensity to interfere with the concerns of other nations. Let those, who love war and defend its adoption, who can look on unconcernedly, while every principle of Christian charity is trampled on, human labour destroyed and human industry extinguished, say what they please in disparagement of our views and urge what they like in behalf of the policy that gave birth to the gigantic evils of a state of war:—we are satisfied of the firmness of our position that war is the greatest curse that can be entailed on mankind, and that all measures of interference tending directly or indirectly to cherish the love of war are so many favouring influences to the very worst conduct that can be adopted by any people. But there may be reasons, says a disinterested inquirer, that may make a war not only justifiable, but necessary and compulsory. Good:—but in how many instances will an unprejudiced reader admit the necessity of the wars that have distinguished our history during the last century and a half? It is not enough that we should dislike one species of government or prefer one branch of a reigning family to another in foreign countries,—nor is it a sufficient apology that we try by force of arms to maintain a monopoly of naval power and to be the acknowledged conservators of the peace on the high seas. To act in our own defence and to preserve the integrity of our commercial independence and greatness—without going beyond what that literally requires, is all that justice either demands or allows; and if the English nation had been guided by the principle here laid down, we should have been a richer and happier people. The agriculturists would not now be groaning under the distress occasioned by the resumption of cash-payments and the retention of a large part of the war-taxes, and the manufacturers would not be labouring under the inconvenience of sending the produce of their taxed labour into a foreign market at a competing price only rendered barely possibly by the superiority of our machinery; and with respect to all classes, whereas now each individual pays *2l. 12s.* per annum as a contribution to the revenue (more than double what the Frenchman pays, and six times more than the American's contribution) the burden on each person would not be more than a fourth of the heavy weight now imposed on the community.

That all this experience has done us little service will be apparent from a few very brief statements. After the enormous expenditure of the late war, retrenchment and the adoption of a rigid economy would seem to be absolute necessities; but how this can be done, while we absurdly persevere in the continental system, maintain expensive diplomatic establishments abroad, and keep an effective army and navy of 142,000 men at an annual expense of nearly *eight millions* (besides pensions and half-pay,) we are at a loss to understand. Never did the wants of the great masses of the English population more require economy from their governors than at present,—and never were their governors more blind to the consequences of their present headlong course. It is not this party or the other,—Whig or Tory—Reformer or Conservative, that is specially to be blamed; but all have erred in their turn, because they were not guided by the one grand principle of *non-interference* with continental politics. How slight a thread even now withholds our ambition to engage in a war with

Russia's mighty Fee-fo-fum—the oppressor of the wretched Poles:—nay, is it not more than likely, that the genius of Nesselrode, Metternich, Talleyrand, and *par excellence* of Palmerston, will soon embroil the whole of Europe in contentions which nothing but a general war can settle; and was it not only the other day, that the whole Whig party—the boasted advocates of peace and economy—openly defended the armed interference of England in the quarrels of Isabella and Don Carlos, and falsely urged,—as if that forsooth were any defence of it—that it was in compliance with the silliest treaty of the present century,—the Quadruple Alliance? Let it not be supposed, that because we deprecate a policy that will—nay must, sooner or later engage us in the lavish expense and horrid miseries of a state of war, we do so out of any special love for the Emperor Nicholas or for Don Carlos. Respecting the former, much has been said that has no foundation in fact;—for as concerns his strength, we may apply to him what the Greek historian said of the Persian king, that, “while he appeared strong owing to the vast extent of his territory, he was in reality weak owing to the vast space over which were spread his resources for its defence.” As respects his character, he seems to be a man void of principle and guided altogether by expediency, who considers it his business to extend the benefits of civilization and commerce to his people so far as he may be able without destroying his *absolute* power. That he is ambitious cannot be denied; but that he has the power to use that ambition to our injury, while we possess such mighty resources in our commerce, cannot be believed by any sober-minded politician untinged with the generally prevailing *Russophobia*. Dislike him as we may, because he is the most powerful representative of absolutism in Europe and the tyrannical persecutor of the Poles,—we have yet no right to leave our own concerns and make a Quixotic expedition against a people, who, if left to their own devices, are disposed to tender us all the advantages of an extensive commercial intercourse. A war with Russia would be the most insane proceeding that could be adopted by any set of men out of Bedlam;—and there appears to be little more wisdom in aiding and abetting the Spanish liberals by furnishing arms and allowing our countrymen to waste their blood in a struggle, the contending parties of which are most equally matched in ignorance, bigotry, and bad faith. That Don Carlos has justice on his side cannot be alleged by any one who knows the history of the Salic law in Spain; but much less can it be proved that Isabella deserves the support of our country, as an advocate of liberal government. Don Carlos is an openly-professing absolutist, who would willingly bring back priest-power, and the inquisition; and from such as are yet in the chains of religious slavery he seeks his chief supporters:—Isabella looks, as much by compulsion

* A correspondent of the Magazine, who has visited Spain, states, that from personal knowledge he believes most of the people to be in favour of Don Carlos; but this seems rather contradictory to Mr. Inglis's testimony, which is as follows: “So widely spread was the feeling in favour of the change of system in 1833, that of a most extended acquaintance I had through the country in every station of life from the highest downwards, of every profession and calling, I should be puzzled now to point out a single male or female who was a Carlist!”—Are things so greatly changed?—And if they are so, what is the reason?

as will, to the rising defenders of freedom for the advocates of her cause; but there is little in her conduct that justifies us in thinking that Spain will gain any very great advantage by admitting her claim. She dislikes the Constitution of 1812—the Magna Charta of Spain—fully as much as the conservative Don Carlos. Some there are who wish our government to send out a goodly army at once to expel Don Carlos, and establish Liberalism by dint of musket and bayonet:—we might as well expect to make Ireland a protestant country by the same gentle means. No:—time and nature must be left to their own operation in Spain as in other countries. The seeds of freedom and of peace are already sown; and though the want of preparation in the soil may delay the period of harvest, that glad period will arrive, when that country emancipated from priestly thralldom and once more animated with a love for the arts of peace shall be an object of as much respect as it now is of contempt to the surrounding nations of Europe. Much, however, as we feel interested in the result, we have no right to interfere; for by so doing we must undoubtedly plunge Europe into all the miseries of a general war—the war of Liberalism against Absolutism. God forbid that freedom should be promoted by such influences.

In thus freely stating our objections to the co-operation of England with the diplomatic intrigues of the Continental Courts, we are well aware of the opposition that will be raised to the principle of non-interference by the prejudices of modern politicians;—and it is not difficult to anticipate the enquiry,—“How can we, with due regard to our own existence, independence and prosperity, dissolve a connexion so necessary to the maintenance of our European importance?” Russia, says one, will overwhelm us by her two navies, one in the Baltic and the other in the Black Sea:—France, says another, will exhibit her ancient enmity and invade a country that seems destined by nature to form part and parcel of her own,—and that too with a power and impetuosity that unassisted England could not resist. As for Russia, we may be well assured that the other continental powers would not in self-defence allow her to become mistress of a country that is the key, as it were, of the eastern and western world—the stepping-stone connecting the European and American continents. No:—we may be well assured, that whether we continue or not the conduct to which we have hitherto adhered, the wholesome distrust of the continental powers for each other will effectually prevent any from molesting us or our commerce. But at any rate, says the objector, our great foreign customers will not deal with us? Certainly, it is possible to suppose folly so great as that of those, who reject benefits when offered by the hand of those to whom they are opposed by prejudice:—but it is rather improbable, that the Continent would shut its ports against articles not merely of luxury but necessity,—especially, when England in retaliation could forbid all their produce from entering her wealthy market. And after all,—supposing the almost impossible case, that all Europe by shutting its ports against us strove to cripple our commerce, two-thirds of our trade would still be left to us from our connexions with the remaining portions of the world:—and in case of a war with the Continental powers—all against one,—is our navy, once the finest in the world, reduced to such insignificance that, with our

advantages as an insular state, we could not hope to maintain a successful resistance against such aggressors,—*even if America should not come to our aid*, which common sense would suppose to be an absolute certainty? Our just pride in the wooden walls of sea-girt Britain is not so fallen.

It has been urged by some,—and among others, by the “Manchester Manufacturer,” that it is a fallacy to suppose armed protection necessary for our commerce. That piracy does exist in the Mediterranean, all along the coast of Africa, and in the Indian Ocean, there is not the slightest reason to doubt; and these are grounds for believing that hundreds of all nations are more or less engaged as “professed free-booters” or privateers in different parts of the world. That the vocation is pursued as it was during the war cannot be maintained; but that it exists and is only kept in subjection by the vigilant care of the British navy in the different parts of the world, is what every experienced officer in the navy will cheerfully confirm? That we could dispense with our navy, then, seems most improbable,—even with regard to our own trade:—but shall we incur further expense by protecting the trade of other nations or that portion of our own, which does not pay the cost of our naval establishments? Compare the expenses of our Mediterranean fleet and land establishments with the profit of our trade:—the former amount nearly to half of the latter. The sacrifice thus made by the merchants is employed to maintain “the balance of power.” There is some reason for supposing that our naval establishment is far more than commensurate with any commercial or prudential requirements at present existing; and there is not the slightest ground for urging the necessity of our assuming the duty of general conservators of commerce *without fee or reward* from other powers,—especially when foreign nations take such advantage of our taxed-produce in their markets. This seems truly absurd.

The above remarks have been dictated by no party-feeling; and all our readers must perceive that the opinions here broached are as much opposed to the sentiments of one as of the other party. They are not crude ideas, but have been well considered and are believed by the writer to be correct. He gives them publicity in the present article, that they may be canvassed and approved, if founded on truth;—disproved, scouted, and ridiculed, if found by competent and unprejudiced critics to be unworthy of approbation and adoption. Truth is a gem that cannot be too dearly purchased; and if in the present instance, its pursuit should cause the demolition of the structure that has been raised with much care and labour, it will not be matter of regret but of gratulation. Theory, however, cannot be rebutted by theory, but by facts—stubborn, indisputable facts.

TABLEAUX FROM SPORTING LIFE.

BY CRAVEN.

SKETCH THE FIRST.—TATTERSALL'S.

THE idea of these etchings was first suggested to me by a conversation which I lately had with a friend, upon the tendency and moral influences of those pursuits which are classed under the general head of Sporting. That, like all others of human origin, they were far from faultless, we were both agreed. In the progress of our discourse, however, he urged in condemnation of many of them authorities from books, with the names of which I was unacquainted, and, from the style and matter of their reasoning, evincing an utter ignorance of the subject upon which they pretended to treat. Subsequently he put some of them into my hands, and the result of a very superficial gleaning of their contents served to convince me, that notices of such scenes of sporting life as exercise a general influence upon society, by one having experience of them, would bear perusal for the novelty's sake alone, however little skill or talent might assist the delineation. It would be a sad waste of time to particularize the transcendent trash with which the pages of ignorant cant through which I waded abounded. One short extract from a goodly work* in two octavo volumes (which, being dedicated by permission to Sir Robert Peel, bore an imposing *imprimatur* on the title-page) will serve as a fair sample of the manner and matter of the class to which they belong. The author thus commences his observations upon "RACING:"—"Robberies upon the Turf have long been proverbial. The most extensive are those committed by the three great races—the Derby at Epsom—the Oaks at Newmarket!!!—and the *St. Leger* at Doncaster." I think that *morceau* may suffice as a specimen of the education and information which the gentleman has brought to bear upon his theme, and serve as an excuse, if not as a reason, for my venturing upon the following sketches, which, I promise, shall be drawn from life, and written in reverence of Lindley Murray.

Whatever criterion of character and habit the occupations and labours by which any nation is distinguished may afford, its pleasures are an unequivocal standard of the popular disposition. With the former, geographical position and a thousand of the merest chances have influence; the latter are creations of the general taste or formed to suit its bias. Accident, which, during the latter part of the last century and the commencement of the present, had turned the spirit of our island-sons of commerce from "gain to glory," anon may lead their more chivalrous neighbours to "the vessel and the mart." But the fortune that may influence the graver affairs of life extends not to its pleasures. Betide what may, they are the soil in which the genealogical tree puts forth its natural bloom and bears legitimate fruit. Following the metaphor, we may regard the British oak

* Life in the West, or the Curtain Drawn. London: Chapple, Pall Mall. 1828.

as emblematic of our hardly pastimes, while the lily of France is typical of her lighter frivolities. The comparison is drawn with no feeling of detraction, with no desire of instituting an invidious estimate: on the contrary, it is with cordial satisfaction I hail the disposition which France evinces to promote and cultivate those Sports which have so long been the league and covenant of good fellowship among all classes of Englishmen.

Still, while I give laud to the light and happy spirit of the French, I cannot refrain from prefacing these sketches (avowedly written as charts of the dangerous channels into which the true courses of our National Sports have unhappily been diverted) with a solemn protest against the uncharitable spirit in which they have ever treated our character as a people in reference to them. It is true that the Turf among us has degenerated from its original purpose, and is now almost exclusively considered as a medium for high play. But surely France was the last of all nations to taunt us with a propensity for gaming, or to libel us as a horde of savages, whose practice it is to make self-murder a resource against ill-luck. Few, however, who have strolled away a morning upon the Boulevards but have encountered proofs enough of this disposition. I remember one that I saw there a few years ago, intended I believe to illustrate "a settling day for the Derby." The *dramatis personæ* were, of course Englishmen. One was seated, his elbows upon a table, his head propped between his palms, and his eyes starting from their rings in a paroxysm of despair. Another, unwilling to leave his friends in uncertainty, holds a pistol to each ear, to report the cause of his departure. A third is exhibited in all the agony of suspense, swinging from the bough of a tree. While the fourth, aware that "there is a tide in the affairs of men" is in the act of precipitating himself from a parapet of a bridge. "This may be all amusing enough, it is not with the caricaturist that one is prepared to find serious fault, but with those graver libellers who bring disgrace upon their country and themselves, by the irascible and jealous attacks upon the national character of England, which flow like gangrened sores from the Parisian press." This is the way in which an old friend of mine remarks upon the caricature to which I have alluded, and draws his conclusion of the spirit, of which such manifestations are but the "weak inventions."

Deplorable as the annual list of suicides in this country undoubtedly is, contrast it with the ghastly catalogue alone furnished by the Morgue, and humanity shudders at the inference! And here, since the name of that charnel of the self-immolated is upon my page, may I close my allusion to it, and all the gaunt associations connected with its terrible history, with a few stanzas, whose uncommon beauty may offer some amends for the digression into which I have been betrayed:—

"'Tis open! never fails its sight of woe,
And crowds are rushing to that fearful dome,
And crowds are scattering out, subdued and slow;
They've seen to what complexion life may come!
'Tis narrow as the grave, a house of gloom:
And on the wall, with ouze and blood long dyed,

Are hung a spangled robe, a broken plume,
 Drapping as fresh drawn from the river tide ;
 And cold beneath them lies—the lost—the suicide !”

“ A few rude boards are now her beauty’s bed ;
 Her still and roseless cheek has now no veil,
 But one long dripping lock across it shed ;
 Yet her wide eye looks living. O the tale
 Told there, of reason that began to fail,
 Of wild remorse, of the last agony,
 When, wandering desperate in the midnight gale,
 She flung to sighless heaven her parting cry,
 Then in the dark wave plunged, to struggle—and to die !

“ The crowd pass on. The hurried trembling look,
 That dreaded to have seen some dear one there,
 Soon glanced,—they silent pass. But in yon nook
 Who kneels, deep shrinking from the oriel’s glare,
 Her forehead veil’d, her lip in quivering prayer,
 Her raised hands with the unfelt rosary wound ?
 That shrouded, silent statue of despair
 Is she who through the world’s delusive round,
 Had sought her erring child, and found—and there had found.”

To our theme. Let such as have only approached the “*facilis de-scensus*” by the Calypso paths of incense-breathing Frascati’s, or the more aristocratic portals of the Salon ; suffer me to instruct them in the whereabouts of their visit to the temple of Hippona at Hyde Park Corner, and the hour selected for her worship. At five p. m. on the first Monday that may suit their convenience, let them seek the western extremity of Piccadilly, and, turning thence into Grosvenor Place, enter the first stable lane which there occurs. This might be under more obligation to the scavenger, it is true, but it is nothing when you are accustomed to it, or, as Scott sings in more rounded period, “use lessens marvel.” Towards the termination of the lane, as aforesaid, they will discover a pair of large gates, having a door cut in one of their folding pannels. Within is an extensive courtyard, having the centre occupied by an ornamental tank, surmounted by the sculptured effigy of a fox, no inappropriate *genius loci*. On the right hand of the entrance are the offices and a range of stabling, of which, however, far the greatest portion lies behind the principal court, and on the immediate left, the temple itself, ’yclept the subscription room, a chamber of some twenty feet by sixteen, containing two tables, twice as many chairs (more or less), pens, ink, sundry slips of paper, *et voila tout*. Although we live in days when ultra-liberalism is the order of the age, none can find fault with the conditions of admission into this society, which simply consist of an annual payment of one guinea, and no questions asked. And this is TATTERSALL’S, once the rostrum for petty dabbings in horse-flesh, and now the bourse whereon, as dealers and chapmen, the coroneted of the West emulate in industry and artifice the turbaned Turk of the East.

It is early, perchance, when you arrive, and the scene is *sombre* to the death. Here is nothing that may prompt excitement—wine, feasting, beauty, there is not ; yet presently shall you see thousands

jeopardied as so much dross; fortunes hazarded as they were a reproach and encumbrance. Can the "*auri sacra fames*" do these things? Can the thirst of gain, mere base, sheer, common profit, sordid concupiscence of pounds and pence, associate at a leprous and unholy shrine the proudest and the noblest born of our land with the scum and offal of its foulest rascality—the very Cains of its social system?

The Room is now crowded to suffocation. An individual somewhat inclined to stoutness is seated at the centre table, while lords and commons stand anxiously grouped around him. In *costume* he is a sloven; his coat, in the sear and yellow, hangs over his rounded shoulders, and his neckerchief looks like a napkin pressed into that service when no longer fit for its proper calling. His countenance is "sicklied o'er with the pale hue of vigil." There is a lac klustre expression of the eye, a pervading character of dulness and mental feebleness encompasses him, without one redeeming point indicative of talent, or even astuteness—and that is Crockford, the arch-priest of the fane, to whom men bring precious oblations, that he may make offering to the golden calf.

The rise and progress of this extraordinary man's fortunes may be traced to one lucky hit, followed up by persevering *industrie* (the French, as contradistinguished from our homely reading of the word), and accompanied by an intuitive tact. Of his singular powers of calculation, his science in the algebra of betting and contrasting odds, I believe nothing. Constant practice and study no doubt have made him *adroit* at comprehending their combinations. Now, just as any huckster pronounces off-hand the value of an ounce of muscovado at so much per pound—this is the mystery of his arithmetic. While in a small way of business, as a second-hand fishmonger at Temple Bar, and a dabbler in shilling English hazard, at a low house in King's Place, it is generally understood that by some accident he was put up to taking very long odds against an outsider for one of the Great Stakes. The horse won, and this not only served to help his treasury, but to bring him before betting men as a fellow of some gumption. Shortly after this he became part proprietor of the house No. 5, King Street, St. James's. In consequence of heavy losses at this house, and at another in St. James Square, the unhappy Captain Davies, lieutenant of the king's yeomen of the guard, committed those extensive forgeries for which he was apprehended and lodged in the Giltspur Street Compter. It was mainly owing to the exertions of Crockford, and one of his partners of the name of Holdsworth, that this wretched man was enabled to escape from his place of confinement; and, after a series of hair-breadth hazards, finally to escape an ignominious death. Whether policy or humanity dictated this step, it had the effect of bringing the actor engaged in it still more prominently forward; and to be known is the one thing needful in the profession he had adopted. He was now on the high road to prosperity. Fortune, who, on the outset, began by throwing good luck into the scales, has stood to him unflinchingly ever since he became a fisher of men; and though I doubt his being the Cæsus that public report would make him, I am perfectly conscious that he has made a good deal.

And there he sits, chief paramount of Tattersall's, lords and Legs alike regarding him as an oracle. And so he is, a prophet indeed of the surest divining, who himself worketh out the result of his own augury. With the money he can bring into the market, he has the power of getting a horse up, or sending him back, as may suit the state of his book, utterly without reference to the animal, whether at the moment he may be fit to rank with an Eclipse in his traditional glory, or be quietly simmering in the knacker's boiler. Although possessing unrivalled facilities for the maintenance of a racing establishment of the first class, he is not an owner of race horses. He is too good an arithmetician for that. He knows too well what it costs his customers in St. James's Street for the *après*, to pay it himself in form of a stud at Newmarket. Others keep the coursers wherewith he plays, without the cost of the *bars* in favour of the bank. Crockford is one of those exotic luxury-mongers, the growth of latter years, known as bettors on commission. The rate of commission is probably capricious, varying according to allowance of brain in the employer, but it would be an occupation amply repaying itself if transacted gratis. Weight of capital for investment gives the possessor the power of shaping the market to his own object; and while no individual in the Ring would find credit for such colossal speculation, your commission agent quietly traffics in figures that all Lombard Street might stand aghast to hear. Whatever colour it may suit employer or employee to give to this system of Turf-brokerage, it admits of but one interpretation in its best character; and many shadows mingle with it even in that. The legitimate purpose of Racing is as little identified with it, as with *rouge et noir*, or hazard. National utility and individual recreation have nothing to do with machinations carried on in secret by agents, with whom the principal communicates only in corners and by whisper. Gold is alone its promoter and instigator: "put money in your purse—*honestly if you can*." It is no part of my purpose to "tread lightly" upon ground like this. I assert fearlessly, that no man ever yet employed a bettor on commission to get his money on for him, without a belief that, in so doing, it would be laid to the advantage consequent upon information exclusively within reach of such a factor. I say it is well known that the secrets of private stables, and trials are obtained by that class of the industrious without scruple about the means. Even that is far from the worst use to which they often apply themselves. Where all information upon an important event is hermetically closed against them—where no *finesse*, backed by money unsparingly applied, is found to avail, nothing is left but *to make it safe*. How many and frightful examples of that dark alternative can all, who have been for any time familiar with the Turf, recall, since Dawson, with a spirit worthy a better cause, paid with his life for the execution of a crime, the benefit of which enables the dastard scoundrels who planned it to mix with the nobles of the land. And shall I be told that those who employ the Commission-Leg to lay out their money *to the best advantage* are in ignorance of the means resorted to to accomplish it? Does any man imagine that they would be scrupulous about the manner of it, so that the result was satisfactory?

It would be impossible, without a volume were given to the detail,

to attempt even to epitomize the various schemes resorted to by those who make a business of speculating upon the fluctuation of Turf traffic. The parties are indeed but two,—the takers and layers of the odds; but these are infinitely subdivided, ramificating into systems of subtlety and calculation beyond all ordinary comprehension. Of the two primal roots, the first consists almost wholly of such as bet upon commission, and the avowed professional Legs. These open books upon the different great stakes as soon as they can be brought into the market, and take the odds against such horses as appear to be *bona fide* named in the public betting, but in most instances are got up by themselves for the purpose of being laid against. If they are actually in the market, they have, by being early takers, the chances of hedging should they advance in favour, and, by the numbers they back, a certainty that all cannot be losers for them. Thus, for instance, say in the winter, 50 to 1 is taken about ten horses for the Derby; in the spring one of them perhaps gets up to 5 to 1, which at once gives 45 points to hedge to. The system is one which would reduce betting to a certain gain, but that a good book upon paper is often actually a heavy loss. Extensive dealers cannot be over particular about their customers. The point against the Leg is, that he *must* pay or his occupation is gone, while every season spawns its mushroom swells, who, while their turn lasts, strut their hour, “and then are seen no more.”

The second are those who lay against certain nominations, selected capriciously, or often by taking up the entries and *shying* the right hand against the left, heads or tails for choice. With these it is “a man or a mouse.” Laying, say 30 to 1 against three nominations, leaves them with long odds on their side, and if they can get on *strong*, and the *shy* comes off trumps, they pick up a tolerable annuity; if they are down upon their luck, there is nothing left for it but “Walker.” I could name many, who, of my own knowledge have been living this Damocles existence for years. It may be asked, how can they get good money staked against them? I answer, by the sheer force of impudence,—that does, by the way, more in this world than enters into the faith of ordinary philosophy. Who are the most prominent in the Ring at Newmarket—the most noisy—the most ostensibly influential? A few notorious cheats—triple defiled levanters—fellows whose looks and manners would compliment an execution. You ask me how such things are tolerated “where gentlemen congregate?”—it exceeds my cunning.

One of the latest of the respectables, blown up by the latter system, was Captain Grant, who *went* upon the Derby in 1835. That gentleman had a fair little team, trained by Forth, and occasionally picked up a crumb or two by stakes. For the Derby of the year that floored him, he had a very promising colt, Knobstick, that had run a good two-year-old, and was highly spoken of by the stable in the spring of the third year. However, he was not Mr. Grant's *card*. He had selected in the winter an outsider, Mundig, then at 40 to 1, against whom he stood a desperate stake. I believe Mr. Grant never offered (he probably had never had a chance) to hedge a guinea of his money. Mundig won, and the captain lost a stake which, when he laid it, he must have known he could not pay. The

result was, that he "went"—an excellent word which saves trouble, by embodying the nature of the accident with the effect by which it is followed. But be it not supposed that, because I name these things in warning, I intend them as a general stigma, either upon the Turf, as the sport of gentlemen, or the majority of such as pursue it for its legitimate purpose. Even in its most pernicious application it affords not such instances of a demoralizing, degrading influence, as unhappily distinguish other shrines whereat the goddess of Chance is worshipped. While the gaming table has its dishonoured and polluted among the living nobles of this land; while memory chronicles the foul dealings of a dark conspiracy and an outraged hospitality, whose blasting exposure not even England's prime minister could silence or avert; while, but as yesterday, it has driven forth to a base and infamous exile one of the palmiest of the peerage; the Turf had witnessed, a few brief months before, one who, having jeopardied his good name, terminated, with the possibility of reproach, the capability of knowing its existence.*

Before I take leave of the system of commission-betting, a short notice of one who, though now out of the profession, was once its star of the ascendant, will not be out of place. I allude to John Gully, who, from being taken out of a prison to fight Gregson at Six Mile Bottom, ascended to a seat in the legislature. I say this with no intention to disparage the character of the man. Gully—I beg pardon—Mr. Gully has the best reputation in the neighbourhood where he is known; and all who have dealings of honour with him speak to his punctilious observance of them—"Worth makes the man and want of it the fellow." The lucky day-rule that enabled him to conquer Gregson was the grain of mustard-seed whence sprung his noble fortune. But, like Crockford, the Midas hand of luck seemed ever to point the path of profit, or hew it, for him. Soon after his battle, he took a small public-house in Carey Street, and here fortune also followed him. The unfortunate Dawson (of whom I have already spoken) having been executed for poisoning several of Lord Foley's horses, by putting poison into the watering troughs on Newmarket heath, certain parties, who were understood to have been the movers of the plot to which that wretched tool fell victim, by general consent were ostracised the Ring. The principals of these were the brothers Bland, one of whom is since dead, the other, James, being now one of the most extensive bettors upon the Turf. When, by the public voice, these men were excluded the betting circles, Gully was engaged to transact business for them. Of course it was no secret whose was the money with which he trafficked; but without being much of classics, your Legs know the coin is little affected by the source whence it may be derived. This opened to him many sources of information upon the principle already described, and he became evidently a profitable investment as a commissioner. His progress towards fortune was now a flight. A sporting lodge and a racing establishment at Newmarket, thousands given, and tens of thousands offered, for horses, all followed like the incidents of a fairy tale.

* Need I say that this faint tribute is offered to the memory of one I had known long, and valued deeply—poor Berkeley Craven?

Thus, in some dozen or fifteen years, he, who with his hand had floored the champion of one ring, in another by his head won all before him, and, albeit no logician, upset the most rooted dogma of the schools; for what becomes of their "*ex nihilo nihil fit*" in presence of one who, from less than nothing, constructed something to the melody of one hundred and eighty thousand pounds sterling?

But (for were the fortunate youth to re-appear in the flesh, there would be a *but* in the golden tome of his history) Gully would meddle with horse-flesh, and of course he paid for his whistle. What could not be accomplished with the master was with his nags. When they were not to be beaten fairly, why then they tried another tack. They took it out of them before starting—crazed them with false starts, and all manner of bedevilments, and "relieved the governor of his rowdy." Here we see the advantage of cultivating a convenient vocabulary. Plain, vulgar-spoken people would very likely call such a course "swindling, open robbery," and such like; but how much more agreeable it is, under such an infliction, to be told in a phrase partaking of the sublimity and mystery of Ossian, that one has been "relieved of one's rowdy." In 1832 Gully won the Leger with Margrave, but for several years last past he is believed to have been a heavy loser on the Turf. It is odd enough that more than once I have known individuals, generally supposed to be singularly successful, actually losing very largely by racing. I will mention one instance, because it directly applies to the case, and is probably known only to the parties themselves with my solitary exception.

When it first became known that Edward Petre had fallen into difficulties, and was about being exiled from his "good hall," I was spoken to by a friend upon the subject, who said that *he* at least could not ascribe his ruin to the Turf, for no man had shared so amply its good things. "You know," he continued, "that he won three consecutive Legers, and the stakes alone must have been a little fortune to him." "I know," was my reply, "that he won one Leger which never produced him a shilling of stakes, and I will tell you the circumstances of it that you may see how little the real facts of racing are known, save to those engaged in them. In 1828 Mr. Petre won the Leger with the Colonel. That horse he purchased from Mr. Marmaduke Wyville for a sum of money, and with the stipulation that, if he won the Leger, Mr. Wyville should be entitled to half the stake. Some time previous to the race he was tried with Velocipede, the result being that Velocipede won by something like a hundred yards. This of course was a poser. Velocipede was known to be a flyer, and now they had the actual proof that, *barring accidents*, they could not beat him. After a good deal of diplomacy it was finally arranged that, should either of the horses win, the stakes should be divided between Mr. Armitage the owner of Velocipede, and Mr. Petre. The day arrived, Velocipede *had a leg*, and the Colonel won; whereupon Mr. Armitage pocketed one moiety of the stakes, Mr. Marmaduke Wyvill the other, while Mr. Petre had all the honour (besides the gratification of paying the expenses) of the race." Mr. Gully has now almost withdrawn from the Turf, and bets very little. In fact, an entire retreat from public life is evidently his design, and, after the strange events with which his career has

been marked, in the bosom of a tranquil home to exclaim with his brother of the Roman port, "Hic cestus artemque repono."

If I am to class my pictures according to the position allotted in the racing world to those they would portray, that of Lord George Bentinck should hardly have been so long without a place, as, in his present status upon the Turf, he is almost "nulli secundus;" although we hardly find his lordship's name at all in the Calendar, attend any Meeting, or let any influential stake be spoken of, and he is the impersonation of "Nong tong paw." We have had many instances of a race horse being shared by two proprietors, or more, but such a confederacy as the public voice assigns to Lord George Bentinck is without any parallel in the records of the Turf. When first his very extended racing operations became generally known, it was reported that his name was kept back from a disinclination that it was believed his father, the duke of Portland, felt to his (Lord George's) connexion with the Turf. If such were the case, the plan adopted was upon the model of that of the girl, who goes into a dark corner to hide from her sweetheart, and coughs and giggles till he finds her out. Never was there such a clumsy coquetry. So far from there being any secret made at Newmarket about his horses, I believe many were attributed to him with which he really had nothing to do. Still, if the vulgar conviction did him wrong, never was there a victim of such powerful circumstantial evidence as this young nobleman. There has been something awfully mysterious in his Turf history from its commencement.

When the novel expedient was resorted to of demanding a large premium from the backers of last year's Leger winner, before he was sent for that race, I'll stake my existence no man in England ever considered it as the act of Lord Lichfield—here the scion of the house of Portland got the *credit*, such as it was, of the *ruse*, and it is pretty generally believed *the ready money* also. On the first day of the late Goodwood races I was standing with my back to the weighing house when the great stakes of three hundred sovereigns each, fifteen subscribers, was won by "Mr. John Day's the Drummer." "Ah!" said I, "lucky John! the little man has got Fortunatus's cap." "Excuse me," said a gentleman at my elbow, "you are under a mistake. The Drummer is *not* John Day's, he belongs to *Lord George Bentinck*." !!!

(To be continued.)

THE LOBISHOMEN.

A LEGEND OF GALLICIA.

ALBERTO PIOLANOS (a person of excellent qualities, and of matchless skill in the art of causing all landed property in his possession to produce an abundance of corn and such matters, and of such curious ingenuity in vine-dressing that a very Mahometan might have lifted up his hands and blessed the goodly fruit that clustered on the branches), Alberto was known, far and wide, as the proprietor of the prettiest wife, and the reputed father of the prettiest daughter, in all Galicia. Some years, however, had passed over the earth since Dame Blanche was in her bloom, and although it was reported by certain middle-aged personages, who, some twenty years before, might have considered themselves not quite excluded from the hope of attracting her attention, that the fair-faced matron at one time enjoyed the most sylph-like figure, the softest waist, the minutest ankle, and the roundest arm that *they* ever saw, yet it is our duty to confess that considerable change was observable in all respects, and that a good-natured, plump presentment of a dame of forty, with a pair of contented cheeks, small laughing eyes, and a little double-chin, was all the beauty discernible in the "gude wife" Blanche. She, notwithstanding, was far from forgetful of her former celebrity, and would often tell of the various offers she had received from great folks, and was very eloquent on the fact of having once danced with a prince of the blood, who was rude enough to accompany his condescension with a kiss. Alberto listened to these narrations with inward satisfaction, and stretched out his limbs, and smoothed his chin, with the air of one not altogether remiss in the duty of thinking well of himself. "But Alberto had the advantage of them all, you see," was generally the conclusion of his wife's history, and another smooth of the chin attested Alberto's concurrence in that observation.

The advantage above alluded to was succeeded by the production of a daughter, who soon threatened a successful rivalry to her mother's charms. In commemoration of the happiness resulting from her birth she was named Felicia, and at the expiration of eighteen years it was generally admitted, by way of compromising all hostile opinions, "that she took marvellously after her mother." The resemblance was in no degree impaired by any essential difference in matters of the heart, for as the mother, according to her own account, rejected numerous desirable alliances, and answered negatively to many beneficial poppings of the question, so her daughter exhibited the strongest repugnance to any interference on that delicate point, and manifested, at proper seasons, an earnest disposition to consult her own feelings and inclination in all affairs of that character. The propriety of her own conduct Dame Blanche was by no means disposed to question, but it so happened that Felicia was perverse enough to follow her example, and oppose her choice, which was an offence she thought demanding at least the interposition of the legislature.

It is strange by what kind of mental anamorphosis things appear irregular and irreconcilable regarded from different points. Alberto and his wife had experienced in their youthful attachment the wrongs of parental tyranny to a very pitiable extent, but having settled in their own minds, and to their own satisfaction, that the principals in the oppression were a pair of merciless and ferocious monsters in human form, they instantly set about vexing and thwarting them in all directions, and defied them finally by linking themselves in the bonds of a disobedient love. But now every thing was changed. They had discovered that youthful people have no right to think for themselves; that old heads are better than young; that marriages of passion are marriages of pain; that improvement of condition is the chief object of wedlock; that fathers and mothers are the best judges of what is proper for their children; and that nothing can be more unpardonable than for sons and daughters to have a will of their own. All this might be very proper, were it not for the existence of an old saying, which sets forth—"that what is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander;" a sentiment strictly and philosophically in unison with our own opinion, and very much assimilating with common sense.

The end of all this is to show that, as refers to the disposal of Donna Felicia, things went on very indifferently in the family of Alberto Piolanos. The young lady strongly protested against the candidate nominated by her father and seconded by Mistress Blanche, and petitioned vehemently against the return of any such representative of her affections. There was a whisper of a very warm canvass proceeding in behalf of another party, who was said to command, as far as could be determined, the unanimous suffrages of that busy constituency which rages and wars within a woman's breast. The fact is, every thing was at sixes and sevens on this head. Alberto would have nobody but a certain squire in the neighbourhood, whose name was Teophilo, and whose pretensions to preference were chiefly founded upon a tolerably fine person, a gallant mien, sharp wits, and a high sense of pacific honour; which, it will be allowed, were qualifications not fairly endangered by the concurrent possession of some hundreds of acres, and a few eligible and productive farms, of which Alberto's happened to be one. Whatever malice and vindictive spite might suggest, we are not of the number who are ever looking on the dark side of men's reputations, and are happy to say that Alberto was of the same nature, for he derided the petty malignity of those who would allow a prejudice to exist against Teophilo because he was well to do in the world, and scorned the meanness of permitting a fine house, fair grounds, and an adequate exchequer, to operate against the happiness of a young man who had no other failings. The virtues of the youth, indeed, were only less obvious than the ample sufficiency of his "ways and means," and wherefore not cherish those virtues, and assist to carry off some portion of his humiliating moidores?

So argued the humane Alberto, and so insisted Mistress Blanche for hours together, even when slumber had sealed up the eyes of all others of the household, and none but her own and those of her lov-

ing spouse were "wide awake" to the moonbeams and their own interests. The subject, indeed, was one of peculiar attraction to Mistress Blanche, and she would sometimes indulge the old gentleman with such a lengthened dissertation on its merits, and find herself so graciously encouraged by his patient attention, that her admiration of his powers of silence would become unbounded, till a sudden "Don't you think so, dear?" producing an equivocal grunt on the part of Don Alberto, she turned testily on her side, with some such an address as, "What's the use of talking to you, fool?" and was soon immersed in dreams. But her indignation fled with the night, and with the morning came a more calm consideration of Teophilo's claims.

But notwithstanding all efforts from all quarters to prevail upon the fair Felicia to think better of Teophilo, and encourage his approaches, the implacable maiden remained fixed to her resolve.

"Are you not ashamed of yourself, you wicked girl," said her mother to Felicia one Sabbath morning—"Are you not ashamed of yourself to put on that common dress when you know Teophilo is coming to escort you to mass? Fie, fie!"

"Good enough for him I think," was the reply. "And yet it pains me to disobey you. Give me a motive, and I can be as gay as others."

"Motive!—yes, I understand you, substitute the little wretch Clamerclotti for the joyous and passionate Teophilo, and then—ah! I knew your meaning, Miss. But it is useless, he shall never enter my doors."

"He never shall against your wishes, mother, but while my heart is my own I will never resign it to any other."

"That's right, Miss Undutiful," said Mistress Blanche—"break your mother's heart, do, and marry the fellow. Ah! you may play with your cap string and pretend not to heed me, but when I'm dead and gone you will perhaps."

"Oh! mother, do not talk so," said Felicia earnestly—"You know I love you, and would do every thing to please you, but—oh! do not talk of being dead and gone. I would do any thing to comfort you, you know I would;" and the poor girl approached her mother with eyes half-filled with tears, and kissed her affectionately.

"There, there, dry your eyes, here's Teophilo coming," said Mistress Blanche, assisting to remove the evidences of weeping from her daughter's face. "Look gay—come—I didn't mean it! Ah! Teophilo, we have been waiting for you, you see," added the dame, as a youth entered with the air of one who felt a superiority to his company. "Felicia has been quite vexed that you delayed so long."

"May I crave her pardon?" said the youth with a mock bow, "we are still in time if the divine Felicia will accompany me."

"O yes, that she will," said the mother, and the youth, swinging his feather with great importance, presented his hand, and led the reluctant Felicia to the door, the latter assenting with as little grace as was consistent with propriety.

They were scarcely ten steps from the house when Teophilo commenced his suit with a fervent flow of unintelligible devotion which

a lover only could presume to interpret. The difficulty of penetrating the meaning was not greatly diminished by the fact that the maiden's thoughts were totally occupied with another person, of whose presence she was soon apprized by one of those significant coughs which tell little to any but to those for whom they are intended; and it was unobserved, accordingly, by her loquacious companion.

On the opposite side of the way walked Ferdinand Clamerclotti, a stout young peasant who had been watching some time for the chance of meeting Felicia alone. The disappointment appeared to affect him in no great degree, for with a sly look to the maiden, and a jocosely frown intended for her partner, he set his cap on one side of his head, and swaggered along with all the independence of one assured of the omnipotence of his own personal advantages. But in reality Clamerclotti knew well he had very little to boast in that respect. He was short, strong, and active, and possessed a countenance that would have marked him as a vulgar epitome of manhood, had not a cheerful cunning in the eyes and the good-natured up-to-snuffness of his whole bearing relieved him from that impression, and given him a certain individuality which seemed duly appreciated by the young maiden, who returned his attentions with all the manifestations of an earnest reciprocity. The cough we have mentioned will be readily supposed to have proceeded from this personage, and a short conversation of looks took place between the parties, who evidently understood, with the greatest proficiency, that silent dialect.

"How sweet a day it breathes of Felicia!" said Teophilo; "there is such liveliness and beauty all around. There is the burning sun, there the heavens—there—"

"Your pardon, Sir, your pardon," cried a voice: "Is not your name Teophilo? If it be, fly, for there is ruin menacing your house. The infuriate flames are raging over your inheritance, one half of it may by this time be in ashes. Fly, and urge those who would assist you by your presence."

"What has happened? speak," said Teophilo alarmed.

"Your mansion is in flames. The shrieks of females are heard. There is a cry for Don Teophilo. Begone, or you are ruined. Ah me! that it were not so."

"I must hence. Felicia, forgive me. Our united interests demand my absence from you," said the youth; and he put himself in motion with painful precipitation.

"Ha! ha! stride away," shouted Clamerclotti when he perceived the success of his jest. "The fellow's house is as secure as he left it; and will remain so, if he has wit enough to avoid running his head against it as he goes along. Ha! ha! now I've got you to myself, my darling, and I demand a kiss for my pains."

"Nay, not here," replied the girl, laughing at the manoeuvre.

"Now, or never," said Clamerclotti, helping himself, "and this may be the last I shall have for many a day."

"Are you really going away then, Ferdinand?" enquired Felicia mournfully.

"It's fixed, sweet eyes; I shall be on my road to-morrow. A fortune awaits me, furlongs of gold and leagues of silver. But I'll

come back again, depend upon it, and erect a castle here, and have you for my queen."

"You are laughing at me, Ferdinand; if you love me, we need neither castles nor gold; and if I loved you not, I might, I dare say, have both without you."

"Likely enough, my dainty Donna, and bless that sweet tongue that it says so," answered Ferdinand. "But you see, that villainous old hag, whom some persons call Fate, is strangely at odds with me hereabout, and I am resolved to try her in another quarter. Rely on it, I will outbuy that Teophilo yet;" and so saying, Clamerclotti slapped his thigh; and turning down a path-way, they found themselves in an unfrequented place, where a group of trees afforded them a pleasant shelter from the sun, and preserved them, moreover, from the inconvenience of observation.

"Give me this ribbon from your hair, my fairy," said Ferdinand, attempting to untie it; "I want it for some purpose."

"For what?" enquired Felicia.

"To swear by, ruddy-lip. Give it me, and vow you will be faithful to your Clamerclotti while he possesses it."

"That I will," replied the maid, "and though he should lose it too. There it is."

"Let no persuasion wed you to another then, sweet mouse," said Ferdinand, placing the ribbon in his breast, "and as for myself, you know well all about that;" and so the young couple talked away the time until the tread of steps and buzz of voices proclaimed the return of the congregation from mass, when, fearful of being seen, they parted.

The rage of Teophilo upon discovering the cheat that had been practised upon him was unappeasable, and he swore by his sword that nothing but the life of the offender could expiate such an intolerable imposition upon his credulity. The fact of a rivalry subsisting between himself and a low-born peasant had been carefully concealed by Alberto and his wife, but the idea afforded by Teophilo's description of the culprit left little doubt in the minds of the worthy couple that the delinquent was none other than Ferdinand Clamerclotti,—a supposition but little falsified by Felicia's hesitation and blushes whenever questioned on the matter. But we must beg permission to take leave of the whole of these parties for awhile, and follow Clamerclotti, who set off the following morning on a journey to a distant city, where fancy, the busy architect of hope, had already erected certain unsubstantial tenements, termed "castles in the air," and delivered over the lease and title to our intrepid traveller.

At an early hour Clamerclotti was on the road. A spacious wallet at his back contained all his worldly goods and chattels, and a little bag swung beside it was well furnished with every thing necessary for the commissariat,—a precaution not to be neglected with impunity. With the determination of one intent upon some great object, he trudged along till the exhausted inward man began to suggest hints as to the propriety of succouring his failing energies, and a convenient spot presenting itself at the same moment, he sat himself down and commenced his repast. A large oaten cake was soon disposed of, and a second appeared in a fair way to share its fate, when a long

and dismal groan aroused him from his meditative mastications, and, starting on his legs, he perceived, at no great distance, a human form stretched on the earth, and the heavy sobs proceeding from it denoted the creature to be in the utmost pain and tribulation. The face was hideously distorted with convulsions, and the breast heaved quick and panted with agony.

"Take them off, they tear me, the fiends are on my chest, and beat me, and mock me," cried the unhappy man. "Ah! how they rend me."

"A Lobishomen! by the son of my mother" exclaimed Ferdinand, approaching the figure. "Yes, 'tis Monday. He is a Sabbath-victim. The fit will soon be off;" and he lifted the shape from the ground, and sprinkled the temples with water.

"They are going now, they are fading—see. But they point at me still," said the Lobishomen. "What is this? wine! give it me;" and with a hearty draught at a bottle which Ferdinand had secured for his own consolation, the wretched being became more composed, and looking into Clamerclotti's face as though awaking from a stupor, he raised himself up, and began to supplicate for mercy.

"You will not hurt me? oh! do not," he implored, crouching before the youth; "I will labour for you, but do not spurn me, and strike blows upon me."

"I!" exclaimed Ferdinand, "I beat you! Be not alarmed. If you'll favour me by partaking of a portion of those viands yonder, you are cordially welcome. I dare say your stomach is not over delicate after a fast of some thirty hours."

"You know Jacques Mana then, the poor Jacques," said the other, "and will you be kind to me, and not hurt me?"

"Lord a mercy! what botheration's got into your head to make you suppose I will?" replied Clamerclotti. "Here's a merry feast for us close by, and I think we may as well be wise enough to enjoy it whilst it lasts. Don't talk nonsense, Jacques (since that seems to be your name), there's not a giant living who can say I ever wantonly molested him, and, I think, if several wild beasts of my acquaintance could express their real opinion, they would exonerate me from any charge of violence towards them; for I frankly confess I was never the man to take advantage of a lion's weakness, or impose upon the good-nature of a rhinoceros, not I; and if so, I hope you will believe me to be sufficiently amiable."

"There is jest in you, young man," said Jacques Mana, "and I thank you that you can sit and be joyous in the presence of a Lobishomen. Know you not that I am cursed of heaven? that I am six days man and one day brute? that the sinking sun of Saturday doth terminate my humanity? and that the Sabbath sees me only in the shape of a mule pursued by demons, and torn and goaded by hideous shapes, that follow and flay me till the sacred day is past? and know you not that I am proscribed, and hated, and cast from the doors of men?"

"I've heard as much," replied Ferdinand, "but I can't say I was credulous of it until the present moment; nor indeed am I now, for the truth is, Jacques (you'll pardon my familiarity I hope), I am very doubtful of the whole matter, and entertain an opinion (with

your permission), that you are labouring under a delusion. It may be possible, certainly, but as "seeing is believing," I will defer my opinion until such time as my own eyes are satisfied of the fact. In the meanwhile perhaps you will be good enough to convert to your own use whatever you prefer in this bag;" and they both commenced a series of such effective operations upon the provisions, that in a marvellously brief period the whole had disappeared.

"Do you doubt the fate that attends me then?" said Jacques Mana when they had concluded. "Know you not that my ancestors were as I am? And yet why should I ask? your gentleness to me proves that you doubt the Lobishomen's destiny, for did you not, you would hate me as others do. But you shall see."

"Seeing is believing," as I said before, replied Clamerclotti.

"But how and when shall I see?"

"I tell you not when or how, good youth, but you *shall*. Which way the wind blows bend the branches; I say that you *shall*. But listen to me awhile. There were joy and feasting of yore in the halls of Mana, for the lady of Lacanza was soon to be the bride of the lord of Mana. There is a mystery in the fate of the lord of Mana. None ever saw him on the Sabbath. He was a kind and good knight, and many believed he secluded himself on the holy day for purposes of piety; but others shook their heads, and gave looks which commonly indicate either a knowledge or suspicion of something generally known or imagined, but of a character not to be talked about or dwelt on in the general conversations of neighbour-folk. Certain it is he was never seen on the Sabbath, and the deep love conceived by the lady of Lacanza for the strange knight constrained her father to pursue such measures as would determine the cause of his hebdomadal invisibility, and rescue his daughter from the danger of plighting her maiden vows to a Lobishomen. He resolved therefore to fix the day of marriage at once, and appointed a Sunday.

With many artful objections did the lord of Mana attempt to prevail upon the old man to decide upon another day, and the lady united her prayers to those of her lover (perceiving he desired it) to the same effect, but the Count was inexorable. A shudder shot through his frame when he contemplated the possibility of his dear and only daughter contracting herself to a Lobishomen. The prevarication and confusion of the lord of Mana confirmed him in his belief.

"She shall not wed him," he said; "her nuptials shall be in a nunnery rather. I had rather see her dead and tombed. She shall not, if these grey hairs can teach her obedience."

Such were his words; and the old man wept many tears—tears, not like the summer-showers of youth, half sunny and half sad, but tears, such as the sharp and bitter waters that spring from the mineral earth, and taste of the heart-ore whence they arise.

The appointed day was soon as near as to-morrow is to this moment, and the sun hung brightly in the heavens, as he does now. The Lady Lacanza sat by her lover's side, and they gazed upon a fair scene before them, and talked of future happiness. The evening advanced, but, as the minutes fled, they stole away the mirth of the

lord of Mana, and he sat almost mute, and sighed, and drops like dew stood upon his forehead. The lady looked in his face, and started from him. His cheek grew paler and paler; his beard, that was smooth as her own tresses, became rigid and untwisted; his eyes were lustreless. He sat for an instant thus, and then passed from the room like an ungraved ghost. With one only look towards his betrothed lady, he glided through the spacious hall, and vanished. But he was again to appear; yes, he was to appear again. A noise was heard without, and a wild mule, whose cries were like a mortal thing, ran madly past the window. The Count Lacanza saw it, and, clasping his daughter to his breast, exclaimed, "Thou art saved, thou art saved." And she *was* saved; for that mule was the lord of Mana: "he was a Lobishomen, my ancestor; and now believest thou?"

"Not a word of it," replied Clamerclotti; "for, to tell you my opinion, it's all a hum. I dare say you'll pardon me for venturing to have an opinion of my own, but I assure you it is of no use telling me all about this; I'm one of that curious tribe that will not believe a thing unless it happens to be credible; and as for this old mule story, I'll be turned into a mule myself if there's a word of truth in it."

"You are young, and that excuses you," said the Lobishomen; "but the time shall come when thou shalt be wiser."

"Like enough," rejoined Clamerclotti, "like enough. I've plenty of time, that's certain; and I should be glad, I confess, if I could, at this present moment, avail myself of your politeness to give me a lift on the road to wisdom; but, as I have to go some few miles before I reach a village, and the evening is falling, I would rather insure to myself a night's lodging, than rest my head upon the hard block of erudition. So, farewell, Mr. Jacques, and if you should be coming at any time to the great city, some thirty miles away, I dare say Ferdinand Clamerclotti will be distinguished enough to be found by enquiring for him. Saint Gregory preserve you, Jacques, and keep you from the bad habits you have been mentioning. Good bye:" and, with a shake of the hand, the Lobishomen turned down a side road, and Clamerclotti pushed lustily on his way to the city.

We should ill describe the effect of this adventure upon the mind of Ferdinand, were we to leave the reader under the impression that he was altogether sceptical of the veritability of Mana's words, and that his blunt pleasantry was occasioned by an enlightened superiority to superstition. It was no such thing. Among the peasantry, the tradition was considered not only recommended by very respectable testimony, but founded on events as certain as the births and deaths of their several grandmothers, or the specified period when St. Michael moulted, and presented one of the finest feathers of his left wing to the charge and custody of some faithful friars. It would have been wrong, therefore, had Ferdinand ridiculed the tradition altogether, however much impressed with doubts as to its positive reality. His mind was not more settled by the fact of having himself found Jacques Mana under the influence of that very fear and torture which it was said accompanied the metamorphosis, and so strongly convinced of the irrevocable doom that attended him.

"So, it's all very odd," said Clamerclotti, as he pushed forward; "and I must wait the convenience of Master Jacques to enlighten me on this head. It's a mighty queer world, that's certain, and I'm not quite sure that I've not been walking about the earth in a different shape myself before now, for I recollect having a strange appetite for thistles one day:" and in such manner he thought and talked, until he arrived at a little village, where he sojourned for the night; and on the following evening, with panting heart, he surveyed a great city extending before him, and the turrets were shining with the golden light of the setting sun, and a thousand thoughts of success and fortune danced through the cranium of the bewildered Clamerclotti.

"Here I am then," he said, as he stationed himself before the house of a merchant, to whose regards he bore letters of consignments, "and here begins my prosperity. I dare say Felicia could make herself happy in such a mansion as this even;"—and he announced himself with an important clamour at the door, and was soon ushered into the presence of his superior, who received him with considerable courtesy, and finally handed him over to a tall personage in a fine dress, with instructions that every care should be taken of him. The frankness and cheerfulness of the youth soon elevated him in the opinion of the merchant, and he gradually found himself promoted from offices of insignificance to offices of trust; until a circumstance occurred which established him in the favour of his master, and opened the way to a better advancement.

There happened to be engaged in the service of the merchant, one, of whose integrity Clamerclotti had many reasons to think unfavourably; and his suspicions were soon verified by the sudden disappearance of the worthy. The mere coincidence of absence could certainly have justified Clamerclotti in no way for supposing delinquency on that account; but other circumstances, including the mysterious abstraction of considerable sums of the current coin of the realm, and certain slips of paper with names written upon them, which the merchant was superstitious enough to consider valuable, afforded sufficient ground for an hypothesis of that nature. At all events, the individual was missing, and the said moneys had become suddenly invisible. The merchant was ruined if justice failed to detect the culprit; but it so happened, Ferdinand was the fortunate instrument, in the hands of justice, and the happy means of restoring peace and solvency to his master's affairs. He had watched the haunts of the offender and his companions, and with care and secrecy contrived to gain admission to a room where he understood they frequently assembled, and having overheard their plans, and discovered the place where the money was deposited, he waited their departure, and quickly possessed himself of the prize. The retreat of the parties was somewhat retarded by a band of persons, who seized and bound them as they passed through the passages, and consigned them, in a rude manner, to the prison-house. The merchant was soon relieved of all his apprehensions by the appearance of Clamerclotti with the greater part of the booty, and with tears of gratitude he declared himself eternally bound to the youth, and implored to be permitted the opportunity of returning his thanks in a more tangible

manner than words, should Ferdinand be ever plunged in a similar emergency.

This opportunity was soon afforded him. A touch on the shoulder, accompanied with a whispered word, which was "Felicia," surprised our hero one day as he was hastening through the streets, and looking he perceived the retiring figure of Jacques Mana, who beckoned him to follow, and by his gestures seemed to intimate that his mission was any thing but of an agreeable character.

"What! Jacques, my old fellow," said Clamerclotti, when he came up to him, "what in the name of wonder brings you here? Another of your scampering fits, I suppose."

"You know Alberto Piolanos," said the Lobishomen, "and his daughter, and his wife; and you know the Don Teophilo."

"To be sure I do," replied Clamerclotti; "and there are two of them I'd rather cheat, one I'd rather kiss, and one I'd rather trounce, than any of their own ages in Gallicia. But what of them?"

"Ask of each separately, and I'll reply," answered Jacques.

"Is the old chap well then?" enquired Ferdinand.

"Well," said the Lobishomen.

"The old dame too?"

"Also well."

"My darling unmarried?"

"Unmarried."

"And Teophilo as great a fool as ever?"

"As great a fool as ever."

"What ails then?"

"A great deal ails," answered Jacques. "The old chap, as you call him, is threatened with houseless poverty, the old dame with endless wretchedness—"

"What! my old Dame Blanche?" interposed Ferdinand.

"The same,—Felicia with a forced marriage to save her parents from ruin, and the Don Teophilo with the curses of all for his malice and cruelty in turning the old people out of doors because their daughter has made choice for herself. One day may be too late to rescue the young Felicia—she is wavering; for, however deep her affection for you, it is hard she shall see her parents ruined."

"I'll be off by to-morrow's sun-rise," said Clamerclotti, "for I take you to be a man of your word, Master Jacques, and I fancy you wouldn't deceive me. I cannot conceive, though, how the deuce you got to know all this."

"I know it," replied the Lobishomen, "be that sufficient. If you would save the girl, go, go, go;" and, with a solemn emphasis on the latter monosyllable, he bowed his head gravely and departed.

Ferdinand had long cherished a strong desire to see those spots once more, and wander amidst those scenes so nearly associated with his earliest and happiest days; and the true secret of his uncommon confidence in the integrity of Jacques might be traced, we fancy, in some degree, to this anxious longing, for he seized the excuse with more earnestness than is generally manifested on like occasions. With praiseworthy promptitude he represented the whole state of affairs to the merchant, and solicited his assistance, adding that a temporary absence would agree exceedingly well with his health, and a

sight of Felicia would tend materially to restore that desirable circulation of the blood which the avocations of a citizen had materially impeded. In all this the good merchant readily acquiesced, and producing a sum equivalent to twice the supply which Clamerclotti requested, he bestowed upon him his blessing, and the youth conveyed himself from the room. The next day saw Ferdinand on the road. His golden store was well secured about his waist, and had not an accident occurred by which he sustained a severe sprain, he would probably have relied upon those trusty animals called his legs to conduct him, with safety, to the end of the journey, and would then have escaped what it is now our duty to relate.

By the side of the road sat our hero, rubbing his aggrieved limb with great perseverance, and sending forth occasional groans of impatience and agony, when on a sudden Jacques Mana appeared, and began to make some inquiries as to the cause of his lamentations and distress.

"Oh! go to the devil," cried Clamerclotti, in extreme anguish—"go and be hanged with you, don't you see I am hurt?"

"I pity you," said the Lobishomen, "you'll never be able to walk for a week. Here must you stay unless you will permit me to carry you to the next village, some miles away, where you can rest for the night. I am strong."

"I should feel all over obligation to you, if you would do the same," said Clamerclotti, repenting of his roughness to poor Jacques. "So, if you are willing, clap me on your back at once, and away with me."

"That will I," replied Jacques, raising Ferdinand up, and placing one leg on each side of him, in a position which is denominated pick-a-back—"and now say, are you comfortable?"

"As much so as sitting on a pair of hatchets, called hips, will enable me—but I am not the man to complain. I am quite ready; move on, Master Jacques;" and with many jests and gambols they went on their way, the light step and easy spring of the burdened man seeming strangely inconsistent with the massive rotundity of the burden.

With much zeal did Jacques Mana persist in his course, even when Clamerclotti, absorbed in his own cogitations concerning Felicia and her parents, remained silently on his back. The different sentiments occasioned in the mind of Ferdinand by the different circumstances under which he surveyed every object then, compared with those excited in his breast on his first approaching the city, were the source of much entertainment to him, and he fell into a kind of reverie that might, possibly, have lasted for a considerable period, had not a consciousness of a sudden change of position on the back of Jacques Mana, and a certain careering in the air of that personage, aroused him with a start to a sense of what was passing before and around him. The first object which struck his amazed vision was a pair of long and hairy ears, established on a foundation which appeared the head of a horse, from which head descended a very long face, terminating with a snout containing two nostrils, that sent forth lines of steam on both sides and snorted terribly. With a shriek of amazement Clamerclotti hung about the neck of the beast, and fixed his fingers in a shaggy fringe surmounting the neck of the animal, while

the creature himself ran wildly to and fro, and leaped and jerked with such violence that Clamerclotti found a difficulty in keeping his place, and he inwardly cursed the folly of men who question the truths of tradition, and more especially the legend of the Lobishomen.

"You'll have me off, Jacques--on my life you will--I pray you kick not up your heels so monstrously--stop, stop," cried Ferdinand; but the large ears were deaf, and with a frantic sound of misery that seemed to stun the very birds, for they fell dead to the earth around them, the Lobishomen set off at full speed with the unfortunate Clamerclotti, and in a moment tree and hedge appeared but shadowy lines in the landscape, and the hills began playing at leap-frog. Away they went, over heath, and mead, and plain; over mountain, vale, and glade, they dashed, they fled, they flew; the winds made way, and the racing lightnings could scarcely keep pace with them.

"Stop, stop," shouted Clamerclotti, "stop, or I perish;" but the night came forth, and they still sped on, and demons sprung from the darkness as they passed, and pinched them, and laughed with hideous faces, and pulled and tortured them.

"Ah! how like you that?" screamed one of the fiends, seizing Clamerclotti by the nose with claws like pincers; "or that, or that?" and he tore at his hair, and nipped at his neck; while two young devilkins perched on his ears, and shouted with a vehemence to which a lion's roar were a whisper.

"Believe you it now, believe you it now?" cried another demon with a round face, accompanying every word with a blow on the pate of the youth with an instrument resembling a hammer;—"do you believe it? if not, permit me to break your cranium through;" and he set about his work with renewed violence, whilst others fixed upon Jacques, and pierced him with small arrows, and hung upon his tail, and screwed his ears about until they seemed ready to break off by the roots, which pleased them mightily, and they laughed in an ecstasy of joy.

"When it shall please you to let my head alone with that confounded hammer, Master Fiend, I shall feel infinitely obliged to you," said Clamerclotti, recovering his self-possession; "and, perhaps, you would accommodate me, Signor Uglymug, by liberating my nose. As to the young chaps, who are bellowing away in my ears, I should be sorry to interrupt them in so pleasing a pastime."

"Niffle--hiffle--whizz!" cried one of the fiends; "hish! kickle!" cried another; and "swackle!" cried a third.

"Do you believe it now?" cried the leader of the gang.

"Horror! horror!" cried Jacques, flying with frightful speed over the land.

"Believe it, believe it," pursued a tribe of minor monsters.

"I think I have reason enough, in all conscience," replied Clamerclotti; "and I can only tell you, gentlemen, that once out of this scrape, I'll keep my thoughts to myself for the future. I'll trouble you to take your tail, Sir Devil, out of the way of my mouth, if you please, or I may otherwise be induced to give it a gripe."

"Swibble! flickerback!" screamed a tall fiend.

"Block!" cried a little one.

"Mumbleflabber!" pursued a fat specimen of the demon tribe, and with a rush, like to a hurling wind, they all dashed down a precipice together. The dark hollow appeared endless; and they descended and descended, until a hazy insensibility came over the whole functions of the astonished Clamerclotti—the last glimpse of his fading faculties assuring him they were descending still.

The morning had gone on before, and the sun was in the east, when Clamerclotti discovered himself to be lying in a field, with neither Lobishomen nor devil in the neighbourhood, but a certain soreness all over his body reminded him of his adventure on the former evening; and he arose, and shook himself, and examined his limbs with great care to ascertain if any injury had resulted from his downward excursion; but all was well.

The scene around him was one not altogether unfamiliar, for yonder was Alberto's farm, and many a recollection poured gladly into his mind when he gazed upon the dwelling of his faithful Felicia. The Lobishomen had been considerate at all events, in one respect, for he had scrupulously adhered to Clamerclotti's line of route, and delivered him almost at the door of his home, with no other change than a few scratches and bruises.

The dame Blanche was soon roused from her occupation by a knocking at the gate, and vast was the wonder of all when the runaway Clamerclotti presented himself, and took from his side a pouch of real gold. The farmer drew himself up and smiled at the shining darlings, while his wife declared with much solemnity that she had always prophesied Ferdinand would make a man after all. Felicia was silent, but inwardly delighted; and when Ferdinand represented he had heard of their misfortune, and had come to beg of them to accept the little he could supply for their use, a general shaking of hands took place, and Alberto whispered in his ear—"I always thought you'd be my future son-in-law. I could not abide Teophilo from the first, believe me;" with such other expressions of congratulation as generally flow from persons whose interest is on a par with their fervour. The recital of Clamerclotti's adventure with the Lobishomen was received with wonder and astonishment, the old people piously crossing themselves at every new event in the history, with that indefinite idea of religious confidence which is mostly produced by the bewildering tenets in which they had been reared. The gentle Felicia, in the meanwhile, crept gradually to the side of her lover, and, looking in his face, held fast by his arm, till a sudden noise in the adjoining room happening just at a moment when her whole attention was fixed on the mystery, she started from her seat, and produced at the instant a series of such piercing screams, that they could only be abated by a solemn assurance on the part of Ferdinand that her consternation had been occasioned by no other incident than a false step performed by the cat in her way to the milk-pan. The tale was often repeated in after times to such passing travellers as chanced to light upon the hospitable habitation of Ferdinand and his little wife; but none ever heard of the unhappy Jacques, who, it is to be feared, must have died as he had lived, a wretched outcast and an unfriended man.

PICA.

A POET'S VISION.

SLEEP hath fantastic wanderings ;
 A bard, in slumber, saw
 Nature's most bright and laughing things
 Grow still with love and awe.
 There stood upon the wondering earth
 A being, angel-fair,
 Whose eyes, like gems of richest worth,
 Shed beauty every where.

The flowers arose tumultuously
 Before her bare bright feet,
 Like eastern martyrs, proud to die
 A death so pure and sweet.
 Anon the old and stubborn trees,
 Like courtly flatterers, bowed ;
 The waters clapped their hands ; the breeze
 Sung hymns of joy aloud.

The south wind woke—that harper old ;
 The streamlet which, so long,
 The same unvarying liquid trolled,
 Rose in exulting song.
 Sweet sunset lent the crimson robe
 That carpeted her way ;
 The azure air that wraps the globe
 Gleamed with a gladsome ray.

She spoke, and lute-like murmurs rode
 The music-haunted skies ;
 Like answering cherub-tongues that showed
 Heaven's glorious mysteries ;
 Time only, stern old arbiter,
 Would not her path attend ;
 Nought else could pause from loving her
 To feel the dream must end.

The glory of her loveliness
 No jealous garments veiled ;
 Faint, in its silent fond caress,
 The wanton zephyr failed.
 Bright—wonderful—without a stain ;
 The world's great heart she trod ;
 Then fled its fading sphere again,
 Perchance for heaven, and God.

All things that watched her parting, gazed
 On this dim world no more.
 Past was the beauty that amazed,
 The gifts that charmed, before.
 Yet, though death chilled those hearts erewhile
 With fervent passions rife,
 Once to have drank that sunny smile
 Was in itself a life.

THE REV. DR. SHEPHERD'S LIFE OF POGGIO BRACCIOLINI.*

THIS work is a *second* edition with considerable additions and corrections, so as to form in fact a *new* book, but the *date* of the *first* edition is not stated in either the old *preface*, which is retained, or the present *preface*; and this we regard as a defect. We could have wished that the *heads* of the *chapters* had been given in continuity at the end of the *prefaces*, because if, after having perused an interesting work, we carefully cast our eyes over the *heads* of *chapters* in a *table of contents*, certain main facts, and remarkable circumstances, which float loosely in our memories, become distributed, each in the order of time, into their proper cells, ready to answer the demands of the understanding for the various purposes of study or reference, of amusement or improvement. We have also to regret the absence of a *general index* in a work, which contains so large a number of facts and of proper names.

The Rev. Dr. Shepherd, who is now far advanced in years, is still, as we are glad to find, possessed of bodily powers and mental energy enough to take pleasure in literary pursuits; though he has lost the delightful companionship of Mr. Roscoe, life is not without its enjoyments, because a decent competency, a large circle of attached friends, a well-earned reputation, a well-disciplined mind, a love of society, conversational powers, cheerfulness of disposition, amiability of temper, generosity of heart, independence of spirit, liberality of sentiment, Christian virtues, Christian graces, and Christian charity,—these are what make old age alike happy and venerable.

The style of this work is perspicuous and correct,—simple, where plain narration is required, and chaste, where ornament is proper,—harmonious in the structure of sentences, and mellifluous in the flow of periods,—animated and dignified, where the topics admit of animation and dignity,—often rising into eloquence,—never descending below the horizon of good sense, right taste, and sound judgment. The main facts which are set forth, have all the advantages of lucid arrangement, and the minuter details have all the interest which can be imparted to them by the nice discrimination of an intelligent biographer. Candour and impartiality pervade the work,—truth guides the pen in every page,—and the pen is, to use the beautiful expression of a Greek writer, *dipped in mind*. The subject is illustrated by all the labours of diligence, and by all the resources of learning. The opinions and sentiments and reflections, which are expressed in the narrative, are such as might have been expected from a free-born, free-minded, and enlightened Englishman;—such as become the man, the gentleman, the scholar, and the Christian.

The most ample notices are given of the contemporary characters, with whom Poggio was in literature or in ecclesiastical politics connected, so that no obscurity in the narrative interrupts the pleasure of the reader, or disturbs his mind in contemplating the features of the principal figure in the group. It was observed by the late

* London: Longman and Co., 1887. 8vo. pp. 462.

amiable and enlightened Lord Erskine in speaking of Edmund Burke, (see his remarks in a concluding note to Dr. Otter's "Life of Dr. Edward Daniel Clarke"), that all the metaphors, which are introduced into a speech, should run along the line of the main argument, so that the subject itself may never be out of sight; and we would say of biography that it should be written on the plan, which has been so ably and successfully pursued by Dr. Shepherd in this work,—that every incidental topic, which is discussed, should yet be so closely allied to the main subject itself, as to appear like the subordinate characters in reference to the hero of a drama. We can perhaps still more forcibly illustrate our meaning by saying, that those incidental topics should be like *radii* drawn from the centre to the circumference of a circle, or from the circumference to the centre; and there must be, independently of the circumference of the circle, which is the subject itself, no circumgyrations, either eccentric or concentric. Or, in other words, whatever runs not on the main line of argument, should at least run on a parallel line, but not on a line directly diverging from it.

The biography of Poggio is one of peculiar interest to the lover of classical literature; for to him we are indebted for the preservation of many classical authors, whose writings, "scattered over various monasteries, and other repositories in the neighbourhood of Constance," (p. 93), were the prey of worms, and of barbarians as insensible to their value. For these objects he possessed "a frame of adamant, and a soul of fire;" neither inclement seasons nor imperfect roads deterred him from his laudable pursuit,—no labours tired him, and no dangers frightened him,

Nūl actum credens dum quid superesset agendum.

"Honoured by the favour of the great, he did not sacrifice his independence at the shrine of power, but uniformly maintained the ingenuous sentiments of freedom. The whole tenour of his writings evinces that he united to the accomplishments of literature an intimate knowledge of the world; and many passages might be quoted from his *Works* to prove that the eye of his mind surveyed a wider intellectual horizon, than fell to the general lot of the age in which he lived." (p. 459).

This book, then, which we regard as a model of biography, we earnestly recommend to the classical student for the various and valuable information which it supplies, and to the riper scholar for the delightful reading which it affords.

We have marked a few passages for quotation, which will serve as *specimens* of the work, and the comments, which we have attached to them, may perhaps increase the interest which they seem calculated to excite.

1. "Poggio's partiality to his native country did not render him blind to the merits of Galeazzo (Duke of Milan), on whom he bestows the praise due to his liberality, magnanimity, and noble manners; he also commends him for his patronage of literature and of learned men. The following anecdote, however, which is recorded in Poggio's '*Facetiæ*,' proves that the lustre of Galeazzo's good

qualities was tarnished by his excessive indulgence in the pleasures of the table :—

“ Pope Martin V. had employed Antonio Lusco in the composition of some letters, which, after he had perused them, the Pontiff ordered him to submit to the examination of a friend of mine, in whose judgment he had great confidence. This person, who was a little disordered with wine at the time, when the letters were communicated to him, totally disapproved of them, and ordered Lusco to re-write them. Then Antonio said to Bartolomeo de'Bardi, who happened to be present, “ I will do with my letters as the tailor did with Giovanni Galeazzo's waistcoat.” On Bartolomeo's asking what that was, he replied, “ Giovanni Galeazzo was a very corpulent man, and was in the habit of eating and drinking immoderately at supper. As he was retiring to rest after one of these copious repasts, he sent for his tailor, and sharply reproved him for making his waistcoat too tight, and ordered him to widen it.” ‘ I will take care,’ said the tailor, ‘ to execute your Highness's orders, and I trust that to-morrow it will fit you to your satisfaction.’ “ He then took the garment in question, and without making the least alteration in it, hung it on a nail. Being asked why he did not make the waistcoat wider, according to the orders which he had received, he said, ‘ To-morrow, when the Prince has digested his supper, it will be found large enough.’ “ He accordingly carried it back in the morning, when Galeazzo having put it on, said, ‘ *Aye, now it will do,—it fits perfectly easy.*’ ” (*Platina* 1, 379. *Poggio Hist. Florent.* 153, p. 22.)

2. “ Facino Cano was the captain of one of those bands of adventurers, who at this time subsisted on the wages which they received for their military services, and on the plunder of the rich towns and fertile provinces of Italy. The following anecdote may serve to give the reader an idea of the insolent rapacity with which these disciplined robbers carried on their depredations :—‘ A person once complained to Facino Cano that he had been robbed of his cloak by one of that captain's soldiers. Facino, observing that the complainant was clad in a good waistcoat, asked him whether he wore that at the time, when he was robbed? Being answered in the affirmative, ‘ Go,’ says he, ‘ the man, who robbed you, cannot be one of my soldiers; for none of my followers would have left you so good a waistcoat.’ ” (*Poggii Hist. Florent.* 159. *Opera*, p. 427.) p. 23.

3. “ It is very probable that Poggio communicated to his Italian correspondents an account of the remarkable circumstances which he observed in the course of his journey to England, and of his return to his native land. It is also reasonable to suppose that some of the letters which he wrote from this country would contain his opinion of the manners and customs of our ancestors. If this were the case, we have reason to lament that these interesting documents are not yet made public. Though accidental mention is frequently, made in the *Works* of Poggio, of his residence in Britain, he never dwells on this topic. A trait of the manners of the English in the 15th century occurs in his ‘ Dialogue on Nobility,’ in which he thus notices the English aristocracy :—‘ The Nobles of England deem it disgraceful to reside in cities, and prefer living in retirement in the country.

They estimate the degree of a man's nobility by the extent of his estates. Their time is occupied in agricultural pursuits, and they trade in wool and sheep, not thinking it at all derogatory to their dignity to be engaged in the sale of the produce of their lands. I have known a wealthy merchant, who had closed his mercantile concerns, vested his money in land, and retired into the country, become the founder of a noble race; and I have seen him freely admitted into the society of the most illustrious families. Many persons also of ignoble blood have been advanced to the honours of nobility by the favour of the Sovereign, which they have merited by their warlike achievements." (*Poggii Opera*, p. 69.)

"In his '*Historia Disceptativa Convivialis*,' he relates another trait of the manners of our forefathers, which he records as an instance of their politeness; a splenetic traveller would probably have recorded it as a proof of their love of good living:—'The English,' says he, 'if they meet with any one at whose table they have dined, even if the rencounter should take place ten days after the feast, thank him for his good entertainment; and they never omit this ceremony, lest they should be thought insensible of his kindness.'" (*Poggii Opera*, p. 36.)

"From the following story, which Poggio has chronicled in his '*Facetiæ*,' we learn that at this early period the English were addicted to the practice of diverting themselves at the expense of their brethren on the other side of St. George's Channel, and that when he visited this country an Irishman was already become the common hero of an English tale of absurdity:—'When I was in England, I heard a curious anecdote of an Irish captain of a ship. In the midst of a violent storm, when all hands had given themselves over for lost, he made a vow that, if his ship should be saved from the imminent danger which threatened to overwhelm her, he would make an offering at the Church of the Virgin Mary of a waxen taper, as large as the mainmast. One of the crew observing it would be impossible to discharge this vow, since all the wax in England would not be sufficient to make such a taper,—'Hold your tongue,' said the captain, 'and do not trouble yourself with calculating whether I can perform my promise or not, provided we can escape the present peril.'" (*Poggii Opera*, p. 474.) p. 127.

This story reminds us of *two* stories, which may amuse our readers. Sir Charles Hotham of the last century, whose house was at Hotham, near Beverley in Yorkshire, was on a friendly footing with the corporation of that ancient and hyper-loyal town; dining with them one day, he, in the transport of the moment, and in the desire of close vicinage, said that he wished that he could move his house from Hotham to Beverley. "Aye but," replied one of the stall-fed aldermen, who probably had within him at all times more *turtle* than *wit*, "how would you, Sir Charles, get it through North-Bar?" Now this is the principal entrance to the town from York, like the entrance into the city of London from Temple-Bar, and the wisacre saw no difficulty in the execution of the wish except this unluckily and provokingly narrow entrance!

Diogenes the Cynic, as we are told by Diogenes the Laertian,

was on board of a ship, when the Greek sailors encountered a violent gale. They had been freely indulging in profane jests and impious talk, as was the custom even of Greek sailors in the polished days of Athens; but superstitious fear now suddenly possessed their souls,—they fell on their knees, and prayed as fervently as the Irish captain, and no doubt with equal sincerity, each to his own god, whether imaged in wood, or bronze, or marble. Their aspirations were beginning to be as loud as their hypocrisy was disgusting, when the philosopher, who loved plain speaking, said with an earnestness proportioned to the imminence of the danger, “Hush, hush, my boys, do not let the gods know that you are here, or we shall all be drowned!” History has not recorded the effect of this address; but we may suppose that they no longer *out-hoarded* the gale, and therefore that the vessel rode it out in safety!

4. “Of this great personage (Joanna), Poggio has recorded an anecdote, which at once commemorates her reputation for gallantry and her ready wit. ‘The Florentines,’ says he, ‘once sent a certain Doctor of Laws of the name of Francesco as their ambassador to the Court of Naples. Francesco being apprized of the amorous disposition of the reigning Queen Joanna, requested on his second interview with her Majesty, that she would grant him a private audience, as he was instructed by his Republic to communicate certain matters to her Majesty alone. The Queen accordingly withdrew with him into an inner apartment, where, after a short preliminary conversation, he abruptly made to her a declaration of love, on which Joanna looked on him with a pleasant smile, and said, *Was this also in your instructions?*’” (*Poggii Opera*, p. 448.) p. 144.

5. “Whilst Louis II., on whose claim that of Louis III. was founded, was on his march from Provence to the Neapolitan frontier, he was visited in his camp by Rodolfo of Camerino, to whom he made an ostentatious display of a valuable assortment of *jewels*, which he destined as ornaments of the regal state, which he flattered himself he should shortly attain. Rodolfo, unmoved by the brilliant spectacle, asked him what was the value and use of this collection? Louis answered that it was very valuable, but of no utility. ‘I can show you at my house,’ replied Rodolfo, ‘a pair of stones which cost only ten florins, and annually produce me a revenue of two hundred.’ The Duke was astonished at this assertion; but Rodolfo soon solved the riddle by showing him a *mill*, which he had lately erected, intimating at the same time that a wise man will always prefer utility to finery.” (*Poggii Opera*, p. 440.)

“Rodolfo was indeed a man of very phlegmatic humour, as appears by the advice which he gave to one of his fellow-citizens, who informed him of his intention of travelling with a view of seeing the curiosities of different countries. ‘Go,’ said he, ‘to the neighbouring town of Macerata, and there you will see hills, valleys, and plains, wood and water, lands cultivated and uncultivated. This is the world in miniature; for travel as far as you please, and you will see nothing else.’” p. 144.

This dry answer reminds us of a fact familiar to us in early life. In the remote village of Hollym in Yorkshire lived one Marshall, a

small farmer, of sterner mould, who said to a poor inhabitant of the village, who was disposed or necessitated to ask for relief—"You should learn to be independent,—eat muck, drink water, and live out of doors!"

6. "In his '*Facetiæ*' Poggio relates the following instance, which occurred in the course of this contest, of the freedom of speech, in which Filippo Maria permitted one of his domestics to indulge himself:—"The old Duke of Milan, a prince in all respects of singular good taste, had an excellent cook, whom he had sent to France to learn the art of dressing nice dishes. In the great war, which he carried on against the Florentines, he one day received some bad news, which gave him a good deal of uneasiness. Soon after the arrival of this intelligence he sat down to dinner. The dishes not at all pleasing him, he sent for his cook, and reproved him severely for his unskilfulness. The cook, who was accustomed to take great liberties with his master, replied, 'I can assure your Highness that the dishes are excellently dressed; and if the Florentines have taken away your appetite, how am I to blame?'" (*Poggii Opera*, p. 425.)

"This anecdote proves that Filippo inherited from his father a fondness for good living, and also intimates that even at this early period our Gallic neighbours were noted for their skill in cookery." p. 148.

7. "The short-sightedness of the Florentines seems to have been a proverbial sarcasm to their neighbours. 'Bartolomeo Soccini of Siena,' says Mr. Roscoe in his "*Life of Lorenzo de' Medici*," 'having observed in allusion to the defect in Lorenzo's sight, that the air of Florence was injurious to the eyes, True, said Lorenzo, and that of Siena to the brain. When Leo X. was elected to the Pontificate, the Roman wits thus interpreted a certain date of the year mccccxi., which was inscribed on a tablet in the Church of the Vatican:

Multi Cæci Cardinales creaverunt Cæcum Decimum Leonem.'"

(*Roscoe's Life of Lorenzo de' Medici* 2, 119. *Fabroni Vita Leonis X.* p. 329.)

A little girl saw the letters *LL.D.* written after the name of a learned Doctor in an engraving of his portrait; she asked her sister, who was but little older than herself, what was meant by them, and who replied, "I suppose that it means, Long live the Doctor!" The most remarkable instances of *real sigla*, which we remember, are those used by Locke in the Latin letter "on Toleration," and those used by Porson in the title-page of the "Appendix to Toup's Emendations of Suidas." Sanxay, in the original edition of his "*Lexicon Aristophanicum*," is said to have put *O. T. D.*; meaning, *Of Tiverton, Devonshire*.

8. "Of the self-constituted instructors (*Fratres Observantiæ*, a branch of the Order of Franciscans), Poggio has, in his '*Dialogue on Avarice*,' drawn the following striking picture:—"Inflated by the pretended inspiration of the Holy Spirit, they expound the Sacred Scriptures to the populace with such gross ignorance, that nothing can exceed their folly. I have often gone to hear them for the sake of amusement; for they were in the habit of saying things which

would move to laughter the gravest and most phlegmatic man on the face of the earth. You might see them throwing themselves about as if they were ready to leap out of the pulpit,—now raising their voices to the highest pitch of fury,—now sinking into a conciliatory whisper,—sometimes they beat the desk with their hands,—sometimes they laughed, and, in the course of their babbling, they assumed as many forms as Proteus. Indeed they are more like monkeys than preachers, and have no qualification for their profession, except an unwearied pair of lungs.” (*Appendix ad Fasc. Rerum Expet. et Fug. 578.*)

“Poggio has commemorated in his ‘Facetiæ’ a mortifying explanation, which one of these noisy orators provoked by his overweening vanity. ‘A monk,’ says he, ‘preaching to the populace, made a most enormous and uncouth noise, by which a good woman, one of his auditors, was so much affected that she burst into a flood of tears. The preacher, attributing her grief to remorse of conscience, excited within her by his eloquence, sent for her, and asked her why she was so piteously affected by his discourse? “Holy father,” answered the mourner, “I am a poor widow, and was accustomed to maintain myself by the labour of an ass, which was left me by my late husband. But, alas! my poor beast is dead, and your preaching brought his *braying* so strongly to my recollection, that I could not restrain my grief.”’ (*Poggii Opera*, p. 497.) p. 161.

When William Godwin, the celebrated writer, was in early life preaching to a congregation of dissenters, his audience dwindled off by degrees till he was standing a fair chance of being left alone with the clerk. Alarmed at the occurrence, but fearful (oh the vanity of the human heart!) that the matter of his discourse had excited disgust, sent the clerk to see if any thing had happened in the vicinity to cause the dispersion. The clerk soon returned with a rueful countenance, announcing the existence of a *fire*. “Oh,” said the imperturbable Godwin, (and there was no need of Diogenes the Cynic’s lantern to discover the lurking vanity of the man), “you have quite relieved me!”

When Robert Hall, the celebrated preacher, first of Leicester, and next of Bristol, was much pressed by a minister, who had been holding forth before him, and who had accompanied him into the vestry, to say what particular *passage* he most admired (in the discourse), the wit at length and reluctantly disposed of the importunate vanity by saying, “The passage from the pulpit to the vestry!”

9. “The lenient influence of time did not abate the dislike and contempt which Poggio entertained for those ecclesiastics who adopted the religious habit as a convenient cloak for the concealment of indolence or luxury; and who, by the mere appearance of extraordinary sanctity, endeavoured to attain those worldly honours which they affected to despise. When he had declined into the vale of years, he attacked those pests of society in a ‘Dialogue on Hypocrisy,’—a composition which abounds in the keensarcastms of polished wit, and in acute observations on the human character. It is no doubt on account of the boldness with which he inveighs against the evil practices of pretenders to uncommon strictness in the observance

of religious duties, that the editors of his *Works* have suppressed this *Dialogue*, which has been preserved and circulated by the industrious zeal of Protestantism. It is printed in the *Appendix* to the *Fasc. Rerum Expet. et Fug.*—a collection of fugitive tracts, intended to display the errors of the Church of Rome. The freedom with which he therein speaks of the vices, not merely of individuals, but of whole classes of religious hypocrites, is truly astonishing. The following remonstrance against the folly and wickedness of the monastic life savours more of the 18th than the 15th century, and is drawn up in the spirit of a Gallic *economiste*, rather than in the style of a Secretary to the Sovereign Pontiff:—I do not wish to scrutinise into the life of these *cœnobites*, which is known only to God. I will not enquire whether they are sober or otherwise,—whether they are chaste or *machaste*,—whether they employ their time in study, or waste it in idleness,—whether they are the prey of envy,—and whether they are continually hunting after preferment. It is not sufficient that they keep within doors, oppressed with a load of garments, and do no public and open mischief. Let me ask, of what utility are they to the faith, and what advantage do they confer on the public? I cannot find that they do any thing but sing like grasshoppers, and I cannot help thinking they are too liberally paid for the mere exercise of their lungs. But they extol their labours as a kind of Herculean task, because they rise in the night to chant the praises of God. This is, no doubt, an extraordinary proof of merit, that they sit up to exercise themselves in psalmody. What would they say, if they rose to go to the plough, like farmers, exposed to the wind and rain, with bare feet, and with their bodies thinly clad? In such a case no doubt the Deity could not possibly requite them for their toil and sufferings. But, it may be said, there are many worthy men amongst them. I acknowledge it:—it would be a lamentable thing indeed, should there be no good man in so vast a multitude. But the generality of them are idle, hypocritical, and destitute of virtue. How many do you think enter on the religious life through a desire to amend their morals? You can recount very few who do not assume the habit on account of some extraneous cause. They dedicate, not their minds, but their bodies to devotional exercises. Many adopt the monastic garb on account of the imbecility of their spirits, which prevents them from exerting themselves to gain an honest livelihood. Some, when they have spent their property in extravagance, enter into religious houses, because they think that they shall there find a rich pasture; others are induced to hide in these abodes the infamy which they have contracted by their ignorance, and by their dissolute and abandoned course of life." p. 166.

12. "Benedetto (in '*Poggii Historia Disceptativa Convivialis*'), roused by these pointed reflections, observes that it ill becomes a physician to treat with severity the characters of the professors of law; 'For,' says he, 'what is more notorious than the folly of many of your brethren, who kill more than they cure, and build their art on experiments made at the risk of their wretched patients! The errors of lawyers are of trivial consequence, in comparison with those of physicians. Our unskillfulness empties the purses of our clients; but

your mistakes endanger the lives of those who employ you. We cause somebody to be the gainer, whilst you both rob a man of his life, and defraud his surviving relations of the amount of your fees. Whilst we may possibly occasion the loss of a legacy, or an inheritance, you disturb the peace of nations by slaying kings and princes. And let me ask, what dignity is there in your profession? You are called in to visit a patient,—you examine his natural discharges, wrinkle your brow, and assume a countenance of uncommon gravity, in order to persuade the by-standers that he is in a very critical situation. Then you feel his pulse in order to ascertain the powers of nature. After this you hold a consultation, and write your prescription, in the composition of which you are not guided by any fixed rules, as is plain from the different receipts which are in the same case recommended by different practitioners. If your potion happen by chance to be followed by good symptoms, you extol the cure as a marvellous effect of art; but if it does any mischief, all the blame is laid on the poor patient. I will relate to you a curious circumstance, which happened to one Angelo, a bishop of Arezzo. This ecclesiastic being afflicted by a very dangerous disorder, was told by his physicians that, if he would not take the potions which they prescribed, he would run the risk of losing his life. He for some time positively refused to take their nauseous draughts, but was at length persuaded by his friends to conform to the instructions of his doctors. The physicians then sent him a number of phials, all of which he emptied into a certain utensil, which was deposited under his bed. In the morning the physicians paid him another visit, and, finding him almost free from his fever, intimated to him that they hoped he was convinced of his folly in having so long refused to follow their prescriptions. To this remark he replied—‘The effect of your medicines is indeed marvellous; for by merely putting them under my bed I have recovered my health;—if I had swallowed them, no doubt I should have become immortal.’

“The reader of *Joe Miller* will remember that this story has, in its descent to modern times, received divers improvements.” p. 425.

When a physician was observed knocking or ringing at a house-door in Germany, which had the external emblems to show that there was a *corpse* within, a wag called out to him:—“You are wrong, Sir, you have been there before!”

A physician and a parson in early life, when neither of them was qualified to kill game, went out on a shooting expedition. When they had been at work for some time, the parson had a fit of conscience, and began a discourse on the impropriety of their proceedings. “Never heed,” said the physician, “my *diploma* qualifies me.” “Nay,” replied his witty companion, the parson, “you took out your *diploma* to cure, and not to kill!”

When Lord Macartney's Embassy was in China, the Emperor, according to Sir George Staunton's *Account* of it, took occasion to enquire, What was the mode of dealing with physicians in England? It was explained to the Autocrat of the Celestial Empire, that, when any person of rank in England was indisposed, he sent for a physician, who prescribed for him, and took a fee for his attendance.

"Oh," said the Emperor, "we manage differently and better in China. I have two physicians at my command; they receive a salary so long as I am in good health, and the salary stops when any indisposition begins."*

We have taken some pains to enquire into the method of proceeding among the Greeks and the Romans; and the following is the result of our enquiries:—The patient, ὁ κάμνων, *ager, egrotus*, sends for the physician, τὸν ἰατρὸν, *medicum*; the physician orders, προστάττει (συντάττει among the later Greeks), *jubet, imperat*, φάρμακα, *pharmaca*, to be procured from the apothecary, τῷ φαρμακοπῶλει: the order, πρόσταγμα (σύνταξις among the later Greeks), *jussum*, (*receptum* is barbarous Latin), is executed, by *weight* or *measure*; and if the physician is going to be absent for any time, he leaves in writing, γράφει, directions, γράμματα, (Plato in *Politico*, p. 178. Ald.), to which the apothecary will attend; he himself visits the shop, φαρμακοπωλεῖον, *medicinam, tabernam medicinae exercenda*, he seals up with hot iron the vessels, τὰς κίστας, containing the medicines, that no fraud may be practised, (J. Pollux, x. 180); but quack-doctors, who traversed the public places and more crowded streets, οἱ περιοδεύοντες, *circumforanei*, (Cic. *pro Cluentio*, Hippocr. περὶ Ἐνσχημ. p. 52), or sat at the crossings of streets, οἱ ἐκιδόφριοι ἰατροί, *sellularii medici* (Salmas. in *Solin.* 739), imposed on the public credulity, and put great obstacles in the way of regular practitioners. See Jac. Martorellius *de Regia Theca Calamaria*, Neap. 1756, 4to. pp. 134—146.

11. "The foregoing traits of the history of literature prove that we must receive with some grains of allowance the doctrine of the amiable Ovid, when he asserts that

— *Ingenuus didicisse fideliter artes*
Emoluit mores nec sinit esse feros.

It is indeed a most lamentable truth, that few quarrels are more violent or implacable than those which are excited by the jealousy of literary rivalry, and that the bitterest vituperative language on record occurs in the controversial writings of distinguished scholars. Several causes concur in producing this unhappy effect. It is of the very essence of extraordinary talents to advance to extremes. In men whose ardent minds glow with the temperature of genius, whether the flame be kindled by the scintillation of love or of enmity, it burns with impetuous fury. The existence of many scholars, and the happiness of the great majority of the cultivators of literature, depend on the estimation in which they are held by the public. Any assertion or insinuation, therefore, derogatory to their talents or acquirements, they consider as a dangerous infringement on their dearest interests, which the strong principle of self-preservation urges them to resent. The objects, on which we employ a considerable portion of our time and labour, acquire in our estimation an undue degree of importance. Hence it happens that too many scholars, imagining that all valuable knowledge centres in some single subject of study, to which they have

* The Emperor's Physicians are the Presidents of the Medical Board at Peking, who have an annual income according to their rank, like every other officer of the same distinction.—His Majesty attempted to be facetious.—Ed.

exclusively devoted their attention, indulge the spirit of pride, and arrogantly claim from the public a degree of deference, which is by no means due to the most successful cultivator of any single department of science, or of literature. And in the literary as well as in the commercial world, undue demands are resentfully resisted; and amongst scholars, as amongst men of the world, pride produces discord. Learned men are also too frequently surrounded by officious friends, whose ignorant enthusiasm of attachment betrays them into a kind of idolatry, which is productive of the most mischievous consequences to its object. They who are ready to meet with a blind and ready acquiescence in their opinions, in the obsequious circle of their partisans, become impatient of contradiction, and give way to the impulse of anger, when any one presumes to put their dogmas to the test of unreserved examination. The flame of resentment is fanned by the foolish partiality by which it was originally kindled; and the noblest energies of some mighty mind are perverted to the maintenance of strife, and the infliction of pain. The operation of these causes produces many striking proofs that wisdom and learning are by no means identical, and that the interpreter of the sublimest morals may become the miserable victim of the meanest passions which rankle in the human breast." p. 450.

12. "The opening of the 'Dialogue on the Vicissitudes of Fortune' is singularly grand and interesting. It exhibits Poggio, and his confidential associate, Antonio Lusco, fatigued by the inspection of the remains of Roman magnificence, reposing themselves amidst the venerable ruins of the Capitol, which building commands a prospect of almost the whole extent of the city. After Antonio has gazed for a few minutes on the waste of years, he exclaims with a sigh, 'How unlike, Poggio, is this Capitol to that which Maro sung, as

Chang'd from horrid thorn to glittering gold!'

The gold has now disappeared, and thorns and briars resume their reign. When I consider our present situation, I cannot but remember how C. Marius, the pillar of the Roman Republic, when he was banished from his country, landed in Africa, and seated himself amidst the ruins of Carthage, where he meditated on the fate of that city, and could not determine whether he himself or the rival of Rome afforded a more striking spectacle of the instability of human things. But with respect to the devastation of Rome, there is nothing to which it can be compared. The calamity, which has befallen the mistress of the world, exceeds in magnitude every misfortune recorded in the annals of history. It is a truly lamentable circumstance that this city, which formerly produced so many illustrious heroes and commanders, the parent of such signal virtues, the nurse of arts, the inventress of military discipline, the pattern of sanctity, the establisher of laws, the protectress of good morals, the queen of the nations, should now, by the injustice of fortune, not only be stripped of her dignity, but should also be doomed to the most wretched servitude, and should become so deformed and abject, as to exhibit no traces of her former grandeur, except what are to be found in her ruins!" (*Poggii Hist. de Variet. Fortun.* 6, 7.) p. 397.

THE BARONESS.—A NOVEL.

BY PARISIANUS.

(Continued from page 175.)

CHAPTER III.

THE NOTARY.

THE breakfast was at length concluded. The priest retired to his study; the two young ladies, attended by the count, sought the garden; and the baroness remained alone in the apartment where the morning's repast had been served. Two footmen in gorgeous liveries entered to clear away the various meats and dainties that had been scarcely touched; and when the table was disencumbered of the china, the plate, and the food under which it had ere now groaned, the baroness desired one of the domestics to tell the steward he might enter into her presence.

A pampered menial, with corpulent person, winning smile, and respectful bow, slid into the room upon his tip-toes, and stood at the distance of a few paces from his mistress' arm-chair, in which she sat like a royal queen.

"You may approach, Germain," said the baroness, waving her withered hand to the steward, for it was he who sought her presence thus humbly, "and pray despatch with thy business, for M. de Moirot is expected from Paris. He was to have left by the mail last night, according to a letter I received from him yesterday morning.

"Your ladyship shall be obeyed," returned the steward, and he proceeded to lay a quantity of documents upon the table before the baroness, who put on a large pair of gold spectacles, and hastened to examine the accounts, for such they were. "Your ladyship will observe," continued the steward, "that Jacques Devôt, who was once the most exact of all your ladyship's tenants, has not yet been able to discharge the arrears of rent that accumulated during the winter. I called upon him a few days ago, and found him in the greatest distress. He is now a most unprofitable tenant, your ladyship."

"What can be the cause of so sudden a change, Germain?" inquired the venerable dame.

"His daughter has married against his will, my lady," was the respectful reply; "and her husband is a worthless fellow, who lives upon the poor father, and will not work."

"To-morrow we will either send a receipt in full to Jacques Devôt," returned her ladyship, "or else he shall be distrained for the arrears that are due to us."

"Send a receipt or a bailiff, your ladyship!" cried Germain, in unfeigned astonishment, and at a loss to account for the motives of such extraordinary alternatives.

"One or the other," observed the baroness drily.

"And there is Michel Dubois, your ladyship," continued the steward, scarcely recovered from the astonishment into which the strange behaviour of his venerable mistress had thrown him.

"What of Michel Dubois, Germain?"

"He pleads the badness of the crops, your ladyship, and cannot fulfil his engagements more satisfactorily than the other."

"We will adopt the same line of conduct with regard to him as we shall do towards Devôt," said the lady of Grandmanoir, mildly but firmly.

"And Henri Labat, the miller, your ladyship, has sent me the amount of his rent this very morning: it was due the fifteenth of last month; but he requested me to inform your ladyship that if you would allow me to return him the moiety, and accord him a delay of six weeks, he—"

"I cannot decide till to-morrow morning, Germain," interrupted the baroness: "but I fancy the accounts are correct, save the instances you mentioned?"

Germain replied in the affirmative.

"You may make your usual report, then, Germain," added the high-born dame.

"Nothing of material consequence has ensued during the last week, your ladyship," began the steward. "The small canal has overflowed its banks, and damaged the railings of the park on the northern side; and the grape-vines are almost cut to pieces by the winds that blew with such severity a few days ago. Farther than that, your ladyship," added the favoured domestic, "I have nothing to report."

"You may retire, Germain," said the baroness of Grandmanoir; and the steward withdrew on tip-toes, as he had entered. The butler, the cellarer, the housekeeper, and one or two farmers, solicited and obtained each a consecutive audience, after which the baroness cast her eyes over the *Moniteur* newspaper, and then inspected her letters that were shortly brought in.

We have merely detailed the conversation that took place between the venerable baroness and her steward, to give the reader an idea of the excellent lady's character, and of the regularity with which her household and domestic economy was arranged, as well as to exemplify the feudal pomp and aristocracy that reigned in all her actions and governed all her remarks. But on this occasion, Germain—the sedate, steady, tranquil Germain—was more than astonished at the indecisive responses the baroness had returned to his representations concerning her tenantry. Hitherto she had immediately ordered the measures necessary to be adopted in such cases; now she was uncertain, and had expressed herself unable to decide. The worthy steward could not fancy how her ladyship possibly balanced between the extremes of generosity and rigour in the cases of Devôt and Dubois: she was not wont to renounce a just debt without taking security for future payment, nor was she ever guilty of proceeding to the utmost extent allowed her by the law. Wherefore she should procrastinate to the next day that decision which her energetic mind had hitherto invariably dictated at the moment, not only astounded but also grieved the faithful steward; for his imagination did not fail to entertain presentiments of evil, or to fancy that the mental faculties of his mistress were prone to a speedy decay.

At length M. de Moirot made his appearance, and was immediately ushered to the reception room of the chateau. Thither did the old lady also hasten, and exchanged hasty civilities with the notary, who maintained a certain air of fawning politeness and obsequiousness which the baroness well knew was assumed and forced. They seated themselves at the table—the baroness prepared to listen—M. de Moirot to speak. The man of the law first drew a portfolio from his pocket, thence extracted a parcel of deeds, which he placed upon the table near him, and hemmed two or three times ere he dared to break a disagreeable silence.

"Your ladyship is aware that this is the 14th of August, 1822, I believe," said the notary after a long hesitation, and with an embarrassment in his manner.

"You need not remind me of the date, M. de Moirot," answered the baroness, in a firm tone of voice.

"And you are also aware, my lady, that—according to the terms of our agreement—or rather the agreement with my late father—"

"Proceed—I listen, and understand you."

"Which agreement, your ladyship, bears the date of 1776; and the terms of it declare that its conditions shall be put in force—in case of certain default—within one month after the 14th of August, 1822, on which day notice must be given, as I now give it, of the determination of my deceased father's heirs or executors to—to—"

"You need not name such resolution, *Monsieur*," interrupted the baroness haughtily, "I understand it too well."

"*Mille pardons, madame*," said the notary, with a peculiar affectation of mildness; "I would not willingly repeat unpleasant truths, nor recal to your memory scenes disagreeable to dwell upon. I have, however—and your ladyship is aware of it—a wife and family to provide for, and the bulk of my father's property was vested in the transaction, the arrangement and condition of which have now brought me hither. You must moreover recollect, *Madame*," continued the notary, recovering his courage as he spoke, "that during the ensuing month, you remain but ostensibly the Mistress of this domain, if such were my will; but I could not—*would not*—heap such insults upon your head. Continue to sway, *Madam*, the lands of Grandmanoir, and on the 14th of September next I shall again do myself the pleasure—I shall again call upon you, definitively to settle the affairs which have to-day occasioned my visit to Amiens."

"Of you, M. de Moirot, I ask no delay—no mercy," exclaimed the baroness. "I have amassed enough to secure a competency to my dear grand-children—and that even *you* cannot take from me. Had your younger brother come forward when he attained the age of one and twenty—"

"Then the lands of Grandmanoir would have passed away from me and my heirs for ever, you would say, *Madam*," interrupted de Moirot, with a fiendish smile of triumph. "Such was my father's will, as your deceased husband well knew. But Alfred de Moirot is not in existence; and to me must your ladyship account for the fulfilment of the conditions of the treaty."

"Our business is now concluded, I fancy, M. de Moirot," said the

baroness, after a moment's pause, and rising as she uttered these words in a haughty tone of voice. "If you will give yourself the trouble to walk to the oaken-parlour, you may haply find wherewith to refresh yourself. I now offer you that which in another month you will perhaps have a right to command."

"It is not my intention to reside on the estate," said de Moirot carelessly; then, in a tone of exceeding politeness, he added, "and if *Madame la baronne* will continue to occupy a *suite* of apartments—"

"What!" exclaimed the venerable dame, fire flashing from her eyes, and all her frame trembling with rage and indignation, "what! inhabit on suffrance—as a tenant—the ancient halls of my husband's forefathers! dwell in this mansion as a tolerated guest, when for years almost all that I could survey from its highest windows has been mine! exist as an emblem of the very ruins of the finest family of the north! Oh no! de Moirot—your offer is as base as the advantage you take of a treaty forced upon my unfortunate husband by your selfish father!—Pass on, Sir, and say no more!"

There was something so awful, at the same time so venerable and commanding, in the language and attitude of the ancient baroness, that de Moirot shrank into nothing before her frown, and, without hazarding a word of reply, was glad to make his escape from the *salle de conference*.

CHAPTER IV.

Sans-gêne.

In the meantime the mail continued its even pace, and at about two o'clock, P. M., Sans-gêne arrived safely at Boulogne-sur-Mer. No sooner did the wheels of the massive vehicle rattle over the stones of that beautiful sea-port, than Sans-gêne hastily passed his fingers through his hair, drew down his coat-sleeves to their utmost extent, wiped his trowsers with his dirty pocket handkerchief, and assumed a certain air of importance which he intended should astonish the worthy *Bouloonnais*, while his left hand rattled a few two-sous pieces in his waistcoat-pocket.

The moment the mail stopped at the post-office, Sans-gêne sprung from the interior; and having desired the *courier* to be very careful how he disengaged his baggage from the surrounding boxes, trunks, and portmanteaus, he addressed himself to a shabby-genteel-looking gentleman, who rejoiced in the lucrative post of *commissionaire*, or touter to an hotel, and requested to be informed "which was the best inn Boulogne could boast of, and the one that was most fitted to receive a person of consequence and rank."

The touter could scarcely suppress a smile, as his visual rays encountered the person of the unabashed and unblushing Sans-gêne; and, with a perfect indifference to all the laws of politeness and *decorum*, he laughed outright, when the *courier* carefully consigned into the hands of his late passenger a small bundle, whose extent had been compressed to such a compass that a red cotton pocket handkerchief circumvented the whole of that portable wardrobe.

"And pray what do you find so mighty singular to laugh at,

coquin?" cried Sans-gêne, casting a look of ineffable disdain on the touter. "Because a noble—I mean a gentleman, chooses to travel *incog.* for a wager, is his assumed poverty to be made a laughing-stock? *Dieu merci!* we have coin about us," added Sans-gêne triumphantly, as he rattled his keys and copper coins together in his pocket.

So long as the touter was convinced that this strange character had any thing representative, or in the shape of, money, he was perfectly indifferent as to his titles, motives for travelling, wardrobe, &c. He accordingly volunteered his services to carry the gentleman's baggage, and to conduct him to the Hotel de —, situate near the harbour.

During the walk, Sans-gêne whiled away the time in putting various interrogations to his communicative guide, and in enlightening that distinguished personage with regard to certain points not less remarkable for veracity than interest.

"Pray, is Boulogne very gay at this moment?" enquired Sans-gêne.

"Tolerably gay, *Monsieur*," was the reply; "but we require two or three dashing young gentlemen like yourself to enliven us."

"I understand your compliment, my friend, and assure you in return that you are not far wrong. In a few days, my cousin, Count Polliawiski, an eminent Pole, will join me; and as I expect the Marquis de Poche-pleine from England, in the course of next week, we shall form a pleasant little party. Is there good stabling at your hotel?"

"Excellent! Does *Monsieur* expect his stud as well as his friends the count and the marquis?"

"Certainly; but one could not bring a dozen thorough-bred horses in the government mail. Had it not been for a cursed wager—"

"Ah! it was a wager that brought *Monsieur* hither," interrupted the touter with affected obsequiousness.

"Fool that I am!" exclaimed Sans-gêne; "I invariably expose myself through an excessive communicativeness! But are there many foreigners—those vulgar, fat, plum-pudding-eating English, you know—at Boulogne?"

"Oh! yes, *Monsieur*," was the answer; "and instead of being very rich, as we fancied all Englishmen to be, they are dreadfully poor."

"Poor!" exclaimed Sans-gêne, "of course they are poor, or they would have stuck to their white cliffs and roast beef for ever. But," he added, forgetting for a moment his own assumed importance, "is there any disgrace in being poor? Homer was poor, Plato was poor, and Pliny was so very poor that he could not afford to buy oil for his lamp, but was obliged to write at night by the lustre that came from the eyes of his cat."

"Were those gentlemen also acquaintances of *Monsieur*?" asked the touter, with an ill-suppressed smile at the novel substitute for candles, of which he now heard for the first time; "and does *Monsieur* expect them to join him at Boulogne?"

Posterity will for ever remain unacquainted with the probable

answer Sans-gène would have given to these queries, for while a reply was about to issue from his lips, the *commissionnaire* hastily turned into a magnificent *porte-cochère*, and led the way to a spacious court-yard, around which parallelogram rose a vast and splendid hotel. Sans-gène could not avoid casting a single glance at his shabby coat-sleeves, and suffering his mouth to form a slight grimace or contortion, when he had surveyed the handsome pile of buildings, the carriages standing in the court, the well-dressed servants running backwards and forwards, and the air of expenditure, wealth, and luxury that seemed to reign throughout.

"Will *Monsieur* have private apartments, or will he use the coffee-room?" enquired the touter, as he threw open the door of the latter chamber, and ushered in the new guest.

"Private apartments, to be sure," answered Sans-gène; "and, hark ye, my worthy friend, I tell you in confidence only, for I would not have my secret exposed to all the world, I am a person of rank in disguise,—let that suffice."

The touter bowed, and led the way to a superb parlour, adjoining which was an equally handsome bed-chamber, and having received Sans-gène's orders to prepare a hasty *dejeuner a la fourchette*, retired to inform his master and mistress "that the strangest gentleman in the world had just arrived at the hotel,—that he was immensely rich, that *Messieurs* Homer, Plato, and de Poche-pleine were his intimate friends, and that he was travelling in apparent poverty and in disguise for a considerable wager."

No sooner was Sans-gène alone, than he began capering about the room, then surveying himself with peculiar satisfaction in the *Psyche*, then rubbing a white thread off his seedy coat with his wet thumb, and then resuming his dance to the extreme and imminent danger of the furniture profusely strewed about the apartment. Unfortunately his fandango continued for a considerable time; and, more unfortunately still, his *pas de seul* led him towards the door at the very moment the waiter entered with a well-laden tray in his hand. One kick from the foot of the immortal Sans-gène scattered the divers viands, soups, and dainties, intended for his luncheon, over the person of the astonished waiter, and in the passage behind that discomfited individual Sans-gène saw the ruins he had caused, and recollecting that among the two-sous pieces there lurked a double crown of six francs, to which he justly laid claim as proprietor, he instantly consigned it to the hands of the waiter, and ordered another breakfast to be immediately served up. This *petite ruse de guerre* produced the desired effect; and the obsequious *garçon* smiled amidst soups and gravies, and retired to execute the fresh orders of the strange guest.

Having made vast inroads on the copious repast which was shortly placed upon his table, and having thought it expedient to wash down the same with a couple of bottles of old Chambertin, Sans-gène not only felt himself considerably refreshed, but also made a point of communicating that important fact to the waiter, whose toilet he had so materially disarranged a short time before. He then wrote a very short note, in a very unsteady hand, to a certain quarter,

which missive was immediately despatched, and the following reply was returned:—

"Dear Sir,—I am exceeding happy to hear of your safe arrival in this town. Your business is so nearly brought to a conclusion, that your presence alone is all that is now required to terminate the affair. May I request the pleasure of your company to breakfast to-morrow morning at ten o'clock, if convenient, after which you may sign a release and receive the monies due to you from the estate of your late father, according to the terms of his will. I have the honour to remain, with the most perfect consideration,*

"Your obedient servant,

"DELEUX, Solicitor.

"Boulogne, August 14th, 1822."

"*Tres bien!*" exclaimed Sans-gêne, extending himself on the sofa, sipping his last glass of Chambertin, and throwing the welcome note across the table to the waiter, in order to convince that individual of his solvency. "A few hundred thousands of francs, *garçon*, nothing more—a mere trifle—but still acceptable—eh?"

"*Monsieur a raison*," said the waiter.

"*Garçon!*" cried Sans-gêne, as the person thus addressed was about to leave the apartment, "who occupies the *suite* of rooms next to mine? I thought I heard voices there just now."

"An old gentleman of sixty," was the reply; "and if you heard voices in his room, they must have been those of himself and another waiter. He has just finished his dinner."

"What is his name?" enquired Sans-gêne.

"Delville—M. Delville," was the reply.

"Is he fat or thin—and what is his height?"

"Rather fat—no, thin, and about the height of *Monsieur*," answered the waiter, astonished at these queries.

"That will do," cried Sans-gêne. "*Garçon*, present my compliments to the gentleman—M. Delville, you say; take two more bottles of this same wine to his room, and say that a Parisian nobleman in disguise will presently call upon him, and help to drink the Chambertin."

"But—*Monsieur*—"

"Disappear! I *must* be obeyed!" cried Sans-gêne, with astounding emphasis on the word *must*.

When his orders were obeyed, Sans-gêne presented himself at the door of M. Delville's room, and, having made a slight bow, entered the apartment with as much freedom as if it had been his own, and seated himself quietly at the table. The old gentleman, whose appearance answered the description given of him by the waiter, and who evidently enjoyed a joke, was far from offended at the *nonchalance* of his strange guest; and in a few minutes they were on excellent terms with each other. M. Delville laughed heartily at Sans-gêne's peculiarities; anecdote followed quickly upon anecdote; good humour prevailed; and when the old gentleman perceived that the

* The usual way of concluding letters in France.

two bottles of Chambertin were empty, he insisted upon "standing his *quantum*," whereupon the waiter was again summoned, and the necessary beverage was procured. This reinforcement was succeeded by coffee and *liqueurs*; and then, as the evening was particularly fine, and it was not more than half-past nine o'clock, Sans-gène—the seediness of whose coat could stand the test of dusk and lamp-light—suggested a walk. M. Delville acceded to the proposition, and the two gentlemen sallied forth, considerably the worse—or the better, which shall we say?—for their frequent libations.

As they sauntered down the Rue de l'Ecu, they met several young ladies returning from their evening walks; and Sans-gène did not fail to bow to some, and to address a few words of unheeded compliment to others.

"I thought you were a perfect stranger at Boulogne," said M. Delville, with an inquiring tone of voice, as he leant upon his companion's arm.

"Oh! yes; but the freemasonry of love, my dear Sir, is understood every where," answered Sans-gène; and at that moment the brother of one of the young ladies whom Sans-gène's offensive adulation had annoyed, applied such a vigorous blow to the *cranium* of the masonic admirer of the fair sex, that he rolled upon the pavement, dragging the unfortunate M. Delville with him. The punishment thus inflicted was quite satisfactory to the attacking party; and Sans-gène hastily rose from the pavement, lifted up his prostrate companion, and ran with all his might down the street, followed by M. Delville, who kept close at his heels. The sounds of a violin—or rather fiddle, a flute, and a harp, soon met the ears of the fugitives, and they were happy to take refuge in the parlour of a large *auberge* or public house, where various young apprentices, tradesmen's sons, &c., were dancing with as many *grisettes*, all dressed in their gayest garb for the occasion.

"Be not astonished, gentles and fair dames," cried Sans-gène, in order to allay the confusion his precipitate entrance had occasioned, "a love-adventure—a flight—a duel—and an escape from the police, are the leading features of our adventure; and if you do not permit us to conceal ourselves amongst you, we are irretrievably lost."

The apprentices and the *grisettes* appeared delighted with this explanation, and the two new visitors were received with the utmost cordiality. Punch was handed round—the dancing recommenced—Sans-gène capered about like a madman—and M. Delville chatted with those young ladies who happened not to be engaged in that *quadrille*.

But Sans-gène, whose blood was inflamed by frequent potations, could not altogether restrain himself to the conventional forms of the dance; and in a moment of Quixotic passion, he imprinted a delicate kiss on the lips of his partner, who only thought of resisting when it was too late. Thereupon the young lady's lover interfered, and several of his male companions aided him in an attack upon Sans-gène and Delville, which latter gentleman was doomed to be implicated in the quarrels produced by the extravagances of his companion. Sans-gène had a most humane and amiable dislike to

any thing in the shape of a combat; and in order to avoid a pugilistic display on the present occasion, he seized M. Delville by the arm, and dragged him into the street, up which they again commenced a rapid flight, and only halted when they were convinced there was no one in pursuit.

"Where are we?" enquired M. Delville, now opening his lips for the first time since the precipitate *exit* from the *auberge*: "I see neither houses nor lights."

"We must be on the Paris road," returned Sans-gène in a tone of confidence which he did not actually feel.

"Are you sure? I never know my way in the dark, and methinks that I walk unsteadily," observed Delville, on whom the wine and punch had worked their effects.

"Take hold of my hand, I never lost myself in my life," cried Sans-gène, totally uncertain which direction to pursue.

"But it is pitch dark!"

"Oh! that is nothing—keep firm hold of my hand."

"Yes—but where the devil are you dragging me?"

"Back to the hotel, to be sure," answered Sans-gène.

"I am up to my knees in mud," exclaimed M. Delville.

"Never mind, your trowsers will speedily dry."

"Shall we soon be at home, do you think?"

"We *must* get somewhere presently," was the consolatory reply. "I fancy we are already in the street."

"How infamously it is lighted, and not a soul to tell us our way."

"What! do you really imagine no one to be passing? The darkness alone deceives you; we are already half-way down the street, and crowds are traversing it on either side."

"Thank God! But—oh!" exclaimed M. Delville, as he and Sans-gène rolled into a ditch. Sans-gène vented his wrath in imprecations; and his unfortunate companion, having contrived to extricate himself from his bed of filth, sank down by the side of the ditch, in the muddy road, literally exhausted.

"*Sacrebleu!* this is unfortunate—devilish unfortunate!" cried Sans-gène, in a miserable soliloquy: "I, who wanted his clothes to cut a respectable appearance before my lawyer to-morrow morning! But never mind, the fortune of my lamented father will speedily refit me, and any excuse may serve to account for the seediness of my attire, when I have money to receive."

At that moment the heavy wheels of a diligence were heard, and in another instant a coach, which had left Paris the day before for Calais, was hailed by Sans-gène. Without giving himself the trouble to inquire whither it was going, he caused his companion—now fast asleep from fatigue and intoxication—to be lifted into the *rotonde*; and having ascertained that if he retraced his steps, half an hour's walk would enable him to reach his hotel, he pushed manfully on towards that desirable destination, totally reckless of the fate of the unfortunate Delville.

(To be continued.)

No. II. SCRAPS FROM THE HOMERIC FEAST.

By E. H. BARKER.

Continued from page 196.

I. *Ἀμβροσία* and *Νέκταρ*.—We have discussed these words at some length, because great misconception respecting them prevails among scholars, as in J. Le Clerc's *Adnot. in Hesiodum*, p. 102, and because their true meaning has been unfolded in a work of some scarcity, which might not be thought likely to contain matter of this kind, that is Martorelli *de Regia Theca Calamaria*, Neap. 1756. 4to.

"To *ambrosia*, along with *nectar*, the Gods were believed to owe their immortality. The name is derived from ἄμβροτος, 'immortal,' (Heyne *Exc.* 9. *ad Il.* I. *Obs. ad Il.* p. 190.) There is a striking resemblance between the Grecian and Hindoo mythology in this respect. The *amrita*, or water of life, recalls immediately to mind the *ambrosia* of Olympus, (*Od.* I. 359, where *ambrosia* and *nectar* appear to be used as synonymous terms, Heyne, *Exc.* I. c.) In the *Bhavagat-Geeta*, moreover, the *amrita* is represented as the drink of the Hindoo Deities on Mount Meru, the Indian Olympus, (Pougens, *Tresor des Orig. de la Lang. Fr.* 71.) ANTHON'S *Lempriere*, by E. H. Barker, 2d edit. p. 157.

II. VESSELS FOR UNGUENTS: *Ὀνυξ*.—It is remarkable that neither Fort. Scacchus, in his learned work, *Elæochrismatum Myrothecium*, nor Lazarus Bayfius *Tract. de Vasculis*, nor P. Servius *de Odoribus*, nor Usinus *Adpend. Triclin.*, have been curious enough to ascertain the materials of the vessels in which the ancients kept unguents. *Brazen* vessels were certainly not employed, because they have a tendency to contract rust, according to Pliny, 34, 9, "Et æra quidem extersa rubiginem celerius trahunt, quam neglecta, nisi oleo perungantur." They employed vessels of *gold*, or of *choice stones*, especially of *alabaster*, or of *glass*, in which the unguents would receive no stain or dirt, and longest preserve uncorrupted their odour and essence. The author of the *Etym. M.* speaks of *stone* as a material used for unguents, τὰ μύρα, Λήκυθος λήθινη πρὸς μύρων ἀπόθεσιν. Horace, *Ode* 4, 12, 16, speaks of *onyx*, a precious kind of *marble*, "Nardo vina merebere, Nardi parvus *onyx* eliciet cadum;" so Martial, 12, 50, "Calcatusque tuo sub pede lucet *onyx*;" Statius *Silv.* 1, 35, "Mæret *onyx*, queriturque exclusus ophites." Sometimes *onyx* is used for the upper shell of testaceous fish, Dioscor. 5, 10, "Ὀνυξ ἐστὶ πῶμα κογχυλίου," Martial 7, 93. "Unguentum fuerat, quod *onyx* modo parva gerebat; Olfecit postquam Papilus, ecce garum est." Catull. *de Com. Beren.* 82, "Quam jucunda mihi munera libet *onyx*." Propert. 3, 9, 22, "Sit mensæ ratio, noxque inter pocula carrat, Et crocino nares murrheus ungat *onyx*;" 2, 13, 31, "Osculaque in gelidis pones suprema tabellis, Cum dabitur Syrio munere plenus *onyx*." Martial, 11, 50, "Nunc furtiva lucri fieri bombicina poscit, Profertur Cosmi nunc mihi siccus *onyx*," and elsewhere "Pinguis *onyx* anhelat æstus," i. e. "an unguentary vessel, empty," and "full," where the Interpreters are greatly at fault. H. Stephens,

in his *Thesaurus*, speaks of *ὄνυξ* as used for a "wooden cup" in Athenæus, p. 494; but the passage has undergone luxation, and ought to be read thus, in the opinion of Martorelli: "*ὄνυξ. Ποσειδώνιος ὁ Φιλόσοφος ἐν ἑκτῇ καὶ τριακοστῇ τῶν Ἱστοριῶν, ὡς οὕτω καλουμένων τινῶν ποτηρίων μέμνηται γράφων, Ἦσαν δὲ καὶ ὄνυχινοι σκύφοι, καὶ συνδέσεις τούτων μέχρι δικούλων.*" Casaubon is at fault here, and so is Scaechus 1, 46. It is singular that no Greek writer seems to have used *ὄνυξ* for "an unguentary vessel;" but the Latins did not derive *every thing* from a Greek source.

III. ALABASTER, STIMMI.—It was customary with the Greeks, Latins, and Hebrews, to preserve unguents in *alabaster*. Callim. *H. in L. P.* 13, Theocr. 15, 114. Agathias *Anthol.* p. 541, in *Corp. Poet.*; Lucian in *Asiao*, and in *Dial. Meretr.* 751. *Græc.*; Athenæus, p. 686; Ælian, *V. H.* 12, 18; J. Poll. 6, 105. 10, 120; Suidas *in voce*. Hence the Greek Church, (Goar *Euchol.* 509, *Adn.* 41, *ed. Ven.*) calls the vessel in which the sacred chrism was kept, *ἀλάβαστρον*. In like manner the Latins use the word, Cic. *Acad.* 2 (in Nonius Marcellus, 15, 17), "*Alabaster plenus unguenti*;" Petron. c. 60; Martial, 11, 9, 9, "*Quod Cosmi*" (perfumer), "*redolent alabastra focique Deorum*;" Servius in Virg. *Æn.* 3; Pliny, 36, 7, "*Hunc aliqui lapidem (onychem) alabastritem vocant, quem cavant ad vasa unguentaria, quoniam optime serrare incorrupta dicitur*," and again, in the same place, "*Paulum distare ab eo (onyche) in unguentorum fide multi existimant Lygdinos in Paro repertos*," and 33, 6, he speaks of two kinds of *alabaster*, male and female, and assigns the preference to the latter, which is called *stimmi*. So too in the *Scriptures*, *Matth.* xxvi. 7 (where see Price), *Mark* xiv. 10. The word *ἀλάβαστρος* we have been unable to find in any Greek author, who lived before the time of Augustus, if we except Theocritus of Syracuse; but that it is a word of some antiquity, we may infer from the *Septuagint*, where an obscure word, *2 Kings* xxi. 13, is rendered *ἀλάβαστρος*, which from *that* period was in high favour with the Greeks.

IV. AMPULLA NARDI.—We have stated above that the unguentary vessels were sometimes of *glass*; hence Petronius, c. 78, "*Ampullam nardi aperuit*;" and that *ampulla* was a vessel of glass, is certain, because Pliny 20, 14, has *vitree ampullæ*. Cic. *de Fis.* 4, 12, "*Si ad illam vitam, quæ cum virtute degatur, ampulla, aut strigilis accedat*," i. e. *a glass-vessel of unguent for the bath*; Plautus *Pers.* 1, 3, 43, "*Cynica esse e gente oportet parasitum probe, Ampullam, strigilem, scaphium, soccos, pallium, Marsupium habeat*," (where Turnebus, "Whence the Greeks applied the term *αὐτολήκνυδοι* to the poor, who had no servants to carry their *ampullæ*, but had to perform the office themselves,") *Merc.* 5, 2, 86. "Ev. Nam nec te introducam. Cæ. Tollo *ampullam*, atque hinc eo," from which passage we learn that persons going abroad carried with them *oil* or *unguent* to polish their shoes. Hence Hesychius, "*Ἠλείφοντο τοὺς πόδας οἱ ἀρχαῖοι, ἐπαδήσαντο.*" From the ruins of Herculaneum have been dug more than one large vessel of solid *glass*, full of most fragrant essence, and some small vessels or phials of exquisite *marble*, admirable alike for the material and the workmanship, which are carefully preserved by the king of Naples. Epiphanius, who had observed that the vessels used to

contain *unguentis*, *μυροθήκαι*, were very often made of *glass*, believed that the *alabaster*-box of Mary, sister of Lazarus, was *βικίον ἑλίπινον*, "a vessel of *glass*," and the author of the *Etymologicum* interprets *ἀλάβαστρον*, *σκεῦός τι ἐξ ἑλίου*. See also Goar *Euchol.* 516.

V. *LECITHUS*.—With respect to the use of *gold* for this purpose, we have the testimony of Athenæus, p. 686, "*Περιμενεγάντων δὲ τῶν παίδων ἐν ἀλαβάστοις καὶ ἄλλοις σκέπεισι μύρα, τὸν Κυνοῦλκον Θεασάμενός τε, πολλῇ τῇ μύρῃ τὸ πρόσωπον ἐπέχρισεν*," 198, 203, and elsewhere; Plut. in *Alexandro*; Petron. c. 7, "*Pueri capillati attulerunt unguentum in aurea pelve*;" Od. Z. 79, 215,

"*Δῶκε δὲ χρυσεῖη ἐν ληκύθῳ ὑγρὸν ἔλαιον*."

Λήκυθος is in Homer a generic term for "a vessel," and its specific sense in any passage is to be determined from the adjunct; but it is in later writers often used to signify "a vessel for *oil*."

That unguents were sometimes, but rarely preserved in vessels of *silver*, it remains for us to prove: Athenæus 4, 1, "*Ἀλλαι φέρουσαι ληκύθους μύρον ἐκάστη δύο συνδεδεμένας ἱμάντι χρυσῇ, τὴν μὲν ἀργυρᾶν, τὴν δὲ χρυσᾶν κοτυλαίας, καὶ ἐκάστῃ προσέδωκαν*." J. Pollux, 6, 19, 105, "*Τὰ δὲ ἀγγεῖα τῶν μύρων, λήκυθος μυρηρά, καὶ ἀλάβαστρον, Φαρακράτης δὲ ἐν Λήροις εἶρηκε καὶ κυάδιον δι' ἀρχύρον, ᾧ τὸ μύρον ἐγχέομεν*," but *κυάδιον* is here "a vessel used for sprinkling liquid perfumes."

VI. *LENTICULA*.—On the contrary, we have met with no author who speaks of *brass* as having been employed in the preservation of unguents, though we know that Isidorus, *Orig.* 10, 7, writes that *lenticula* is, "*Medium vas æneum, vel argenteum, quadrangulum, in latere apertum, quod et lecythum, est enim vas olei*." For Scacchus, p. 63, has already pointed out his error, observing that the good Bishop is often deceived, and proving from a Hebrew root, that *lenticula* is a round vessel, and, as it is numbered among vessels for containing *oil*, it is most certain that it was also of *gold*.

If any person desire to see the *form* of an ancient unguentary vessel, he should consult the *Thes. Inscr. Murator.* p. 508, 1—4, where he will find it adorned with the names of unguents, of square shape, and cut from a green stone.

See Jac. Martorellinus *de Regia Theca Calamaria*, Neap. 1756. 4to. pp. 4—15.

(To be continued.)

SONG.

AIR.—From the sweet blossom'd sloe my fair Chloë requested.

COME, tell me—if ever the love that thou bearest
For me could diminish away?

No—I declare—by the eyes of my dearest,
That mine is a passion will never decay.

Oh! wherefore suspect then the maid that will never
Let a thought from her dear one stray?

Yes, by yon star, she would cry, Thou shalt ever
Retain my fond heart as thou hast it to-day!—

No—I declare—by the eyes of my dearest,
That mine is a passion will never decay.

ENGLISH LITERATURE IN FRANCE.

THE numbers of English residents in France are so rapidly increasing, that their literary wants and interests will shortly require a publisher of original works, in their native tongue, in the French metropolis. Hitherto badly got-up reprinted books have been almost the sole sources of mental entertainment in the English language which our fellow-countrymen have met with abroad. An abominable piracy ever since the last Revolution has enabled Messieurs Baudry and Galignani to reprint standard English works, and sell them at the ridiculously cheap rate of five francs a copy. By this system the London publisher is robbed of the benefit that would accrue to a sale of his own editions on the continent; and hitherto no international copy-right law has remedied this evil. Thus piracy and plagiarism have been the means of raising Galignani and Baudry from the humble situations of petty and obscure booksellers into that of great and important publishers. *The Metropolitan* has lately contained some good articles on the subject of international law for copy-rights; but hitherto no very beneficial effect has been produced. The piracy continues as before; and the two Parisian Monopolists laugh at threats, opposition, or remonstrance.

To give the reader an idea of the immense loss to which this system of reprinting English works in France must subject London publishers, we shall proceed to a few remarks on the numbers of copies sold in Paris and the English metropolis.

Supposing a tolerably good novel be published in London, of which seven hundred and fifty copies are struck off, this same book is reprinted by Galignani and Baudry, and twelve hundred and fifty copies are published by each. Hence the English circulating libraries in France, and other parts of the continent, wait for these reprints, which are completed in so short a time that the patience of their subscribers is not exhausted, nor are copies obliged to be sent for from London. In Brussels Mr. Wahlen pursues the same piratic game, and circulates throughout Belgium and Germany upwards of seven hundred reprinted copies of every new and interesting English work. Thus three foreign publishers supply to their English public, all over the continent, three thousand two hundred copies of new books.

Captain Marryatt's works have had an unprecedented success in France. Upwards of five thousand copies of "Peter Simple," and as many of "Midshipman Easy," have already been sold. They are, as it were, standard novels on the continent, and their sale goes on as if they were recent publications. Bulwer's works have also been particularly well received. "Rookwood," moreover, had an immense sale; and "Rattlin the Reefer," which was published by an eminent bookseller in the Rue Neuve Saint Augustin, experienced a considerable degree of success. Upwards of two hundred novels have been reprinted since 1832; and the cheapness of their price enables the reader of light literature to possess himself of a little library for about forty pounds sterling.

The works of Leitch Ritchie, Allan Cunningham, Miss Mitford, Galt, Horace Smith, and Charles Dickens, have not been reprinted in Paris: nor would any of Mrs. Gore's novels have ever acquired that honour, had not the same publisher of the Rue Neuve St. Augustin, to whom we have already alluded, taken compassion upon her neglected situation in the foreign literary world, and reprinted "*Mrs. Armytage*" with considerable advantage to himself.

Galignani's and Baudry's editions of the "*Complete Works of Lord Byron*" are too well known to require being made mention of in this sketch. They were the publications by which those individuals laid the foundation of their present fortunes. "*Gibbon's Complete Works*," "*Moore's Complete Works*," and "*Robertson's Histories of Scotland and Charles the Fifth*," have also not a little conduced to the increase of their wealth and reputation.

The English periodical press has undergone considerable changes, and has been more than once made the vehicle of dishonest speculation and nefarious enterprise. *Galignani's Messenger* was the first English daily political newspaper published in France, and its circulation has fluctuated from three thousand to fifteen hundred many times within the last seven years. The causes of these vicissitudes will shortly be explained.

The Messenger was established in 1816, and until the year 1829 it flourished without a rival. *The London Express* was then started, and a fierce opposition ensued, to which the Revolution of 1830 put an end, by causing the fall of the latter journal. Galignani again remained master of the field up to the 1st of January, 1836. On that day appeared *The London and Paris Courier*, founded by a joint stock company, presided over by an intelligent and clever director, of the name of Wilks. This was the most formidable of Galignani's opponents, and the one he necessarily most dreaded. In the April of the same year, Mr. G. W. M. Reynolds became director of *The Courier* instead of Mr. Wilks, who voluntarily withdrew from the responsibility and toil contingent to the management of so important and arduous a concern. The new editor conducted the paper with considerable success for upwards of four months; during which time *Galignani's Messenger* was reduced in circulation to about thirteen hundred. A disagreement, however, between him and the other shareholders involved the journal in difficulties; and it fell to the ground in August, 1836, after an existence of seven months.

On the ruined fabric of *The London and Paris Courier* was founded a vulgar paper called *The Paris Sun*. The columns of this *exquisite and refined* periodical were filled with the lowest description of trash. Hence in its very birth was it fraught with the elements of dissolution and ruin. Three months were sufficient to crush it, and it went to the "family vault of all the Capulets."

There is a literary paper in Paris, of which M. Galignani is the proprietor, entitled *The London and Paris Observer*. It appears every Sunday, and is composed of extracts from the leading English literary periodicals. All original matter is carefully excluded from its columns.

In January, 1836, *The Paris Advertiser* appeared. This excellent literary weekly journal was founded by Mr. Reynolds, the late director of *The Courier* alluded to above. Eight of its pages were devoted to

original articles, four to extracts, and the remaining four to miscellaneous information and advertisements.

These two periodicals are still in a flourishing existence, and are likely to continue so.

Having thus disposed of reprinted books, political newspapers, and literary journals, in the English language in France, we now come to original works in the same tongue and the same country. These have been few, and generally unimportant or obscure. A posthumous work by Sir Jonah Barrington was published by M. Bennis, of *The Librairie des Etrangers*, in 1832; but its success was trifling and small. An author then appeared in the person of Mr. Browning, who wrote two books called "History of the Huguenots," and "The Provost of Paris;" and, not contented with having written them, he ventured to offer them to a publisher, who was found sufficiently arduous to present them to the world in the shape of printed volumes. The total failure of these publications for a time discouraged any author from entering into the field of English literature in the French metropolis. At length, towards the middle of 1835, a volume of songs and scraps of poetry, entitled "National Airs and Vagaries in Verse," was ushered forth to the world, under the auspices of Messieurs Bennis, Galignani, and Baudry. A gentleman, who rejoiced in the cognomen of Lake, was the perpetrator of this assemblage of impertinence and trash; and the decay and fall of the book was more rapid and signal than even those which marked the failure of Mr. Browning's unfledged literary efforts.

A clever well-written treatise on English poetry, and another on teeth—the former by a gentleman named Spiers; the latter by a dentist named Mortimer—followed closely upon Mr. Lake's abortion, and were met with a tolerably flattering reception, which they really deserved.

In December, 1835, appeared "The Youthful Impostor," a novel in three volumes, by Mr. Reynolds, the late editor of *The Courier*. This was the first original English work of any consequence published in France; and it experienced a most extraordinary success. It was afterwards reprinted in England, and was then translated into French by the celebrated Defauconpret, to whom the French are indebted for being enabled to peruse the novels of Walter Scott, Bulwer, Marryatt, &c. &c. "The Youthful Impostor" was followed by "Songs of Twilight, translated from the French of Victor Hugo," by the same author. This work was also well received; but the unpopularity of poetry in these degenerate days prevented its circulation extending to even half of that of "The Youthful Impostor." "The Songs of Twilight" was the last original English work published in Paris.

Such is the state of English literature in France; but if an international copy-right law were to be brought into effect, an immediate and striking change would take place. Dishonest monopolies would be overthrown—literary property would be safely secured to its just owners—and the laudable endeavours of intelligent men to extend the literature of their native country in a foreign land would be essentially aided. Let us then hope that the two governments will shortly take measures to decide so important a question.

ASMODEUS AND 'THE INCOGNITO.

(Continued from Vol. XXIII. Page 514.)

"I am a spirit of no common rate;
 The summer still doth tend upon my state,
 And I do love thee, therefore go with me

 And I will purge thy mortal grossness so,
 That thou shalt like an airy spirit go."—SHAKESPEARE.

"SHAME! shame!" said I, placing myself between two dirty urchins, who, being already dreadfully bruised, and profusely bleeding, were nevertheless on the point of recommencing their pugilistic fight. Scarcely had I dared so much, when I was assailed by the groans, hisses, and imprecations of the multitude, whose favourite sport I had unintentionally interrupted. Unterrified, but disgusted at such a behaviour, I endeavoured to effect my retreat from the field of battle by walking rather hastily. Part of the mob however followed my steps, abusing me and calling me all sorts of names from *French Dog* to *Jim Crow*; and just as I began to think myself out of danger a middle-sized red-haired man overtaking me placed his hat on the ground, and taking the attitude of a professed gladiator with a tremendous oath challenged me to box. Feigning to laugh at his threat I continued my walk, requesting him to leave me alone. But the fellow having again advanced before me without further ceremony struck at me, and made me feel the heaviness of his fist.

To such a brutal assault I answered by drawing my sword from my stick, and having immediately turned its point towards my aggressor, a great confusion and uproar ensued. The women screamed aloud *Murder! Murder!* my assailant retreated to a respectable distance, exclaiming *Police! Police!* and I, sword in hand, awaited in a doubtful state of mind for the arrival of some of those useful Metropolitan constables, who, when most wanted, are seldom met with.

A strong clap on my shoulder from behind, accompanied by the question, "What are you about?" made me imagine that I was already in the hands of the police. But in turning my head, to my great surprise and delight I soon recognised my friend Asmodeus. "Oh! most generous friend," cried I, "help me, save me from this unpleasant situation." "I ought not," answered Asmodeus drily, "in order that you might learn in a station-house how to moderate in future both your foolishness and imprudence. But as you are already in too bad odour in this country, I will spare you another exposure; and so saying, he bolted with me, leaving the uproarious multitude astonished at my sudden disappearance.

As soon as we were in our crystal-boat, Asmodeus, looking rather serious, said, "I am truly displeased with your conduct. You are exactly like a wolf,—that ferocious animal in his old age loses its teeth, but retains all its naturally voracious propensities; and you have

grown old and grey, but you have not lost any of your foolish and rash habits. Do you remember that maxim—

“Dum Romæ fueris, Romano vivito more?”

“Yes, I do,” replied I. “You do, eh!” resumed Asmodeus, “but at the same time you always act against its precept. Have you not lived long enough in England to have learned that the English delight in gladiatorial exercises? Don’t you know that *boxing* is fashionable with them, and that dukes, most noble, right honourable, and honourable lords, and squires, patronise those who excel in that scientific *man-slaughtering* and *pick-pocketing* profession? If you wish to live comparatively comfortable in this country, hear my advice: don’t interfere with the habits and customs of its inhabitants, because they think that their notions of morality and civilization are in the highest degree perfect, although they often appear to a foreigner both extravagant and absurd. But enough on this score. *Venons à nos moutons.*”

“According to my promise I should have been with you sooner, but since we parted I have had a good deal to do. First of all I have conveyed M. M. Bazard, Rodrigues, and Carnot, three schismatic Saint Simonians, to the Supreme Father Enfantin, their Pope.” “Enfantin, you said?” interrupted I. “Yes, Enfantin,” replied Asmodeus hastily. “And why are you surprised?” “Because I have been informed that he died of the plague at Cairo.” “Died of the plague!” muttered the devil laughing, “it was only a newspaper report, and you know that newspapers often deal in falsehoods. Enfantin is in perfect health, and in the best possible spirits, because as he is still of opinion that *the moral law can only be revealed by the co-operation of woman*; he now more than ever is confident of the approaching *advent of the woman* who shall accomplish the triumph of Saint Simonism.” “But does he preach in Egypt?” questioned I, “Preach?” quoth the devil leering, and what?” “The Saint Simonian doctrine,” said I. “The Saint Simonian humbug you ought to say,” observed Asmodeus; adding, “Believe me, Enfantin is not like the founder of his sect. Saint Simon was a crazy-brained enthusiast, who foolishly squandered his fortune and that of his relations to forward his absurd system; but the present Saint Simonian Pope is a cunning and shrewd fellow, who has never had any thing to lose, and who likes, as many other mortals do, to live at the expense of fools, and happily for him your microscopic world contains an overwhelming majority of such inhabitants. With the money that he receives from his deluded followers in France, in order to make converts and proselytes in Egypt, Enfantin enjoys there a comfortable independence, and I assure you that he never interferes with the religious creed of the slaves of Mahommed Ali, being well aware that that half-and-half-civilized despot would not scruple to have his St. Simonian Holiness impaled before his palace, were he to displease in the least his Mahommedan highness. However, my three travelling companions have signed a concordate with Enfantin, and it is now settled that he is to return shortly to Paris in order to recommence, with greater zeal and activity, the work of *female regeneration*, three old rich dowagers having promised to furnish to the Saint Simonian Apostles plenty of money, which *alone* can inspire their regenerating minds. The sect will also change its colours, be-

cause the *blue* having of late become an emblem of ridicule and scorn, it would not suit their ultra-liberal principles."

"But will Saint Simonism ever become a powerful sect?" asked I. "No, never," answered Asmodeus, "because civilization is too far advanced."

"My next trip," continued he, "was with M. de Genude, whom, to please my old acquaintance M. de Chateaubriand, I conducted to visit the duke of Bordeaux! I assure you that nothing less than the great esteem I entertain for the genius of the author of "*Atala*," could have induced me; for you know that we devils are sworn enemies to both duplicity and apostasy, and consequently I dislike the proprietor of the "*Gazette de France*," equally as much as I despise Talleyrand, the ex-bishop of Autun. The latter abandoned the pastoral mitre to become the worst citizen and husband of France, and the best diplomatist of the world; and the former has entered into holy orders to become a very bad priest, and the worst hypocritical fomenter and promoter of the intrigues of his anti-liberal party. My excursion however was not without its interest, because I had the opportunity of laughing at the royal mummeries of the courtiers of the *would-be* Henry V., and of that idiot the duke of Angouleme.

"Having reconducted to Paris the Abbé de Genude, I went to visit our mutual friend Duclos, who, by the bye, is not much pleased with you for having divulged both his foibles and his domestic comforts. At his house I met an interesting young gentleman almost in despair, in consequence of the sudden disappearance of a beautiful young and rich orphan heiress, whose affections he had won. Her guardian wishing her to marry his son against her inclination, and she having refused to comply with his request, he has placed her in the convent of the Ursulines of Lyons, in order that being there entirely separated from her lover she might forget him. Duclos begged of me to assist his friend, and I immediately transported him into her cell, where they enjoyed a delightful *tete à tete* of two hours, exchanged love for love, and mutually swore to be faithful to their vows, until the girl, having become of age, should be allowed to give her hand to the choice of her heart. But now I will fulfil my promise to you by showing you a few nocturnal scenes of London." "I should like to go home first," said I, "because, having left some papers on my table, my landlady will certainly turn them tupsy-turvy, for she is very curious of knowing what I write. She is naturally a good-hearted woman, but a staunch Tory; and, notwithstanding that I read every day *The Times* and the *Standard*, she still suspects that I am a liberal." "Be it so," quoth Asmodeus, and I was in my room quicker than he could say "Jack Robinson."

On examining my table, Asmodeus took in his hand the *Spirito Antipapale* of Rossetti, and turning to me said, "What? are you reading this work?" "Yes," answered I, "but its disquisitions are so prolix and prosy, its quotations and repetitions so frequent and so erroneous, that I am often much puzzled to find my way through its labyrinth." "You mean through this monstrous *Zibaldone*," observed Asmodeus, looking at the book with contempt; "but you are a great fool to waste your time about it. To give you some idea of its worth, I will relate what was the opinion that the learned inquisitor general

of Rome, Father Olivieri, gave of it. Some time ago a bigotted English Catholic forwarded this book to the *Maestro del Sacro Palazzo*, in order that it might be registered in the *INDEX LIBRORUM PROHIBITORUM*, as containing, advocating, and propagating heretical opinions. Father Olivieri, having perused it with great attention and perseverance, declared that it did not deserve to be forbidden, because the absurd and cabalistical suppositions with which it abounds, are more than sufficient to disgust any man of sound mind and common sense, adding that it is easily perceivable that either a dreamer, or the most self-conceited madman must have stored together such a mass of incomprehensible worthless trash ; therefore the best thing you can do with it is either to sell it as waste paper to some pork-butcher, or to throw it into the fire at once. I will also tell you, that the same author will shortly publish *Il Mistero d' Amore Svelato*, or the mystery of love revealed, which in point of absurdity and cabal is far superior to the *Spirito Antipapale*."

Poor Dante ! what a fool pretends to have first revealed

" La dottrina, che s'asconde
Sotto il velame de' tuoi visi strani."

"But," remarked I, "if his works are really so conspicuously incomprehensible, cabalistical, and worthless, how can the author repay himself for the outlay of their publication?" "I will explain to you," quoth Asmodeus, "how he doth arrange his affairs. A rich gentleman, wishing to be considered very learned in Italian literature and history, furnishes him with the *blunt*, and receives in exchange dedications, and many flattering encomiums. Thus, you see, he incurs no risk, and can lose only his reputation, but that is next to nothing.

"And what do I see there?" continued he, pointing to several casts, which lay on a shelf in my room. "Oh! oh! are you a phrenologist?" "No; I am simply an admirer of that interesting, moral, and useful system," replied I. "Interesting—moral—and useful system," whispered Asmodeus slowly; and then grinning at me most significantly, added, "By all my immortal brethren, Mr. Admirer, when you begin to blunder there is no end of it. I do not deny that phrenology is an ingenious and interesting hypothesis, and that it could be rendered somewhat useful; but hitherto it has not worked well. Gall, as a German *Free-thinker*, and Spurzheim, as a German *Methodist*, were not bad fellows; don't ask whether they were either true moralists, or really disinterested philanthropists, because my answer would be rather unfavourable. Be it said, however, to their honour, that neither of them ever abused their phrenological knowledge and experience for the sake either of indulging their own private spleen, or of defaming their living fellow-creatures in their lectures to please their friends. But it is not so at present. Phrenology, having unfortunately fallen into bad hands, is daily becoming a dangerous system, and a kind of *scientific conduit* of scandal, and this is the reason why until now not a single man of sterling genius, not a single literary or scientific personage of real eminence has deigned to become a promoter of phrenology; nay, amongst the *thousands of so-called phrenologists*, scarcely a dozen of them could cut a respectable figure in any assembly of *third-rate talent*." "Faith! you truly

astonish me; is it possible," remarked I, "that those who boastingly profess morality, philanthropy, and good-will towards mankind at large, could ever be guilty of such ungenerous conduct?" "All right," muttered Asmodeus drily, and rather displeased. "So you doubt again my word, eh! I will not get into a passion with an incredulous stubborn mortal, like you, but I will endeavour to convince you of the truth of my assertion. Do you believe in facts?" continued he. "Do you believe in what you see with your own eyes, and in what you hear with your own ears?" "Certainly I do," replied I. "Well then," resumed my friend, "make haste, arrange your papers, and you shall soon judge of phrenologists by their own works and actions."

Having fulfilled the devil's injunction, I apprized him of my being ready, and was immediately transferred into a dirty uncomfortable back parlour. A few common deal benches, an old holm-oak table, and four old japanned chairs, composed its whole furniture. There we found thirteen individuals, of whom some were standing and conversing together, and some had seated themselves before the table, upon which a large common oil-lamp, a common deal black-painted desk, a broken wood inkstand with a single pen, and two phrenological casts, were placed. "Are those gentlemen all phrenologists?" asked I. "No, only one of them." "But I suppose," observed I, "they all belong to the medical profession?" "Not at all," answered Asmodeus; "with the exception of *three visitors*, Messrs. L—, H—, and L—, the others are fiddlers, painters, and idlers."

While Asmodeus was going on with his satirical comments, the door was opened, about a dozen persons were ushered in, and two of them having taken their places behind the table, the rest seated themselves as near as possible to it. "The new comers are all phrenologists," said Asmodeus; nay, they may be considered the *quintessence* of this society, since, besides their constituting its committee, they are almost the only members who frequently honour with their presence its scientific *soirées*. You witness one of their most numerous meetings, and it is so well attended, because during the last two months it has been widely circulated by words and by letters that this evening a lecture will be delivered on the *character of a well-known living individual*. Thus you will have the opportunity of learning by what means phrenologists intend both to ameliorate and promote the moral condition and the general welfare of mankind."

The lecturer was a particularly clean and rather short gentleman, of about fifty-five years of age, but, by wearing a black wig and false black whiskers, he appeared much younger; his restless large dark eyes bespoke selfishness and duplicity, and his smile was affected. The report of the last meeting having been read, approved, and signed, and the usual business disposed of, that gentleman, reading from a MS., spoke at some length of the usefulness of phrenology, with regard to every branch of science, literature, and arts; and then pointing to one of the two casts, which lay on the table, with great composure said, "Gentlemen, that is the true cast of a notorious liar, of a great impostor and pretender—in short, of a truly dangerous member of society. I have known him intimately for years, and so

have also several members of the committee (*about six gentlemen nodded assent*). Now, gentlemen, I will prove to you that his infamous public and private conduct coincides exactly with his organization."

Having paused for a few minutes to consult his notes, the lecturer resumed his remarks in the following words:—

"1. Gentlemen, he is well known to be a *great debauchee, a faithless seducer, and very fond of children* (*the gentlemen of the committee assented*). Well, look at his *large* and almost *disproportionate amative-ness*; remark his *very large philoprogenitiveness*. Observe, also, the *smallness of his adhesiveness and veneration*. The combination, activity, and neutrality of those organs confirm both the depravity of his character and the accuracy of phrenology.

"2. He is, gentlemen, a *foolish boaster*, with little or no information at all; he is also *very proud and stubborn* in his opinions, and *remarkably violent* (*the above-mentioned gentlemen again nodded assent*). Well, his *large combativeness, self-esteem, and firmness*, and his *small cautiousness*, correspond with and excite these *his propensities*.

"3. Gentlemen, he is a *great impostor, a very deceitful man, and extraordinarily fond of praise and flattery* (*the gentlemen of the committee assented as before*). Well, let us examine his organs of *conscientiousness, secretiveness, and approbateness*. Once I thought that his conscientiousness was *large*; but now, on better re-examining his cast, and *knowing his real character*, I find that I was led into error by having overlooked that the *great size of his secretiveness occasions that bump* which made me think that his conscientiousness was *large*, while in fact it is *very small*, and his *secretiveness and approbateness* being both *very large*, his disgraceful habits are thus phrenologically explained.

"4. Gentlemen, he is a *notorious liar*, nay, I may add without the least exaggeration, that he is a *greater liar* than the *famous Baron Munchausen* (*the same gentlemen above mentioned again nodded assent*). It is on this account that I have endeavoured to discover in his organization the *instinct of lying, or the organ of mendacity*, which neither our immortal Gall, nor our Spurzheim, have succeeded in discovering." Having then taken in his hands the *cast of his former acquaintance*, he compared it with the other cast, which he assured to be that of another *notorious liar*, and after having made several analogical, physiological, and phrenological observations thereupon, he declared that it was his opinion, as well as the opinion of several learned members of the committee, that the *organ of mendacity must be searched after between the organs of ideality, imitation, and secretiveness*; adding, that they had come to that decision in consequence of the *similarity of conformation in that region of the head in both casts*.

After this he drew from his pocket two confidential letters addressed to him, at his particular request, by the individual under examination, during their intimacy, and the reading of them caused great laughter and merriment amongst the *members of the committee*, and no small surprise and indignation amongst the *visitors*.

Silence having been again restored, the lecturer, with an air of great satisfaction, said, "Gentlemen, I have performed my duty; from what you have just heard, you may easily conceive that such a being is dangerous in the extreme degree; it is your duty, therefore,

to unmask and expose him by every means in your power, in order that he may soon be expelled from those houses where he is still received, and by so doing you will do a meritorious action, by freeing society of one of its greatest scourges and stigmas."

"Capital! capital!" said a little Moor-looking gentleman. "Bravo! bravo!" added a tall, pale, and highly scented beau. "Bravo!" echoed a fair diminutive short-sighted *would-be* philosopher. "Bravo, bravo!" re-echoed a thin, tall, and red-haired coxcomb. "He is a liar, an impostor, and a swindler," repeated several times loudly a corpulent and vulgar Law-man, with a stupendous head, thick neck, and round shoulders. In short, the members of the committee seemed extraordinarily delighted with the lecturer, and congratulated him for the excellent treat he had afforded them.

Horror-struck at such ungenerous conduct, I begged Asmodeus to reveal to me who those were, who, by their approval, sanctioned the public and preconcerted defamation of a private individual. Asmodeus replied drily, "*They are phrenologists, and that is all.* Well, Mr. Admirer of phrenology," continued he, "what do you think now of that *interesting, moral, and useful system?*" "I am quite confused," retorted I, "pardon me for having doubted your word; but from this night I will beware of phrenologists, for indeed what I have seen with my own eyes, and what I have heard with my own ears, will make me shudder at the very sound of the word *phrenology.*" "And you will act wisely," said Asmodeus, adding, "Now I will bring you to see a young nobleman, who is taking *French lessons.*" "Oh! no, I thank you," replied I; "such a scene cannot be interesting to me, since I know too well how badly French is taught and how badly it is learned in this country." "You probably may," returned Asmodeus, "but I assure you that by going with me you will learn something new." I had scarcely assented when we entered into a splendid parlour.

There a young gentleman was sitting near a table illumined by two silver chandeliers, and a rather old tall man was standing opposite to him, leaning on the back of a chair, looking most attentively at his hands, in which, instead of a French grammar or book, the student held a pack of playing cards. "They are playing at cards," quoth I. "Not at all," replied Asmodeus; "that young nobleman has lately taken his degree at Oxford, and having now been launched in the fashionable world, has become a candidate to four clubs of the West-end, and consequently is learning how to play scientifically at the *Ecartè!* That rather old tall man has been for years the cleverest *chef de partie* of the public gaming-houses of Paris, and is unrivalled in the art of *legerdemain*. Those French hells having at last been legally suppressed, he has come to London to make use of his abilities, by giving instructions to gamblers; and has for his pupils several noblemen and gentlemen, who don't like to be *cheated at cards.*" "Dear me!" exclaimed I, much surprised, "since the scandalous exposure of Lord de Roosa, I truly thought that such swindling tricks would never be heard of again." "Aye, did you think so indeed?" quoth Asmodeus, staring sarcastically at me; "well, you were greatly mistaken, because that scandalous exposure has engendered mind of many clubbists the ardent desire of learning that

useful branch of industry." "But," rejoined I, "how can honourable and well-educated persons degrade themselves so much by such a shameful traffic?" "Pooh! pooh!" muttered Asmodeus, "I see that you don't know the world; true professed gamblers have no feelings of honour. Money and debauch constitute their happiness. To many of them life would be a great burden if they were prevented from playing or endeavouring to cheat each other." "And then you scold me when I murmur against English morals," said I. "Yes, I shall always scold you," replied Asmodeus, "because, although you may not approve of them, you have no right to speak, since great gamblers are very fashionable in England." While I was thus conversing with the best of philosophers, the young nobleman was practising with his instructor, who, after having several times reproached him with regard to his awkwardness, took the cards from his hands, seated himself near the table, and said—"My lord, I have often told you that your *thumb*, and your *annular* and *little fingers* must acquire agility, if you wish to play skilfully, and with advantage at the *Ecarté*. Remark now with attention how I do." Then he began to instruct him minutely by what means and stratagems the *honours could be marked without making use of the nails*; how, in *dealing*, the *honours could be given to a partner*, and how one could *sauter la coupe* without being discovered. Being naturally averse to gambling, I begged of Asmodeus to take me off from such a disgraceful scene. He laughed, and in a trice brought me into the *boudoir* of a great and favourite French *danseuse*.

It was a beautiful room, elegantly furnished. The walls were hung with many costly but rather indecent prints. Her *toilette* was stocked with the most delicious perfumes and transparent soaps, and I particularly remarked three different packets of *royal patent French paint*. Asmodeus took from its drawer a small and richly ornamented mahogany box, secured by a patent golden lock; but he soon opened it, and said, "Look and see how many *billets doux* it contains, and, if you like, amuse yourself by reading some of them." I did so with eagerness, and untied a parcel of rosy-coloured and highly scented letters. The first I perused had been written in *English-French*, by Lord S——, who, enclosing a cheque for 200 guineas, requested the *adorable mademoiselle* to grant him a *single tête à tête* before her departure from England. The next, written also in the same style, contained the rapturous thanks of a rich married banker, who at the same time entreated the *divine creature* to accept as a memento of his gratitude and attachment a necklace of real pearls, and a pair of bracelets set with diamonds and rubies. Another was from a Scotch barrister, who, forwarding a cheque for 50 guineas, expressed his regret at not being able to send one of 200, as he had promised. The fourth had been written by a French kept lady, who abused mademoiselle with the coarsest French expressions, because the *danseuse*, since her arrival in London, had so much fascinated her lord, that he had entirely neglected his mistress. The fifth, also in bad French, belonged to a high dignitary of the church; but just as I was reading it, Asmodeus interrupted me, saying, "Here they are, let me shut the box, and now you will see how the French

danceuses treat their English lovers." Mademoiselle entering the *boudoir*, followed by her faithful *femme de chambre*, said, "Annette, I have seen at the opera that old fat fool of a lord, who will soon be here. When he arrives, go directly to Hippolyte, and tell him that he must come immediately to me." Scarcely had she spoken these words, when Lord — was announced. The danseuse having again painted and re-arranged the *stuffed parts of her person*, hastened to my lord, not forgetting however to repeat—"Annette, go directly to Hippolyte, and make haste back with him."

The old satyr appeared overjoyed on finding himself alone with the *adorable mademoiselle*, and taking her hand into both his, impressed upon it many kisses; but just as he began to express his raptures by saying—"Vous êtes un ange"—a loud knock at the door almost paralyzed his whole frame. The danseuse, feigning to be greatly alarmed, exclaimed—"Qui est là?" Hippolyte answered in a fierce voice, "Ah mon Dieu!" "My lord," ejaculated she, tremblingly, "it is my lover, and future husband. You must conceal yourself or nous sommes perdus; because mon *amant* is both jealous and violent." "But where can I conceal myself?" muttered with great difficulty the surprised lord. "There," said she, pointing to a large sofa; "stretch yourself down behind it, and the moment my lover leaves me, I shall be most happy to grant you what you wish for; but should Hippolyte unfortunately choose to remain with me, then, my lord, when I go with him into my *boudoir*, pray leave the house immediately." The poor amazed lord did as he was bid to do, and Hippolyte was admitted.

As this apparently sudden visit had been previously concerted, Hippolyte said, in an angry tone, "Eh bien! What does this mean? Why did you not open the door sooner? Was any body with you?" "Bah! bah! mon *cher ami*," simpered with affectation the charming danseuse; "don't be so jealous; nobody was with me, upon my honour." "Sacrebleu!" exclaimed the French lover, "if ever I surprise in your house any of those English baboons, who dare to court you, he shall remember me while he lives."

This dialogue was of course not very ominous for the already too much perplexed fat lord, and whether it was in consequence of fear, or of his unpleasant position behind the sofa, he could not entirely stifle a fit of coughing by which he was seized. The noise attracted the attention of Hippolyte, who, in an instant, collared the fat lord, while mademoiselle, screaming, began to implore mercy for herself and her surprised English lover. As for Lord —, he could not utter a single syllable; at first he seemed quite stupified; but having, after some minutes, recovered the use of his tongue, in the most abominable French he joined his humble supplications to those of the apparently fainting danseuse, and pleaded his ignorance of the attachment of Hippolyte and mademoiselle as a plausible excuse for his intrusion. The French lover being a man of his word, and wishing that my lord should remember him while he lived, demanded of him the round sum of 1000 guineas as a fine for his having endeavoured to dishonour his future wife. To this Lord — having soon

consented, he was then allowed to go away without any bodily chastisement. Scarcely had he left the house, when Mademoiselle and Hippolyte called in Annette, and all three laughed heartily at the expense of that old fool.

I had been so much interested and delighted by the already related French trick, that I did not even imagine that we had been there more than an hour; but Asmodeus informed me of it by saying.—“It is past one o'clock. Do you wish me to show you any thing particular before our departure for Petersburg?” “Yes, I should like to enter into the *sanctum sanctorum*, or the private cabinet of the editor of*****.” “With pleasure,” quoth my infernal Cicerone; and in an instant I was conducted there.

It was a large comfortable room, but rather dirty and disorderly. I remarked upon its walls several geographical maps, and the portraits of the most celebrated Conservatives. Nearly in its centre stood an almost square table, upon which lay a brilliant *patent studying lamp*, several dictionaries of dead and living languages, a bronze inkstand with black and blue ink, cuttings from different journals, proofs of leaders, writing paper, a gold snuff-box, and a large tumbler filled with gin. A rather stout clumsily made short gentleman, sitting in a comfortable arm-chair, was leaning on the table, and supporting his head with his left hand, apparently reading or meditating; but, as he now and then snored loudly, it was evident that he had fallen into a profound sleep. “Poor man!” said I, “he must have worked very hard both with his mind and pen; how soundly he sleeps!” “Yes, yes,” retorted Asmodeus, with an air of sarcasm, “pity the poor man, because he has been indeed working very hard, since, within the last three hours, he has emptied a quart bottle of gin and two pint bottles of champagne.” “Oh! oh!” quoth I, much surprised, “it seems almost impossible.” “I agree with you there,” rejoined my informant, “but it is a fact. That gentleman, renowned for intelligence and truth, could not write any of his highly-spirited thundering leaders without such stimulants. In fact, it is not from his extensive knowledge and unimpeachable principlesal one, but chiefly from spirituous liquors, that he derives his unrivalled Conservative, religious, and political inspirations, and the nerve and elegance of his inimitable gentlemanly style.” While Asmodeus was going on with his observations, the door of his cabinet was several times knocked forcibly, but uselessly. A person at last entered, and having with great difficulty succeeded in awaking the editor, presented to him a sealed parcel, and withdrew.

As soon as the messenger disappeared, the gentleman whose countenance bespoke anxiety, debauch, cowardice, and pride, having rubbed his sunken eyes, swallowed the contents of the tumbler, and, unsealing the parcel, began to peruse it with attention, gaping and belching almost at every line he read; but a cough having seized him, he disgorged a quantity of liquid matter which infected the room with a disagreeable odour. As, until then, I had considered him to be the pattern of a perfect gentleman, his disgusting behaviour displeased me so much that I begged of my infernal guide to deliver

me from the sight of such a beast; and my request having been complied with, I was soon after sailing most rapidly through the atmosphere towards Petersburg.

Asmodeus began then to rally me respecting the shabby figure the radicals have cut during the late general elections, and particularly annoyed me by mentioning several of the most famous *leaders of the General Radical Association*, who, having foolishly and unblushingly dared to become parliamentary candidates in opposition both to Tories and Whigs, have been most shamefully defeated, thus exposing to deserved ridicule the whole of their party. Being unable to advance any thing against facts, I prudently turned the conversation by asking, "What do you think of the present state of Hanover?" "By Don Cleofas Tuxillo," exclaimed Asmodeus, "you are a wonderful shuffler, *Mr. Incognito*. I truly pity you, because, instead of acknowledging manly and honestly the discomfiture of the radicals, all of a sudden you have made a jump from England to Hanover." "*C'est vrai*," cried I quite ashamed, "yes, I have been wrong, and beg to be forgiven, candidly avowing that the greatest part of the radicals of the present day, under the cloak of friends of the people, conceal the ugliness of their public and private character, and that they possess neither talents nor property." "Bravo!" said Asmodeus, "since you have made amends I will now answer your last question by assuring you, that if Ernest of Hanover does not shortly retrace his steps, neither he nor his son can reign long in that kingdom. The Hanoverians are not so tame and passive as some people think them to be, and, instruction being widely spread amongst them, they will soon unite to assert their constitutional rights. On the other hand, Ernest has already been abandoned by his English friends, who, perhaps, have unjustly been accused of having had a hand in his *Royal Letters Patent*, and he will experience the same fate from the rulers of Germany." "But," remarked I, "will not Prussia, Austria, and the German confederation support him?" "No," replied Asmodeus, "and if they would they could not; they may, however, remain *neutral*, but they cannot openly sanction his unconstitutional attempt without endangering the tranquillity of their own states. Nay, mark what I tell you. The king of Hanover is already very sorry for what he has foolishly and rashly done, and, *malgré lui*, is endeavouring to calm the storm he has raised, and probably sooner than you imagine, the abrogation of the Royal Letters Patent will be officially announced. But, continued he, "what do you think will be the result of the late general elections?" "Upon my honour," replied I, "your question is very perplexing to me; I really don't know what to say, since both the Tories and the Whigs claim the victory. However, a change of administration must shortly take place, because, notwithstanding their boasting of the present ministers, it may be justly said that they are *Verba, et Voces, prætereaque Nihil*." "You have spoken good sound sense," answered Asmodeus, "but you are nevertheless mistaken, for, *entre nous*, the Whigs sticking both to power and emoluments equally as much as the Tories, if not more, will not give up their places, unless they are kicked out by the Sovereign; but as the Queen is at present almost exclusively surrounded by their most intimate friends and supporters

and as she is in the mean time too young and inexperienced to act after her own judgment and will, your supposition cannot be realized." Besides, Leopold is coming to England, and as his Belgian majesty obtained and holds a crown chiefly through the support of the Whigs, he will of course endeavour to keep them in office as long as it is possible. "And what good can the Whigs do with the present house?" inquired I. "What they have done during the last session," quoth Asmodeus—"humbug the people by wonderful promises, palaver, palaver, and palaver again, but, after all, perform *next to nothing* for the welfare of the nation." Thereupon Asmodeus began a long dissertation, spoke of the possibility of the Whigs and Tories coalescing; but while he was most wisely reasoning, I, being greatly exhausted in consequence of my nocturnal rambles, fell asleep. * * *

(To be continued.)

SONG OF SEVILLE.

BY F. W. N. BAYLEY.

WHERE the clustering olives fling
Shadows on the sunlit ground,
Dark-eyed maids of Seville sing,
Darker lovers gathering round.
Now they join with heart and hand,
While the Castanets are sounding,
Round and round a merry band,
In the gay Bolero bounding!

Spanish peasants throng the lawn,
Love and laughter crowning day,
With the footsteps of the fawn
Leaping on their path of play.
Panting now—they pause to breathe
As the golden sun is setting;
And the moon comes out to wreath
Silver smiles at their coquetting.

Dews of crystal gem the flowers,
Spanish mothers gather there!
"Daughter—these are vesper hours,"
"Daughter—this is time of prayer;"
Homeward then they gaily stray,
When bright eyes, in beauty closing,
Wait the serenading lay
That sings them into soft reposing!

LETTERS FROM GERMANY.

September, 1836.

THE attractiveness of various cities may, I conceive, be moderately well estimated by the time which travellers, who are quite unfettered by engagements, may find it pleasant to sojourn in each. According to our experience in this respect, the latter part of a week proved tedious in Hamburgh; nine days amply sufficed for both Berlin and Potsdam; six for Dresden, and two for Prague. Yet, after loitering three weeks in Vienna, we left it not without regret, having become familiarized to the listless system of lounging which so generally prevails. The luxury and languor of the Austrian capital certainly afford an extreme contrast to the Spartan-like habits and temperance of the Prussian people.

From Vienna to Lintz the country possesses beauty of a much higher order than any extensive district that had before met our view in Germany: on our left were the snowy mountains of Styria, at various distances rising behind each other, and on the right the Danube occasionally appeared flowing through an undulating country of much woody variety; the practical operations of agriculture seemed also to be conducted in this quarter on a system superior to any that had before been observed. The beautiful site of a convent, which crowns an eminence in this neighbourhood, can scarcely be too much admired; and Napoleon having resided here for some time, when his army visited Austria in 1809, has given to it more celebrity than all the holy deeds of its former tenants.

At Molk, where we hurriedly dined, a pleasing instance of the delicate tenderness of Austrian manners attracted my attention. The landlady of the inn was, when we entered it, presiding at a table, surrounded by several guests, and assisted by her only son. On the party breaking up, the latter advancing towards his mother, kissed her hand in the prettiest possible manner. There was certainly no affectation in this act of dutiful tenderness, for it was only accidentally observed, and, though no doubt practised daily, yet seemed to be an ever acceptable homage to maternal feeling. The interesting and intelligent countenance of the youth added to this circumstance, and his speaking a little imperfect English could hardly fail to create towards him some feeling of interest.

Lintz is a clean, respectable-looking town, surrounded by a beautiful country, with hills finely wooded and interspersed with patches of verdure and cultivation. In the suburbs we observed some very singularly formed experimental forts, of the military merits of which I cannot speak, but their appearance is much the reverse of handsome. A railway of considerable extent is already in operation from Lintz to Budweis; but the Austrian government is not very favourable to the rapid movement principle, and, although it has sanctioned some railway schemes, has hitherto refused its consent to many others. Among the rejected is one from Milan to Venice, which could not have failed to prove highly important to that rich and populous dis-

trict of level Lombardy, and would have greatly facilitated the movements of all the travelling members of the community.

On entering the principal confectioner's shop here, to *sponge* away a little time, we were addressed by its master, not with the quiet *bonhomie* of Germany, but with all the ardour and animation of a Parisian. The vender of sweets and pastry had been a soldier, and accidentally cast into this district on the breaking up of the French army in 1813, when, finding that the good people of Lintz were not well supplied with *bons-bons*, he condescended to embrace his present occupation, and pretty broadly insinuated that his having done so was one of the greatest benefits the town had received. Indeed after having enjoyed his *puffs* of both kinds, we were compelled to confess ourselves of a similar opinion. A leading question was addressed in order to ascertain whether the vocation adopted was quite new to him; but the old *militaire* would not commit his respectability by a confession; for though there was no disgrace in being compelled by the fortune of war to adopt his present pursuit, yet to confess having been brought up to the kneading trough was a degree of candour not to be thought of.

Saltzbourg possesses some beauty, and is picturesquely situated on the river Salza, and environed by mountains. Its neighbourhood is said to contain one of the finest cemeteries in Austria; and having a strong admiration for tastefulness in these retreats from trouble, you may conceive the feeling with which I ascertained this fact, after being at a distance of twenty miles from the town. This district is honoured by the appellation of the Austrian Switzerland, and its mountains rejoice in a style of beauty peculiar to themselves, being of ample height and variety of form and forest, without rising into the grandeur of sterility and snow. The weather happened not to be clear during our sojourn, but there were some fine occasional openings of the mist, to which a purer atmosphere could scarcely have afforded any thing superior. The imperial salt mine is entered on one side of the mountain by a long gallery, after which there is a succession of steps and slides ending in another gallery, which conducts the visitor out on the opposite side of the mountain. The distance traversed from the entrance to the point of exit is stated to be 6000 yards, which occupied us above an hour, and the ventilation was so perfect that no inconvenience from either damp or cold was felt. I am unable to state the angle of the slides, but it seemed to be one of about thirty-five degrees. The smooth round poles down which we slid were placed near each other, and on our right was a very stout rope, by putting one leg under which, and firmly grasping it in the hand, sufficient power was given to moderate the rapidity of the descent. Thus placed, reclining on our backs, we shot down, and the lamps in our hands gleamed like falling stars.* The height of the

* A Mahometan black once pleased me with a prettily poetic idea of his creed, that the stars were the disembodied spirits of men; and on enquiring how he accounted for the meteors, known by him as fallen stars, he replied in broken English, "That one do bad, Allah be angry, and he run."

How lovely is the starry sky,
That di'mond-studded zone,

longest slide is about 180 feet, and I confess I felt sorry when our descent terminated, for the effect was so agreeable as to amount to a positive sensation of pleasure. Before entering the shaft, persons generally cover themselves with coarse linen dresses over their ordinary apparel. We examined the salt *stratum* at various points along the passages, but were not conducted along those parts of the mine where the active operations are carried on. If I understood the guide correctly, the mineral salt is dissolved within the mine, and the liquid conveyed in pipes to the town, where it is boiled and prepared. The most interesting part of the mine is, however, its briny lake, eighty yards long, and sixty broad; as nearly as may be in the centre of the mountain. This subterranean lake was gaily illuminated by numerous lamps, and we were duly ferried over by a deputy Charon, who of course demanded his fee. The effect of this illuminated lake, altogether unprepared as we were for it, at a distance of about 3000 yards from daylight on either side, appeared more like the fiction of an Arabian Night's tale than a reality: and another singularity attending this excavation is, that there are no pillars to support the roof. The designers must certainly have largely abounded in engineering faith, and the weight of the mountain above appears to have sat as lightly on their minds as it miraculously does on the rock bounding the side of the lake. The department of the mine that is visited appears to be maintained by the government, chiefly for the amusement and inspection of strangers.

The country towards Munich, after leaving the interesting district of Saltzbourg, was destitute of beauty; but on our left, in the far distance, the mountain-peaks of the Tyrol, the dark and the snowy appearing side by side, and occupying a considerable portion of the horizon in an unbroken line, were well calculated to recal the recollection of similar mountain panoramas, as seen from Berne and the Righi.

One of the professors of Munich, with whom we travelled two days from Saltzbourg, was very desirous to have afforded us information, had our mutual means of communication been more extensive. The university is, it seems, attended in winter by about 1800 students; and, as there are also two smaller establishments in Bavaria, and many of the young men resort elsewhere for instruction, it affords a respectable view of the cultivation of the higher branches of education.

Eternity's bright beacon lights
Have there for ever shone.
How plaintive, yet how pleasing, is
The language which they speak,
Inviting to a purer sphere
The weary and the weak.

And soothing is the Moslem's creed—
That, after life is o'er,
The spirit shines eternal there,
And tastes of death no more:
A million starry eyes may thus
Gaze on us from the sky,
With power to read each erring thought,
And bear the right on high.

Bavaria, with a population of about 5,000,000 has an army of 40,000 men, and a gay and handsome capital; the court-end of which has been built within the last twenty years, on a plan combining regularity and taste, so that the streets are wide, and the mansions elegant. This city possesses many attractions for strangers, to wit, a gay and accessible court, a population vying in a humble way with that of Vienna in their devotion to the pursuit of amusement:—fine picture and sculpture galleries, a library of 500,000 volumes, a good opera, and a considerable variety of promenades, particularly an extensive covered arcade, which must prove an agreeable resort during inclement weather. Allured by these attractions and economical considerations, some of the British wanderers frequently take up their winter quarters here, and it is considered on the continent to be a pretty correct proof of the agreeableness of a city when they are found sojourning in it. For a traveller, one of whose principal pleasures is derived from pictures, to be told on reaching Munich that the gallery was undergoing repair, and shut to all the world, was one of those circumstances calculated to fret the temper more than even the greater evils of life. The sculpture gallery was however open; and both in the style of its external architecture and interior decorations, as well as in the arrangement of its valuable contents, presented an extensive field for admiration. The celebrated Sleeping Faun (an antique) is very striking in its peculiar expression. It is impossible to conceive two representations of sleep more perfect, yet more dissimilar, than this and Chantrey's *chef d'œuvre* in Lichfield cathedral—one the placid sleep of youth, loveliness, and innocence; while the other is the boisterous repose of a bacchanal, where mirth and sleep divide the expression. The lovely Venus, by Canova, is the presiding divinity of the modern department, and the artist appears to have succeeded in throwing more soul, and almost as much modesty, into the marble as in his similar and better known work at Florence. The front drapery extends from the bosom to the ankle, and the shrinking expression with which it is in the act of being closer drawn is one of the chief charms; but every portion of the figure is truly expressive of the most lovely delicacy. A work by Schadow, of a girl tying her sandal, is very pleasing; while an Adonis and several of Thorwaldsen's production also enrich this room devoted to modern genius.

The Chappelle Riche here well merits its name, from the quantity of gold and silver crucifixes and other sacred objects which it contains, not forgetting the little miniature altar which Queen Mary of Scotland used during her imprisonment; nor the relics of many holy persons, surrounded by pearls and precious stones. In visiting this chapel, it was more amusing than agreeable to observe the unceremoniousness with which some of the German youths were pushed aside to make place for our humble selves, and it would have gratified us to have been able to attribute this attention to the usual disinterested kindness of the Germans towards us as strangers; but on this occasion we were compelled to account for it on less generous principles; the secret being, that the Germans do not generally reward the politeness of these custodiers,

probably considering that their salaries are included in the national taxes, whereas the English have not this excuse, and therefore tax themselves.

The new palace, which is only in part finished, is on a magnificent scale in point of extent, but a more elegant design than the external architecture exhibits (copied as it appears to be from the Pitti Palace at Florence) might readily be imagined. The interior decorations, however, are in fine taste, and one room in particular, the whole surface of which is pure white and gold, will long dwell in my memory as an orient pearl beautifully set. The floors of the palace are inlaid with much care, but the effect of this wooden Mosaic is very inferior, in English eyes, to the elegant and comfortable appearance which carpets might produce.

Munich exhibits more modern frescoes than perhaps any other city, and of this reviving art the apartments of the palace offer many specimens especially beautiful—in tints fresh yet subdued, and conveying stories that speak to memory, mind, and feeling. Some of the designs represent the subjects of the ancient mythology and poems, but the most interesting are those which illustrate the works of Goëthe, Schiller, and the other modern poets of Germany; for it is peculiarly pleasing to find the imagination of the poet thus adorning the halls of the sovereign. Schiller and Goëthe have each a saloon devoted to the fictions of their creation, and these apartments are, I trust, named accordingly. One of the principal saloons represents a Muse seated on a throne, and surrounded by portraits of the modern German poets. Such compliments are only second to that proposed to be paid to Sir Walter Scott, when at Naples, by one of the ambassadors, who, on giving a fancy ball, requested that each guest should represent a character of the “Waverley Novels,” and appear habited accordingly. It is to be hoped this conception was realized, for a more splendid group than the *dramatis personæ* of these novels, with the great magician as a spectator, the imagination can scarcely conceive.

The gallery of the duke of Leuchtenberg contains a very lovely “Holy Family” by Murillo; and also a picture, which may be considered curious, of Petrarch’s “Laura,” from which one is compelled to infer that his taste in love did not equal his feeling in poetry. If the likeness be authentic, Lord Byron might well say:—

“Think you if Laura had been Petrarch’s wife,
He would have written sonnets all his life?”

An elegant group of the three Graces, by Canova, also adds interest to the duke of L.’s gallery. Poor Canova’s celebrity obtained for him a description of unenviable attention from the good people of Italy, in their competition for the honour of his remains. One city claimed him as her son, another as her citizen, while a third alleged some other reason; and these various claims were, it seems, compromised by his dismemberment. Rome, Florence, and Venice, are, I believe, the honoured spots; one of which boasts his hand, and another his heart, while the third rejoices in the larger but less ennobled portion. The room called the Treasury contains a vast collection of

gold and silver ornaments, with diamonds, pearls, and precious stones, beyond number; while the gallery adjoining has portraits of the various dukes, electors, kings, and emperors of Bavaria, and their queens, &c., since the year 511. Opposite to the most ancient is placed the family tree, which is assuredly of sufficient length to satisfy in this respect even German taste. These portraits are infinitely superior as works of art to those shown in the gallery at Holyrood; but, as regards likeness, they are probably too much on a par, excepting that all those here resemble human beings, which many of the others do not. A native of this country told me, with an apparent feeling of pride, that in by-gone times Bavaria had emperors when Austria had only dukes,—a fact certainly new to me, but not on that account the less likely to be correct.

The members of the legal profession are, I believe, less numerous in Germany, proportionally speaking, than in Britain. The Germans are of too quiet a disposition—besides being too intelligent and too poor—to indulge in the unamiable excitement of litigation. It is understood, however, that German lawyers evince a very praiseworthy desire that the suits which do arise should be fully discussed, and not rashly decided, for which purpose several years are sometimes considered necessary. Germany would thus be a very paradise for a certain gentleman of the west of England, whose mind requiring the constant excitement of litigation, purchased for its gratification a property which was in chancery; but Lord B. recently nipped his pleasure in the bud, by deciding the case in his favour, to the infinite chagrin of the *amateur*. The theatre is one of the handsomest modern buildings in Munich, and was numerously and respectably attended. When the palace and the other contemplated buildings shall be completed, this city will possess, as it even now does, very high claims to elegant celebrity; and may, to a considerable extent, realize the evident desire to make it a German Florence. It is possible, however, that when the annual tax-day comes round, the Bavarians will consider the plan of their new palace to be too extensive, or at least too costly; but this is only on one day in the year, and their taxes are in truth very moderate.

It is singular that the present king of Bavaria, whose father destroyed so many monasteries, and whose queen is a Protestant, should so powerfully exert his influence towards the increase of monkish establishments, and fostering those hives of drones whose only industry consists in beggary. An answer was given us the other day, by an *employe* here, which sufficiently conveyed the popular opinion on this subject; for on being asked to what purpose the building, which at present contains the library, was to be devoted when the new apartments should be finished, he sarcastically replied, "Probably a convent."

While going through the library we had the pleasure of meeting Mrs. T., the piquant writer on America, and the elegant describer of Paris* and Germany. The precision of this lady's information

* Very few travellers in France entertain this opinion with regard to the writings of Mrs. T.—Editor.

readily proclaimed that she was one of the learned, and the point of her remarks that she was of the highly talented, for there are few ladies, with all deference be it said, so intimately acquainted with the German fathers of the church as Mrs. T. showed herself to be. She is doubtless again preparing to publish, and if so, there is a fine field for her powers of description and satire in Vienna, if willing to apply the caustic to the deviations of elegance, in the manner she has elsewhere done to the coarseness and fanaticism of vulgar virtue.

The cemetery here is very extensive, and contains a vast number of elegant monuments, but there is a deficiency of shrubs and tastefulness of arrangement. All dead bodies are obliged by law to be exposed in a house adjoining the cemetery for some time, as a security against premature interment. We observed several of these, and on the countenance of one elderly lady so much expression remained that it was difficult to suppose the spirit had quite departed.

The atelier of Schwanthaler, the king of Bavaria's favourite sculptor, contains many interesting works in progress. After having abandoned all hope of seeing the gallery, a travelling prince arrived from Vienna, and, happening to be present at the moment, we obtained admission under his illustrious auspices. Our view was hurried, and necessarily imperfect, as many of the pictures were at the time scattered over the floor in confusion; and finding that few of them have created any deep impression on the mind, I am not disposed to speak rapturously of the collection. The works of Reubens abound, and the gallery is particularly celebrated for its Murillos. Some of this master's Spanish peasant-boys grinning, their enjoyment of grapes, bread, rags, and filth, are truly exquisite; yet none of them appear quite equal to his admirable picture in the Dulwich gallery, with the never-to-be-forgotten grin of triumph on the face of one boy, and the disconsolate expression of his companion, who is seeking consolation in food, and has his cheek distended by a mass of bread sufficient for an ordinary breakfast. One celebrated Murillo here represents an old woman holding a boy's head, which she is occupied in depriving of its *external animation*, reposing in her lap. Some good Guidos, Titians and Rembrandts, with many works by Van der Werf, Meiris, Netcher, and Velasques, and a beautiful sacred subject by Carlo Dolci, also enrich the gallery. A torch-light picture by Van der Werf, in particular, with a Schalken-like perfection of that light, and his own higher finish, is a gem of the first water. The exterior parts of the gallery are now undergoing the process of fresco painting under the directions of Professor Zimmerman. The subjects figuratively represent the illustrious masters of the various schools, and the division which is nearly completed does honour to the artists of Italy, while the other compartments are to be devoted to those of Germany, and the chiefs of the other schools. It seems indispensable in fresco painting that the plaster should be thoroughly moist and painted almost within the hour, with which view it is spread in patches of scarcely a foot square. The arcade promenade, which is probably half a mile in length, is also ornamented with frescoes, illustrating points of German history, and with views of the principal cities of Italy and Greece. The New Court

chapel is at present undergoing this fresco process, and the subjects are beautifully executed; but it seems singular that an enlightened Court in the present age should deem it good taste, and as aiding to elevate the mind to devotion, to represent the Almighty Father in human form.

Bavaria is the most populous of the smaller German States, and has a constitution as well as a chamber of Peers and Deputies. The capital is situated in a dreary plain, and contains a population of about 90,000, who are chiefly Catholic. The gentry of Munich are much less attractive in their appearance than those of North Germany or Vienna, and the lower orders are particularly coarse. We observed scarcely any even moderately handsome females, for one picture-loving little beauty, who was feasting her eyes on the attractions of the gallery, was evidently a stranger, and she, like a meteor, darted across our sight, and was seen no more. It was perhaps well that it should be so, for the intoxication could not have endured, but the remembrance may. His Majesty of Bavaria, however, on the principle probably of desiring most that which is least easy of attainment, has established a portrait gallery of Bavarian beauty. I trust he may succeed in his fair researches, but King Charles's beauties at Windsor need not hide their lovely heads by anticipation. I may be permitted to remark *en passant*, that many of the German ladies have less intercourse with dentists and tooth-brushes than could be desired; but it is believed that they are gradually becoming more sensible of the value of those enamel works of art and out-works of beauty.

Bavaria is, *par excellence*, the country of travelling broom-girls, gold and silver lace-padded head-dresses, and the best German beer. The Hungarians pride themselves in gold lace caps, which entirely cover their heads, and the women of North Holland in plates of gold over the temples; but what is here worn resembles a large toilet pin-cushion covered with gold or silver lace, and stuck above the hair, and I must take leave to say that the appearance is somewhat ridiculous.

The Germans have so many confederations for purposes political and commercial, that it is to be regretted they have not an additional one to establish a uniform monetary system. On entering Bavaria from Austria the value of the money had again changed, and every change is found to be a considerable difficulty to travellers who do not speak the language. The Germans, however, relate an anecdote of one of their countrymen who travelled through France without difficulty, merely using the word, "*Combien ?*" and through England with the words "How much?" "*Was kost es ?*" the equivalent German expression, answered our purpose moderately well, and the phrase had this advantage, that from its resemblance to English it could not be forgotten.

There is in Munich an Institution for the education of young Greeks, and the king has shown so much Greek predilection and Grecian taste in his public buildings and other matters, that it is possible this may have been one of the chief causes which induced the Courts of Europe to look to his family for a king of Greece. I wish it could be stated that his Majesty's taste in matters of government

was equal to that which he displays in the fine arts; but on the former subject his unfortunate anti-liberal prejudices seem so strong, that it is hopeless to expect his conversion to less absolute doctrines, unless a fine-drawn system of politics could be devised as a new-born sister to the arts of sculpture, architecture, and painting. The names bestowed on his sculpture and picture galleries, "*Glyptothek*" and "*Pinakothek*," are exceedingly inconvenient for the lips and memories of unclassical travellers.

As a bachelor, you can scarcely be averse to a comparison of the German ladies with those of England. As generally lovely they certainly are not, yet as loveable it may be that they are, for they do appear to possess a large stock of disposeable tenderness, requiring a return in kindred feeling. Whether it be owing to this, or their being less punctilious about establishments, I know not; but certainly a larger proportion of them cast anchor in the haven of matrimony; for even Vienna is scarcely an exception to this good rule. The laws in many of the German States may be also said to encourage the commission of matrimony, which is here by no means an indissoluble tie; for when there is no family, and both parties unite in desiring a separation, or where harsh treatment has occurred, to get unmarried is nearly as easy, in some of the States, as to be married. Mrs. Trollope states that in France a single lady of mature years is a *rare avis*, which her Parisian informant accounted for by stating that the French were too polite a people to leave ladies in the uncomfortable and unprotected position of singleness. Now that this question has been placed in the view of national politeness, it is to be hoped England may follow the example of her more refined neighbour, so that club-houses may diminish while fire-side circles increase. The French have wisely established manner and *esprit* as the chief female attractions, and considering how comparatively rare high beauty is among them, it is a politic regulation; for it is by these means that her plain tacticians frequently raise themselves to even beyond the standard of attraction possessed by those to whom nature has been more bountiful; and an equality is thus established which gives all a more equal chance in the lottery of female life. The French in this appear to act on the principle of the *fop* in the English Comedy, who says that nature does very well for common people, but the *haut-ton* are quite independent of her, the attractions of manner being all their own.

As an illustration of the hundred civilities we have received from Germans, I may mention that in going through the Palace yesterday with a large party, a gentleman, who spoke English, seeing that he was more *à fait* than our *valet-de-place*, came forward in every room to explain the stories conveyed by the frescos. English travellers generally give a similar account of civilities received, and instances are not unfrequent, in even the larger cities, of respectable persons walking considerable distances to guide a stranger. If in England any one should perform similar acts of kindness, he would subject himself to ridicule, and to indulge any such good-natured disposition would be liable to a thousand mis-constructions.

NAPOLEON THE SECOND.

AN ODE

*TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF VICTOR HUGO,**

BY PARISIANUS.

I.

A QUARTER of a century has gone,
Since Gallia welcom'd her Napoleon's son;
The heav'n was low'ring on th' expectant earth,
Before th' imperial consort gave him birth;
And kingdoms trembled at the frolics wild
Which Nature play'd to welcome Valour's child.

Tam'd as the steed which marks his master nigh,
A prostrate empire waits that progeny—
The progeny of one whose lasting name
Transcendent shines above proud Cæsar's fame,
Whose lips gave laws to Europe's proudest thrones,
And cover'd half the earth with bleaching bones.

Anon that mighty conqu'ror stood before
The host which knelt not there but to adore—
And to the prostrate empire show'd his son,
The glorious offspring of Napoleon,
While joy and pleasure flash'd in ev'ry eye,
And shouts redoubling echo'd to the sky.

Then, as by magic influence, the breath
Of that young child made all as still as death;
And Paris quak'd—and steeple, church, and tow'r
Shook to the base to rev'rence infant pow'r;
While the long cannon at the palace-gate
Bounded and leapt as they were animate!

Elate with pride paternal—holy fire!
Before his subjects stood th' enraptur'd sire:
His arms, so lately join'd across his breast,
Now form'd a cradle for the infant's rest—
And that fair infant's eye-balls caught the blaze
Which lit the father's in those glorious days.

When to a kneeling host he thus had shown
The new-born heir to his imperial throne,
The ravish'd parent mentally review'd
All Europe's kingdoms by himself subdu'd;
And, proud as eagle soaring to the sky,
"They wait," he said, "for this—my progeny!"

* This Ode was written in August, 1832, but was not published till the year 1836.

II.

But who may tell what secrets lie
Conceal'd in thee, Futurity?
Each morning marks some victim's doom—
Each night frowns o'er a new-made tomb!—
Futurity! in thee appears
Th' uncertain glimpse of unborn years—
Hopes—promises—deceits—and fears—
And monarch's misery:
Puff'd up with pride, Ambition's son
To ruin rushes blindly on,
Unstable as the bird upon
The forest's tallest tree!

From year to year we wind our toilsome way,
While myst'ry still enshrouds the future day;
No human might, no sage's magic spell,
Can bid that future day its secrets tell;
But still the spectre, form'd of doubt and dread,
Attends our steps, and haunts us in our bed.

To-morrow! what may bring to light
Thy dawn upon the present night?
Wilt thou not perfect that which man
To-day in confidence began?—
To-morrow! like a shadow cast
Along the ocean's bosom vast—
Or as a mist upon the blast—

A cloud that veils each star—
Art thou, To-morrow! curious name,
To which belong disgrace or fame,
Monarch's renown, and nation's shame,
Peace, or revolt, and war!

To-morrow—foaming steeds to battle wend,
To-morrow—Moscow's flames to heav'n ascend,
To-morrow—martial hosts flock o'er the plain,
To-morrow—Waterloo is fought in vain,
To-morrow—exile marks the hero's doom,
To-morrow—see! they bear him to the tomb!

Napoleon! thou in pomp may'st go
Through conquer'd cities, to and fro;
Thou, with thy myriads, mayest decide,
In dismal strife, the battle-tide;
Before thee rivers may retreat,
Victory humble at thy feet,
And Conquest come thy steps to greet,
With music in her train;

Napoleon the Second.

Renown may publish thy return
 From battle—and the trophi'd urn
 With incense fragrantly may burn
 To welcome thee again ;—

Yes—thou may'st rule each kingdom and each state,
 Thou canst not change the destiny of Fate ;
 And all thy might—thy glory—and thy pow'r
 In vain essay to stop thy dying hour :—
 Though thou may'st blast whole armies with thy breath,
 Thou wilt not triumph o'er the shafts of death !

III.

Such is the will of heav'n !—When fortune smil'd
 In all her bounty on that infant child—
 When Roman pride was humbled to the boy,
 And Cæsar's diadem became his toy ;
 When Gallia's multitudes around him came
 To rev'rence one who bore a hero's name ;
 And when his father, in the ranks of war,
 Pursu'd his endless victories afar—
 Then, round the cradle where the infant lay,
 The slaughter'd foes were heap'd in grim array—
 When all the world unto its centre shook,
 And empires trembled at Napoleon's look—
 When the glad sire this heritage had won,
 Sceptres and crowns—all destin'd for his son—
 When marble palaces, in grandeur high,
 Were rais'd to lodge the hero's progeny—
 And when delusive Hope unto his ear
 Whisper'd bright promises of grandeur near ;
 When she stretch'd forth this honi'd bowl, his lip
 Essay'd in vain the pois'nous sweets to sip,
 For Austria's angry genius came between,
 And bore him trembling from the joyous scene !

IV.

'Twas Sunset !—Perched upon a lofty tree,
 An eagle rul'd the forest's destiny :
 But suddenly he fell—for, from behind,
 Came with o'er-whelming force the rushing wind ;
 And England seis'd the eagle—and his brood
 For vengeful Austria's maw became the food.

Reader ! dost seek to know the warrior's fate ?
 Go—ask those kings, whose prudence and whose hate
 Consign'd the hero to a wretched isle,
 Where joy was heard not—bliss ne'er seen to smile,
 And where, accurs'd doom ! six years were spent,
 Ling'ring and sad, in changeless banishment !

And had he not one single tender tie,
Have lion-hearts no soft'ning sympathy ?
Oh ! yes—his child—the infant that he lov'd,
From him so far across the seas remov'd ;
And all he had to soothe what few endure,
In exile, was that infant's miniature !

By night, when all the bitterness of thought
His faded greatness to his memory brought,
What did he seek, that thus he turned his eye,
Around, about, while sentries, pacing nigh,
Guarded the actions of the fallen man,
As though his very sentiments they'd scan :

What did he seek ?—"Twas not a sad review
Of all that he had compass'd or pass'd through ;—
Moscow, Marengo, Austerlitz, Arcole,
The Pyramids, no longer fir'd his soul ;
He scarce remember'd how th' Egyptian fled,
When Cairo's streets were cumber'd with the dead.

What did he seek ?—Full twenty years of war—
Conquest—pursuit—retreat—and mortal jar—
The banner waving in the roaring strife,
The rush of armies, and the waste of life ;
And all that once his fev'rish soul might please,
Oh ! no—his wand'ring eye sought not for these !

That anxious glance hop'd not in exile's hour
To witness aught of his departed pow'r :
Madrid, Aboukir, Kremlin, and the sound
Of martial music echoing far around ;
The gallant warrior, dauntless in the fight,
Parade at morn, and bivouac at night :—

All this he reck'd not for ! His eye alone
Sought him that erst was destin'd for a throne,
The little infant, who, in frolic mild,
Beauteous as blushing morn, had look'd and smil'd,
When first his father caught him to his breast,
And felt—let sires themselves suppose the rest !

But vainly sought his eye ! St. Helen's shore
Re-echo'd to his sighs—heard him deplore,
And mark'd his misery !—O thou sweet boy,
Whose image gave an exil'd parent joy,
And sooth'd th' acutest sorrows of his breast,
May'st thou live on in peace—may'st thou be blest !

V.

But both are gone !—Great God, that speedy doom
Fed with no common food the craving tomb !

First fell the chieftain who the world o'ercame :
 Ten years elapsed—the relict of his name
 Was called to join his parent, and the grave
 Conquer'd the child whose sire thou would'st not save !
 Pride—glory—youth—the tomb has taken them—
 Nought left behind—no state—no diadem :
 Death, unrelenting, hurri'd all away,
 The mighty and the fair return'd to clay ;
 And dumb oblivion from the rolls of fame
 Sought to efface an everlasting name !

VI.

Say, Lord ? for thou alone canst tell,
 Where lurks the good invisible
 Among the waves of discord's sea,
 That ocean all so dark to me !
 Oppressive to a mighty state,
 Contention's feuds the people hate,
 But who dare question that which Fate
 Has order'd to have been ?
 Haply the earthquake, and the roar
 Of whirlpools, and the dang'rous shore—
 Haply the foaming deep rolls o'er
 Fair pearls that lie unseen !

More baneful than the tempest's force,
 Quicker than burning levin's course,
 Internal feuds spread far and near,
 Ruin to commoner and peer !
 Then wherefore chaunt thy song in vain,
 Untimely bard ?—In peace remain,
 Nor waste unto the reckless main

A verse with ardour warm !
 Thy voice is echo'd by the blast,
 Thy music to the wind has pass'd ;
 And thou art lonely on the mast,
 A bird amidst the storm !

That storm redoubles ! In the sky
 No spot is of an azure dye ;
 Threat'ning and dark the heav'n appears—
 On earth are sorrows, wounds, and tears.
 The seas of civil discord roll—
 Trembles the globe from pole to pole,
 Heroes and monarchs are undone,
 With them Napoleon and his son !—
 As yet each wise essay is vain
 To stop the inroads of the main ;
 Billows on foaming billows press,
 And all is horror and distress !

THE OPERA AND DRAMA OF THE PAST SEASON.

By H. H. DAVIS, Esq.

"The end of playing both at first and now, was and is to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature,—to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time his form and pressure."—SHAKESPEARE.

THE season of "song and the dance" has ended. The Opera-house doors no longer open to admit the brilliants of fashion and the lovers of music. Manager Bunn has resigned his responsibility in disgust at the want of sympathy shown by the public to his infallible taste. Osbaldestone has been compelled to announce himself beaten and give up his power into the more able hands of Mr. Macready. Madame Vestris,—her health, no doubt, affected by her late anxieties and the unhealthy state of her late *college*-lodgings,—has gone with her devoted friend, young Mathews, to star it in the provinces and gather natural roses by her rustic tour. The play-goers, as well as the players, are nearly all gone. John Bull has in good earnest mounted his locomotive, and deserted his beloved metropolis—the land of Cocayne. Merchants go out of town at this time and leave their confidentials to work for them:—government and office clerks get their month's leave, and even the yard-o'clock gentry are not without their fortnight's vacation. The town is emptying itself so rapidly, that the grass will soon grow in Portland Place and Grosvenor Square:—Regent Street will be deserted, and the Park become a burnt-up solitude. *Vogue la galère*:—these things happen every year. "The play, the play's the thing:"—and we cannot devote this time of dullness to a better purpose than looking back on the music and drama of the past season.

If it had been our intention to review the *music* of the season at the length which its merits require, this article might well have extended to as many sheets, as it now does to pages;—for certainly in no previous season within our recollection has so much been done to induce the feeling, that public taste is undergoing a marked improvement. The "Philharmonic" and "Vocal" societies and the "Società Armonica" have most ably performed their several duties,—and if nothing else could indicate their true taste in musical science,—the production of SPORR'S Crucifixion is quite sufficient to ennoble the memory of the past season. Our present object, however, is—to review the opera and the drama enacted in the metropolis during the season just arrived at its close.

To begin with the Italian opera, (which has now become so familiar to the English *fanatici per la musica*, that they could scarcely exist without it,) the season of song began at a very early period—before Christmas—at the Lyceum theatre, under the direction of Messrs. Mitchell and Puzzi of musical celebrity. The *Opera Buffa* had previously been so much neglected in this country, and so seldom presented to the frequenters of the "great house in the Haymarket," that great hopes were entertained of the success of this unusual speculation. Possessing a first-rate band conducted by Benedict and a fairly efficient corps of vocalists headed by Blasis and

Calone, the managers might have commanded a complete success ; but their choice of operas and the extravagant prices of admission have, as we fear, rendered it very doubtful, whether the returns are commensurate with the outlay. During the brief season, the public was presented with Donizetti's two operas—the “*Elisir d' Amore*” and “*Il Furioso*,”—in both of which—and especially in the latter—his deficiencies and faults as a composer, if not so painfully obtrusive, are quite as easily discoverable as in his more serious dramas. These were followed by the “*Scaramuccia*” of Ricci, which, to say the least, is a very amusing farce, if the music be not *throughout* of a very high order ; and it contains several songs of more than ordinary merit,—among which may be noticed the trio—*La scena è un mare instabile*, and the duet *Per scacciar*, as deserving particular attention from the admirers of really good comic music. His “*Chiara di Rosenberg*” is a very inferior affair, and, with the exception of a pretty song or two, has nothing to boast of in the way of music :—the plot is still more detestable. “*Nina pazza pera more*” by Coppola was produced on the 12th of January,—and Giannoni as “*Nina*” made her first curtsy before an English audience. The plot is stale, and the music so common-place, as not to deserve any special notice. From what has been observed on the authority of a musical connoisseur whose competency cannot be doubted and who has no motive for setting down aught in malice, it would appear that in the whole buffa opera affair there was much more cry than wool, and the manager no doubt found it to his cost. How different was the reception with which the “*Nozze di Figaro*” met from one of the most numerous audiences that ever sat and stood within the Lyceum. When such pieces as this and the “*Don Giovanni*” of Mozart, the “*Matrimonio segreto*” of Cimarosa, and many others of undoubted character are ready to hand and sure of meeting with admiration, it is rather astonishing that the manager should have sought from such inferior composers as Donizetti and Ricci the means of amusing an audience likely to judge fairly of their musical merits and demerits. Fashion may and does rule Laporte's house,—and he seems to enjoy the prescriptive right of producing what he pleases to while away the evening hours of the Tuesdays and Saturdays during the season ;—but Mr. Mitchell, a young and untried manager, cannot claim the same privilege. His failure was brought on him by his own wilful way.

In “*Her Majesty's Theatre*”—as the Opera-house is now to be called—much has been said and sung to little purpose. It opened on the 25th of February with “*Norma*,”—the chief character by Blasís—in the absence of the *malade imaginaire*—Madame Giannoni. To those who have seen the original *Norma*—the *Norma*—her performance would appear ridiculous ;—by others it might be deemed respectable. To recount night by night the performances would be both tedious and unnecessary,—especially as before the full season the company was not of a quality to do justice to any opera in the great theatre. Donizetti's “*Belisario*” was indeed got up, as a kind of stop-gap, to amuse by its novelty ; but it was most undoubtedly a failure, and deserved to be a failure in every respect. Grisi, Rubini and Lablache could not have saved it. The full season com-

menced on the 8th of April with the "Puritani"—performed by *charming* Grisi, *thundering* Lablache, *florid* Rubini and *energetic* Tamburini. The opera is too well known to need further notice. Madame Albertazzi was introduced in the Cenerentola as a decided lioness; but she has proved to be quite a lamb, if the tameness of her performance will allow us to give her that designation. She has a good and well-disciplined voice, though deficient in richness; but her acting is far too much in the *poco-curante* style to admit of her gaining any great honour on the boards trod by a Pasta and a Grisi. She improves, however, on acquaintance; and at any rate she may be highly valued as a concert-singer. To the *beneficiaires*, as usual, the chief novelties and valuable reproductions of the season are to be attributed. M. Coulon with excellent taste selected that most magnificent of operas—Mozart's "Don Giovanni;"—and we have seldom had a greater treat. The ballet-master deserved a bumper; and he had it literally—much to his satisfaction. If poor Malibran had been the Zerlina of the evening, nothing would have been wanting to make the representation a perfect and beautiful whole. Lablache's Leporello was redolent with fun and humour that kept the house in a roar of laughter. Lablache selected for his own benefit Cimarosa's "Il matrimonio segreto,"—an opera of the Italian school before its degeneracy under Rossini and his imitators, and indeed we may truly say that it is one among a very few that can lay claim to the highest beauty in point both of music and action. The piece was admirably performed:—Grisi was naïve and gentle as Carolina and warbled the music most delightfully, while Lablache himself absolutely wearied the whole house with laughing at the drolleries of Geronimo. Rubini ventured on a new opera for his benefit,—the "Malek-Adel" of Costa. This piece,—as an opera—has very little merit. It has no overture properly so called; and the choruses and finales are most wretched productions. Rubini had a good solo, which he sang in his best style, and the hymn and prayer in the second act are creditable; but with these exceptions the whole was a very sorry exhibition, and not very honourable to one who assumes such a dignity and shows so many airs in the orchestra as M. Costa. This prince of conductors unquestionably belongs to the *eclectic* school of musicians:—his borrowed passages are his best, while the bad are his own. The only other operatic novelties of the season are Pasta's re-appearance in Romeo, and Marliani's *new* opera of "Ildegonda." Every one knows Pasta's Romeo:—few, indeed, can ever forget the impassioned eloquence of the despairing and grieving lover over the tomb of Juliet. We heard her "*Ombra adorata*" once more—and with scarcely less pleasure than in times past. Pasta, it is true, is not so young as she was thirteen years ago, and her voice, beginning to feel the ravages of time, has lost much of its clearness and elasticity:—in her acting, however, which was always as great as her singing, she is still the same,—inimitable and unapproachable. Marliani's "Ildegonda" (the last novelty of the season) is an opera quite of the modern Rossini-aping school of Italy, that continually reminds the hearer of plagiarisms and when finished leaves no lasting impression on the memory,—a performance in

which a few pleasing melodies of miscellaneous characters are connected by a much larger quantity of stupid unmeaning recitative and badly written—worse sung choruses with noisy accompaniments. Dramatic illusion is a desideratum not once dreamt of by this satellite of Rossini,—nor has he the faintest conception of the art that can portray the passions by the medium of sweet sounds. The plot of the opera is good,—and the libretto is not *quite* execrable:—the singers, too, did all in their power to promote the success of “*Il-degonda*.” With such advantages this *maestro* ought to have done more;—but he has been tried and found wanting,—found to be merely a vile and talentless imitator of *il maestro*.

Having reviewed the exotic productions of M. Laporte’s establishment, we must reserve some space to the operatic compositions of our own countrymen, among whom we are happy to perceive men of talent springing up who bid fair not only to do credit to England but to be an ornament to Europe. Five *professedly* original operas have been produced during the twelve months to which our critical remarks have reference,—besides which Beethoven’s “*Fidelio*,” Rossini’s “*Assedio di Corinto*,” and Bellini’s “*Norma*” have been anglicised by Mr. Bunn, and “*Oberon*” has been revived by Mrs. Braham. “*The Pacha’s Bridal*” was produced at the Lyceum nearly a year ago,—being a kind of mongrel opera founded on Byron’s “*Corair*,”—the music by Romer. Some persons thought it a work of promise from so young a composer:—for our part, we lament that *any* young and unpractised composer should come before the public, before he has formed a style of his own. Mr. Romer is tame and common-place; but above all, he is singularly deficient in originality. We cannot admit the claims of a musical *débutant* of so little experience to the honour of being considered one of our native composers;—nor *at present* is there much promise that he will ever become very great. As in poetry—so in music,—*aut Caesar aut nullus*. To arrange the score of a few songs linked together by spoken dialogue having no similitude to the music—is not to write a successful opera,—

“*Neque enim concludere versum
Dixeris esse satis; neque si quis scribat, uti nos,
Sermoni propiora, putes hunc esse poetam.
Ingenium cui sit, cui mens divini, atque os
Magna sonaturum, des nominis huius honorem.*”

What Horace has thus said of a poet applies equally to a musical composer. To pass on,—Mr. Barnett has produced two operas, “*Fair Rosamond*” at Drury Lane and more recently “*Blanche of Jersey*” at the Lyceum,—the former of which greatly raised him in the esteem of the best judges of dramatic music. The plot of the former is as stupid, clumsily contrived, and discordant with historical truth, as can well be conceived:—indeed it was quite sad to behold good music so wretchedly supported. The piece was heavy, and from frequent visits we are certain that this was a general impression; but it would be unfair to attribute its cold reception *wholly* to the incompetency of the writer of the libretto. The music itself though excellent in parts is far from being a perfect whole. The three wearisome acts

at the commencement with a solitary bright passage in the shape of a sestet in the first are not altogether worthy of the composer of the two last, which are as different from the former as the light of a mid-day sun from the glimmer of twilight. In the fourth and fifth acts are the gems of the piece,—among which are chiefly to be noticed—a Canon in four parts led by Phillips, and a *genuine*, yea, a genuine madrigal sung in the bower at Woodstock. Phillips's song as the Troubadour and Miss Poole's exquisite little ballad must not pass without a notice. The excellence of the concerted pieces has quite established Barnett's reputation; and it is to be hoped that he will ere long, with the aid of some first-rate play-wright, put together a work that may win for him the first honours of music. Miss Romer, however, will not suffice as *prima donna* for such music as Barnett can produce. "Blanche of Jersey" will not bear comparison with Fair Rosamond for a single moment. It is a domestic opera, and the story is nearly as follows.—At a time when Jersey politics run high,—two gentlemen of opposite political sentiments, but too wise to allow politics to interfere with friendship, go out shooting together. One of them is shot by a smuggler who has very sufficient reasons for suspecting his wife's intrigues with the sporting gentleman. The smuggler leaves the island to escape from justice; and suspicion falls on the private friend and political opponent. An ill-conditioned lawyer of that party to which the murdered man belongs, contrives to get evidence in support of a capital charge against the surviving sportsman,—and he obtains a verdict. The daughter of the supposed murderer fully convinced of her father's innocence and hoping that a short delay will prove it, disguises herself and crosses the country to an inn, where the mail from England first touches,—hoping to seize the mail-bag that contains her father's death-warrant. The pretended youth succeeds; but as the fragments of the fatal paper are found on her person by the wily lawyer, her scheme ultimately fails, and her father is conducted to his execution. The conscience-smitten free-trader rushes in at the precise moment and frees the accused party by his own confession. Blanche of course has a lover, who aids a little in the development of the plot. The story is simple and tolerably well worked out:—as for the music, we cannot find much merit in it;—indeed we conceive it to be rather discreditable to Mr. Barnett. We must except, however, the overture and opening chorus;—we recollect no other very striking parts, besides two songs—one by Seguin beginning "Let others sing of ruby wine" and another by Frazer—"In one of Jersey's peaceful vallies." So much for Mr. Barnett and his muse. Mr. Hullah's "Village Coquettes" next demands our notice.—It is quite a rustic opera and of the true English school,—its story being as follows. Squire Norton,—a gay country gentleman of the last century somewhat corrupted by a season in town returns to his estate in company with Mr. Flam an unprincipled but specious adventurer, by whose advice he proceeds to seduce one of his tenant's daughters from the paths of virtue. The worthy Mr. Flam finds his own sweetheart; and the fine dress and gay talk of the fashionable libertines fairly turns the girls' heads much to the annoyance of their clod-hopping

admirers. The suspicions of Mr. Norton's tenant—the father of his intended victim are awakened; and his indignant expressions cause him to be turned out of his farm. In the end, however, the squire relents, abandons his evil designs, and restores the poor girl's father. Flam's rascalities, too, are discovered, and he makes his exit with more speed than dignity at the end of the piece. This simple story, well put together by Charles Dickens, is provided with simple but appropriate music by the composer, who herein proves himself to be a worthy disciple of that eminent vocal harmonist—HORSLEY. It is not elaborated like the German music, nor adorned with gewgaws, and *splendid instrumentation* like the modern Italian; but it is a body of simple and strictly classical as well as national melody,—as national as that of our neglected but mighty PURCELL, though of a very different character and inferior quality. The opera was deservedly successful—completely successful. Balfe's "Catherine Grey" is the only other novelty of the season just come to its close (for Mr. Bunn's "Fidelio," "Norma," and "Siege of Corinth," cannot be classed among English operas): and of this, about which there is much to be said for and against, it is difficult to form a just opinion. His playwright did him gross injustice in the first place; and for this every allowance should be made. Balfe's music generally is formed on the Italian model and has too much adornment; but there is more substantial merit in it than in all the florid, noisy productions of Donizetti and Bellini. His present opera contains much beautiful and expressive melody, to which his own and Mrs. Wood's vocal powers did ample justice. It was only moderately successful.

What we have thus said of *three* only of our contemporary composers is quite sufficient to prove that there is still promise in England,—and that, if we cannot rival the compositions of Purcell, Boyce and Handel in another department of music and those of Beethoven, Mozart and Cimarosa in operatic science, there is yet some hope that the talent which is now abundantly developed in our young composers will soon raise England to as high station as that now justly occupied by the musicians of Germany.

The *drama* of the past season next demands our notice:—and here we must observe how much pain it must give the critical lover of dramatic literature to look over the play-bills of the last season—containing, as they do, a long list of plays and farces that have passed like shadows without establishing a permanent reputation. To begin with COVENT GARDEN—its manager, unable to present operas from want of the living materials, was obliged to confine himself to the legitimate drama and to the classic productions of Fitzball and his compeers so much admired by the inhabitants of Southwark and Lambeth. Seven *new* pieces were produced by the enterprising Mr. Osbaldestone;—and all seven have been consigned to oblivion. The manager's great *cheval de bataille* was Mr. Bulwer's "Duchesse de la Vallière;" but his steed was wounded on his first encounter, and was speedily put out of a very miserable existence. The author could scarcely complain of the actors; for Macready's personation of *Bragelone* and Miss Faucit's of *La Vallière*, were all that the most sanguine could hope for:—but these could not save a piece, which,

with many unquestionably poetic beauties, possesses a plot to which no modern English audience will bear favourable testimony,—a story based on immorality and tending to excite sympathy and not disgust for the crimes of the most vicious court of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. The morals of our modern novelists, generally, prove them not to have devoted much study to ethical philosophy :—but we had still too high an opinion of the author of “Pelham” to imagine him capable of such a revolting outrage on propriety. The Elizabethan dramas are gross in language only,—good in moral tendency :—such plays as Mr. Bulwer’s are far more dangerous, as they insidiously and in courtly phrase teach lessons of the most disgusting immorality. Sheridan Knowles’s “Brian Boroihme” was brought out at a later period of the season. Like his “Wrecker’s Daughter” produced at the other house, it had beauties, as well as faults ;—but both are well known to be the work of his earlier years more recently revised,—and no dramatist of his talent has a right to impose on the public such *rifaccimenti* of unfledged genius. The “Brian Boroihme” is very inferior to the other ; but neither deserves to rank higher than as a first-rate melodrama.* On Browning’s “Staf-ford” the writer of these remarks gave a lengthened review in June ; and a reperusal does not induce any change of sentiment. As an historical play, it deals in misrepresentation,—and as a sentimental drama, it is weak and vapid. Of the less ambitious pieces of the season, Dance’s “Country Squire” was unquestionably the best ; but the absence of any very striking feature must deny it a lasting reputation. “Modern Orpheus”—translated from the French by J. Webster—was light and amusing ; and “Walter Tyrrel” was a melo-drame in the very worst style of a gentleman by no means a favourite of ours—Mr. Fitzball. It was wholly unworthy of a patent theatre.—So much for Covent Garden.

At DRURY LANE that paragon of taste—Mr. Bunn rested his whole strength on the opera, which has already been noticed. In the other department, Knowles’s “Wrecker’s Daughter” struggled through a brief existence, and was at length—partly through his own folly in marring one of the best characters by his villainous acting—consigned to “the tomb of all the Capulets.” The only other piece that we recollect—and certainly the most successful during the season—was the ballet of the “Devil on Two Sticks,” which is one of the best that have appeared in this country. Wieland’s antics and Duvernay’s grace and loveliness were never set off to better advantage.

The other winter theatres have done quite as much in *their way* as the patent houses, and certainly not with *less* success. MADAME VESTRIS, the first not only by courtesy but merit, has presented her auditors with the amusing comic opera or burletta of the “Two Figaros”—the once mercurial but now doting Figaro as contrasted with

* By adapting the talented though licentious “Maid’s Tragedy” of Beaumont and Fletcher Mr. Knowles has done some service,—and he may select others of the Elizabethan dramas for the same purpose with much advantage. But have *his own* inventive powers deserted him ?

the mischievous Cherubino grown to man's estate and versed in man's vices,—the assumed Figaro of this elegant little piece; and if good *music*, a skilful *mise de scene*, excellent costume, and humorous dialogue can make any thing attractive, certainly this ought to have been:—and indeed it was so most pre-eminently. The “Rape of the Lock” was an attempt to dramatise Pope’s poem, and the artistes of the establishment did all in *their* power to give effect to this classical representation:—but alas, the spirit, the life and soul of the poem could not bear transference to the boards of a theatre. It was only moderately successful. Liston’s “peculiar position” however awkward was unquestionably laughable; and young Mathews by his mimic exhibitions in “He would be an actor” proved himself to be a worthy “chip of the old block.” Still we missed his prototype in the original—unrivalled comedian, Perlet. Morton’s “Sentinel” and another little piece called “the Barrack-room” were of no very great value and need no special notice. Mrs. Braham at St. JAMES’S has produced, besides Hullah’s opera of the “Village Coquettes” and the operetta of “The Postillion,” two afterpieces,—one by Poole, entitled “Delicate Attentions,” very well written, but most infamously acted, and another by Mrs Sidney Hall called “French Refugees” which was ingeniously put together and not badly represented. At the ADOLPHI Mr. Yates has drawn immense houses with Rice’s classical “Jim Crow,” John Reeve’s “Queer Subject,” and an execrable concern called “the Pickwickians.” *De gustibus, &c.*:—critics must hold their peace. The “Lily of the Danube” was a very respectable melodrama. The managers of the STRAND THEATRE kept their house open with Brownrigg’s “Perils of Pippins” and Jerrold’s “Mr. Peppercorn at home;” both of which must have been highly acceptable to those who are willing to admit broad farce to the honours of comedy. This theatre is a famous place for getting rid of blue devils.

Well:—we have passed in review what has been done at the *six* houses that are most visited by the haunters of the theatre,—and what is the result? Let the reader judge for himself. It is not surprising that theatres are bad speculations, when pieces of mediocre merit only are offered to the public:—and indeed what better can be expected, so long as dramatic authors are considered as the servants of managers and actors—employed to concert comedies and farces, as tailors cut coats, according to the order of the men in power, and when their reward is, after all, dependent on the success that the piece meets with after all the additions, curtailments and alterations to which the whimsical actors subject it? We know several instances of the most shabby and unfeeling conduct of managers towards authors of unquestioned talent. Serjeant Talfourd’s act will, no doubt, improve the condition of this ill-used class of literary men;—but with all due respect to the learned author of “Ion,” we opine that he has only lessened an evil which he might have removed altogether. And why has he excluded the composers of operas from all participation in the benefits provided for dramatic authors? This is as absurd as it is unjust; and besides the evil is so great as to require an alteration in this otherwise useful act at an early period in the ensuing session.

POSTSCRIPT.—Since writing the above, we have seen “the Young King” and Buckstone’s comedy entitled “Love and Murder.” The *so called* historical drama of “the Young King” is a very light affair and is chiefly remarkable for Farren’s admirable personation of an imbecile old maire of Nevers extravagantly drawn but yet rather amusing. As the piece is not new—having, as we believe, been played some time ago at the Lyceum under the title of “Philip of Anjou,” it does not require a longer notice. Buckstone’s comedy was produced at the Haymarket* on the 15th of August, and was greeted by a crowded and very good-humoured audience. The actor-author’s object was to throw ridicule on that class of people, who live on excitement and experience more interest and sympathy for those who are the slaves of impulse and passion, than for that respectable good sort of gentlemen, who act on principle and respect the proprieties of social life. Mr. Buckstone’s was a good *three-act* farce—misnamed a comedy:—it would have been better, if curtailed; for the piece at the latter end becomes very tiresome. Four exciteable ladies—two of whom were well represented by Mesdames Nisbett and Glover, and an equally exciteable lady’s maid (Mrs. Humby) are deeply interested in the fate of a supposed *murderer*, who after all turns out only to be a *lover* in a peculiar and very awkward position. Apprehended and tried for murdering the husband of a lady with whom he was supposed to have eloped, the unfortunate swain evades the law by escaping from justice; and he seeks refuge in the house that contains his innamorata and the quintett of exciteable ladies, who compassionating the impulse-driven assassin protect him first in a lady’s bedroom and then in a gardener’s tool-house, where the lady’s maid feasts him on champagne and much other excellent food for felons. The murdered man is meanwhile detected to be living and accessory to the trial of the lover, who of course is immediately liberated much to the disappointment of the coterie. Mrs. Glover and Mrs. Nisbett played their parts excellently; and so did Mrs. Humby. Miss Taylor we never liked and fear we never shall like. Strickland did his best with a very stupid character; but he should learn that gentlemen—no, not even colonels, *always* carry their hands in their trousers-pockets. Farren had the murdered Mandeville to enact;—and we most sincerely pitied him. He *could* not make a good thing out of nothing. We shall not in courtesy notice the author;—but we see nothing extremely ridiculous in the words set down for Mr. Frigid. *Verbum sapienti.*

* It is with the greatest pleasure that we hail the re-appearance of Mrs. Waylett at the Haymarket. So talented an actress ought to meet with every encouragement in the metropolis. Her reputation as a ballad-singer is so universally well-known, that any comment upon the manner in which she acquits herself in that department would be superfluous and unnecessary. We cannot, however, avoid remarking, that it is our hope to see Mrs. Waylett performing at one of the large theatres in the ensuing winter; and we will venture to prophesy, that she is certain of experiencing a most flattering reception.

MONTHLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE.

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

Impressions at Home and Abroad. By J. O'FLANAGAN.
2 Vols. post 8vo.

STEAM communication and quicksilver coaches make travelling a perfect joke—as respects speed, expense, and fatigue. Seven weeks' holidays with attorneys' clerks, operative schoolmasters, and *sincere* professors, cannot be allowed to pass without pleasure and profit; and thus, during every season, we behold the most outrageous specimens of travellers galloping along the usual route, Paris, Lyons, Chamouni, Geneva, Zurich, Bâle, Strasburg, Cologne, &c. &c. as fast as diligences and steamers can carry them, through countries, each of which merits not a day's but a month's examination. False impressions are consequently formed, which English cupidity endeavours to turn to the best pecuniary advantage. A book is published—full of errors and absurdities of every kind:—the author's vanity is satisfied by the adulations of his own friends and of puffing advertisements,—and the public is deceived.

The Irish gentleman who fathers these volumes cannot be distinguished by any striking merits from the common tribe of tourists. His sketches of London are common-place in the extreme, and his foreign lucubrations are not much beyond what might be expected from a youth of seventeen. We have little doubt that the author has abilities for literature, but he has observed too little, and taken too little trouble in disabusing himself of national prejudices, to allow of our awarding him that merit, without which a work of this kind has no value—correctness.

Narrative of an Expedition into the Interior of Africa, up the river Niger, in 1832, 1833, 1834. By MACGREGOR LAIRD and R. A. K. OLDFIELD, Officers in the Expedition. 2 Vols. 8vo. Bentley.

EVERY thing that increases our knowledge of Inner Africa—that *ultima Thule* of modern discovery, must be welcome to all persons in the least degree anxious for the spread of geographical science. Discovery, it is true, formed only a part of the object contemplated by the expedition; for its projectors had an eye to commercial gain as well as to the acquisition of knowledge. A company was formed by Mr. Laird and other gentlemen of Liverpool, who fitted up a brig and two steam vessels, called the *Quorra* and *Alburkah*, and despatched them from that port on the 19th of July, 1832. The expedition reached Cape Coast on the 7th of September, whence, after taking in fuel and ten native seamen, they proceeded to Siberia, the American free negro settlement, to get further supplies of wood. On the 6th of October the vessels arrived at the Dutch port of Axim, and thence they proceeded up the river to Attah, which they reached in the month of December. The many difficulties which they encountered in this part of the voyage, owing both to the scarcity of fuel and to the insalubrity of the climate, were most distressing, and before Christmas the captain and eleven men of the *Quorra's* crew had fallen victims to the deadly miasma. Passing onwards through the dominions of the King of Attah, and trading in their way with the various inhabitants, anxious to barter their native produce for European articles, they at length entered the

Shary, and went towards the Fundah. Mr. Laird and his shipmates reached the capital in April, and were well received by the king and the people also, who appeared to be sharp and enterprising, giving promise of improvement under the process of civilization. Mr. Oldfield, meanwhile, was pursuing his course in the Alburkah; and the narrative of his adventures is perhaps even more interesting than that given by Mr. Laird. He considers the Niger as the only pathway by which we shall be enabled to penetrate into the interior of Africa, and steam-boats to be the only species of vessels by which that river can be profitably navigated. In order that these vessels should be protected (the necessity of doing which is made very evident from both narratives), he proposes that British military posts should be established on the river as far up as Jago, and from thence to Sierra Leone and to Barraconde on the Gambier. Fernando Po appears to him to be better fitted in every respect than Sierra Leone to be the seat of government, especially as it offers so much facility for trading communication up the Niger. If colonies of West Indian negroes could be established here, and protected by military surveillance in their labour of tillage, they would introduce the arts of agriculture where they are most wanted, and gradually change the condition of the inhabitants. Besides the inestimable benefits of civilization thus offered, it seems not improbable that the kindly influence of Great Britain might be extended eastward to the Shary, and a communication be opened with the unknown countries between the Niger and the Nile.

The illustrations of the work are appropriate and well executed. We have received much pleasure from its perusal, and we do not think it at all inferior in interest,—however less novel,—to the volumes written by Denham, Clapperton, the Landers, and other adventurers into the interior of Africa.

The Basque Provinces, &c. By EDWARD BELL STEPHENS, Esq.
2 Volumes. Whittaker and Co.

HOWEVER revolting to humanity, and derogatory to a civilized nation in the nineteenth century, may be the disgraceful proceedings of the civil belligerents in Spain, we are nevertheless indebted to that infamous source for several admirable literary productions. Mr. Michael Burke Honan's "Court and Camp of Don Carlos" was replete with instruction, interest, and amusement. Captain Hennigen's "Twelvemonth's Campaign with Zamalacaregu" was also highly acceptable to a public naturally curious in its researches after additional information concerning the country and inhabitants so deeply implicated in a deadly warfare.

The work under notice has in its turn attracted public attention, and thrown into the great controversy an important mass of speculations, opinions, and new facts. But the prejudices of the author, and a constant endeavour to blacken the character of the Christinos, in order, by a singularly contrived contrast, to extol the generosity, mercifulness, and bravery of the Carlists, produce a feeling of incredulity and dissatisfaction in the mind of the reader. One is apt to doubt the accuracy of a narrative written expressly to serve party interests—an object every where apparent throughout Mr. Stephens's work.

When Mr. Stephens was employed in penning those glowing paragraphs in which Don Carlos is represented as something more than mortal, and as a being rather approximating a heavenly origin on the score of generosity and good feelings, did not the decree of Durango and other Carlist atrocities force themselves upon his mind? Enough is however known of the object of Lord Ranelagh's visit to the camp of the Pretender; let us proceed with our subject.

The author of "The Basque Provinces, &c.," possesses, amongst other evident literary acquirements, considerable graphic powers of description; and if he did not occasionally spoil a well-turned sentence with such puerilities as "bells set a-whirling," "bells set a-going," "bolted into the street," "go

about her work," &c., his language would be deemed powerful and well chosen. As a specimen of the descriptive powers of the author, we quote the following extract :—

"The valleys of Navarre present to the eye of the traveller some of the most splendid scenery in the world, and are at the present moment rendered doubly interesting, as being the theatre of a contest on which so much depends, not merely for Spain, but for Europe. There may be seen the gratifying spectacle of a people fighting at once for loyalty and liberty, for the principle of legitimacy, and the exercise of practical freedom; for the rights of their sovereign, and their own constitutional privileges. But the scenery, like the subject, is too extensive to be dealt with *en masse*, and well merits a separate description. The valley of the river of Bidassoa, along which I rode the day after I crossed the frontier, from its sources above Vera to its mouth at Irun and Fuenterrabia, affords a richly characteristic specimen.

"The river-banks contract in many places to precipices, then expand again into patches of alluvion, highly cultivated, and exhibiting rich crops of maize (the Indian corn of North America, and *blé turque* of France) vines, melons, calabashes, potatoes, and *legumes*; the river rushes rapidly over scattered rocks, and the mountain sides are thickly studded, here with oaks, and there with chestnut trees in full bearing; the road frequently shrinks to a rough *escalier* bridle-track for mules, and would be a perfect stair-case if furnished with a balustrade to preserve the way-farer from stumbling over its precipitous brink, which overhangs the stream often at a dangerous height. Eel-weirs and salmon nets are seen in each rocky gap below, while every chink and fissure, around and above, are filled with luxuriant box-trees and brilliant flowering broom and heath. For miles the valley thus exhibits the alternate aspects of garden, orchard, forest, farm, and fortress. In hundreds of places the passes might be defended by twenty resolute men against a host of invaders, or built up in a few minutes so effectively with loose rocks rolled down from above, that a Christino army of twenty thousand men would have no choice but to return as they came, or stay and be shot, or crushed from the piled-up magazine of rocks above, if they continued their march along the bed of the torrent. Even Rodil, when, two years before, he led what was then an overwhelming Christino force to burn and plunder Vera and slaughter the Carlist inhabitants, did not venture to enter the valley by the river-road. He led his army over the bare rocky mountain at the source of the Bidassoa, and returned to the Bastan by a similar open track, having effected nothing but the destruction of the Capuchin convent, the massacre of a few peasants, too infirm or too foolishly confiding in his clemency to fly. The bleak and blackened aspect of the convent, where the weary traveller and houseless out-cast of a merciless civil war once found an hospitable shelter, would of itself be enough to rouse the sympathies of a people who for centuries had looked upon it as their granary, their hospital, their house of prayer, and house of refuge. The women, always the most inveterate partizans and freest in their political invectives, are ever the most effective preachers and teachers; and from the style of execration in which those of Vera joined at the mere mention of the name of Rodil, and the indescribable tones and looks which betray so forcibly all that even Spanish curses cannot give vent to, I have not the slightest doubt that every mother's son in this valley is already imbued with a sufficient hatred of Christino rule to last his own life at least."

The above extract is quoted as a specimen of Mr. Stephens's graphic powers of description; and, much as we differ from his political way of thinking, we cannot deny the truth of the assertions contained in the concluding portion of the paragraph. Indeed, in many instances, have the Christinos, as well as the Carlists, been blind to their own interests, by frequently spilling human blood with unnecessary cruelty and profusion. The following is a brief sketch of the author's introduction to Don Carlos :—

"The progress of Don Carlos and his ministers through the provinces,

though highly gratifying to the inhabitants, awakening every where a spirit of activity, and naturally leading to the establishment of good order and discipline in things liable to the royal *surveillance*, was yet rather unfavourable to the transaction of the proper business that appertained to each ministerial bureau, which was indeed rather too serious and extensive to be gone through by an ambulatory cabinet. Don Carlos, therefore, on his arrival at Estella on the 17th September, took up his residence together with Señor Erro and his secretaries, in the great square of St. John (*Plaza San Juan*), where they remained for the despatch of business till the 30th, when the court again continued its progress and rode through Alara into Biscay. During its sojourn in Estella, I had the honour of being presented to the king, who received me with his usual urbanity, enquired with considerable interest into the opinions entertained by the various classes of society in England respecting the pending contest, expressed himself highly gratified at my arrival, and hoped that the example would be followed by numbers of my countrymen. He declared that it would give him the greatest pleasure to afford them every possible opportunity of judging for themselves of the state of the provinces and of estimating the feelings by which the population was animated. In conclusion, he kindly assured me of his readiness to aid my researches in any department to which my attention had been directed, and requested to be informed of any thing which might be requisite to the progress of my enquiries, or to the transmission of my correspondence to the *Morning Post* for which journal I was engaged. I experienced similar obliging assurances as well as real assistance from all the secretaries and officers of the court with whom I had at any time occasion to communicate, especially from Don Wenceslaus Maria de Sierra, *Secretario de Estado del Despacho*, into whose office my business as well as inclination more frequently led me, for there I was always sure to find every aid and information which a traveller in my position could desire,—afforded with a degree of kindly attention, which doubly enhanced the favour, and which perhaps a stranger only could fully appreciate. I own that in leaving London I had little expectation of finding the systematic habits or proceedings which characterize its men of business, in full operation amidst the wild mountains of Biscay and Navarre; but I feel it a matter of justice to all concerned to state that I was agreeably disappointed, and that all my letters, &c., could not have been forwarded or delivered with greater care or despatch in any country than they were under the administration of Señor Sierra, within the circle of the Basque Provinces and Navarre. I say *within* the provinces, for where they passed out of his jurisdiction, beyond the Carlist frontier, and within the reach of Christino influence, it is too notorious that the latter did not scruple to employ the most felonious arts to compass not only the violation of public correspondence, but to perpetuate the falsification and publication of private: instructive instances of which fell under my own observation."

It is astonishing how prejudice will lead an author, who perhaps at the commencement of his work determined to be impartial and honest, into error and misrepresentation. "Prejudice," as a great political writer once said, "is the spider of the mind;" and most decidedly has the noxious insect insinuated itself into the recesses of the mind of Mr. Stephens, and woven cobwebs around it. The concluding remarks in the extract quoted above are as applicable to the Carlists as to the Christinos; and lately it is a notorious fact, that the excesses of Don Carlos' followers have not only for ever alienated from his cause the hearts of the Valencians, but have drawn upon him and his licentious host the execrations of the inhabitants of the tracks through which he has passed.

Mr. Stephens has, nevertheless, written an exceedingly useful book; for, with a little discrimination, it is easy to separate the valuable and sterling portions of the work from those where misrepresentation and party-spirit are too prevalent. He has thrown much new light on many features of the Spanish character hitherto but little understood; and a considerable degree

of novelty is found to interest the reader, with the following example of which we shall conclude this *critique* :—

"In the Basque Provinces and Navarre the women play a very active and influential part. They may be seen engaged in field operations, digging as sturdily as men, bearing the harvest home in heavy burdens, or carrying it to market; again, managing boats on the rivers with surprising strength and dexterity, or driving provision or ammunition carts under a cannonade with a degree of equanimity that indicates a long familiarity with the perils of civil warfare. They do not indeed carry arms, but they know the use of them right well, and are not at all put out of their way by the introduction of such furniture into their kitchens and chambers, or the necessity of 'receiving a company' (sixty men), night after night, who strew every room in the house with muskets, bayonets, and cananas, and leave them not room enough to whip their cat. When Epartero's troops lately came plundering along the rich vale of Azua, some half-dozen Christinos, who ventured into a *casarío* a little in advance, found only the good wife at home, who, pretending to be very much alarmed, did not cause them much concern in return. On a sudden she ran out, locked them up, summoned assistance, and, returning ere they could find means to escape, took them all prisoners.

"I saw another, whose cow had strayed on the road side near the church of Bogona, during Villareal's siege of Bilbao, and who fearlessly went to drive it back. The Urbanos in the church tower deliberately fired, and shot her down. She lived, however, was carried to the hospital at Derio, despite the continued efforts of the sharp-shooters, and, to the surprise of many, recovered from the effect of the ball which passed right through her body. That shot has done the Christinos no good. She 'will remember to them!' So will all her kith and kin to the fifteenth remove, in the mountains of Asturias and Catalonia. Spaniards, male and female, have excellent memories for such matters.

"Exposure to sun and air, without any shade to their features, gives all the elderly female peasants the appearance of being one flesh with the male, both being thoroughly tanned; but the younger ones, who are not so much exposed, present occasionally complexions of a ruddy bloom, that would attract admiration even in England; features finely chiselled, of a singular nobleness and delicacy (especially in that wild valley, encircled by leagues of mountains, containing Ascotyia, Aspetia, and the splendid church of Loyala), with dark eyes of a power rarely to be found in our northern latitudes, and which appear to owe much of their singular force to the contrast afforded by the habitual repose of the other features. In some countenances, this strange diversity of expression produces an effect more startling than agreeable. The lower part of the face may be fixed and pallid; in short, half dead; while the eyes are mobile and brilliant, as if something more than alive! I cannot explain the cause, not understanding the physiology of the matter. However, the Basque sculptors and carvers study the effect to good purpose, and all their churches present their *Madonna* and the favourite *Santa* of the place as veritable Basque beauties of the highest grade; the pouting lips (which, when they do smile, present a *copia* of graceful meanings with a varying of expression that must be seen to be appreciated) forming the most distinctive characteristic."

The City of the Sultan; and Domestic Manners of the Turks in 1836.

By MISS PARDOE.

THE name of this lady is rising rapidly into fame and favour. Her "Traits and Traditions of Portugal" was a work of much promise, evincing the powers of an acute observer, and an elegant writer employed in the delineation of Portuguese scenery, characters, and customs, in a manner perfectly original and at

the same time highly entertaining. The "City of the Sultan" has completely justified the expectation formed of Miss Pardoe's peculiar talents and genius for this species of literature, and such interior views of Turkish manners are now for the first time disclosed as only a female could possibly have had the opportunity of beholding, and which only a female genius could with such competent force and yet such perfect delicacy of colouring have drawn.

As these volumes have already furnished rich materials for the columns of our daily journals, and as such selections have of course been chiefly made with the view of gratifying popular curiosity, we shall transfer to our more permanent pages a scene of deeper interest than the Harem or the Bath—and enrich them with a poetical gem to which that scene gave birth, and which in our estimation entitles the authoress to a high rank among the female votaries of Apollo, who grace the dawn of a female sovereign's reign.

"I remember nothing more beautiful," says the authoress, "than the aspect of the burying-ground of Scutari, from the road which winds in the front of the Summer palace of the princess Haybe'toullah. The crest of the hill is one dense mass of dark foliage, while the slope is only partially clothed with trees, that advance and recede in the most graceful curves; and the contrast of the deep dusky green of the cypresses, and the soft bright tint of the young fresh grass in the open spaces between them, produces an effect almost magical, and which strikes you to be more the result of art than accident, until you convince yourself, by looking around you, that it is to its extent alone that this noble cemetery owes its gloom, for its site is eminently picturesque and beautiful. On one side an open plain separates it from the channel; on the other it is bounded by a height clothed with vines and almond trees—the houses of Scutari touch upon its border, and even mingle with its graves in the rear, while before it spreads a wide extent of cultivated land dotted with habitations.

"Need I add that the Nekropolis of Scutari, such as I have described it, has also its local superstition? Surely not; and the idea is so wild, and withal so imaginative, that I cannot pass it by without record.

"Along the channel may be constantly seen clouds of aquatic birds of dusky plumage, speeding their rapid flight from the Euxine to the Propontis, or bending their restless course from thence back again to the Black Sea, never pausing for a moment to rest their weary wings on the fair green spots of earth that woo them on every side; and it is only when a storm takes place in the Sea of Marmora, or sweeps over the bosom of the Bosphorus, that they fly shrieking to the cypress forest of Scutari for shelter; and these the Turks believe to be the souls of the damned, who have found sepulchre beneath its boughs, and which are permitted, during a period of elementary commotion, to revisit the spot where their mortal bodies moulder; and there mourn together over the crimes and judgment of their misspent existence upon earth—while, during the gentler seasons, they are compelled to pass incessantly within sight of the localities they loved in life, without the privilege of pausing even for one instant in the charmed flight to which they are condemned for all eternity.

"My mind was full of this legend when I visited the cemetery—and I can offer no better apology for the wild verses that I strung together as I sat upon a fallen column in one of the gloomiest nooks of the forest, and amid the noonday twilight of the thick branches, while my companions wandered away among the graves.

THE DAMNED SOULS.

Hark! 'tis a night when the storm-god rides
In triumph o'er the deep;
And the howling voice of the tempest chides
The spirits that fain would sleep:

When the clouds, like a sable-bannered host,
 Crowd the dense and lurid sky;
 And the ship and her crew are in darkness lost,
 As the blast roars rushing by.

Voices are heard which summon men
 To a dark and nameless doom;
 And spirits, beyond a mortal's ken,
 Are wandering through the gloom;
 While the thunders leap from steep to steep,
 And the yellow lightnings flash,
 And the rocks reply to the riot on high,
 As the wild waves o'er them dash.

And we are here, in this night of fear,
 Urged by a potent spell,
 Haunting the glade where our bones are laid,
 Our tale of crime to tell.
 We have hither come through the midnight gloom,
 As the tempest about us rolls,
 To spread, 'mid the graves where the rank grass waves,
 The feast of the Damnéd Souls.

Some have flown from the deep sea-caves
 Which the storm-won treasures hold;
 And these are they who through life were slaves
 To the sordid love of gold;
 No other light e'er meets their sight,
 Save the gleam of the yellow ore;
 And loathe they there, in their dark despair,
 What they idolized before.

They have swept o'er the rude and rushing tide,
 Bestrown with wreck and spoil,
 Where the shrieking seaman writhed and died
 'Mid his unavailing toil;
 And they rode the wave, without power to save
 The wretch as he floated by;
 And sighed to think, as they saw him sink,
 What a boon it was to die.

Some were cast from the burning womb,
 Whence the lava-floods have birth;
 From fires which wither, but ne'er consume
 The rejected one of earth;—
 And these are they who were once the prey
 Of the thirst that madmen know,
 When the world for them is the diadem,
 That burns into the brow.

They who crouch in the deepest gloom
 Where no lightning-flash can dart,
 Who, chained in couples, have hither come,
 And can never be rent apart;
 These are they whose life was a scene of strife,
 And who learnt, alas! too late
 That the years flew fast which they each had cast
 On the altar of their hate.

But, hark!—through the forest there sweeps a wail
 More wild than the tempest blast,
 As each commences the darkling tale
 Of the stern and shadowy past—

And the spell that has power, in this dread hour,
 No pang of ours controls ;
 Nor may mortal dare in the watch to share,
 That is kept by the Damnèd Souls !"

FICTION.

The Bivouac. By W. H. MAXWELL, Author of "Stories of Waterloo," &c. 3 vols. Bentley.

MR. Maxwell's reputation was so firmly established by his former productions, that the announcement of a new work from his talented pen could not fail to create a considerable sensation in the literary world. No quackish means were resorted to, to ensure these volumes a welcome reception; and in making this remark, we feel ourselves in duty bound to compliment the spirited publisher who, confident of the success of a good book, did not think it worth while to endeavour to persuade the public of the fact by ridiculous notices. "The Bivouac" appeared, and, as we had anticipated, was favourably received. It is a book of no ordinary merit; and however beaten may be the track chosen by the author—however *blazé* the public may be of novels and tales teeming with nothing but "moving accidents by flood and field"—we still perceive an infinite degree of novelty in the work under notice. The writing is pleasant and easy; the numerous anecdotes related by the officers at the mess-table are perhaps told with a little too much familiarity, and consequently are not sufficiently dignified for the episodes of a novel, but partake more of the listless method of oral discourse: the whole is nevertheless a spirited compilation, rather than a continuous narrative, of warlike achievements, instances of courage, and camp-reminiences.

Works of this species are as instructive as they are amusing, when the historical fact is not too much disfigured by the colouring of fiction. Mr. Maxwell has done much to celebrate the achievements of British arms, and characterize the English soldier with a certain dignity already possessed by the French and Prussian. His writings have not only been recognised as established favourites amongst a certain class of readers, but have also maintained a permanent place in the libraries of every species of literary amateurs. "The Bivouac" will be found a valuable addition to that collection.

Our limits prevent us from making elaborate extracts: but the following brief anecdote may serve as an illustration of the general style of the work:—

"'An instance of French confidence occurred yesterday, after we had debouched by Vera,' observed one of the lieutenants. 'I was with a section of the company in advance of the rest, when, on turning a sudden angle of the road, we perceived, not twenty yards off, a wounded *voltigeur* extended on the ground, and a young comrade supporting him. The Frenchman never attempted to retreat, but smiled when we came up, as if he had been expecting us. 'Good morning,' he said; 'I have been waiting for you, gentlemen. My poor friend's leg is broken by a shot, and I could not leave him till you arrived, lest some of these Portuguese brigands should murder him. Pierre,' he continued, as he addressed his companion—'here are the brave English, and you will be taken care of. I will leave you a flask of water, and you will soon be succoured by our noble enemy. Gentlemen, you will honour me by emptying this canteen. You will find it excellent—for I took it from a portly friar two days ago.' There was no need to repeat the invitation. I set the example, the canteen passed from mouth to mouth, and the monk's brandy vanished. The conscript—for he had not joined above a month—replenished the flask with water from a spring just by. He placed it in his comrade's hand, bade him an affectionate farewell, bowed gracefully to us, threw his musket over his shoulder, and trotted off to join his regiment, which he

pointed out upon a distant height. He seemed never for a moment to contemplate the possibility of our sending him in durance to the rear; and there were about him such confidence and kindness, that on our parts no one ever dreamed of detaining him."

In concluding this notice of "*The Bivouac*," which is much shorter than our inclination would have induced us to make it had our limits allowed us to be more elaborate, we cannot help expressing our hope that Mr. Maxwell will continue the literary career he has so well commenced, and that his next work may treat of other subjects besides the adventures and contingencies of war.

Stokes-hill Place, or the Man of Business. A Novel, by the Author of "*Mrs. Armytage*," &c. 3 vols. 8vo. Colburn.

Few modern authors have been more over-rated than Mrs. Charles Gore. It was fortunate for her that Mr. Colburn again entered into the publishing world, otherwise her name would in all probability have never again appeared on the title-page of a three-volumed novel. The weekly publications have paid their due tribute of fulsome praise to the last work which emanated from the pen of this lady, and which has occasioned these remarks. We are really astonished that respectable journals should prostitute their powers of criticism to bestow on a trashy book such unjust adulation and undeserved praise. Had the authoress of a "*Diary of a Desennuyée*," been an obscure individual, that book would have been reviled when it was first published, and its writer branded as a scandalous and mischief-making person. But Mrs. Gore was the fabricator of that precious compilation of ridiculous chit-chat, scandal, and defamation, only worthy to be exhibited at the "tea-table of some tabby." At the same time was published "*Mrs. Armytage, or Female Domination*," a work without interest, incident, or even good writing to recommend it. A year has scarcely elapsed, when this voluminously bad writer inflicts another book upon the public, bearing the pleasant title of "*Stokes-hill Place, or the Man of Business*." As in all the other compositions of Mrs. Charles Gore, it is easy to detect the haste in which it was written; and its paucity of incident, trifling details of the most uninteresting events, elaborate attempts at description, and interminable conversations, will immediately condemn it to the "family vault of all the Capulets." Novels ought to be written to amuse the reader, not to fatigue him with a somniferous sameness and want of anecdote that effectually close his eyes in slumber ere he can wade through the third chapter.

It is a source of considerable grief to us, to be obliged thus to criticise the works of a lady—a lady no less eminent for the amiability of her manners than the attractions of her person. But a severe duty is imposed upon us; and, as impartial reviewers, we cannot refrain from differing with our contemporaries in the opinions they entertain of Mrs. Gore's works. We appeal to our readers—we will abide by their decision—and we will ask them whether they ever regretted the moment when they were obliged to lay aside one of Mrs. Gore's volumes for a few hours, and whether they were very anxious to resume the perusal?

The character of Barnsley, an attorney's clerk, is far from original. He pursues a career of mingled prosperity and adversity—is led into ruinous speculations by his own fault (an uncommon trait in the life of such individuals)—and is driven to the perpetration of a capital crime, the consequences of which he evades by self-destruction. His adventures at the election are as poorly told as they are badly conceived; and the strange combination of passions and feelings of which the whole character is concocted, is an unnatural and impossible jumble of the ambitious and the avaricious, the proud, the meddling, the conceited, the selfish, and the imprudent! This ridiculous picture is somewhat relieved by a bright ray which the feeble talent of the authoress was nevertheless enabled to shed over her design. We allude to

Barnsley's daughter, in whose character is depicted all that is sweet, affectionate, and dutiful; as an illustration of which we select the following extract:—

“My dear—dear father!” cried Margaret, flying towards and hanging over him. “What has happened?”

“Instead of answering, Barnsley gazed with glassed eyes into her face.

“Speak—speak—dear father!” she cried, seizing his hands in hers. “Are you ill?”

“Ruined!” faltered Barnsley in a scarcely recognizeable tone.

“Margaret scarcely dared to turn her eyes towards her father. ‘Not a guinea left in the world! Ruin and starvation staring us in the face!’ burst at length from his livid lips.

“My dear father,” faltered Margaret, ‘compose yourself!—things may turn out better than you expect.’

“How?—Show me how! What do you know of business? Why should you think yourself wiser than all the world? Every thing must go to the creditors. I have nothing but the coat on my back I can call my own!”

“You have your daughter!” involuntarily throwing herself upon her knees, and flinging her arms around him.—‘Your daughter who will abide by you—your daughter who will work for you—your daughter who will comfort you!’

“You know not what you promise, child!” cried Barnsley, smiting his brows like a madman. ‘You, who have wanted for nothing all your life, cannot guess at what it is to want bread. Beggared as we are, you will be avoided by your friends, shunned by the world!’

“We shall be shunned by none whose regard is worth preserving,” answered Margaret, distressed at the inaccessibility of that stubborn heart.

“You talk like a fool, Margaret!” cried Barnsley; ‘you will be enlightened to your cost, when you find we have only been endured in society while raised by money to its level! Henceforth we shall be cast forth like dogs!’

“Margaret’s heart was sinking. She perceived the utter insufficiency of her affection to impart happiness to her father; and of all the misfortunes that had befallen her within the last two days, *that* struck her the deepest.”

We shall not intrude any more of this precious production upon the public. Suffice it to say, that the minor characters are as unimportant—with all due deference to the *Athenæum*—as they well can be; that the two rakish uncles are very uninteresting *roués*; and that the party at Wynne is peculiarly dull and wearisome. Mrs. Gore intrudes some more “family quarrels” upon the reading world through the *medium* of “Stokes-hill Place;” but they are fraught with no amusement, and certainly are far from instructive. In conclusion, let us recommend Mrs. Gore to continue her contributions to the *Court Journal*, and for the future to bid adieu to novel-writing.

The Carate of Stanholmt; a Tale of Iceland. 2 Vols. post 8vo.
Longman.

We know too little of the legends and literature of Iceland. Some few Englishmen, it is true, have made the northern languages their particular study, and have favoured us with a few scraps of Icelandic poetry; but beyond that the English public has heard little or nothing. The book now on our table is an attempt—and by no means an unsuccessful one—to instruct us in the manners of the Icelanders, and to tell us somewhat respecting their legends. The story is, on the whole, well told, and much information—if the facts can be depended on—may be gained from its perusal;—but still we have our doubts respecting the origin of the tale. Many readers will question whether it came from Iceland or from the author’s brains. *Sub judice lis est.*

Eureka; a Prophecy of the Future. By the Author of "Mephistopheles in England." 3 Vols. post 8vo. Longman.

IF there be any wit in writing a novel containing all the manners and sentiments of the nineteenth century, relieved by a few *outré* fancies respecting the vicissitudes of national prosperity, and the consequences of steam communication, then must the author of this volume be esteemed most highly. The notion, however, is a very poor one at best, and has not even the single recommendation of novelty, inasmuch as the "Mummy" and "Mrs. Maberly" are instances of like attempts and failures. The "Mummy," as the first of its kind, attracted attention as a kind of literary monster, and there was some wit in it besides, which made it at least endurable. "Mrs. Maberly" had scarcely a redeeming quality. That now before us evinces considerable talent in its author, and we on that account the more regret that an unquestionably interesting story—however improbable—should be mixed up with such wretched nonsense as every one must utter who attempts to forecast coming events. There is a fault, however, of another description to which we must allude,—and a rather considerable fault it is in a novel;—we mean an extraordinary want of connexion between the different parts. This may be amended by one who possesses the *essential* requisites of a novelist,—and such we believe the author of "Eureka" to be. We hope to see him on another occasion occupying a post where he may be able to command less limited praise than we can justly award to his "Eureka."

LITERATURE.

Chapters on Early English Literature. By J. H. Hippisley, Esq., M. A. 1 Vol. 8vo. pp. 344. Moxon.

IN a late number of the *Monthly Magazine*, we published an article entitled "The Literature of Hungary," in which there occurred many observations, particularly with regard to metrical chronicles, that would have also been applicable to the early state of English poetry. We are therefore exceedingly gratified by the publication of the work before us, which is replete with useful and valuable information, the result of the deep researches of a highly talented man. In his *Introduction* he has deemed it necessary "to apologize for a publication on subjects which have already engaged the attention of many able authors, as well of the present as of the preceding age." This apology was not necessary; as Mr. Hippisley has given us much information that is entirely original and new. His own observations on Chaucer, the comparison he institutes between the Age of Chaucer and the Homeric Age, the contrast he draws between Chaucer and Froissart, his General View of English Literature in the Age of Shakspeare, &c., are all admirably executed, and evince a sound judgment, a depth of learning, a perfect knowledge of the subject, and a perseverance in research as praise-worthy as it is remarkable. We select from the first chapter the following instructive paragraphs:—

"The Normans, in all their expeditions, adopted the language of the conquered: in Neuistria, in Sicily, and lastly in England. In the latter instance only do we possess documents showing the degree in which the previously established language was influenced by that of the new settlers, prior to the adoption of it as a national tongue. Another great principle in the history of languages is, that there are no precise epochs or dates at which the changes may be said to take place. If there be any *eras* in the history of languages, it is with reference to the changes themselves. In this point of view, the age of Chaucer is an important *era*. Chaucer was a diligent student of the French,

Italian, and Latin, and, in translating from them, transferred many words of Latin origin into his native tongue. The popularity of his works, as well as those of Gower, went far perhaps towards effecting the innovations in English, which Cartson observes to have taken place previous to his own day. But although neither the origin nor the subsequent progress of the English can be assigned to any specified dates, yet, for the sake of perspicuity, we may (as in the case of general history) establish arbitrary and conventional divisions. Thus we say, generally speaking, that about 1150 may be dated the decline of pure Saxon—about 1250 the commencement of English—and that the century between these two dates was occupied by a kind of semi-Saxon language.

“In the course of these periods, the language of the Saxon population gradually underwent, 1st, a change in the nature of its construction and syntax; 2ndly, an infusion of a certain proportion of French derivatives. Both these changes were caused by the study of, and translation from, the French language and literature, during the early Norman reigns. Saxon, in syntax and grammar, resembles the modern German. The order of the sentence appears to our conceptions inverted; and the inflexions of the cases extend even to the articles. One of the earliest steps in the progress of English out of Saxon, consists in the substitution of a more simple for a more involved order in the sentences, in a disuse of the inflexions of the nouns, and (with the exception of the past tense) of the few Saxon conjugations of the verbs, and in a discontinuance of the elliptical mode of expression common in Saxon poetry. * * *

* * * About the reign of John, the use of English words becomes general; and at length, in the reign of Edward the First, we have extant a metrical composition, which, although written in a language very different from that in use in subsequent ages, may yet be called English. Such is the metrical Chronicle of Robert of Gloucester, which, since it alludes to the canonization of St. Louis, must be placed after the year 1297. This Chronicle, which deduces the history of England from the fabulous landing of Brute the Trojan, to the battle of Lewes in the reign of Henry the Third, is, with the exception of the concluding events, chiefly translated from the Latin prose of Geoffrey of Monmouth: but it is also occasionally topographical, and, as such, was used by Selden in his notes to Drayton *Polyolbion*. * * * The comparative polish which English received between the days of Gloucester and of Chaucer, was brought about, in a great measure, by the increased use of our tongue in literature. But before the time of Chaucer, English literature was confined to the labours of recluse monks, who had received their education at provincial convents, as Layamon, at Ernleye on Severn, Gloucester, at the town whence he derives his name: their metrical compositions, with the exception perhaps of the romances, being designed for the middle classes of society. Chaucer first brought English literature in contact with the court and the world, by employing his powers on courtly and chivalric subjects. It was also in the reign of Edward the Third that English became the language, though not perhaps of the court, or of public documents, yet at least that of public pleading, and of the higher classes of society.”

The author then proceeds to review the causes of the rise and decline of the French language and literature in England, a subject which he discusses with the same ability and antiquarian knowledge that are evident throughout the whole work. Looking farther into the volume, we find the following remarks on English poetry in the fifteenth century:—

“The historian of English poetry, in one of those elegant passages with which the curious detail of his work is at once varied and embellished, has compared Chaucer to the appearance of a genial day in spring, preceded and followed by dark clouds and wintry blasts; and Denham, in his well-known and often quoted lines, has presented to us nearly the same image. The works of John the Chaplain, Occleve, and Lydgate (such at least of them as have appeared in print), will justify the gloomy character given by Warton and by Denham of the immediate successors of Chaucer. Lydgate, indeed,

possesses one distinguished advocate, in our celebrated lyric poet, Gray, who proceeded so far towards an intended history of English poetry, as to construct a general scheme, and to write some remarks upon Lydgate. In giving the character of Lydgate, he says, 'I do not pretend to set him upon a level with Chaucer, but he certainly comes nearest to him of any contemporary writer that I am acquainted with.' * * * * Between the age of Chaucer and that of Spenser, the history of English poetry, properly so called, is but a barren theme; but, in Scotland, poetry was continued during this period, not without success, and in a language as similar to the southern dialect as it has been in almost any succeeding age. To Barbour*, the contemporary of Gower and Chaucer, succeeded Harry the Minstrel,† James the First, Dunbar, Henryson, Bishop Douglas, Sir David Lyndsay, and the royal pupil of the "Lion King at Arms," James the Fifth. In England, during the age succeeding that of Lydgate, amidst numerous obscure versifiers, Hawes, Skelton, the Laureate, and his rival Barclay, elevate themselves somewhat above the general throng. To these may be added a didactic versifier, rather worthy of notice from the popularity of her theme than from the taste with which this theme is treated. Juliana Berners, or Barnes, prioress of Sopewell, wrote a book on the chase, partly in prose, partly metrical, and generally assigned to the reign of Henry the Sixth."

The following quotation from Caxton's Epilogue to his "Order of Chivalry," which he had translated from the French language, is peculiarly quaint and original:—

"Oh! ye knights of England! where is the custom and usage of noble chivalry, that was used in other days? What do you now but go to the bayres (baths) and play at dice? And some, not well advised, use not honest and good rule, ageyn all order of knighthood. Leave this, leave it, and read the noble volumes of St. Cyræl, of Lancelot, of Galand, of Sir Tristram, of Perceforest, of Percyral, of Gawain, and many mo."

Another quotation, in answer to the above, which Mr. Hippiusley aptly introduces from Roger Ascham's "Scholemaister," must not be passed over.

"In father's time," says Roger, "when papistry, as a standing pool, covered and overflowed all England, few books were read in our tongue, saving certain books of chivalry, as they said for pastime and pleasure, which, as some say, were made in monasteries, by idle monks and canons; for example, *Morte Arthur*, the whole pleasure of which standeth in two points—in open manslaughter and bold indecency. In which book, those he counted the noblest knights that kill most men without any quarrel, and commit foulest adulteries by subtlest shifts; as Sir Launcelot, &c. &c. This is good stuff for wise men to laugh at, or honest men to take pleasure in!"

Mr. Hippiusley's remarks on the biography of Chaucer are extremely interesting; but we will not detract from the pleasure of the reader by anticipation. We shall, therefore, conclude this notice on an excellent work with the following extract from "The Squier's Tale," in which Chaucer relates the unexpected arrival of the stranger knight at the court of Cambuscan, king of Tartary, during a feast held in celebration of the monarch's nativity:—

"And so befell, that, after the thridde cours,
While that this King sit thus in his nobly,
Herking his minstralles his thinges play,
Before him at his board deliciously,
In at the halle dore all sodenly
There came a Knyght upon a sted of brass,
And in his hond a brod mirroure of glass;

* Archdeacon Barbour was the author of "The History of Robert Bruce of Scotland."—EDITOR.

† Blind Harry, as he was called, wrote "The History of William Wallace of Eglerslie."—EDITOR.

Upon his thombe he had of gold a ring,
 And by his side a naked sward hanging;
 And up he rideth to the highe bord,
 In all the halle he was ther spoke a word,
 For mervaille of this Knight; him to behold
 Full busily they waiten, young and old.
 —This strange knyght that came thus sodenly,
 All armed, save his hed, so richely,
 Salueth King and Queene and lordes alle
 By order, as they saten in the halle,
 With so high reverence and observance,
 As well in speche as in his countenance,
 That Gawain, with his olde curtesie,
 Though he were come agen out of fairie,
 Ne coud him not amenden with a word."

BIOGRAPHY.

Mes Prisons (en Italien, et en Français). 1 vol. 8vo. Dulau, Soho Square.

THE autobiography of the prisoner of Spielberg is already familiar to the English reader. To students engaged in acquiring the French and Italian languages, the work under notice will be found of almost indispensable utility. The style is so easy, so pure, and so correct, at the same time so touching and affecting, that the interest awakened in the mind of the reader by the perusal of the miseries and sufferings of Pellico, the Carabonari, will carry him on with almost galvanic energy, and make him regret the moment when he shall be obliged to lay the book aside. The edition is the same and almost as cheap as the Paris one published by Baudry: thus the mere fact of being enabled to purchase so valuable a volume for the trifling sum of three shillings and six-pence is no small inducement to possess one's self of the Italian patriot's narrative.

Silvio Pellico was arrested by the emissaries of the Austrian government, and passed a considerable portion of his life in a variety of prisons, to which he was conveyed, one after another, at short intervals. But his sufferings were more acute at the fortress of Spielberg than in any of his other places of incarceration. The tyranny of Austrian despotism invented every species of indirect torture that human imagination could fancy, to render his captivity the less endurable; and if, in the course of Pellico's memoirs, there be one thing more astonishing than another, it is the fact of his having survived a series of mental and physical miseries unequalled even by the sufferings of the prisoners in the ancient dungeons of the Spanish Inquisition.

A very interesting collection of Poems, entitled *Poesie Inedite di Silvio Pellico, che contiene La mia Gioventù, A Dio, &c.*, was lately published in Paris, and may also be had of Dulau in Soho Square. The poems abound in beautiful imagery, pure Christian feeling, patriotic ardour, and a simplicity rarely met with in times when all that is ridiculous is tortured into similitude and called metaphor. Silvio Pellico ought not to be less celebrated as an author and a poet than he is as a political sufferer; and in recommending the public to make itself acquainted with his political effusions, we merely prepare a treat for the invitation to which we shall be eventually thanked. We may as well remark ere we dismiss this interesting subject, that "*Mes Prisons*" can be purchased complete in three languages, viz. English, French, and Italian, if required. The French translation is equal to the original in simplicity and pathos; the English is but indifferent, and was evidently done by an individual totally unfitted for the task.

NOTES OF THE MONTH.

' Nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri,
Quo me cunq̃e rapit tempestas, deferor hospes.'—HORACE.

THE LATE GENERAL ELECTIONS.—During the last six weeks England, Wales, Scotland, and Ireland have been in a state of almost continual and unparalleled excitement and agitation in consequence of the General Elections. Under a new reign the British constituency have been called upon by their Sovereign to choose their representatives; as it is generally the case, the contending parties have each had recourse to stratagems in order to succeed, and cant and intrigue have been the order of the day on both sides. The Conservatives have chosen for their Bug-bear the *Big Irish Beggarman with his enormous satanic tail dragging* to destruction church and state. The Ministerialists have represented each Conservative as the *bosom friend* of the late duke of Cumberland, Ernest of Hanover coming at the head of his *Hanovarian* dragoons to abolish the reform bill, and the British liberty. The private and public life of each candidate has been at the mercy of the scribblers of the press, and the same individual has in the same day been described in *The Times* as a model of integrity, intelligence, and patriotism, and in *The Morning Chronicle* as the most despicable amongst the living generation. The most libellous accusations have been advanced against the most honourable members of society, but all this sort of scandal is called *electioneering tricks*, and is of course a *fair means* of obtaining votes. Both parties have complained of bribery and intimidation whenever any of their friends is defeated, and both parties ascribe their success *entirely* to the righteousness of the cause they defend, notwithstanding that they openly avow an *enormous expenditure of hard cash* in order to conduct the *freedom* of their election. However the elections are over, and the Melbourne ministry have at last a House of Commons, which has been chosen while they possessed power and influence, and consequently they cannot at present humbug the people by saying, "We are obliged to fight with the house of Peel and Wellington." The house of Peel and Wellington is no more, but the house of Victoria is, unfortunately for the Melbourne ministry, a *very Conservative House*, and may probably cause to the little Lord Leader of the commons greater trouble and greater anxiety than the late one. The different periodicals differ with regard to the exact result of the late elections; some grant to the present ministers a majority of forty, and others only of thirty-two, which majority they derive from Scotland and Ireland, because in England and Wales the Conservatives muster against them a majority of nineteen. The following is the best state of returns.

The English and Welsh counties have sent to parliament forty-nine Ministerialists and 110 Conservatives, while the English and Welsh cities and boroughs have returned 190 Ministerialists and 151 Conservatives. The Scotch counties have chosen eleven Ministerialists and nineteen Conservatives; while the Scotch cities and boroughs have elected twenty-two Ministerialists and only one Conservative.

The Irish counties have sent to parliament forty-four Ministerialists and twenty Conservatives, while the Irish cities and boroughs have returned twenty-nine Ministerialists and twelve Conservatives.

One hundred and forty-two members of the present House of Commons are pledged to support the ballot; forty-two profess the Roman Catholic religion; sixteen are Socinians; and the rest Protestants. Nearly twenty petitions against the Ministerialists will be presented and prosecuted after the assembling of Parliament, and the Conservatives boast of being certain of their success. Time will show who is right and who is wrong.]

A SCANDALOUS ROW IN THE PRESENCE OF THE QUEEN AT THE ITALIAN OPERA.—Of all the theatrical managers of the British capital, and, probably, of Europe, M. Laporte is certainly the most industrious—nay, all those who have had any thing to do with him may justly call him *un parfait chevalier d'industrie*. In fact, he knows how to live in splendour and comfort at the expense of the public, while he cares more for a straw than for the fulfilment of his duties towards the public. John Bull pays more for his Italian Opera than any other nation of the world, notwithstanding which he is very indifferently served, because if, for a few weeks, he has the best Italian singers, he must submit to see and hear them *always* in their old characters; for *novelty*, being a rather *rara avis*, is dear, and M. Laporte, as long as he can avoid it, will not pay. During the last seven years the Italian singers have often been *taken in*, and have had paper, nay, *waste paper*, instead of cash, and consequently these human nightingales have become rather punctilious, and take good care not to be *taken in* again. Grisi, Lablache, Tamburini, Rubini, Ivanhoff, and a few more, are obliged to *shut their mouths* when the representation has already begun, in order to compel Laporte to pay them their due. As for the little fishes, or the *second* and *third-rate actors*, they are entirely at his mercy, are treated like slaves, and seldom or never paid. At the last representation of the opera it happened that Ivanhoff, being unable to obtain by fair means what the manager owed him (that Russian nightingale having already been more than once ill-treated in the cage of M. Laporte), remembering the past, wished not to incur the same risk, and consequently *shut his mouth and would not sing* unless he were paid beforehand. The manager refused to fulfil his duty, and Ivanhoff remained, just like a Russian, immoveable and unconcerned. The audience, seeing that no singer appeared, began of course to grow impatient, and soon after a tremendous uproar ensued, Laporte being loudly called for amidst the hisses, whistles, and clamour of the multitude. The Queen was announced, but her presence did not calm the storm, and the public continued the row. Laporte at last reluctantly paid Ivanhoff, and thus the opera was resumed, to the great satisfaction of all parties with the exception of the manager and his legal adviser, who was also compelled to pay the same night Madame Giannoni, who made use of a similar stratagem. Laporte, however, with his accustomed boldness, has defended himself through the press; but as he has advanced false statements, as we conceive, and vilified the character of a favourite singer, who in self-defence has published a fair statement of his conduct, the public, we hope, will not forget the misdeeds of Laporte, and when the next season of the Italian Opera arrives, will show to the *chevalier d'industrie* that their generosity cannot always be swindled with impunity.

TWO NEW ASPIRANTS TO IMMORTALITY.—The first thirty-seven years of the present century have been prolific of wonderful events. A Corsican, sprung *almost from nothing*, was able to become the greatest Emperor of Europe, threatened for years to dethrone all the ancient monarchies, and at last died conquered on an unhealthy island. A negro of St. Domingo effected a revolution in that part of the globe, and, supported by his black partisans, established the empire of St. Domingo and its *negro* aristocracy, but afterwards was dethroned, and ended his life in misery. Several ancient dynasties have lost their kingdoms, and have been replaced by adventurers. Philosophy and chemistry have made wondrous progress, and have combined in inventing the best means of destroying human life. In fact, infernal machines, rockets, new destructive patent cannons and guns, and similar weapons are now in great use. Steam navigation, steam travelling by rail-roads, steam manufactures, and steam presses flourish and prosper in Europe. Catholic emancipation has been granted to Ireland for its pacification; but such a measure, instead of pacifying or improving that country, has rather contributed to increase both its agitation and distress. The long sought for Reform Bill has passed in England, but the people have not yet found out that it has rendered their country an *El-*

dorado. The English nation have paid twenty millions for the abolition of *negro slavery* in the West Indies, while Russia has been allowed to establish in Poland *white slavery*. We have also seen great cities illumined by gas, and tunnels and other wonders. Asiatic cholera has visited Europe, preceded by terror, accompanied by death, and followed by sorrow and mourning. A new profession has been also established, *the Burkism*, which is certainly the most extraordinary invention of the present century; but it has been already annulled by the instrumentality of Jack Ketch and the New Anatomy Bill. We have witnessed the interesting speculation of balloons and parachutes, and even the glorious immortality of Mr. Cocking. But futurity seems pregnant with greater wonders. A gentleman, whose name has not transpired, excited probably by the great sympathy which the fate of Mr. Cocking produced, has announced that he intends to ascend with the *monster balloon* at the elevation of 10,000 feet, and then effect his descent by a *new parachute after the model of Garnerin*. Of this aspirant to immortality we may say,

"Tolle tur in altum
Ut lapsu graviore ruat."

We hope that the public will refrain from encouraging such foolish speculations. We assert it on conviction, money, and not the furtherance of science, is the only stimulus of those cracked-brained individuals. Another aspirant to immortality has lately escaped death at Dover, where he wished to imitate the mythological story of Icarus, and almost met with the same fate. The modern English Icarus intended to take a flight, but his wings proved too weak to support the weight of his body, and had he not been providentially assisted with a rope, with which he effected his descent, he must have been a victim of his mad attempt. We remember to have read somewhere that in the thirteenth century a citizen of Bologna, in Italy, not only attempted, but succeeded in flying from the mountain of Bologna to the river Reno, without having incurred any risk; but his scientific essay was rewarded in a very strange way: the inquisition being at that epoch very powerful, considering that he must have been assisted by *the Devil*, condemned him to be burnt alive, and their cruel sentence was carried into execution. We do not wish that modern civilization should in the least oppose any obstacles to useful inventions, but madmen ought to be shut in madhouses for the sake of mankind.

HANOVER SQUARE ROOMS.—Tuesday, July 25th, completed the list of the present season concerts, making in all the unprecedented number of 135; and this, without the addition of sundry private concerts held during the same period—among others Mr. Wessell's, Mr. Ella's, Madame Giannoni's, Marylebone, Leicester Square, and City of London Literary Institutions, *cum multis aliis*. Of this number four have been held at private residences, six at the London Tavern, thirteen at Willis's Rooms, St. James's, thirty-three at the Concert Room in Her Majesty's Theatre, and seventy-nine at the Hanover Square Rooms; making the exact number 135. Of morning concerts there have been just forty-three, and of evening ditto more than double, viz. ninety-two. In January there were seven, in February ten, in March nineteen, in April twenty, in May thirty-four, in June thirty-two, and in July thirteen, making again 135. Thus, it will be seen, in the two heaviest months they average more than one every day. One-third of this number, viz. forty-three, are the concerts of public bodies, as the Ancient, Philharmonic, Royal Academy, British Musicians, the Vocal Society, and the Choral Society; the remaining ninety-two are individual singers, of which foreigners form about twenty-four, or one-fourth; the others are those given by British artists, with this difference, that some of the latter have had two or three benefits, and even more. Supposing the expenses of each concert to have been 100*l*. (and we do not see how they can be averaged at less, bearing in mind the demands of foreign artists, orchestras, printing, and advertising), there will have been expended, in the *produce* only of melody, upwards of *thirteen thousand pounds in seven months*!—*British and Foreign Advertiser*.

MONTHLY SUMMARY OF SCIENCE AND THE SOCIETIES.

SUMMER is not the season for the prosecution of the more obtruse sciences ; but the observers of nature,—the botanist, the entomologist, the geologist,—are now busy ; the botanist rambling over verdant meadows and down green lanes and through tangled woods and coppices, ever and anon stooping to possess himself of specimens already known, or to apply his knowledge in the discovery of a new species, or variety ; the entomologist may be found in the neighbourhood of quiet streams and sedgy brooks, peering after the insect wonders which nature so abundantly produces at this period of the year ; while the geologist haunts the sea shore to note its deposits and its encroachments, climbs the mountain, or descends the cavern and the mine.

On the ninth of the present month of September, the British Association for the Advancement of Science will meet at Liverpool, where all the scientific men of our country, as well as many eminent foreigners, will promulgate the result of their researches during the past year. In our next summary we shall, doubtless, have many valuable facts to make known, and shall also introduce some information respecting the origin, with remarks upon the present state of this admirable national institution. Audubon will probably be there, having returned from the Gulf of Mexico with materials for the completion of his work.

BOTANY.—The Linnæan Society has suspended its meetings till November ; the Botanical Society meeting once during the month, and recommending its members to make excursions through the various localities around London. At a late meeting a new variety of the *Stachys palustris* was described ; it was remarkable for the peculiar scent of its *white-coloured* flowers, the very villous character of its leaves, and for its more erect growth than any of its congeners. Several interesting facts in the economy of that curious tribe of Ferns, the *Marsileæ*, have recently been given forth to the world by the Continental Botanists ; and in the new *M. quadrifolia* (which much resembles our common Trefoil, excepting in its petiole being furnished with an additional leaf), there is apparently a longitudinal membranous partition containing a number of cells, each enclosing an hermaphrodite flower. The stamens of these flowers are stated by Jussieu, who was the first to examine the plant minutely, to be so small, and in such numbers, as to render it impossible to count them : they open transversely, to scatter the grains of the spherical yellow pollen. The involucre gives its rise to a series of expansions, and exudes a mucilaginous fibre, bearing from eight to ten sessile spikes, which are borne in two distinct forms, and have hence suggested to M. Fabre the idea of their answering to anthers and ovules. From these researches the question arises, whether germination takes place in the ferns, from the impregnation of the ovules with the antheric dust ? Hilaire's, Decandolle's, and Dutrochet's observations seem to favour such an assumption ; but it is not at all likely that the same process is common throughout all the ferns. The structure of the ovule and the presence of a peculiar substance analogous to the anthers in *Marsilea*, indicate its affinity with a higher order of existing species ; and the same are sufficient to rank them as more than mere connecting links between the two great classes of vegetation—Cryptogamia and Phanerogamia.

—**Fucus.**—A new species of this very extensive genus, the Seaweed, has been discovered near Bengal, and named, *F. anylaceus*. Unlike its allies, it possesses extremely nutritive qualities, and is much used by the natives of the country to which it is indigenous, as an article of diet. Analysis has shown it to consist of vegetable jelly, true starch in considerable quantity, wax, gum, sulphate and muriate of soda, sulphate and phosphate of lime,

traces of iron, and lastly, ligneous fibre! This marine vegetable is of a flattened filiform shape, and two inches from the ciliary process corresponding to the root.—*Botany of the Alps*.—Messrs. Percy and Shuttleworth, and Dr. Barry of Edinburgh, have returned from their travels, and brought home a collection of new and interesting additions to our general Flora. Mr. Percy strongly recommends the Brezon, a mountain about fifteen miles from Geneva, to the attention of Botanists, since it not only presents a great variety of Alpine plants, but likewise great facilities for obtaining them. The “Jardin de la Mer de Glace,” at Chamouni, was described in a paper read at the Edinburgh Botanical Society, as consisting of a few exposed and almost naked masses of rock, occupying only a small triangular area, which is bounded by the “Moraines” of the adjacent glaciers; and the appellation “garden” is applied merely by comparison with the desert around. An enumeration was given of thirty-three Phanerogamous and six Cryptogamous species, which were collected from the Jardin at an elevation of 9000 feet above the sea level.—*Organs of Respiration in Plants*.—Mr. Carpenter, who has for a long time been prosecuting the enquiries originally communicated by him to the British Association about the time of its formation, has pointed out to the members of the Botanical Society the various analogies in elementary structure between the leaves of vegetables and the pulmonary or bronchial apparatus in animals. He states that the cotyledons in the higher plants appear to perform all the functions of true leaves, and to be analogous to the temporary gills so remarkable in the Batrachian reptiles. Whatever may be the arguments in support of this theory, the functions which leaves perform, and the experiments which have been instituted thereon by Dutrochet, are sufficiently convincing that it is this portion of the vegetable, and this alone, which acts the part of respiratory organs.—*New Localities for Plants*.—The *Osmunda regalis* or royal fern, hitherto supposed to exist not nearer to London than thirty miles, has been found by Mr. Gray, in considerable quantity, at Putney Common. Mr. T. Hancock has pointed out *Silene maritima* and *inflata* as abounding on the shores of the Bristol Channel, and has farther shown the perfect identity of these two species, as suggested by Sir W. Hooker. The same gentleman has also given new habitats for *Tamus communis*, in Somersetshire, and thrown out for the consideration of Botanists, several hints regarding its relationship with the genus *Dioscorea*. The rare *Blyxmus compressus*, or narrow-leaved clubmoss, may be found pretty plentifully in some bogs at Carshalton, Surrey; and Dr. Balfour has met with the species of *Scabiosa* (devils-bit) known as *colombaria*, on the sea shores near North Berwick.—*Vegetable Fermentation*.—Mr. Hopkins has continued his observations on this subject, and communicated the results to the Botanical Society. Besides oxygen and a certain degree of heat, he has found that motion very much assists the production of acetic acid in vegetables; and we are told in proof of this, that in the seventeenth century one William Homberg partially filled a bottle with wine which was not at all acid, and having securely corked it, he tied it to the vane of a windmill; it became converted in three days into good vinegar. When any further change takes place, the result is the complete disorganization of the materials, the liberation of the elemental substances,—and finally, a recarbonization of part of the ingredients, producing inorganised vegetable mould. Thus in the Texas, grass springs so rank and luxuriantly, that no number of sheep can eat it down; and the groves of cane during the spring reach the height of six to ten feet, extending miles in length and in breadth. Immense masses of vegetable life spring up, die, and disappear, in the short space of a few weeks.

GEOLOGY.—Temperature.—A large natural well has been discovered by M. Serres, about a quarter of a league to the north-west of Montpellier. Its sides, in consequence of the calcareous character of the rocks composing the soil, are almost vertical; and, in descending it, a considerable degree of heat was experienced, which, in the opinion of Serres, could not arise either from

chemical decomposition, or from the torches taken down by those who were exploring it. The thermal waters exist at a certain depth below this soil, and send forth vapours, which, by coming through the fissures, heat the cavern. This is the only hypothesis that can successfully account for the caloric generated.—*Edible Earth.*—The fact can no longer be doubted, that Indian nations are in the habit of employing various kinds of earth as food. M. Biot has laid before the Academy of Sciences an account translated from the Japanese Encyclopedia, detailing the uses made of a peculiar earth by the Chinese; who call it *chi-mien*, or stone flour, and describe it as follows: "The stone flour is not an ordinary production, for it is a miraculous substance. Some say that it was born in seasons of scarcity; and, in the time of the Emperor Hien Teong (744 of the Christian era) a miraculous spring came out of the ground, the stones were decomposed and transformed into flour." It appears that several of the extensive provinces of China consist of open plains, traversed by large rivers, the beds of which are constantly raised by the soil deposited by the water; so that it is necessary to border them with high dykes. If the rivers, as it occasionally happens, rise above these dykes or break through them, the whole country is inundated, and the usual calamitous circumstances follow.—*Result of cutting down Forests.*—M. Chabriol's theory, that the temperature of a country is not only lowered by the destruction of the trees, but that streams dry up and rain ceases to fall, appears to have received further confirmation from the recent researches of Boussingault; who states that in several of the provinces of South America, which are covered with wood, it rains every day; and that in others, where the soil is sandy and arid, it never rains; yet these provinces have the same latitude and climate, and the projections and distances of mountains are nearly similar.—*Fossil Remains near Bristol, &c.*—A paragraph has gone the round of the newspapers, stating that, while some workmen were excavating at the great Western Cotton Factory, near Bristol, a remarkably fine mammoth was discovered in the gravel immediately overlaying the red marl, at a depth of twelve feet! A greater piece of absurdity than this could scarcely have been put to press. No such remains are found either in gravel or red marl, and we dare say the creature alluded to (if any were at all found) bore about as much resemblance to a mammoth as a fossil shell. Of a similar character is another report, which has not only found a place in our scientific journals, but has even been swallowed by several unsuspecting geologists of the day. It is that of the discovery, in Craighleith Quarry, of fossil-trees and animals imbedded in granite. Now, it is contrary to the very nature of a primitive formation, to which granite belongs, to possess organic remains; these are common exclusively to the secondary series, and it would be equally philosophical to think of obtaining charcoal from water, or bone from ammonia.—*Disappearance of a Lake in Switzerland.*—The beautiful lake of Chede, in the valley of Chamnoni, has entirely disappeared in consequence of an immense mass of earth falling into it from one of the surrounding mountains. In the place of its pure and transparent waters, reflecting on the summits of Mont Blanc, nothing now is to be seen but a vast mound of black earth, mingled with rough flints, through which rushes a turbid torrent, and by its side a mere muddy pond. All that rendered this romantic spot so enchanting has disappeared for ever; and yet no great damage has been done to the road which leads to the glaciers.—So much for the vast revolutions which time, in its ceaseless course, is ever developing for the consideration of man.—*Artesian Wells.*—In the tertiary basin of Perpignan and the chalk of Tours there are subterranean waters, which have an enormous upper pressure. M. Arago states that the water rushes up with so much force that a cannon ball placed in the pipe of an Artesian well is instantly ejected by the ascending stream. In Lincolnshire, where wells of this description are almost as common as in Artois (whence the name Artesian), they are very characteristically called blow wells.—*Jersey Granite.*—Four hundred workmen are now employed in the Nowmont quarries, in raising the granite contracted for to build the new Houses of Parliament.

STATISTICS.—Fires in London.—The result of a calculation of the number of fires occurring in the metropolis during the last year has recently been published by Mr. Baddeley. The total number of fires in London was 564; in Paris during the same period the number was 191; the loss of life in both cities being the same, 14. The Parisian firemen have not such good engines as the Londoners, but are more numerous, and said to be better disciplined. The greatest number of fires occurred in the houses of publicans, and in lodging-houses; being in the former 36, and in the latter 35. Carpenters were next in the scale of danger, being 26. The greatest number of fires, 72, had arisen from ignited flues; the next greatest, 71, originated from the ignition of bed-curtains. The greatest number of fires occurred in December; the least in August. The greatest number, 53, commenced at ten o'clock at night; the fewest, 5, at nine in the morning. **Population of Prussia.**—The Prussian Government have just issued their Annual Statistical Report, in which they state the population of that kingdom, exclusive of the principality of Neufchatel, to be 13,837,233 souls.

MECHANICS.—The railway between Paris and St. Germain has just been opened, and promises to be very successful. The number of people who travel daily on the London and Birmingham railway, although its present terminus is not in a very interesting locality, is very great. Forty carriages returned one Sunday evening, all of them full.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

The Book of Sports, Athletic Exercises, and Amusement. By William Martin. An excellent work for Boys.

A History of British Quadrupeds; Part XI.

The Churches of London; Part VIII.

Architectural Magazine and Journal; Vol. IV., No. XLII.

Earl Harold; a Tragedy, in Five Acts.

The Suburban Gardener; Nos. II. and III.

Arboretum et Fruticetum Britannicum; Nos. XLIII. and XLIV.

Case on the 43rd Elizabeth, for the Relief of the Poor, for the Opinion of Mr. Sergeant Saigge. A very valuable pamphlet.

History of the British Possessions in the East Indies. By R. Montgomery Martin, F.S.S.

Amongst the various works of periodical literature already issued, or about to be produced from the teeming press of London, we have noticed "*The Lounger of the Metropolis*," and are authorized in stating, that the editor is a gentleman of considerable talent, and is well known in the literary world. He is assisted by many of the most eminent authors of the present day. The singular title of another periodical, called "*The Torch*," edited by Felix Fax, Esq., also struck us; and if it fulfil the promises made in the prospectus, it will indeed be calculated to illuminate the minds of the *flâneurs* about town. "*The Victoria Review*," edited by F. W. N. Bayley, Esq., did not escape us. But we shall speak more of these periodicals in our next.

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AN ADDRESS
TO THE
SENATORS OF GREAT BRITAIN.

MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN,

IN the course of another month you will be convened to deliberate on the weighty matters of the State. In the mean time allow us to address you in a few remarks on the results of the late general election, their probable consequences, and the conduct of all parties, with other matters of equal importance. We would not disguise from ourselves the truth, however disagreeable that truth may be. We therefore willingly admit that the Conservative cause has not suffered by the issue; in the House of Commons the relative strength of parties is pretty nearly the same as before. We shall not stop to consider whether the majority in favour of the Ministry, small as it is, be an Irish, Scotch, a Welch, or an English majority; nor do we experience any anxiety to know whether the one side or the other have more English members. The empire is one, and must be looked upon as a whole, and not in parts. We are for plain argument and fair reasoning; we have no prejudices; but we are desirous of acting on a conviction of what is right, and to support the cause which we believe to be just. We reject false colours, meretricious ornaments, and delusive lights, and wish to speak forth the words of soberness and truth. It is of far more importance to the Conservatives to learn not that they have a large majority of English county-members, because each county-member reckons no more on their side than a borough-member in a division, and weighs no heavier, but that taking county-votes and borough-votes, the aggregate number of each given to the friends of the Ministry and Radicals, as compared with the aggregate number of each given to Tories, the Ministerialists are elected by a majority of voters. Such being the fact, should the Conservatives by a single vote attempt to compel the present Ministry to resign?

With respect to the great question of the Amendment of the recently enacted Poor Law Bill, it may not be without use to some of our readers, if we make a few comments on the subject. We shall at the same time feel that we better discharge towards the public our duties as journalists and political reviewers, if we, in discussing topics of domestic policy, do not omit one of so much importance to the British Empire. All men of reasonable mind are ready to allow on

the broad Christian principle the right of the poor, in a Christian community, by positive enactment, to relief; all are ready to admit that, when the poor are overtaken by the infirmities of age, the incapacities of sickness, or the sudden derangements to which from various circumstances trade and commerce are subject, they should, on the principles of policy and legislation, of humanity and charity, be entitled to relief. Mankind, however, indulging in theoretical speculations, or guided by the lights of experience, may and do differ very widely as to the best mode of affording the requisite relief, though all would agree that the old system of distributing that succour, if not vicious in principle, was mischievous in results. The danger of continuing that system became so imminent, and the practicability of continuing it became so doubtful, that a thorough change was decided upon, and the Bill in question has, after elaborate discussion, effected that change. But it was effected with the concurrence of the leading men of all parties. If the Whigs, who were in office, proposed the measure to Parliament as a Ministerial one, it passed into a legislative enactment by the powerful aid and with the consent of Hume, Sir Robert Peel, and the Duke of Wellington; and they have subsequently in Parliament borne a frank and willing testimony to the good results of the Bill in general. It may therefore appear difficult to find grievous fault with a Bill passed under such auspices, and in such circumstances, and approved by such supporters of the Conservative cause. We are, moreover, too honest to throw upon the Whigs the entire blame of any partial evil connected with the administration of the Bill, as if the Conservatives had been without reproach in the business. A Select Committee of the House of Commons has inquired into the practical working of the Bill; the evidence which has been obtained affords ample matter for the reflection of both parties. Our feeling is, that on such a vitally important and truly national subject, we should dismiss from our thoughts all narrow-minded views, and all sectarian principles; and looking, with generous and magnanimous patriotism, only to what the public interest and the public expediency recommend, resist alike the importunities of public clamour, if it be founded on ignorance, and the temptation to employ that public clamour as an instrument for the purpose of political faction. Let us carefully canvass the principle of every clause in the Bill itself, and compare the contemplated with the practical results:—wherever we detect too much power to be placed in the hands of those who are to administer the Bill, let us at once reduce it by a farther enactment. If, in some instances, too little discretion be left to those administrators, let us at once remedy the evil; if we discover that the Bill works well in the rural districts, let us consider whether it be equally necessary, efficacious, or promising in the manufacturing towns, and the cities of denser population, though unconnected with trade. If the customary weekly allowances be, by the operation of the Bill, in the shape of out-door relief, withheld from meritorious objects; if wives be separated from husbands*—a measure which appears to be too severe and most inexpedient in any condition of things—whether the separation be an accidental or an intentional result of the Bill; if the Bastardy-

* We particularly refer our readers to the heart-rending case of *Mr. Doggett*, who after being a rate payer for 40 years was refused, by the keeper of the Deptford workhouse, to see his wife till after she was dead.—See *The Times* of Sep. 23.

clauses have really caused so much infanticide as we have no reason to doubt that they have—it surely becomes the benevolence of Christian philanthropists, and the patriotism of practical statesmen, to inquire into these matters with an earnest desire to make the enactment, if it be possible, as perfect in its intentions and objects as the importance of it prompts, and as beneficial in its operations and results as the necessities of the times and circumstances demand. But we will not use the Bill as a combustible for popular excitement against any Ministry, nor as an engine for the attainment of political power; nor do we desire to crawl into the good opinion of the Conservatives by mean devices, and by passing over the slime and mutilated remains of the corpses of the Whigs. We however strenuously urge the necessity of an amendment to the Bastardy-clauses as they exist at present. The ruthless seducer of innocence should not be permitted to triumph with impunity in his turpitude, nor should an evil-principled female be allowed to reap profits by her guilt. A heavy fine ought to be imposed upon the licentious youth whose selfish passions must be gratified by the ruin of virgin chastity, which fine should devolve to the Crown. The Senator who would not allow, on the part of the female, an opportunity of holding up to public infamy a miscreant who, from the first moment he saw his victim, ceased neither day nor night by stratagem, by influence, by promises, and by threatenings, till he had accomplished his fiend-like purpose, merits not the name! The indirect protection, which is at present afforded the seducer, is a direct encouragement of the crime; and in its consequences, the less guilty of the two, is the one who is the more severely punished. The former laughs at the confiding girl whose ruin he has effected: the latter is exposed to shame, obloquy, penury, and want!

“How deceitful is the human heart! Man walks forth,” says the author of *My Book*,—“in his own opinion honest and honourable,—he would not be guilty of an action that in the remotest degree could be misconstrued; yet, towards the female sex he thinks any fraud is admissible that can rob her of her honour—without at all detracting from his honourable position in society; he thinks too with the poet, that ‘at all love’s perjuries Jove laughs.’ The Legislature—by a law recently enacted—decrees the whole burthen of proof on the female; a law to protect the seducer—because lordly man may have *occasionally* been wrongly charged—when, from the beginning of the world, woman has been his victim: is it fitting for an occasional wrong—against a systematic wrong—thus to enact? They pretend it is to deter them from giving way to the seducer; but is it not a fact, that it has led to the increase of crime in *suicide* and *murder*? What time of the day does the seducer choose?—what character does he assume?—and who is the female that is the subject of his wiles? He goes by night—and in darkness—lies in wait till he can meet her—gives any name but his own—makes the poor fond creature believe *he is a gentleman*; which at this moment the villain certainly is not—and the poor unprotected girl ‘is lured by a villain from her native home?’” *Page 69.*

These excellent remarks, without our assistance, demand an immediate alteration of a clause which encourages crime by visiting its

penalties in the improper quarter,—which fills the police offices with wretched girls charged as infanticides,—and drives the distracted and abandoned fair one to end her days in the blood of an impenitent suicide!

Let us now pass on to another and less gloomy subject.

We would recommend the introduction of Municipal Reform in Ireland, and with it the adjustment of the disputes respecting the Irish Established Church, considering that in Ireland the Catholics are six or seven times as numerous as the Protestants. At the same time we would strenuously urge the protection of that church and the preservation of its constitution. We are not blind to the danger in which it is now placed, from the continued attempts of the small minority to maintain its ascendancy, and that even by force of arms. We conceive that additional examples of Christian forbearance and charity, on the side of the Protestants, and the avoidance of all exciting topics of dispute, will not be without a beneficial effect in producing a corresponding temperament in the minds of their Roman Catholic neighbours: the hardest rock may be softened or hollowed by continual drops of water; “the precious dew” of Christian Charity has a fertilising power even over the sandy desert and the Arabia Petrea of a Roman Catholic’s heart! The cause of Christianity, we think, has never thriven well where the sword has paved the way for it; and we are rather inclined to prefer the primitive and agricultural process of “sowing good seed, and looking for the fruits in due season.”

But to proceed. We deprecate all attempts to calumniate the characters, or misrepresent the conduct of those who are politically opposed to us, or to describe them as men without influence and power, when in too many instances they *have* the influence and power which property, a numerous tenantry, a fair name, and a bright example of public and private virtue confer, and must ever confer in a well-regulated community. Such calumnies stir up the slumbering zeal of friends to increase the mischief of results which would have been inconsiderable or harmless, and to secure a triumph which might have been a defeat.

An influential journal has long been endeavouring to lessen the power possessed by O’Connell, through the medium of ridicule the most pointed, and declamation the most rabid. Its editor has laboured with the weight of his own ideas amidst convolutions, evolutions, involutions, and revolutions—a piteous spectacle to the gods of Olympus!—till he has well-nigh burst with his powerful throes. The flowers of rhetorical vituperation have been scattered with a prodigal hand,—the vocabularies of slang have been exhausted,—the awful thunder of Jupiter has rolled in continuous peals,—the red bolt has been shot at the devoted head of the great agitator; but the agitator is still unscathed and unscathed. The result, as it has been exhibited in the recent Irish elections, is, that only two joints of his tail have been cut off, while he has gained nine votes to his cause. He must therefore be opposed with more legitimate weapons, or else, by injudicious conduct, we shall increase his dreaded influence, and add to the amount of the public danger. One of the true methods of contending with the witness of the serpent is to exhibit in ourselves the harmlessness of the dove.

We have been assured by good authority that the process of subduing the ferocity of a wild elephant is to place him between two tamed ones that have been trained to the task; and may not the factious spirit of O'Connell be thus reduced, if he run in harness between the Tory and the Whig? But it has never yet been recommended by the authority alluded to, that one of the tamed and domesticated elephants should seek, like an ill-disciplined donkey, to effect the object by "kicking and wounding" the wilder animals "in wanton gambols of awkward vivacity."

And here we may remark, that we entertain very little doubt that the plan of creating fictitious votes in counties by the purchase of small freeholds, to give the right of suffrage to those who reside at a great distance, will be, when the abuse shall have reached an intolerable height, stopped by the interference of Parliament; and this abuse may be effectually controlled by raising the franchise for non-residents from forty shillings to forty pounds *per annum*. The result of that arrangement would be, that persons, who have no natural and legitimate connexions with particular counties, will not, for the mere sake of a vote, either purchase themselves, or easily find friends and agents to purchase for them, freeholds of such a value. The game will then be too expensive to be played to any great extent.

We are equally prepared to disavow any intention of declaiming against priestly domination in Ireland, because we see "enough, and more than enough," of it throughout the United Kingdom. The priests, whether Roman Catholic or Protestant,—whether in Great Britain or Ireland,—will, we fear, on occasions of general election, exercise all the influence they possess, spiritually or temporally, to promote the cause which their early prejudices or mature convictions approve, either as Tories or as Whigs. We consider it a species of lamentable desecration for sacerdotal power to be employed for political purposes in any country, though we would allow to every priest the right of voting for the fittest candidate according to his own ideas of that individual's competency, and the opportunity of influencing—but not in the pulpit, for there "far other aims his heart should learn to prize"—in private conversation, or in public assemblies, any minds which he could win to the cause that he himself embraces, by fair reasoning and decorous language. The *virus* of Irish Roman Catholic priests will not be extracted by our unmitigated abuse; they may indeed be in "the gall of bitterness," if we distil our own, and they might be in the "bonds of iniquity," if they were "within the reach of our mighty malice." Let the clergy of the Establishment in Ireland, as well as in Great Britain, set them the splendid example of soberness in thinking, of decency in speaking, of moderation in acting, and of propriety, prudence, forbearance, and Christian charity in conduct; and we shall not despair of their gradual amelioration in language, manners, deportment, and virtues. If they be wild beasts, their ferocity will *not* be increased by our gentleness, and may be diminished by our familiarity. If, in approaching us, they be not welcomed by missiles, nor speared in mere sport,—if they be allowed to run about our paths, and can repose within our haunts, they will perchance forget their native notes, their lupine howls, and leonine roars—drop "the

terror of their beaks," and dim the lightning of their eyes, be disrobed of their shaggy manes and rough skins, and lose their unsocial and savage habits.

We confess that we should entertain a poor idea of our own understanding, if we found ourselves believing that the fate of the Protestant Church in Ireland is bound up with the fate of the famous *Appropriation Clause* in the Irish Church Bill, and with the much agitated question of Irish Municipal Reform. We do not think so badly of the foundation of that church as to suppose that the Appropriation Clause would have the talismanic effect of converting it into a reed liable to be shaken with the wind. If its base be laid on a rock, Catholicism, though its billows beat ever so high, cannot overturn it; and if it have sustained no injury in less enlightened times amidst the violence of contending factions, the shedding of blood, and the devastation of property, it is not very likely that in our days, when the public mind is so much disabused of so many prejudices, and when superstition is disenchanted of her over-awing magic, and dismantled of her Gorgonian terrors,—when education has planted a firm foot in the land,—when institutions, establishments, and reading-rooms are springing up on every side,—when reviews and newspapers are diffusing information of every kind,—when the magistracy has been purified from the leaven of party-politics,—and when local justice is so much more impartially administered,—it is not very likely that the Protestant Church will sustain any grievous damage or receive any mortal wound, by the progressive marches of Reform. We know no better—no more pacific nor efficacious method of protecting the real interests of the Protestant Church, than by putting an end to the contentions about tithes and church-cess, *even if it be necessary to grant a compensation to the existing clergy, with the appointment of a Commission for keeping all the Churches throughout Ireland in repair, the expense of such repairs to be paid by the Government; we would further recommend, that one half of the commissioners be laymen, and the other half ministers, all belonging to the Established Church.*

In vain have we perused with microscopic eyes the annals of history and the mighty volume of nature, small fruit have we reaped from past experience, and to no good purpose have we conversed with mankind, if these methods fail in producing an instantaneous and permanent effect. In vain have we searched the Scriptures, and studied the religion of Christ, if we have learnt only to scent and track heresies with a blood-hound's speed, to denounce heretics with a bigot's hate, and lead the renegade to an ignominious scaffold with Pharisaic malice. If Christian Charity be, as we suspect, the *alpha* and *omega* of our Christian faith, then the duty of all true believers, whether ministers or laymen, whether of the Established or the Papal Church, will be rather the practice and inculcation of that Christian Charity than the promulgation of mystical theology, which will not assist the salvation of their souls. The imagination must not be fed with airy speculations, carrying men farther from the expediences and utilities of virtue and the amenities and amiabilities of piety, the higher they ascend and the deeper they dive. Far more good will be accomplished to the interest of the nation by pacific measures, than by preaching

crusades for the conversion of papists, or by perpetually reciting the history of papal enormities in primeval times.

The propriety of establishing Poor Laws in Ireland, is a point on which we now crave the permission of our readers, without incurring the censure of prolixity, to say a few words. We are well satisfied as to the necessity of some provision for the maintenance of the aged and infirm, of the sick and disabled poor of Ireland; but in surveying the peculiarities of the Irish population, the difference of feelings, habits, and manners in the Irish nation, we are not prepared to say that the English Poor Law Bill ought to be introduced *entire* into Ireland; and we are not sufficiently enlightened by knowledge and reflection to determine the exact portions of the Bill, which ought to be adopted amongst the Irish people, with a certain or reasonable hope of ultimate success. Much, however, might be done by the establishment of a Relief Society, somewhat resembling the Mendicity Society, under the sanction of Government, and acting on principles well laid down and defined in the Bill, which might authorize the proceeding. Much may also be accomplished by certain officers in each individual parish to be appointed by the parishioners themselves as guardians of the poor, and to be made amenable for any misconduct to the tribunal of stipendiary magistrates within the county to which the said parish shall belong. We would have no public workhouses nor poor-houses erected in Ireland; but whatever relief might be required by the necessitous poor, aged, infirm, sick, or disabled, we would have administered to them partly in money, partly in food, and partly in raiment, at their own doors, by the proper officers. Looking to the number of mendicants in Ireland, we should limit the relief in the way which we have stated, without extending it to the able-bodied poor who represented themselves to be in want of the means of subsistence: such cases would easily be disposed of by referring the applicants to the Relief Societies, of which the powers must, under the legislative enactment, be ample enough to afford relief, where relief should be proved to be necessary and proper.

The great advantage of this system would be that the impartiality of officers appointed by Government in the different Relief Societies would be secured for the benefit of the public, the officers themselves being made amenable to the Lord Lieutenant; and such impartiality is a point of consideration and importance in a country divided into family clans, hereditary factions, and political and religious parties deeply embittered against each other, with an immense superiority of Roman Catholic population in one parish and Protestant in another. The extensive mischief of such disproportion would be perfectly neutralized by the establishment of Relief Societies. Let the industrious and economical poor have the full advantage which they can derive from the multiplication of Savings' Banks so conducted as to prevent the possibility of loss to themselves by the imposition, fraud, or peculation of the officers connected with the Societies. Let all classes of the community, whether proprietors of land, houses, or warehouses, or even of money in the public securities, contribute annually in certain proportions to the creation of a fund to be placed in the hands of the Relief Society of the county within

which their property is situate, for the express purpose of affording to the necessitous poor, who are entitled to apply, that relief which might be expedient in their particular circumstances. There can be no doubt that such a fund, rightly administered by the Society of the district, would receive frequent accessions by munificent donations. The manufacturers, who would be so largely interested in the existence and activity of such a fund, which might be made quite available to their operatives, when unforeseen calamities—whether from hurricanes, explosions, conflagrations, or mischiefs—overtook them, might well be required to contribute a weekly sixpence for each labourer in their establishments, as the condition on which the operatives would alone be entitled in such circumstances to appeal to the fund of the County Relief Society. The monies of Benefit Societies, established by the operatives themselves, have been too often misappropriated by wanton profusion, misplaced by abused confidence, or abstracted by nefarious speculation; and they have perhaps only been applicable in cases of sickness to the sufferers themselves, or of death to the surviving families. In Ireland, from the peculiar position of things, a wise and provident legislature will take extraordinary means to guard against evils of which the correction may be left to chance as they occur in countries which are differently circumstanced. A main point is to satisfy all parties in Ireland that they can have impartial justice for outrage, full security against magisterial and individual oppression, and ample protection from the State when age shall have crippled their energies, or disease have incapacitated them from labour.

We should hope that the leading men of all parties in Ireland will be ready to entertain a project which seems to us to be well calculated to meet the difficulties besetting the thorny question, and which would tend greatly to annihilate those unchristian feelings which rankle in their bosoms. Little as we respect O'Connell, how usefully might he employ his time and talents in co-operating in such measures as now suggested, by which line of conduct he would raise to himself a monument more durable than brass. His behaviour hitherto has been singularly inconsistent—first in rejecting—then in advocating—then in objecting! But we will pardon him all the inconsistency which we have remarked if he will now use his best and sincerest endeavours to effect so great a boon to his poorer countrymen as a wise and satisfactory Poor Law Bill might be the means of accomplishing for them.

Among the various modes of legitimate parliamentary warfare, we are certainly not disposed to reckon frivolous and vexatious objections to the registration of votes, causing great trouble and inconvenience, as well as a serious expenditure of time and money, to the individuals whose right of suffrage is impertinently questioned, but who nevertheless attend to prove, and succeed in establishing, their qualifications. Such individuals are likely to be highly elated in spirit proportionably to the defeat which they have given to their malicious opponents;—they are deeply embittered in feeling at the provoking necessity of being obliged to defend what ought not to have ever been a matter of dispute; and if their politics had a general or partial tendency to Conservatism, the salutary inclination is for ever destroyed, and determined

resolution succeeds to hesitation and doubt. At the next election such voters will be among the foremost in the cause of reform; an impulse will have been given to their dormant powers—they become active in business at committee-rooms, vociferous in applause at public meetings, strenuous in private applications—earnest, zealous, and persevering; they diffuse around their circle the same enthusiasm which burns within themselves,—they bear the torch and the standard; they brandish the sword, poise the javelin, or wield, with an Indian's yell; the mighty energies of the tomahawk. But when the period of registration has revolved, the same game, which was played against themselves; they are too often disposed to play against their opponents, by placing on the roll of the register unjust objections to their votes; and thus a caco-dæmoniacal agency will continue to possess both parties until the evil swell to a size requiring the amputating knife of Parliament. A remedy *may* be found by subjecting the objector, who fails to substantiate his objections, to costs or a fine.

The battle of the Constitution, as Sir Robert Peel has wisely said, is to be fought in the registration-court; but it must be a fair fight—a fight in the light of day, such as Ajax loved, and in the sight of heaven. The impetuosity of Achilles may be expected to command success in the mortal combat with Hector; but the glory of the victory need not to have been tarnished by dragging the dead body thrice round the walls of Troy.

To maintain the Constitution we know is right. "A good cause," says the *Ætligio Medici*, "needs not to be pleaded by passion, and can ever sustain itself on a temperate dispute." Let this great maxim be ever present to our memory, and deeply imprinted in our minds; and let the truth of it be brilliantly evidenced in our conduct, so that—if he be thrice armed, whose side is just—he alone may be entitled to anticipate success who employs legitimate means in defence of a proper cause.

But let us not delude ourselves with the fond expectation, or buoy ourselves up with the mere hope of re-action. The isolated facts brought forward, with all the advantage of juxta-position, to establish the point, merely prove the exceptions: the changed results of the late elections in the particular boroughs, where Conservatives have defeated Whigs and Radicals, must be explained on a different principle. If we consider the anatomical truth, that "the spirits of the body are," in the language of the devout and eloquent Robert Hall, "collected at the heart," we shall perceive what is the proper inference to be drawn from the unchanged results in the metropolitan boroughs. The spirit of Reform is not laid in the Red Sea; it is not embosomed in the "vast deep" beyond the power of evocation. If it recline on its couch, reposing with self-satisfaction, and surveying the work which it has already accomplished, it is nevertheless meditating fresh conquests—it has other laurels and trophies—other ovations and triumphs in prospect; it has other aims in purpose, resolve, and reserve; the note of preparation may be heard in the distance—the neighing and generous steeds are pawing the ground; and, "ere they start with their riders, a thousand steps are lost;" they smell the battle from afar—the Ides of November approach!

The great majority that carried the Reform Bill, in spite of the chivalrous and gallant stand made by the Conservatives, may possibly carry any other measure of Reform, when it determines to act with the energy of a single mind, in the pursuit of a single object, and with "a monarch's voice." Roused from their quietude, the people will come, neither with the cauldron of Medea, nor with the incantations of Canidia, nor with the ægis of Minerva, nor with the spirit of Arungzebe, who, "hushed" for seven long years "in grim repose," started at once from the recesses of a cave, like a lion,

"Fierce from his lair to lap the blood of kings;"

—they will come, neither sewing, like Cadmus, dragons' teeth, nor with Cromwellian stamp raising up armed legions; but "in panoply complete of heavenly temper" will they come;—they will come, vindicating usurped rights, and recovering delegated and misused power; they will come, asserting the aristocracy of mind, and the aristocracy of virtue!

If in this dubious and volcanic state of things, potentates tremble on their thrones, and dread approaching change,—if philanthropists be in vain exhorting to peace and union, the true and practical philosopher points to the right and sovereign remedies. He perceives the spirit and yields to the necessity of the times; he becomes convinced that the bold counsels of *ultraism* will precipitate the growing mischief; he knows that the re-attainment of place and power once possessed by the Conservatives is impracticable, and acts on the decided conviction of it; he sees that the real strength of the Conservatives will be best shown, felt, and exercised by the compact firmness, and the strict union of the immortal phalanx—by their incessant vigilance in attending and debating, by yielding with a good grace wherever the fair course of argument requires concession, and thus establishing an equitable right, in the like circumstances, to expect the same concessions from their opponents; he perceives the policy of *abstaining* from all topics of irritation, from all uncharitableness, and *hatred*; he encourages no vehemence of manner, nor virulence of language, whether in Parliament or out of it; he disclaims the practice of base manoeuvres, adopts no mean subterfuges, employs no cunning mystification, and makes no pompous displays of boastfulness, and no ebullitions of menace or defiance; he steers the even course of a patriot, accomplishing whatever can be accomplished by argument and eloquence, by talent and prudence, by knowledge, by firmness, consistency, and wisdom—by honourable reputation and legitimate influence—by moderation and virtue—receiving the gratitude of his party—commanding the respect of his opponents, the "applause of listening senates," the admiration of Europe and the civilized world,—and securing the veneration of unborn ages to the cause of Christianity and Conservatism. For the present,

MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN,

We have the honour of remaining,

Your obedient humble servants,

TABLEAUX FROM SPORTING LIFE.

BY CRAVEN.

SKETCH THE FIRST.—TATTERSALL'S.

(Continued from page 240.)

As there may be some who will view these "presentments" as the operation of an ungracious spirit, and interpret their purpose into one of offence, a passing explanation may not come amiss here, while we pause upon the threshold of the second story. The essential difference between barbarism and civilization may be figuratively illustrated by a familiar comparison—the former as the house built upon the sands of discord and private wrong, the latter as a tower whose foundation is the rock of principle. Since Cadmus fixed the keystone of the great social arch, the "genus irritabile" has furnished the artificers by whom it has been preserved and embellished. As its uses increased, the craftsmen engaged upon it multiplied also, these labouring upon that which was useful, while others employed themselves with the decorative. In process of time there grew up a class who combined both callings. With such of course the responsibility became the greater, as the circle of their operations extended. Instead of at once entering upon those repairs which necessity might point to as requiring prompt and energetic measures, their method of proceeding was to be one of deliberate caution. Nothing was to be touched till plans and specifications were in the first instance exhibited, shewing the state of the particular work upon which they purposed engaging, that men, seeing the exigency of its condition, might form an estimate of their handiwork. If then, finding that a joist was faulty, to come at it they exposed to view a beam that was perfect, shall that be counted against them as a crime? If the superstructure were dangerous, shall there be cause of complaint that in effecting the remedy some portion of the basis which was safe might have been disturbed? Ought it not to be a praise rather than a reproach to the craftsman, that he laboured so to regulate his materials as to guard the sound from suffering by its proximity to that which was rotten? If there be whom these sketches displease, let him thus regard "the head and front of their offending."

To return to the point at which we parted in the last number, leaving hearsay and conjecture aside, what appeals directly to one's own observation serves to distinguish the nobleman of whom we were speaking from any modern instance in Turf story. If he be an extensive proprietor of race-horses, surely it is capable of invidious construction that any mystery should exist about it; and where, if not around the patent of nobility, should be inscribed the motto which is the spirit of honour, "Non sine crimine solum, sed etiam sine labe?" If he be not personally connected with the Turf, then does he exhibit an example of disinterested magnificence of which that class of Sporting is without a parallel. There is no secret that the splendid Waterloo Shield run for at the last meeting at Goodwood was the

free gift of Lord George Bentinck. The value of this prize was stated at about *twelve hundred guineas*, being the most valuable Prize ever raced for. Now if the giver were an extensive Stud proprietor, or one whose heavy Turf speculations made it good policy that he cultivate a particular popularity, taking our data from the ordinary motives of human actions, we might arrive at the incitement to the Eastern magnificence of his donation. Were the giver politically or otherwise linked with the county of Sussex, we might understand why Goodwood was selected as the arena of such unique liberality. Neither being the case, the least that can be said is that his good-breeding must be complete, who can review the alternative void of all surprise?

“*Nil admirari, prope res est una Numici.*”

It will be recollected that a duel was fought last year between Lord George and Mr. Osbaldeston, a *rencontre* which with characteristic fatality arose out of a notorious affair at Heaton Park Races in the Autumn of 1835. No sort of imputation is intended to be applied to either party. Mr. Osbaldeston won the cup by excellent jockeyship, and Lord George Bentinck lost his money, being second best in that emphatic contest which is called “the tug of war.” I set out by stating that the nobleman now under our notice was one whose connexion with the Turf was conventionally alluded to with much delicacy, and regarded as a subject to be handled “*levi manu.*” I confess I do not see the object of such fastidiousness, nor why I should refrain from describing him as the supporter of a cause, which we have beheld him maintaining both with *sword* and *shield*.

The air which pervades the Room and its arrangements is the *idiot* of playing at ‘Change. While grouped around are the merchant-nobles of the land, driving their bargains with logarithmic cunning, seated at a corner table is the newspaper reporter, noting down each fluctuation of the odds with fractional minuteness. On ordinary occasions you will not find there the leaders of the racing world, Lords Exeter, Jersey, Chesterfield—neither their graces of Rutland, Richmond, nor Grafton; more frequently than any of his compeers being to be seen the impersonation of the old English squire, in *very yellow* leathers, top boots unconscious of oxalic acid, a blue coat and a spender of the same hue,—the duke of Portland. Most prominent, and evidently regarded as of commanding influence, is the Right Honourable Charles Greville. This gentleman has neither a large nor an average Turf establishment even for its size, but whether for himself alone, or as representing his friends, he shows formidably at Hyde Park Corner, and in the Ring on Newmarket Heath. He has the reputation of being one of the most skilful handicappers of the day, the most accomplished of all modern professors of that most intricate and obnoxious art being, singularly enough, a son of Neptune, the universally popular companion and excellent seaman, the Honourable Captain Rous. Not the brow of the defunct glory of Israel, as he propped himself against a pillar of Gresham’s Golconda colonnade, ever wore the impress of more intense thought than does that of the right honourable the Clerk of the Council what time he girds up his loins for business at Tattersall’s. Goldsmith makes old Harcastle

say of Marlow's manner, "Well, if this be modern modesty, I never saw any thing so like old-fashioned impudence." Should any chance place a genuine "*Vive la bagatelle*" fresh from the banks of the Seine among the pleasure-seekers at the Corner, methinks I hear him (eyeing the honourable gentleman whose whereabouts he has just learned) exclaiming, "That may be the guise of English happiness, but I never saw any thing more like the expression of French calamity."

If it be winter, with his back to the fire, or if summer, slowly pacing the yard, you will observe a figure with the hands up to the wrists delved into the breeches pockets, and always arrayed in a brown body-coat, white cords, top boots, and a Jolliffe hat, somewhat modernized in the crown. That is James Bland, whilom a gentleman's coachman, but now "as good as his master." In keeping with the march of vocabulary, which pronounces a hodman an operative architect, sinking the old vernacular, we will designate him as a gentleman professionally connected with Racing. He is not provided with that universal letter of introduction of which Lord Chesterfield speaks: indeed he and a brother professional, a Mr. Wagstaff (of whom hereafter), are under as little obligation to nature in that particular, as any two men with whom I can charge my memory at this instant. Bland has had many a tough bout with Fortune, and not being disagreeably particular about the odds in the duello, has contrived to make a tolerable fight of it. I believe she all but grassed him on the Derby in Plenipo's year (1834). At that period he was, if not confederated, at all events unquestionably *in with* the Chifneys as far as the length of their stables went. Shillelagh was to win according to their calculation (and singularly accurate it was with a dark horse to compute by), and upon him "Jim" stood heavily. I was near him just as the race came off, and he certainly stood the cast like a trump. I believe he paid every guinea lost at Epsom, and same made him to square things a little subsequently at Ascot.

That year's Meeting at Ascot I cannot let pass without a further notice. It was generally understood among sporting men that another of the prominent bettors,—in plain English, that a leading Leg of the name of Halliday, had also been hard bit on the Derby of which I have spoken. His balances lay over, and were to be squared on the Monday following the Ascot week at Tattersall's. I saw this man on every part of the heath where the semblance of a ring was to be seen, passing from one to the other in nervous restlessness. As the meeting drew towards its close his manner grew still more perplexed, wild, and fierce. I knew he was a large stake against Lord Chesterfield for the cup, and it made me shudder to look upon the desperate carelessness he assumed as Glaucus came in an easy winner. Friday was the last day, and his forlorn hope: he betted recklessly on every race, I believe without success. The final event was about being started for: he laid wildly against a horse of Mr. Massey Stanley's. Some one exclaimed in the running, "Stanley wins." I heard a soni-breathed execration at my side. It was the last I heard or saw of Halliday. *He died suddenly in the course of that evening.* It is one thing to read this too common episode, traced upon this page;

another to have read, from the living volume, the tale of consuming agony begun in bitterness, terminated in despair !

Occasionally during the season, a tall man, very distinguished in his deportment and scrupulously plain in his *costume*, may be seen strolling around the yard, always with a cigar alight. Rarely, if ever, he is found to enter the Room. That is Colonel Peel, one of the most influential supporters of Racing now upon the Turf. There is something eminently characteristic in family keeping, if I may compound a term, in the sporting establishment of that gentleman. All is based upon the original purpose, the legitimate design of Racing as really a national sport. He is a very extensive breeder of blood-stock, has his private trainer at Newmarket, William Cooper, one of the most respectable men there, his private jockey, Arthur Pavia, a diamond edition of an olympic hero, and his livery is the orange and purple. Whatever be the object that mingles him with the em-branglement at Hyde Park Corner, he appears but as a spectator, as carefully aloof from its actual operations as one might be supposed to keep whom chance had associated with a party busied with no savoury office. With a princely fortune, he is a subscriber to all the great stakes, as, having elected the Turf for a pursuit, it is but fitting he should : he does not bet in public, at least but seldom, and to a small amount ; what his private speculations may be, of course I have no means of judging ; but this all who run may know, that, in the good taste which pervades his sporting *menage*, and the high principle by which all its details are directed, they have before them a very finished picture of an English gentleman at his recreations.

While in our analysis of Tattersall's many who, like Colonel Peel, command our entire respect, will be found, though far more far whom we can alone feel unmitigated disgust, here and there will occur a specimen of an intermediate *genus* whose classification may come under the head of "Legs eleemosynary." This is a strange variety of the *bipes implumis*, exhibiting a species, whose voluntary pursuit is at utter strife with its natural propensity. I do not think there are many samples of it in existence even now, and history is silent about any having been known before our time. We read that old Elwes would pick his dinner off a dunghill, and at night jeopardy his thousands at play ; still there was a glimmer of manhood about that. But the "Leg eleemosynary" is as divested of all mortal spirit as a bunch of dog's-meat. To him, your bone grabber is a fellow infinitely aristocratic. This at least makes his merchandise of honest offal, while the other is a mendicant of vampire carrion. As there will be few who can divine the occupation of this drone of Satan's hive, I will sketch it as briefly as I can. He is to be seen anxiously hovering about, when there is an appearance of bonâ fide business being transacted. His ear, all alive, catches the terms upon which a bet about being booked has been effected. It may be that a grim, hungry Leg has got well on : he lights up with a ghastly smile : now the "eleemosynary" sees is his time : he pounces on him : cajoles, implodes, and does him finally out of a *little fish* a shade under market price. Having thus tickled one Leg out of a bet, a point or

two under the current odds, he is off on the instant, lest the rate of exchange alter, and hedges, *with the pull in his favour*, with another of the fraternity. It would seem as if it was the nature of gaming to generate an atmosphere in which all its followers, without distinction, become intoxicated. The system which I have described would imply a degree of cold-blooded method beyond the influence of all other earthly moving—but it is not so. There is a regular concatenation of these wager-ghouls who live upon the brains of each other, until the refinement of their gains has no representative in the current coin of the realm.

Again, it is perfectly familiar among betting men that there are some frequenters of Tattersall's and the provincial Rings, who never lay out their money at the prices that are generally current, *and these get on at their own figures*. I dare say it will strike the reader as impossible that a class, proverbially astute, submit, nay volunteer quietly, to be done out of three or four per cent. by parties *known* to them as regulating their traffic exclusively upon the principle of having points in the odds conceded in their favour; nevertheless such is the fact. One of the most industrious of these indefatigable is old Spring, the well-known ex-box-keeper of Drury Lane, who, having got together some forty thousand pounds, now ruralises in his Tusculum between Brydges Street and the Strand. In the sear and yellow leaf, and almost blind, there is scarce a race-course in the South at which he is not to be met, following business as anxiously as though his existence depended upon his daily gains. His manner and vocabulary still retain the flavour of sword and perriwig, a dash of the olden time mingles with all he says and does. What secret spring of nature first moved him to his present calling is as much a mystery as the impulses of Etna or Vesuvius. It could not be love of gold, for of that he has more than he needs, and his habits are not those of the miser who hoards simply that he may hoard. The ex-box-keeper is a *bon vivant*, loves his dinner and his bottle, and enjoys them to boot. It cannot be for excitement that he toils, for it is clear he rarely, if ever, stands to an event, save a certainty. I often amuse myself by watching him. Perhaps the scene is laid at Newmarket. It is morning, and standing opposite to the Star, his accustomed hostel, I have him on the dead set for a trainer on the return from the heath. To see his *manœuvres* to catch, or after one is fairly captured! How he works to dodge to wind-ward or forge a-head of him! And now he rigs the pump, first gently goes the sucker, and then pipe all hands to the engine. Poor old boy! I would not handle thee and thine eccentricities too roughly, but of a verity thou mightest lay out the little principal of life that remaineth to thee in a more profitable investment.

There is a *clique* seen at Tattersall's (a very limited one, for it is too un-English to possess many members) consisting of would-be Legs, boobies without brains or shame, who kill their Mondays at the Corner simply "to boast of vices which they *don't* commit." Having nothing to do, there or elsewhere they set up for Sporting gentlemen upon a capital of a double-breasted green coat, a blue neck-cloth, and a Mackintosh without a waist. The majority of this hermaphro-

dite body is composed of superannuated clerks from the public offices—single instances of the *ci-devant jeune homme* very shocking to any contemplative mind. There is one of these, a *détaché* of Somerset House, that gives me the ague when he crosses me. He is a little old man-gre man, who, by the connivance of his tailor, transforms himself into a figure as unnatural and unholy as the slaty monster of Frankenstein. His back is towards you, and you settle with yourself that it belongs to a youth of fifteen; he turns, and oh, horror of horrors! you have a little wizened face like an ourang-outang's in his grand climacteric. Should he read this faithful portraiture of himself, and venture but to hint that I have stunted him of his fair proportions, let him but muster courage to stand a wager, and I'll take his own odds, that I back him into any theatre in the metropolis for *half-price*.

Passing strange as truth has been declared by one who knew, better than most men, the scenes of party-coloured life, on no spot of civilised earth does it stand forth, out-heroding the wildest fictions, as at Tattersall's! Mankind has been exhibited as evincing stoical endurance under all the ills that flesh is heir to save one, "keep your hands out of its breeches' pockets." But observe it at Hyde Park Corner, with its pouch unbuttoned, the precious freight ready to leap into the palm of the first hungry villain that will clutch it. I am prepared to anticipate that many who read this will set it down to the account of ignorance or spleen; let them bear with me a little longer and I shall not fear either sentence. For the purpose of being within the memory of every man connected with the Turf, and consequently open to instant detection should I vary, however minutely, from the simple fact, I will confine the examples that I bring to support my position, to instances taken from the events of the last five years. Of the flood of chicane, swindling, and scoundrelism, whereby, in that short period, the Turf has been so often devastated, the springs are shown to you as readily as would be a cloudless noonday sun. A difference may exist as to the tributary streams, but of the fountain heads there is but one opinion. Let a stranger visit the emporium of sporting traffic upon any public day during the year, and, upon application to the first groom-boy he may accost, shall be pointed out to him the movers of every Racing robbery for the last dozen years, meditated or perpetrated, without the least reluctance or emotion, except indeed at the ignorance which the enquiry would betray. Leaving generalities, let us now look into details.

During the last five years, to which I propose confining myself, Doncaster (as more remote, the safer arena) has been the principal scene of operation with the Legs. There, to begin with 1832, an ignominious sample of rascality was openly exhibited as ever human ingenuity invented. In that year's Leger, Beardsworth (surely I need not say who *he was*) had a colt named Ludlow, that had run very promisingly, and was backed for that race to a considerable amount at 12 to 1—low odds because the field was good. On my arrival at Doncaster some odd rumours reached me, which were soon put to rest by Beardsworth declaring in my presence, that his horse was for sale, "*to race or to boil*," for 5000*l*. The instant effect of this announcement was to send him back in the odds to 100 to 1 against

him. The object in this case never was to sell the horse, because that could have been easily done, under the rose, to the Legs, who would have bought him to lay against; the purchase money being so easily made right by subscription from such parties as had already betted that way. The *ruse* was accounted for in many ways,—no doubt it was a very productive one, for, bad as the character of Beardsworth was antecedently, this at once enveloped him in infamy. Public indignation could scarcely be restrained within any bounds at such avowed scoundrelism; an explanation was insisted upon, when one of a *private* nature was offered to the steward, Lord Uxbridge, by one of the brothers Bond, Ephraim I believe. This would not be listened to by Lord Uxbridge, and eventually, upon being called upon in the public betting-room for a solution of the “disgraceful farce,” Mr. Bond admitted that Laddow had been purchased by himself, brothers, and a *fourth party*, but who that fourth was never came to light. The horse started and lost of course—and men were found besotted enough to regard their losses upon such a race as debts of *honour*, and to pay them! Messrs. Richardson and Wagstaff came in for their proportion of the credit of this affair—but what of that? Beardsworth indeed is dead, and his memory is spoken of when any monstrous malefaction needs illustration, but the rest are all “honourable men” by the currency of sporting courtesy.

As I promised, when speaking of Mr. James Bland, a further notice of Mr. Charles Wagstaff, it will serve here as a rider to the Laddow farce. I have already premised, that he is by no means indebted to nature upon the score of personal endowment, but she has given him one essential requisite for his *calling*—lungs that could split the sides of a tap-room; and he does not hide his candle under a bushel; often, when the wind has been fair, have I, at the saddling stables on Newmarket Heath, heard him occupying his business at the Duke’s Stand—a brace of honest miles and no mistake. But is this stated in individual reproach? Surely not. The industry of the one cannot be wrong in a pursuit which is regarded fitting as concerns the many. Wagstaff must be a man of talent, and as such entitled to our consideration. I say it advisedly, that in his own particular circle at Cambridge he was not, at least some five or six years ago, considered as possessed of any great command of capital; and yet, when the interests of himself and friends required it, he came forward and gave the Marquis of Sligo three thousand guineas for his horse Fang, another Leger favourite that was not destined to be the winner. The Saddler, another horse that belonged to this gentleman and his party, was unfortunate upon one or two occasions in not quite realising the full amount of public expectation. Ill-natured people were found to grumble about these matters, but we know there is nothing at which spleen and disappointment will stop.

In 1832, nearer home, Racing affairs were a little under a cloud, inasmuch as rumour was busy about the winner of the Derby. Some said St. Giles was four years old, and some that he was five! I offer no opinion, but I am bound to say, that having had recently a conversation with the best authority as to his age—I mean Mr. John Scott, his explanation was perfectly clear and convincing. When I

want to put a Yorkshire Turfite upon his mettle, a word of suspicion about St. Giles is sure to answer my purpose. I used him lately to draw out a leading trainer from that county, and the result was the following: "We can win a Derby without having recourse to such tricks as you allude to, but they have been tried with the Leger and failed. I know that Sir Hercules ran for it at four years old, and could make nothing of it then. There was Pilgrim too, that I detected, that had been raced as two years old when he was three, and as three when he was four. We have had the game played more than once in the north."

In 1834 Plenipo, after beating the best lot of horses probably ever seen in the south of England, was sent to Doncaster. If ever there was a racing certainty, it was that, barring accidents, he must win the Leger. He was well, and on the Thursday, at Tattersall's, the last betting day previous to the race, backed at even with the field, when a commission arrived from a certain party, to lay against him to any amount. That he was made safe may be gathered from the fact, that Connelly, his jockey, told me he expected every moment, as he rode him up to the post to start, that he would have lain down with him on the course. In 1835, the Queen of Trumps stood as high for the Leger as her great predecessor had done the year before. On this affair a downright robbery was attempted, without any more precaution than if the parties concerned had called to you to stand and deliver at noon-day in Regent Street. On the day before the race, a gentleman waited upon Mr. Mostyn, and offered him seven thousand pounds for his mare—by no side wind, be it remembered—but actually accosting him, as Tom Hood would say, "like a crocodile with the bank notes in his hand." Mr. Mostyn was man of the world enough to know that cash was cash though Beelzebub should present it on the fork of his tail; but he knew also, that there was such a thing as honour, and therefore he coupled the sale with a stipulation, that "the Queen should start, and start to win." Of course this formed no part of the bargain contemplated, and there the negociation ended.

These examples, without tediously multiplying them, will answer my purpose, which is to show the unaccountable fatuity by which men of supposed common sense expose themselves to the certainty of being victimized by knaves, as well known to the sporting circles as ever was Jonathan Wild to the runners of Bow Street. That cheating at horse racing has been practised by persons in a far different condition of life to the professional Leg, is too notorious to be insisted on here. But the anomaly is, that your Leg can cheat, or try to cheat, as often as he pleases, and return to the charge again as if nothing had ever happened. He shall openly plunder nineteen men, and, while rifling them, the twentieth shall offer himself for a victim. One rich sample of this, which many of the Ring will call to mind, I will offer in proof of my last assertion, that nothing short of actual felony is too monstrous for a genuine Leg, or sufficient to banish him from professional practice. The party active was Beardsworth, at the time playing first fiddle on the Provincial Turf; the party passive—he who has to record his folly. After winning the Leger with Bir-

mingham in 1830, in the subsequent year with that horse, one or two others out of which he had swindled my unhappy friend Mytton, and certainly a superior team of young ones (Ludlow among the lot), he carried every thing before him. At Chester that year, during the five days, he ran, as well as my memory serves me, for several races every day, *and won every race for which he started*,—a piece of good luck probably without a racing precedent. It was at that Meeting that the event occurred, and with which is our present business. For the Cup, Birmingham was the favourite, at 2 to 1 on him. One of my horses had been entered for that race, but had gone lame a few days before. Of this fact Beardsworth was, of course, aware, and on the day upon which it was to come off, he overtook me on the way to the course, entered into conversation, expressed his regret that my horse was amiss, and concluded by telling me that Birmingham was never so well, and that he must win, barring a fall. He still continued to ride with me, and at last said, "You had better back me, the race is as good as over, and you may as well put a hundred into your pocket as not." I expressed my determination not to go within hearing of a bet again during the Meeting; the accident to my horse had upset me, and I had been out of luck beside—lost every thing I tried for—"when sorrows come they come not single spies," &c. &c. The slimy tempter was not so easily to be escaped: "Let me do it for you," he urged; "you really are your own enemy—its throwing the money from you—just let me lay two hundred to one—come, never say die." I looked a reluctant consent, and he left me. As the horses were coming up to start, a voice hailed me from the Stand—it was Beardsworth, who said, "I have done that for you; I have laid your two hundred to one Birmingham wins." Here was a public notice that I had made a bet to such effect. The race was run, and Birmingham was the winner. The following morning, in the Hotel Row, the settling place for Chester betting, I met my obliging factor "I have a hundred to take from you on yesterday's Cup," said I, "Its all right," was the reply, "I'll give it you in a few minutes." A second and a third application met with similar success. The next day the same story. Saturday morning arrived, and I was informed Beardsworth was just leaving town, *his travelling carriage and four* being then in waiting for him at the Royal Hotel door. Thither I hastened, and found him with his foot upon the step, his wife and daughter having already taken their seats. "Come, come," said I, "this is rather cavalier work; you might have called or sent to say you were going, or at all events have enclosed me my money—I desire you will at once hand me the hundred pounds about which there has been too much shuffling already." "I have not been able to find the person with whom I laid the money for you," stammered out the knave. "Never mind," said I, "give me his name, that will suit me quite as well." "His name"—after a pause "oh! his name is Smith." "His place of residence?" "That I don't know." "Well, his Christian name and description?" "A tall man; but I cannot tell his Christian name, or any thing else about him." "And so," I exclaimed, losing my patience but unwilling to alarm the

women in the carriage, "you wagered my money with a stranger of whom you knew nothing, or whether his credit was good for sixpence." I said this in my unconscious verdancy—literally I believed the man; I never before heard such rascality, and it was too refined for my imagining. "It's all gammon," said a voice at my elbow, and turning I discovered the speaker was Robinson the well-known Asmodeus of the ring, "there's no such betting man as Smith; he laid the money with you himself to hedge to; if Birmingham had lost, there were your brace of hundreds to sack, and nothing to pay should he lose; it's a scandalous *plant* as ever was laid." I never of course received a shilling from him; but the wonder is to come. Every where I went I published the affair, and all who knew how I had been *done* did the same; nevertheless have I seen those who were perfectly cognizant of it, and who had been warned against the fellow, bet their hundreds with him with as much alacrity as though his honour were as unimpeachable as that of Cæsar's wife.

It may seem as if something of reproach were intended by the epithet applied to Robinson; such is by no means the case, it was merely meant to represent the *soubriquet* of "Crutch," by which he is known in the betting world. I have always heard him spoken of as a man who conducted himself on the square, and his face is as honest and good humoured a frontispiece as you will see in a thousand. His origin was a very humble one, that of a blacksmith I think; indeed, unless I am much mistaken, the forge in which he used to work was, not long ago, pointed out to me, in the neighbourhood of his present residence. He is the very last man that, were you asked his way of life, you would pronounce a Leg. Still I have heard that from his infancy he was a disciple of the blind goddess. There was not a lad in the parish could sky a copper with him, and, lame as he was, not a country race from which he was absent. Notwithstanding his apparent unfitness for a profession which would seem to demand more than an usual alacrity of person as well as mind, his career has been clearly a prosperous one, having stood the great test—time.

Not the least remarkable tableau at Tattersall's is one in which our friend is wont to occupy a prominent place. There is a spot upon which a small select party has assembled. On one side probably my Lord Chesterfield, with his fine aristocratic head, attired a shade beyond the *juste milieu*, but in all things "a finished gentleman from top to toe." His Grace of Beaufort inheriting prodigally from nature the quality which his coronet superfluously supplies. George Anson, un-honourable, and un-colonised, with the sterling stamp of good taste and good breeding to ensure him the currency of respect and esteem, and it may be, the Count, whose faultless toilet and person has won the hearts of one sex; his *bonhomie* and dishevelled vocabulary those of the other. In centre of this courtly group stands, or rather hangs suspended from a singularly unambitious piece of ash, our plain unsophisticated "Crutch." Talk of the ease which high breeding alone bestows, look at him; is there any want of freedom there? Nothing offensively familiar, no presumption, no vulgar effort after ease, but natural and inherent as if it emanated from all the blood of all

the Howards. It is by no means certain that sporting forms any part of their business. Probably the chit-chat of the day—provincial matters or perhaps something a little in keeping with the scene. Be it what it may, you will find Robinson an attentive member of the party, not a cringing hanger-on. The respect with which he demears himself on all occasions has ensured him payment in the same currency. And probably the disposition, to which he owes his position among his superiors, has been the foundation and support of his present prosperity. I believe him to be a cautious and observant man; prone to weigh, and disposed to adopt, counsel, and who appears in all he does to act upon that truly wise axiom, which by some strange chance owes its existence to our gay and thoughtless neighbours "Le vrai moyen d'être trompé c'est de se croire plus fin que les autres."

(To be concluded in our next.)

THE GUITAR.

BY MRS. L. MILES.

How sweet, at twilight's peaceful hour,
When night-flowers greet each rising star,
Alone, in some secluded bow'r,
To touch the silver-toned Guitar.

Companion of the exiled brave,
Beloved alike in peace and war!
The peasant wakes thee, and the slave
Weeps fondly o'er his mute Guitar.

Dream of the long forgotten dead,
Whose notes remind of scenes afar,
The scattered leaves of roses shed
Thy numbers breathe, my lone Guitar.

Whene'er the festive song I wake,
Forgetting that e'en mirth may mar
Its own enjoyment, should I break
One feeling string, my own Guitar,—

I'll take the moral to my breast,
Nor ever strain a chord so far
As wound a heart which, rudely prest,
Would break like thine, my lov'd Guitar.

A RAMBLE IN PARIS BY DAY,
 WRITTEN FOR THE MONTHLY MAGAZINE,
 BY A FRENCH AUTHOR OF CELEBRITY.

I HAVE lodged during the last three months on the fourth floor of a decent house in the Rue Neuve Saint Augustin. It is a part of my domestic system to shift my quarters every half-year; and as this sketch is written for foreign readers, I must necessarily explain my motives for so doing. The fact is, that I have unaccountably conceived a violent antipathy to the National Guard ever since the captain of the company in which I was first enrolled reproached me for irregularity and ignorance in performing my military duties, that captain being a very respectable cobbler, who has acquired a considerable reputation for his skill in mending the shoes of the fish-women that congregate at the Halle. I therefore elude the vigilance of the *mareschal-de-logis chef* by changing my abode from one quarter of Paris to another every six months.

The moon, I say, has three times changed her horns since I entered my present lodgings; and as I have been during the whole time particularly engaged in composing the first volume of a new novel for M. Gustave Barba, my worthy publisher, who was not ashamed to bring an action against me about two years ago at the Tribunal of Commerce for a very pardonable breach of contract, I have scarcely crossed the threshold of my door during that period until yesterday, when I determined to lay aside pen and ink, and devote a few hours to amusement.

I accordingly rose at nine o'clock, and was in the middle of a very copious breakfast, when a terrible noise in the ante-room alarmed me, and my old friend Duclin suddenly forced his way into the parlour, in spite of the asseverations of the portress, who, in obedience to my directions, declared that I was not at home.

"It is really unpardonable—perfectly atrocious, my dear fellow," cried Duclin, shaking me by the hand: "that old portress of yours would lie against Ananias and Sapphira themselves. But never mind, since I have found thee—and at breakfast too! Delicious! I'll trouble you for a morsel of that Strasbourg-pie, and a glass of your Chablis. Excellent beverage! And the amours—the ladies—have you many conquests in hand?"

"Ever the same, Duclin! Your head is filled with nothing but amours—"

"Totally changed now, my dear fellow. This *paté* is excellent—from Chevet's, of course. I see no charms—no fascination—no allurements in *coquettes* of *haut ton*. Give me the *grisettes*—the little milliners—the mantua-makers of the Boulevard du Temple and the Rue Charlot."

"Bah!—What! the exquisite Duclin—the pride of the *Chausée d'Autin*—the glory of the *élite* at the Café de Paris—the most fashion-

able loungee at Tortoni's—to frequent the dirty garrets of onion-eating *grizettes* !”

“Well, well!” ejaculated Duclin, as he attacked a magnificent cold fowl that stood near him. “*N'en parlons plus !* Are you for any amusement to-day?”

“With pleasure. What do you say to a ramble about Paris? The day is cool—a pleasant shower at five o'clock this morning has laid the dust—and, if we do feel the weather rather sultry at noon, it will be an excuse for eating ices.”

“Admirable!” exclaimed Duclin; and so soon as breakfast, which lasted till nearly mid-day, was concluded, we sallied forth in the direction of the Boulevards des Capucines, down which we sauntered and arrived opposite the Madeleine!

What a magnificent building is the Madeleine! The beautiful Corinthian columns, so exquisitely carved and so symmetrically arranged round the church, form a lofty colonnade far superior to that which adorns the Bourse. Sorrowful reflections connected with Napoleon are awakened in the mind by a contemplation of that elegant specimen of architecture; nor less do we remember, at the same time, that the cannon of the royalists were posted on the parapet of the colonnade which faces the Boulevards, to protect the palace of Polignac during the three eventful days that decided the liberties of France!

From the Madeleine we walked towards the Seine, and lingered for some time to examine the Obelisk of Luxor, which is placed on a large pediment in the middle of the elevated spot where Louis XVI. was beheaded. The obelisk, although it be a great ornament to the city, certainly spoils the view which was formerly so much admired between the central gate of the Tuileries and the Barriere de l'Etoile or Triumphant Arch. Duclin in vain endeavoured to decypher the hieroglyphics cut upon the obelisk, which are uniformly the same on every side; and, after a great deal of trouble, he assured me with a look expressive of extreme intelligence, that a circle was intended to represent the globe, a cock the dawn of morning, a human figure the king of the Egyptians, and the two beams, placed as tangents on the top of a circle, he declared must have been used to express the omnibuses and carriages used by the subjects of the Pharaohs. I did not choose to contradict him; we accordingly passed on, and crossed the bridge which leads to the Chamber of Deputies, lamenting that the selfish pride of Louis Philippe had caused the statues to be removed to Versailles to adorn his royal palace.

“The debates of the two chambers are open to the public,” says the CHARTA OF 1830; and in order that this article may not be violated, exactly five and twenty ragamuffins are daily supplied with tickets of admission to the Chamber of Deputies. These precious fellows are “the French public;” and as Duclin and myself were loitering on the grand flight of steps in front of the Chamber, one of those independent citizens, whose lower garments were particularly soiled, whose shoes were singularly contrived at the toes to admit the zephyrs that were wafted from the adjacent gardens, and whose shirt-sleeves—for he scorned the encumbrance of a coat in hot weather,

—had most probably that morning performed the select duty of rubbing the stove and fire-irons of their proprietor—this gentleman, I say, advanced towards us, and offered us two tickets for sale. At that moment a magnificent carriage stopped at the side-gate, and a number of well-dressed ladies descended from the vehicle and repaired to the entrance of the Chamber. This determined us to purchase the proffered tickets for the gratifying compensation of three francs each; and when we arrived at the door, we were not a little surprised and pleased at being told that a most important discussion was actually taking place at that instant between *Monsieurs Thiers* and *Guizot*. We immediately presented our tickets: the porter looked at them for a moment, and politely assured us that they were three weeks old. Stung by disappointment, we hastened to reconstitute with the worthy gentleman in his shirt-sleeves, who had sold us the useless *billets*; but, as the reader will have doubtless already imagined, he had carefully disappeared.

Duclin burst forth into a violent fit of laughter, and I presently followed his example. We then pursued our walk along the *Quai*, passed the barracks of the *Waggon-train* and *Cuirassiers*, the magnificent hotel shortly to be inhabited by the Minister of the Interior, the College of Four Nations, and the Mint, and crossed that portion of the *Pont-Neuf* which leads to the Island of the City.

"Let us ascend the towers of *Nôtre Dame*," suggested Declin; "we shall thence have a beautiful view of the whole of Paris."

"Agreed," said I, and accordingly we hastened along the *Quai des Orfèvres* to put our project into immediate execution.

But we were destined to meet with a short interruption under circumstances peculiarly affecting. A crowd opposite the *Morgue* attracted our attention as we drew nigh to that receptacle for unclaimed bodies; and we mingled with the curious group to ascertain the cause of attraction. By dint of pushing with our elbows, Declin and myself managed to force a passage through the crowd, and obtained an entrance into the *Morgue*. There a most distressing spectacle met our eyes. One corpse alone was stretched upon a bench—and over that dead cold form hung as lovely a creature as ever the sun shone upon. She was a prey to all the wildest excesses of distress and despair. Her bonnet had fallen off, and in her agony she had unwittingly detached the comb from her hair, which now fell wildly but luxuriantly over her back and shoulders. Those locks were of the darkest jet—corresponding with her eyes that were dimmed in torrents of scalding tears. Oh! never, never shall I forget the acuteness of that young girl's distress! Burning drops of the bitterest agony ran down her cheeks, her hands were clasped together as she leant over the remains of him she had apparently loved with so much devotion, and her bosom gave but difficult vent to half-suffocated sighs.

The history of that couple—as I learnt it from a by-stander—was as follows. Alfred d'Estival was the only son of a rich nobleman, whose avarice barely allowed the young heir to all his wealth a competency to live upon. Alfred had recourse to the gaming-table to increase his income. Alas! fond and unfounded hope! He lost

immense sums night after night, and gave bills for the amount. A lovely girl—Athalie was her name—the daughter of poor but respectable parents, had won his heart, and loved him in return; and in a moment of tenderness and ardent passion, her ruin was accomplished. She left parents, home, every thing, to live with Alfred, who could not espouse her against his father's wish. She became pregnant—Alfred daily grew melancholy—his losses increased—his funds were dissipated at Frascati the moment they were received—and ruin stared him and his fond mistress in the face. Athalie sate up the better portion of the night, while Alfred pursued his disastrous course at the gaming-table, and exerted herself, during those wretched vigils, to obtain a few francs by needle-work. This money she carefully treasured to meet the expenses incidental to her approaching confinement. But her embroidery was washed with many bitter—bitter tears; her eyes were often dimmed with weeping; and the cold inauspicious morning surprised her at her labours.

In the meantime, Alfred's habits gradually became more dissipated; he gave way to drinking to drown his cares; and under the influence of intoxication not unfrequently struck the beautiful and unoffending girl, who had thus been made his unhappy victim. Then, how acute was her agony! She could have borne up against poverty, privation, and wretchedness; but ingratitude, scorn, and contempt,—and blows,—on the part of him for whom she had dared the opinion of the world, were too much to support.

What could be the termination of that horrible state of existence, save the one already anticipated by the reader? Alfred—we must suppose—had been rendered desperate by a rapid succession of losses, as well as by the total indifference of his father concerning his lot—and had ended a wretched life as an impenitent suicide!

Duclon and myself wept aloud, and neither of us spoke during our short walk from the Morgue to the cathedral of Notre Dame.

We ascended the steep stair-case, and felt our spirits, that had been affected by the gloomy scene we had ere now witnessed, gradually rise as we drew nearer the summit of the southern tower. Arrived on the top, the sudden current of air refreshed us, and imparted a cheering influence to our minds. We stationed ourselves in a convenient spot, and thence surveyed the mighty Babylon stretched far over the plains around. To the north-east we perceived the sepulchres of Pere La-Chaise, interspersed amidst the green shrubs and plants that appear to weep over the remains of the mighty dead, and cast their shades on tombs whither it would be profane to suffer the rays of a joyous sun to penetrate. What food for contemplation is the vast burial-ground of a splendid city—the cemetery of decayed magnificence and grandeur! There mingle the ashes of the prince and the merchant—the warrior and the statesman—the heroes of July, and the victims of Fieschi. On many a humble, as on many a richly sculptured monument, are hung those garlands which a sweet and amiable superstition—the only instance where blind credulity presents aught save an aspect meriting contempt—has placed to commemorate the dead, and assure the hovering spirits of the deceased that their good deeds are still remembered on earth. Proud

man! what a lesson does that cemetery teach thee—a lesson expressive of thine insignificance! Of what avail are thy riches, thy rank, and thine honours? to that cold sod, mortal ephemeron, worm of a little day, must thy putrid remains eventually be borne!

"Turn we from a contemplation of the charnel-house of the human race," said I to Duclin; "and let us direct our view to a more pleasurable prospect."

"Willingly," answered my companion, whose disposition loved not the inspiration of melancholy ideas; "look at the Hotel de Ville, that ancient and venerable building, and the Place de Grève, on which it stands, and which has witnessed the death of many a malefactor."

"And why not of many an innocent person?" said I. "Poor *Emeralda!*" I added, as the recollection of that admirable creation of Victor Hugo's imagination passed across my mind; "one could almost be induced to believe that the spectacle, as it is painted in *Notre Dame de Paris*, were present to our view!—But, speaking of the Grève, Duclin," said I, after a momentary pause, "do you chance to recollect having read of the singular *fête* that annually took place in the fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth centuries, on the Place de Grève?—No!—well, then, I will refresh your memory, and afford you a quarter of an hour's amusement at the same time."

"Proceed," said Duclin, seating himself upon the leads, an example which I deemed expedient to follow; "I am all attention."

"It was on the eve of St. John the Baptist," said I, "that this remarkable, ridiculous, but cruel *fête* took place; and the most celebrated on record is that which King Henry the Second honoured by his presence. On that occasion it had been rumoured that the poet *Jodelle*, author of the *Orphée* (Orpheus), had composed a play or 'Mystery' to be performed in the Salle Saint Jean of the Hotel-de-Ville after the usual ceremony on the Place. This circumstance alone gave a considerable addition of interest to a scene that was ever fraught with amusement and diversion. The auspicious morning dawned, and the bells of this Cathedral rang loud peals as a signal for the celebration of the annual sports. All the curious portion of the inhabitants of the three wards, into which Paris was then divided, viz. the University, the City, and the Town—all the menial idlers of the court, the convents, and the military *dépôts*,—and many of the young students of the University itself, were to be seen at day-break rushing in disordered crowds to the Place de Grève. Already were there assembled two hundred archers, a hundred arblast-bearers, and fifty musketeers or hack-but men, with an ample supply of ammunition. The soldiers, composing these three bodies, wore glittering morions, steel corselets, and short swords at their sides. These men-at-arms were stationed immediately round a tall pole, and about twenty mounted guards, headed by the handsome Chavigny, guaranteed a perfect discretion on the part of the spectators. At the top of the pole, which might be about forty feet in height, was suspended a large cage of strong iron-work; and in this barred prison were six cats—"

"Six cats!" exclaimed Duclin in unfeigned astonishment.

"Yes—six cats, two fierce mastiff dogs, and three foxes—the dogs and foxes being muzzled to prevent their vengeful teeth from interfering with the tranquillity of the cats. Round the cage were fastened garlands of flowers, ornamented with party-coloured ribands that waved to the air as if in mockery of the misery prepared for the poor animals near which they fluttered. At the foot of the pole was a high heap of faggots, arranged around like the accursed wood of the Spanish *auto-de-fé*. Three little barrels, each containing about five pounds of gunpowder, were placed on these faggots; but the circle of guards was so extensive, that the effects of the explosion were not dreaded by the spectators. Before the Hotel-de-Ville was erected a scaffolding, on which were a number of seats intended for the king and the royal family; and in front of the basement of this scaffolding, a large amphitheatre had been prepared for the reception of the dependants of the court. It was not till about eight o'clock that a martial band announced the coming of the king; and then the Captain Montgomeri, of high repute, led the way at the head of a gallant troop of guards. With white plumes waving from his helmet, he rode on a stalworth charger gaily caparisoned, and took his station on the right side of the scaffolding, his men ranging themselves in two lines, thus forming a guarded avenue, up which the king must pass. Then appeared a number of the members of the royal household, and after them, surrounded by his peers and nobles, was Henry the Second. He was about forty years of age at that period, well proportioned, with a good-humoured countenance and a laughing eye—the mirthful glances of which were partially suppressed by the austere deference the monarch paid to religion and all its ceremonies. At his right hand rode a blooming girl, with dark black eyes and raven hair—but on whose charms I shall not dwell, because historians have been faithful in their records of her beauties, her actions, her inexperience, her misfortunes, and her failings. That lovely creature, to whom each gaze was directed—that fairy form, single amidst many—that attractive person was Mary Stuart, afterwards wife of the Dauphin Francis, and—"

"But you wander from your tale," interrupted Duclin.

"True," cried I. "Well, to proceed. The Dauphin rode at the left of his father; his age was fifteen, and he gazed around him with puerile, nay, almost infantine wonder on the various preparations for the day's amusement. Two cardinals were next, remarkable for the splendour of their attire, and the wealth displayed in their equipages. These were the Cardinals Lorraine and Châtillon. With these came the duke of Guise; and as the admiring crowds recognised the gallant warrior, they joined in a simultaneous shout of 'Long live the Saviour of Metz!'—'Hurrah for the captor of Calais!'—'Vive the champion of France!' The duke graciously waved his plumed hat as a meet response to these loyal greetings; and the cavalcade passed quickly on. The procession was closed by the Duke d'Aumal at the head of a large party of knights and gentlemen, amongst whom were Siméon de Chantilly, Edouard de Gaston, Guillaume de Nevers, Le Comte d'Effleurey, and Paul Godert. As this vast cavalcade extended itself 'like a moving sea of people' upon

the Place de Grève, a band, resembling a troop of morris-dancers, issued from the gates of the Hotel-de-Ville. This was no other than the respectable corporations of the University, the City, and the Town. The *Prévôts*, the magistrates, and the clerks of each district, formed the procession. They all bore lighted wax candles of different colours, and shaped in fantastic fashions. This ridiculous pageantry stopped opposite the king, and graciously desired to be informed if his majesty's self would illumine the faggots. A refusal was given in a courteous manner, and the *prévôts des marchands* for the Town headed the magisterial body, and proceeded solemnly towards the centre of the Place de Grève. Presently the pile was in flames—the three corporations retired to a distance—and the terrific screams of the poor tortured animals, whom the devouring element soon reached, were only deafened by the shouts of the mob and the din of the music. In a few minutes the little barrels of gunpowder burst one after another in rapid succession; and for a moment all was silent, save the cries of the cats and—by way of contrast—the loud ringing of the bells of these towers. But that sudden cessation of clamour was renewed in a few moments; the multitude shouted with joy—the martial music rang out a merry air—and the fearful screams of the tormented animals redoubled.”

“*Mon Dieu !*” exclaimed my friend Duclin, as I hesitated a moment to gather breath; “how terrible! and what barbarians must our ancestors have been! Your description, my dear —, is so vivid, that I almost fancy I perceive the enactment of the whole spectacle—the pageantry—the guards—and the cavalcade of illustrious personages, assembled on the *Place*.”

“Let me bring my short narrative to a conclusion,” said I with a smile. “When the cats, the dogs, and the foxes, were no more, and when the base of the pole was nearly burnt away, the royal party withdrew to the Hotel-de-Ville, to partake of the repast there provided by the liege subjects of his majesty. But first the Poet Jodelle's piece was to be performed on a stage erected at the end of the grand Salle Saint Jean. Thither presently arrived Catherine of Medicis, who would not be present at the former disgusting ceremonial, attended by the wives and daughters of the principal burghers of the Town-district. She passed up the avenue which the respectful multitude formed for her; and proceeded to a seat at the side of her royal consort, who seemed not particularly overjoyed at her presence; for he would willingly, had he dared, have introduced his lovely mistress, Diane de Poitiers, to the festival. All were silent—all were attentive, when the screen before the stage was drawn aside, and Jodelle's play commenced. It was a ‘Mystery’ founded on the story of Jael and Sisera; but however excellent in itself, it was murdered by the actors chosen to enact it. The one, who represented Sisera, was a fat burly man, about forty years of age, with a peculiar rubicundity of nose, and a most tremendous belly. Add to which the dreadful state of intoxication in which he was all the time, and the terrible huskiness of his voice, which, never melodious, a cough rendered unusually discordant, and you have the leading character to perfection. He rolled about the stage, uttering the most

ridiculous nonsense, and interlarding the occasionally intelligible portions of his speeches with horrible oaths and execrations. But the vulgar part of the crowd firmly believed that all this was in the play, and applauded accordingly. Much more of the mirthful nature of that day's proceedings might I detail to you, my dear Duclin," I observed at this period of my narrative; "but as I have related the incidents chiefly connected with the sports of Saint John on the Place de Grève, I shall not intrude upon your patience farther."

Duclin expressed his thanks in meet terms for the amusement I had afforded him; and when we had sufficiently gratified our curiosity by a long contemplation of the mighty city around, from the exalted eminence on which we were posted, we descended the steep stairs once more, crossed the bridge leading to the northern tower, and thence regained our position on *terre ferme*.

Having traversed the Pont d'Austerlitz, we proceeded to the Place de la Bastille, and wasted a few minutes in commenting upon the unfinished elephants that now occupy a small portion of that spot where the most terrible prison in the world—terrible even amongst inquisitions—once reared its dark summits to the sky. With what fury had the justly incensed mob formerly attacked that complication of dungeons, and razed the infernal pile to the ground! With what a shout of exultation must an avenged populace have welcomed the downfall of slavery, and the incipient gleams of a dawning liberty that have since become a noon-day sun, towards which the eyes of all the earth are turned in admiration! France—now the freest country in the world—was then the superstitious and cringing victim of political despotism and religious tyranny. France—the excellence of whose institutions is at the present day the wonder of Europe—was then degraded and trampled upon. But the cry went forth—an universal echo was simultaneously returned by a people panting for freedom—those chains, which an usurper fondly deemed to have been adamantine, were cast off and broken as if they were of glass—and the royal cohorts were themselves ashamed to quench the fervour of an irritated nation, or repress, in its infantine walk, the primal steps of young Liberty!

From the Place de la Bastille, Duclin and myself hastened up the Boulevard du Temple, and did not stop till we arrived opposite the Café Turque, whither we repaired for the purpose of refreshing ourselves through the fashionable *medium* of lemon-ices.

"It was here," said Duclin, endeavouring to assume a very sentimental air, as he sipped a *petit-verre de cognac* to prevent any unpleasant effects resulting from the frigidity of the ice,—"*it was here* that the unfortunate Marshal Mortier, and the other victims to the blood-thirsty designs of a rabid fanatic, were laid but a short time ago. And there," he added, pointing to a little red-coloured house on the other side of the Boulevard, "*there is the maisonnette* whence the infernal machine exploded, and threatened a virtuous monarch with a disgraceful death."

"It is often thus," said I, "that the localities, generally remarkable for gaiety and pleasure, become the scenes of sanguinary deeds and direful actions. When we ponder on the fatal slaughter caused

by one whom we can scarcely regard otherwise than as a maniac, we cannot help recollecting, at the same time, that we are in the neighbourhood of the *Cadran Bleu*, the prince of *restaurants*—the *Gaité*, that well-known theatre of the *grisettes*—and the various streets rendered famous by the novels of Auguste Ricard, Pigault Lebrun, and—”

“And yourself,” added my friend, Duclin, in a complimentary style, which I did not fail to acknowledge.

“The works of Auguste Ricard,” said I, “have done more to immortalize the quarter of the Marais and the Boulevard du Temple than those of any other author. *Le Marchand de Coco*, *La Grisette*, *Le Cochon du Fiacre*, &c. &c. as *romans de mœurs*, and illustrative of the domestic economy of the lower orders, are inimitable.—But, it is growing late, and by the time we shall have arrived in the neighbourhood of the *Chaussée d’Antin*, it will be about the usual hour of dinner. Let us pursue our walk round the Boulevards, then step into the *Café de Paris*, and regale ourselves with the best fare that money can purchase.”

To this proposition Duclin gladly assented; and having paid our *petit mémoire* at the *Café Turque*, we resumed our ramble. The *Chateau d’Eau*—that beautiful fountain of which no visitor to Paris ever omits the inspection—did not escape our notice; and as we passed slowly down the Boulevards, the magnificent shops, the numerous theatres, the gates of St. Martin and St. Denis, the terminations and beginnings of those noble streets that form the first quarter of Paris, and the hundreds of *Cafés* splendidly adorned, all attracted our attention, and originated comments similar to those that would have been uttered by two individuals who were total strangers to Paris. An hour’s walk brought us to the *Café de Paris*, whither we immediately repaired for the purpose of commanding and discussing a *dénir soigné*.

Such are the outlines of a short ramble “by day,” in the French metropolis—that metropolis, the extent, curiosities, and wonders of which an entire week would not suffice to examine, and whose attractions are so great that foreigners from all parts seek its hospitable walks. At a future period we shall endeavour to amuse our readers with a sketch of a ramble through that same metropolis “by night.”

(To be continued.)

MAN !

MAN is a mighty being, when his pride,
By fortune favour’d and supremely blest,
In all its boundless wants is gratified,
And when his deadliest passions are at rest :—
But mark him when pale sorrow is his guest,
When blighted love, or wreck’d ambition, sting,
When jealousy or envy fill his breast,
And ruin o’er him waves its sable wing,—
Is mortal longer great ? Where is a meaner thing ?

THE LIVES AND WRITINGS OF BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

IN bringing before the public the works of these highly talented but now almost forgotten dramatists, we must confess that we wish the task had fallen into abler hands—into the hands of some one professionally acquainted with the numerous beauties so lavishly scattered throughout their works. It is certainly extraordinary, I had almost said miraculous, that in this enlightened age, this age of unparalleled literary research, the writings of these remarkable men should for so long a period have remained unnoticed and forgotten. It is not intended to place the works of our authors on a level with those of the immortal Shakspeare; but after him we would ask where is the dramatist to be found who would not materially suffer in a comparison with them? they are second indeed to Shakspeare alone, and we think in many respects it must be conceded superior even to the mighty magician himself. It is not our intention in the present paper to enter into any critical discussion upon the absolute or comparative merits of our authors, but merely to give an outline of the plan intended to be pursued, with a short account of the lives, and some general remarks on the genius and writings of these gifted individuals.

Francis Beaumont was third son of Francis Beaumont the judge, and born at Grace Dieu, Leicestershire, in the year 1586. In 1596, he, with his two brothers, Henry and John, was admitted a gentleman-commoner of Broadgate-hall, now Pembroke College, Oxford. Wood, who states that he was educated at Cambridge, has mistaken him for his cousin Francis, master of the Charterhouse, who died in 1624,—an error not at all to be wondered at, inasmuch as there were four Francis Beaumonts of this family all living in 1615, and of these three were poets; viz., the master of the Charterhouse, the dramatic writer, and one who was a Jesuit. The subject of this article studied some time in the Inner Temple, and his “Mask of the Inner Temple and Gray’s Inn” was acted and printed in 1612-13, when he was only in his twenty-sixth year. His application to the law was probably not very intense; he devoted himself to the dramatic Muse from an early period; but at what time he commenced a partnership with Fletcher is not known. The date of their first plays is 1607, when Beaumont was in his twenty-first year; in all the editions of their works, and in every notice of their joint publications, notwithstanding Fletcher’s seniority, the name of Beaumont stands first. Their connexion from similarity of taste and studies was very intimate; they lived together on Bankside, not far from the playhouse, both bachelors, and it is said that they had one bench between them, and that they made use of the same clothes, cloak, &c., and that Beaumont’s chief business was to correct the overflowings of Fletcher’s wit. The latter part of this allegation is not admitted by certain writers, particularly Sir Egerton Brydges, who suspects that great injustice has been done to Beaumont by the supposition that his merit was principally confined to lopping the redundancies of

Fletcher. The editors of the "*Biographia Dramatica*" say, "It is probable that the forming of the plan and contriving the conduct of the fable, the writing of the more serious and pathetic parts, and lopping the redundant branches of Fletcher's wit, whose luxuriances frequently stood in need of castigation, might be in general Beaumont's portion of the work." This is to afford him high praise, and there are other facts to prove that he was considered by his contemporaries in a superior light, and that this estimation of his talents was common in the life-time of his colleague, who from candour or friendship appears to have acquiesced in every token of respect paid to the memory of Beaumont.

How his life was spent his works will testify. The production of so many plays, and the interest which he would naturally take in their success, were sufficient to occupy his mind during the short span of his mortal existence, which cannot be supposed to have been diversified by any other events than those incident to candidates for theatrical fame and profit.

Mr. Beaumont died in March 1615-16, and was buried in the collegiate church of St. Peter, Westminster. The first edition of his Poems appeared in 1640. The only poem printed in Beaumont's life-time was "*Salmacis and Hermaphroditus*," from Ovid, which he published in 1602, when he was only sixteen years of age.

His original poems, says his biographer, give him very superior claims as a poet. He is generally more free from metaphysical conceits than his contemporaries. His sentiments are elegant and refined, and his versification is unusually harmonious. His amatory poems are sprightly and original, and some of his lyrics rise to the impassioned spirit of Milton and Shakespeare.

John Fletcher, son of Richard Fletcher, bishop of London, was born in Northamptonshire, 1756, and educated at Cambridge. It is not known that he followed any profession except that of a poet, in which capacity, as we have seen, he was the inseparable partner of Francis Beaumont. He is said to have written a comedy in partnership with Ben Jonson. After the death of Francis Beaumont, Fletcher is supposed to have consulted James Shirley on the plots of several of his plays. He died of the plague in 1625, and was buried in St. Mary Overy's church, Southwark. Different accounts, it has already been observed, are given both of the joint and separate title of each author to the plays under the names of Beaumont and Fletcher, and of the share each took in the plays written by them in common. It is generally allowed by the most judicious critics that Beaumont excelled in the judgment that is requisite for forming the plots, and Fletcher in the fancy and vivacity which characterize the poet. Their plays are numerous, consisting of tragedies, comedies, and mixed pieces. They were so popular at one time that they almost engrossed the stage. In general their plots are more regular than Shakespeare's, their comedies are gay, and imitate the language of genteel life better than Jonson's, and their tragedies have many poetical beauties and striking incidents and characters. But their display of passion is rather the product of study than of real observation, and in knowledge of the human heart they fall many degrees

short of Shakspeare. The plays of Beaumont and Fletcher, though once so popular, are now rarely acted. Most of them run into luxuriance, and abound in grossness of language which would not now be tolerated by any decent audience. The poetical powers of Fletcher are very advantageously displayed in a piece of his sole composition, "The Faithful Shepherd," a dramatic pastoral on the model of the Italian. It possesses many beauties, and has been imitated by Milton in his "Comus," but its plot is defective and unpleasant.

The first edition of Beaumont and Fletcher's plays was published in 1647, folio. This edition, however, was not complete: it professedly included no more of their plays than those which had been previously singly printed in quarto. The second, or, more properly speaking, the first edition was published in 1679, octavo; in 1711 another edition was printed in octavo—another edition in octavo was published in 1750. The fourth and last edition was presented to the public in 1811. Now it is a most extraordinary fact, that 150 years should have passed since the death of our poets, and that no more than three complete editions of their works should have been given to the world until the publication of Mr. Stockdale's edition of 1811. Mr. Simpson has prefixed the following introduction to the preface of the edition of 1750:—" 'Tis really surprising that all we know of two such illustrious authors as Mr. Beaumont and Mr. Fletcher were, is, that we know nothing. The composer of the following preface, and editor of their works in 1711, calls it, 'an account of the lives, &c., of his Authors.' But he greatly *miscalls* it, for that they were born in such a year, and died in such a one, is all that he has given us of their history and actions; and by what I can find, had they never wrote a comedy, we should not have known, but upon Mr. Shirley's word, that in conversation they ever had talked one," &c. &c. We have no better means of being acquainted with the share which each individual took in the dramatic compositions, than we have of ascertaining the true and distinct history of themselves. It is quite impossible from any internal evidence to decide which of them formed the plan, and which completed the superstructure of the work; but I should rather be inclined to suppose from a careful examination of the plays that the two different provinces of laying the plot and bringing it forth in detail were continually assumed by both. Mr. Simpson, in the Introduction above alluded to, goes on to say, "Unless I be greatly mistaken, we cannot say that *here* one laid down the pencil, and *there* the other took it up, no more than we can say of two contiguous colours of the rainbow, *here* that ends, and *here* this begins—so fine is the transition, that

'Spectantia lumina fallit,
Usque adeo quod tangit idem eat.'

Mr. Seward will lay before the reader what *internal evidence* he thinks he has discovered of a distinction of their hands; but in general, Beaumont's accuracy, and Fletcher's wit, are so undistinguishable, that were we not sure to a demonstration, that the 'Masque' were the former's, and 'The Shepherdess' the latter's sole production, they might each have passed for the concurrent labour of both, or have changed hands, and the *latter* been taken for Beaumont's, and the *former* for

Fletcher's." After the death of Beaumont, Fletcher still continued his labours, and his sole productions teem throughout with the same fire and vivacity, the same originality and vigour, which so strikingly characterize their united efforts. Sir J. Berkenhead says, speaking of the works of Fletcher after the decease of his friend,

"Beaumont died ; yet left in legacy
His rules and standard wit, Fletcher, to thee ;
Still the same planet, though not filled so soon,
A two-horned crescent then—now one full moon.
Joint love before, now honour doth provoke ;
So th' old-born giants forcing a huge oak,
One slipp'd his footing, th' other sees him fall,
Grasp'd the whole tree, and single held up all."

It is, after all, a matter of very little importance whether the whole of the performances be joint productions of authors or whether some whole plays are to be attributed to each individually, and that both at times were indebted to the revising hand of each other. We have only to do with them as the works of the two individuals, and to remark on the varied beauties as they arise before us. How does it happen that these dramas have fallen into such disrepute? from what adequate cause have they been, I may say, absolutely banished from the stage?—for banished most assuredly they have been until Mr. Sheridan Knowles turned his attention to that powerful and splendid tragedy attributed to the sole pen of Mr. Beaumont, "*The Maid's Tragedy*." In adapting this effort of genius to the taste and fashion of the modern stage, Mr. Sheridan Knowles has shewn that tact, acuteness, and discrimination which do not always fall to the lot of those who have been gifted with the same genius. "*The Bridal*" of Mr. Knowles is in our opinion a most successful adaptation, and we only hope that he will not cease in his exertions to bring our authors again on the British stage, and that, in using the powers he possesses in so eminent a degree, he will rescue from undeserved oblivion the names of Beaumont and Fletcher, and give additional lustre to his already brilliant reputation. That great changes have taken place in the literary world, that even our language itself has undergone some almost revolutionary changes, we are most ready to admit. The freedom of expression, amounting to licentiousness, the portraying of scenes which, although true to nature, cast a slur on her most brilliant qualities, although sought after with avidity and applauded to the skies by the most refined audiences, and the best critics of the sixteenth century, would certainly not be tolerated in the eighteenth. That such was the case with the plays of Beaumont and Fletcher, at that period, admits of no doubt; and the very fact that Mr. Waller, the duke of Buckingham, and John earl of Rochester, selected a play each for alteration, and adaptation to the stage, adds not a little to their reputation as dramatists. Since on all hands in the literary world the great merit, the high position, of our authors is admitted, is it not too much; that in consequence of the lapse of years, and the necessary progress of civilization and refinement, these plays require some alterations in their language, some pruning of their redundant luxuriances, and, in fine, a judicious adaptation to the modern stage—is it not I say too much that the whole of the brilliant coruscations

of almost unrivalled poetical genius, the profound knowledge of human nature, the regular and scientific development of the plot of the legitimate drama, should be totally lost to the public in an age so eminently qualified to estimate their real value?

"The Maid's Tragedy" was acted very frequently after the Restoration with the greatest applause. There is a curious anecdote about this play related in Winstanley's "English Poets." As our authors were planning the play in a tavern, Mr. Fletcher was overheard by some of the house to say, "*I'll kill the King.*" Words in appearance so treasonable as these were, could not long be kept concealed, and the discovery of them had nearly cost our poet dear: but it being demonstrated that this design was only against the person of a *scenical sovereign*, our author was freed from any further trouble, and the intended process entirely stopped. His grace of Buckingham, it is said, bestowed considerable time in the alteration of another play of our authors, called "*Love lies a Bleeding,*" in the year 1636: this however is lost, and all that is known of it is that in the year 1689 it was in the hands of Mr. Nevil Payne, who was imprisoned at Edinaburgh in that year. Mr. Dryden in his "Essay on Dramatic Poetry," in comparing the French and English comedy, says, "As for comedy, repartee is one of its chiefest graces. The greatest pleasure of an audience is a chase of wit kept up on both sides and swiftly managed: and this our forefathers (if not we) have had in Fletcher's plays, to a much higher degree of perfection than the French poets can arrive at." And again he says in the same work, "Beaumont and Fletcher had, with the advantage of Shakspeare's wit, which was their precedent, great natural gifts, improved by study; Beaumont especially being so accurate a judge of plays, that Ben Jonson, while he lived, submitted all his writings to his censure, and 'tis thought used his judgment in correcting, if not in contriving, all his plots. What value he had for him appears by the verses he wrote to him, and therefore I need speak no further of it. The first play that brought Fletcher and him into esteem was '*Philaster*;' for before that, they had written two or three unsuccessfully; as the like is reported of Ben Jonson, before he writ '*Every Man in his Humour*.' Their plots were generally more regular than Shakspeare's, especially those that were made before Beaumont's death. And they understood and imitated the conversation of gentlemen much better; whose wild debaucheries, and quickness of wit in repartees, no poet can ever paint as they have done. Humour, which Ben Jonson derived from particular persons, they made it not their business to describe; they represented all the passions very lively, but above all *Love*. I am apt to believe the English language in them arrived to its highest perfection; what words have since been taken in, are rather superfluous than necessary. Their plays are now the most pleasant and frequent entertainments of the stage, two of theirs being acted through the year, for one of Shakspeare's or Jonson's; the reason is, because there is a certain gaiety in their comedies, and pathos in their more serious plays, which suit generally with all men's humour. Shakspeare's language is likewise a little obsolete, and Ben Jonson's wit comes short of theirs." A. E. D.

(To be concluded in our next.)

NOTES FROM ECCLESIASTICAL HISTORY.

No. I.—DURHAM.

ON the death of Richard Kellow, bishop of Durham, in 1316, a wide field was open for ecclesiastical intrigue, and four competitors for the vacant see appeared, supported by powerful patrons. One of the candidates was Lewis Beaumont, a kinsman of the consort of Edward II., and the brother of Henry Beaumont, a brave and successful soldier, well known on the borders of England and Scotland. Royal promises and bribes assailed the monastic electors in favour of Beaumont. On the day of election the earls of Lancaster, Hereford, Pembroke, and Henry Beaumont, each supporting the interest of their particular candidate, with their followers, waited within the cathedral the event of the conclave, threatening with savage and characteristic violence, "if a monk were elected, to split his shaven crown." The electors, however awed, preserved their firmness, and announced to the irritated nobles, that their unanimous choice had fallen on the prior of Finchale, a man recommended only by the mild dignity of age and of virtue. Edward, urged by the tears and prayers of a beautiful and kneeling Queen, refused to ratify the election, and demanded of the papal court the bishopric for Beaumont. The pope, John XXII., yielded to the solicitations of the sovereigns of England and France, (Beaumont was a descendant of the royal blood of the latter), and bestowed the see of Durham on Lewis Beaumont, purposing to be installed at Durham on the high festival of St. Cuthbert, began his progress for the north, attended by a numerous and splendid revenue, accompanied by his brother Henry, and by two Romish cardinals, who were charged with an embassy to Scotland. When the episcopal procession arrived at Darlington, the bishop was met by a messenger from the convent of Durham, to warn him that the road was in the possession of marauders; but the sacred dignity of Lewis seemed to place danger at defiance, and the friendly notice was treated with contempt. The road, at a place called the Rushy Ford, crosses a small and sullen rivulet in a low and sequestered spot, well calculated for surprise and the prevention of escape. Here a desperate band anxiously awaited the arrival of their prey, and the bishop and his companions had no sooner reached the ford than they were rushed on and overpowered by a body of light horsemen, under the command of Gilbert Middleton, whom the necessities of the times had driven to adopt the lawless life of a freebooter, and who, on this occasion, is said to have added motives of private resentment, probably against the border soldier, Henry Beaumont, to the desire of plunder. The outlaws at first intended to spare the cardinals and their immediate descendants; but when one after another cried out, "And I belong to the cardinals," they rifled the whole party, after which they restored the cardinals their horses, and suffered them to proceed on their journey to Durham. The bishop and his brother, Henry Beaumont, were carried off, with the rapidity of a border

raid, across a tract of sixty miles, through the heart of the bishopric and Northumberland, to the castle of Mitford, of which Middleton was the keeper. The treasures of the church were cheerfully lavished for Lewis's redemption, and after giving security for the payment of a heavy ransom to the successful freebooter, both captives were liberated. Middleton's good fortune soon after deserted him; he was surprised in his stronghold at Mitford by a neighbouring chief, delivered into the hands of government, and executed at London. Bishop Beaumont did not possess even a competent share of the learning of the age, which from his high birth and rank he might have been supposed to possess, and we are told that during the solemnity of his consecration, he was unable to pronounce some Latin words which occurred in the official instruments, and passed them over.

A curious circumstance was the cause of the death of Bishop Ruthall, who filled the see of Durham during the early part of the reign of Henry VIII., under which monarch he held the privy seal and the office of secretary of state. Ruthall was an avaricious man, and had accumulated great riches. By order of Henry VIII. he compiled an account of the lands and revenues of the crown throughout England; at the same time he also drew up a statement of his own immense wealth, not less in amount than 100,000*l.* sterling. The two volumes were, it is said, bound exactly alike, in fine white vellum, and Ruthall, by mistake, delivered into the hands of Wolsey the inventory of his own private fortunes, instead of the survey of the royal revenues. The cardinal, with malicious satisfaction, placed the volume before the sovereign, observing that though he thought his Grace would be disappointed in meeting with the information he expected, he need be under no difficulty where to apply for the assistance which his necessities required. Henry however made no ungenerous use of the unintentional disclosure; but the chagrin, which the bishop conceived on discovering his error, is said to have been so excessive, that his death was shortly the consequence. Ruthall died 4th of February, 1522. His history is much interwoven with the early part of Wolsey's career. The cardinal was the figuring character, the ostensible person in all public matters; but there is every reason to believe that the bishop originated many of his schemes; at all events the old fox, with much cunning, concealed himself under the cover of Wolsey's authority, and reaped his full share of the plunder and spoils, without partaking any of the odium of the world.

It was well for the cause of the Reformation that it found so mild and gentle a prelate as Bishop Tunstall sitting on the episcopal throne of Durham. This good man, for calling whom accomplished and learned, we have the authority of Erasmus, who knew and loved him well, although descended from a line of warriors, seems to have inherited little of the haughty spirit of his ancestors. He may not unfairly or improperly be called the Cranmer of the Catholic Church. His disposition, naturally mild, had been still further softened by an early attachment to the pursuits of literature; and he lived amidst the intrigues of a stormy court, a singular exception to the factious

violence of the age, respected even by his adversaries, and without a private or personal enemy. Half-disposed to admit the arguments of the reformers, and not denying the abuses of the church of Rome, yet afraid of the consequences of innovation, and repressed by the weight of ancient and received opinion, Tunstall, like his friends More and Erasmus, hovered in opinion betwixt the reformers and their opponents. If Tunstall wanted the firmness and constancy of a martyr, he possessed qualities scarcely less rare and valuable; he refused to persecute others for opinions on which he had himself felt doubt and indecision; and during the heat of the Marian persecution not a single victim bled within the limits of the See of Durham. One Russell, a reformed preacher, was brought before the bishop at Auckland, charged with opinions which, if acknowledged, must have proved fatal to him, and which Tunstall knew he would not deny. "Hitherto," said the bishop, "we have had good report among our neighbours,—I pray you bring not this man's blood upon my head;" and dismissed him unexamined. On the accession of Elizabeth, Tunstall, without however expressing any hostile feeling to the queen, or to the reformers, declined in his old age to change his religious creed, and, being deprived of his see, spent the few remaining days of his virtuous life with his friend Archbishop Parker.

Bishop Pilkington was the first Protestant prelate of Durham; he was a man of great discretion and excellent feeling, well qualified to preside over a diocese, the deep attachment of which to the ancient faith was so notorious. The bishop entered on his duties, impressed with the necessity of not quarrelling for ordinances of mere form and circumstances, with men of real learning and piety, in a dark and superstitious province, almost destitute of Protestant preachers, where, to use his own words, "the priests went with swords and daggers, and such coarse apparel as they could get, not regarding colour or fashion." Bishop Pilkington married late in life, and perhaps at first, from the prejudice of the times against a married clergy, concealed the connexion. He had two daughters, for whom he is said to have saved such large fortunes, as to have provoked the jealousy of Queen Elizabeth, who exclaimed that she "scorned that a bishop's daughter should equal a princess," and deprived the bishopric, in consequence, of 1000*l.* a year, which she settled on the garrison of Berwick.

The fourth Protestant bishop of Durham was Toby Mathew, as he is familiarly called by his contemporaries; he was a man of great theological knowledge, eloquence, power of memory, and "cheerful sharpness of wit, that sauced his words and behaviour." He was an able controversialist, as well as one of the best preachers of his time. In an age when pun and quibble were in high vogue, and when wit was as sure stepping-stone to preferment, Toby Mathew shone forth pre-eminent. It was his favourite saying, that he could as well not be as not be merry. When vice-chancellor of Oxford, he was one day presiding in court; the court being about to rise, a suitor was importunate for him to wait until his counsel arrived. "Who is your counsel?" asked the vice-chancellor. "*Mr. Leasteed*," answered the man. "Alas!" replied Toby, "no man can stand you in '*lea's*'

stead." "No remedy then?" said the suitor. "Necessity has no law," remarked the judge. "Indeed," quoth the searcher after justice, "no more I think has the chancellor." On the accession of James I. to the throne of England, Mathew was translated to the archiepiscopal see of York, on account, he was wont to say, "of his lack of grace;" for, he used to add, making use of a homely northern proverb, "York has the higher rack, but Durham the deeper manger." The bishop's eldest son became a Jesuit in his father's life-time. He was knighted by James for his zeal in promoting the Spanish match; and he has the equivocal honour of being introduced, by Suckling, into his "Session of the Poets."

Bishop Neile, so well known by Waller's anecdote of his court sycophancy, and as an unprincipled courtier, was translated from the see of Lincoln to that of Durham. The bishop, although descended from a good family, was the son of a tallow-chandler, and was admitted a bye-scholar of St. John's College, Cambridge, on the foundation of Lady Mildred Burghley, "being then" (1580) "a poor and fatherless child, but of good hope to be learned." However much Neile, as a politician, sacrificed the cause of truth and honesty for the sake of personal advancement, yet he was not destitute of many honourable qualities; he was the encourager of learning and the patron of learned men, to whom he made Durham House a place of general resort, "inasmuch as it passed commonly by the name of Durham College." Bishop Neile was exceedingly obnoxious to the parliamentary party; he was censured by the Commons, as one suspected to be an Arminian, and denounced in the Grand Committee of Religion, by Oliver Cromwell, as one who gave countenance to some divines who preached "flat popery." Neile is the only instance of a clergyman passing through six sees; indeed he filled almost every degree and order in the church of England, commencing as schoolmaster and curate, and dying (1640) archbishop of York.

Little is known respecting the two prelates, Montaigne and Howson, who respectively succeeded Neile. The former would jocularly say of himself, when bishop of London, "Lincoln was, London is, and York shall be,"—a remark which perhaps shows his true character as a perfect courtier; his prediction was fulfilled, and he died archbishop of York, after having filled the see of Durham only three months; but so unimportant a personage does he appear to have been, that an old writer informs us, "the month and day of his death are not remembered." Bishop Howson was one of the many English divines who, at the request of King James, entered the lists against Bellarmine and his friends; so confident was he of his own abilities, that he declared, "he'd loosen the pope from his chair, though he were fastened thereto with a tenpenny nail."

Bishop Morton succeeded the latter of these prelates; he was a descendant of Cardinal Morton, Sir T. More's early patron, and appears to have been the inheritor of all his virtues. When residing, but a young man, at his rectory of Long Marston, near York, the plague or other infectious disorder, whose ravages were sufficient to justify that name, and which had never been totally absent from the north of England during the last ten years of Queen Elizabeth, broke out in that city. Morton was constant in his visits to the pest-house

and unremitting in his attention on the poor. He not only instructed, comforted, and prayed with them, but, to make his coming more acceptable, he usually carried a sack of provisions with him for those who were in want. Morton was translated from Lichfield to Durham in 1632, and as long as prudence, generosity, and moderation, are looked on as virtues, so long will Morton's character be venerated in the diocese. Vigilant and diligent in the performance of all the high duties attached to his office, he exercised his Palatine prerogatives with the utmost mildness. Rigidly abstemious himself, he showed a noble hospitality to others, and a perpetual charity to "poor scholars, strangers, and travellers." He enriched no relative, but expended his noble income in charitable and other Christian uses; he was a liberal and bountiful patron. To him Dr. Donne owed his success in life; he induced the poet to take holy orders, and constantly supplied his necessities. "Here Mr. Donne," we are told, said the bishop once, offering him money, "gold is restorative." "Sir," replied the wit, "I doubt I never shall restore it back again," and, adds the narrator, "I am well assured he never did." On the breaking out of the troubles between Charles and his parliament, and the advance of the Scots, the bishop retired to the metropolis. On one occasion, as he was on his way to the House of Peers, he was near being torn to pieces by the mob, some crying out, "Pull him from his coach;" others, who knew him, opposed all violence, saying, "Nay, he is a good man;" to which it was immediately answered, "But he is a bishop!" Morton frequently declared afterwards, that he believed he should not have escaped, had not a leading rioter exclaimed, "Let him go and hang himself," which diverted the purpose of the mob. The bishop was wont to compare these words to those of the angel, uttered by Balaam's ass. In 1641 Morton, having joined with his brother prelates, in protesting against their exclusion from parliament, for so doing was, in common with them, impeached of high treason, but acquitted. On the abolition of episcopacy, Bishop Morton, after twice suffering imprisonment, was deprived of his see; but so highly was his character respected, even by those who persecuted him, that parliament unanimously granted him an annuity of 800*l.*, a much larger maintenance than was reserved for any of his brethren. Of this annuity, all that the bishop ever received was 1000*l.*, with which, after paying his debts, he purchased a small annuity, which was regularly paid till his death. The bishop, having procured the means of subsistence, resided for some time principally in the country; but upon one occasion, riding towards London, he was overtaken on the road by Sir Christopher Yelverton, a determined roundhead, who being known to the bishop, though the bishop was unknown to him, fell into discourse with him, and being much taken with his conversation, enquired who he was? The bishop replied, "I am that old man, the bishop of Durham, notwithstanding all your votes." Whereupon Sir Christopher asked him whither he was going? "To London," replied the good old bishop, "to live a little while, and then to die." On this Sir Christopher entered into further discourse with him, and took him home to his house at Easton-Manduit, where he became tutor to his son, afterwards the very learned Sir Henry Yelverton, who on the death of his

father tenderly cherished the mild decay of the venerable prelate, till his death on the 22nd September, 1659, in the ninety-fifth year of his age. Dr. Morton's works are entirely of a controversial nature; when young, he exposed in numerous tracts the errors of the Romish faith; and towards the close of his life wielded the other end of the controversial staff, by defending the ceremonial of the church, of which he was an useful member, against the Nonconformists.

On the abolition of episcopacy and the dissolution of the see of Durham by the parliament, and sale of its possessions, the greater part of which were purchased by that rapacious republican, Sir Arthur Haslerig, who was thereupon dubbed with the title of the "bishop," the principal gentlemen of the county petitioned parliament that the possessions of the dean and chapter might be erected into a college for the northern counties. This petition was warmly supported by Oliver Cromwell, who was then in command in Scotland. After Cromwell had made himself Protector, he carried this plan into effect, and in 1656 founded the college of Durham, endowed it with large portions of the church lands, appointed some very able professors, and placed the whole under the government of the most respectable of the northern gentry, in the parliamentary interest, as visitors. Although Oliver lived scarcely to see his munificent endowment fairly commenced, yet the orphan college thrived apace; but it having endeavoured to grant degrees, roused the jealousy of its grown-up sisters in the south, so that both Oxford and Cambridge petitioned the Protector Richard against a third university. But within two years the ill-patched machine of government fell to pieces, and with it disappeared, amongst other worse things built upon the same rotten foundation, Durham College. Upwards of 150 years after its dissolution, the clergy of Durham have resuscitated the collegiate establishment; and Bishop Van Mildert and his dean and chapter had the good sense and liberality to carry into effect that, which will ever be one of Cromwell's greatest glories to have originated.

After the Restoration, Dr. Cosin was nominated to the see of Durham, probably in consideration of his sufferings for the church and royalty during the rebellion. During the early part of the reign of Charles I., Cosin, who held a stall in Durham cathedral, joined, with the other members of the chapter, in prosecuting Mr. Peter Smart, one of the prebendaries, before the High Commission Court, for preaching a most outrageously seditious sermon in the cathedral, on the text, "I hate them that hold to superstitious vanities;" from whence he took occasion to call the altar "a damnable idol," and those who bowed to it, "spiritual fornicators;" and the bishops, "Rome's bastardly brood, still doating upon their mother, the painted harlot of the church of Rome." Smart was degraded and fined, but lived to see the full measure of his sufferings returned on the head of Dr. Cosin. Scarcely had the long parliament begun before Smart presented a petition to the House of Commons, complaining in the most aggravated terms of Cosin's superstitious and Popish innovations in the church of Durham; and in the year 1641 Cosin, in consequence, became the very first victim of puritanical vengeance that suffered by vote of the Commons; all his ecclesiastical benefices

being placed under sequestration. The Commons did not suffer their vengeance to stop there, they impeached him at the bar of the Lords, and that failing, they imprisoned him on a charge, "of having seduced a young scholar to popery." In 1642, Dr. Cosin was an active instrument in sending the college plate from Cambridge to the royal mint, and was in consequence ejected by the earl of Manchester from his mastership of Peterhouse. Being thus deprived of all preferment, and entertaining very rational fears of personal restraint, Cosin passed into exile and withdrew to Paris, where he resided seventeen years. Assailed by argument and sophistry, with poverty on the one hand, and splendid preferment on the other, an exile in a foreign land, Cosin proved his sincere attachment to the church of which he was a member; he defended his own principles against the prior of English Benedictines at Paris, and confirmed those of his wavering brethren. After Cosin's promotion to Durham he proved that twenty years' poverty and privation had not taught him to forget the true use of riches. He erected the noble episcopal palace of Bishop Auckland, on the site of the old castle, having for this purpose, from some strange superstition, pulled down the whole of the new building, which Sir Arthur Haslerig had begun to erect. He almost entirely rebuilt all the episcopal residences, as well as the east end of the chapel of Peterhouse, Cambridge, to which society he gave a magnificent library; and founded eight scholarships in the university. He built the bishop's library at Durham, and stored it with books for the use of his clergy. He appears to have had a great knowledge of books, and was fond of repeating the well-known saying of Joseph Scaliger, "*quanta pars eruditionis est bonos noscere auctores*." He gave away 2000*l.* of his income annually in charity; amongst his other donations were 500*l.* towards the redemption of Christian captives in Algiers, and an annuity of 10*l.* to an expatriated bishop of the Greek church. When in the prosecution of his great buildings, over which he spent 26,000*l.*, he was often reminded that he was sacrificing the interests of his children, to which he invariably replied, "The church is my first-born." He exercised a noble and unremitting hospitality towards the gentlemen of the county; and, whether he was present or absent, the gates of his palace stood always open as a place of rest and entertainment for those who were travelling on the king's business. "We eat and drink abominably," was the expression of one who knew well his diocesan's liberality. Bishop Cosin was one of those engaged in 1662 at the Savoy discussions with the Dissenters, in which he earned from his opponents the praise of deep learning, and of a frank and generous disposition. Unfortunately, towards the close of his life, he became imbued with the prevailing zeal against conventicles. In parliament Cosin frequently spoke with dignity and effect, and appears to have had great interest, by which he succeeded in quashing the bill, enabling Durham to return representatives to parliament for the county and city, which he violently opposed both in parliament and in the county, on some conception of the measure being derogatory to his own rights, and the peculiar privileges of the palatinate; and the first members for the county and city of Durham did not take their seats in the legislature until after his death in 1675. Domestic afflictions,

produced by the levities of one of his daughters, and his "lost and only son," who twice forsook the faith of his father, and at last took orders in the church of Rome, together with the heavy burden of painful and habitual disease, bore the aged prelate to his grave in 1671. Cosin maintained throughout life an upright and unbending integrity and independence of character, tinged occasionally with a vein of harshness and asperity. For upwards of half a century after his death, some of his works remained popular and in print; they are now, whatever may be their value, forgotten or neglected.

For three years after Bishop Cosin's death, the see of Durham remained vacant; the duke of Monmouth receiving the revenues. Charles the First offered the bishopric to Ward, bishop of Salisbury, which he refused, "because he did not like the conditions;" it was then promised to the Hon. Nathaniel Crewe, bishop of Oxford and afterwards Lord Crewe, a descendant of the chief justice of the King's Bench of that name, who was dismissed by Charles the First for opposing his proceedings relative to ship-money. Although Bishop Crewe had the royal promise of the see of Durham, he found a difficulty in getting into possession, until Lord Lumly informed him that the king had promised a sum to be paid to his mistress, Nell Gwynne, out of this bishopric, and that without agreeing with her nothing could be done. Crewe felt none of Ward's scruples as to the "conditions;" he applied to the royal strumpet, who modestly demanded 6000*l.*, for which the courtly bishop gave her his bond with security; and immediately received the object of his intrigues. Bishop Crewe's life was a continued series of acts of subserviency to the court. His birth and connexions gave him easy access to royalty, by whom he was favourably received,—Charles observing that "he was glad of a gentleman undertaking the service of the church,"—and in 1668 he was appointed clerk of the royal closet, which situation afforded him opportunities of outstripping many of his competitors in the race for preferment. He was promoted in 1671 to the see of Oxford, and two years afterwards had the boldness to perform the marriage-ceremony of the duke of York with Marie D'Este, notwithstanding the repeated remonstrances of the House of Commons, and Lord Shaftesbury's declaration—"that whoever married the duke, had best take out his pardon under the great seal." The newly made bishop showed such a thorough compliance with all the wishes of the duke of York and his party, that his father, old Lord Crewe, a man of good sense and integrity, who had some puritan blood in his veins, was so much ashamed of his conduct that he never sat in the House of Lords after his son entered it. Crewe's translation to Durham was opposed by Shaftesbury, Buckingham, Lauderdale, and the primate Sheldon, but the duke of York's interest prevailed. Lord Keeper Finch, on reluctantly passing the promotion under the great seal, exclaimed to Crewe, "Sure that will stop your mouth for twenty years." This did not however prevent his applying for the primacy in 1677, which he only lost by the protestations and entreaties of his own father, who probably saw not only the dangers in which the church, but also his son, would be involved by the removal. During the debates on the Exclusion-Bill, Mr. Parkhurst, who was Mr. Crewe's

agent, voted in favour of it, on which the king complained to the bishop. "Sire," replied the subservient prelate, "I'll turn him off to-morrow,"—and kept his promise. The bishop's sister married Admiral Lord Sandwich, a fit associate for a man of his principles, who, whenever he used to speak to the king of any subject before the Restoration, commenced, "When I was a rebel." On the accession of his patron to the throne, Crewe went headlong into all the destructive measures, which reduced the Stuart family from the dignity of kings and princes, to pretenders and wanderers. He displaced the constitutional Bishop Compton as dean of the closet, and on the erection of the new ecclesiastical commission court, was appointed a member of it, and was present at and supported all the illegalities which issued from it. In July 1687, Crewe offered James to attend the pope's nuncio at his public entry into London, and was only prevented by his coachman refusing to drive him. Immediately the sagacious, but obsequious bishop found that the prince of Orange's party would ultimately succeed, he absented himself from the council-board, and begged to be reconciled to his constitutional brethren. After James fled the kingdom, Crewe joined the convocation that met, and joined in the vote that James had abdicated the throne. Being however excepted out of the general pardon, he fled to Holland. Luckily for his temporary interests, he had taken out his pardon, for his conduct in the high commission, two days before James's abdication, and this being held legal, preserved him his ecclesiastical benefices, but he was obliged to place all his preferment at the disposal of the crown. When in Holland, Crewe was permitted to kiss William's hand, during a visit made by that monarch to his native dominions, and had the impudence to ask what his offence was, on which the king turned his back upon him. He returned to London in July 1689, only the day preceding the expiration of the term limited for taking the oaths to the new government, which he immediately, without scruple, took at Guildhall. During the remainder of William's reign, he remained quiet and unmolested, but was not admitted at court. His private fortune, however, prospered; by the death of his elder brothers he became Baron Crewe; married first the widow of Sir Hugh Tynte, and afterwards Dorothy, the beautiful daughter of Sir William Forster, of Bamburgh Castle. He was looked on as one of the leading men of the Jacobite party; he treated with kindness and attention Sir John Fenwick, when a prisoner for high treason, for which he received the thanks of King James, and forgiveness for "all other things." On William's death, a relation of the bishop's deplored his short reign; to which the bishop, pining when absent from the rays of court favour, exclaimed with a sigh, "Good,—truly, I thought it was a long one." Lord Crewe again enjoyed some gleams of royal favour on the accession of Anne, and appeared at his place supporting the queen's right hand at her coronation. He appears to have lost no occasion of soliciting promotion; once, when attending the Princess Anne, she admired his lordship's cane—"With that," said he, "when I was Lord Lieutenant," which office he had been deprived of by William, "I gave the word of command." The princess on this reply turned her attention to his dress, and took particular notice of his cap, and said, "if it were in her power, she would

remove him to a better cap." On her becoming queen he said, "as a bishop, he prayed for her, but as her lieutenant he would fight for her." He strenuously opposed the prosecution of Dr. Sacheverell, for which he was received by the gentry and clergy on his return to his diocese in procession, and was restored to the lord-lieutenancy. Crewe was again rising in court favour, when the death of Anne once more blasted his hopes. He, however, at the hazard of his health, the only exertion probably for which the house of Brunswick was in his debt, hastened to London on the arrival of George I. and officiated at his place at the coronation, when he did not fail to remind his majesty "that he had been supporter at three coronations, —King George's, Queen Anne's, and King James's." "Oh, King James's," said the king; "where were you at King William's?" "Sire, I was then in the Low Countries," was the reply. The bishop, on going afterwards to pay his respects to the king, found admittance denied to him; on which he requested the persons in waiting to "tell the king, he only came to see him, for he had nothing to ask." In a day or two George gave orders that whenever "that good man" came to see him, he should be immediately admitted; which being done, and the bishop having kept his promises, the king dismissed him, "hoping it would be many years before he named his successor." The bishop spent the remainder of his life in comparative retirement, in the enjoyment of every thing that a splendid establishment and an ample income could afford. In a hospitable age he was noted for his hospitality; he kept open house both at Bishop Auckland and at his seat in Leicestershire, receiving and entertaining all ranks of people; he was tenacious of respect to his station, and felt hurt if not visited by all his neighbours, particularly clergymen. When in his last illness his early political opinions pressed with all the powerful associations connected with his best days upon his mind, and, as he lay dying on a couch before the fire, he cried out, with almost his last breath, mindful of the indifference and insult, with which his servile homage to the houses of Nassau and Hanover had been received, to his chaplain Dr. Richard Grey, "Dick, don't you go over to them —don't you go over to them." Although Bishop Crewe's life was a continued scene of political tergiversation and courtly meanness, the last act of his life will be remembered long after time has drawn a veil over his public errors. Even now he is better known by his charities than his vices. The bishop's brother-in-law, John Forster, M. P. for Northumberland, having forfeited his large estates for his share in the rebellion of 1715, Lord Crewe purchased the whole of the family possessions from government, and by his last will settled them for charitable purposes. The revenues of these estates now exceed 8000*l.* per annum, and being for the most part unfettered by any positive regulations of the founder, have flowed unimpeded through various channels of public and private bounty. "Many men," it is well remarked by one who touches on his history, "have been canonized for much inferior works of beneficence to those of this prelate." Mr. Edward Wortley Montagu, the husband of Lady Mary Montagu, was a descendant of the bishop's sister, the countess of Sandwich.

THE BARONESS.—A NOVEL.

BY PARISIANUS.

(Continued from page 274.)

CHAPTER V.

A DISCLOSURE.

WHEN Sans-gêne awoke in the morning, he rubbed his eyes, and strove to collect his scattered ideas so as to call to mind the events of the preceding evening. He laughed heartily when, in the midst of many confused reminiscences, his memory furnished him with the fact of his having despatched M. Delville to Calais by the night diligence; and when the waiter entered his apartment, an unconquerable and continued risibility for some time prevented him from answering the enquiries of that individual concerning the old gentleman.

"He has taken a singular freak into his head, and performed it," said Sans-gêne, amidst peals of laughter.

"Ah!" ejaculated the waiter; "and pray what might the freak be, *Monsieur*?" he added in a respectful tone.

"To get drunk, and go to Calais to drink soda-water," was the reply.

The waiter opened his eyes in unfeigned astonishment, and shrugged his shoulders doubtfully, as he muttered a "*Je n'y comprends rien.*"

"Despatch, waiter, and prepare my breakfast," cried Sans-gêne, when the immoderate ebullition of his mirth had somewhat abated; "for I have important business to transact with M. Deleux, the solicitor, who, by the way, invited me to breakfast with him: but I dare not venture out with an empty stomach; so use despatch—and, waiter—"

"What is your pleasure, *Monsieur*?" said the *garçon*.

"Have the goodness to enquire at the office down stairs, if two or three trunks and half a dozen carpet bags arrived from Paris by the waggon this morning, addressed '*A sa seigneurie*—' no, I mean to '*M. Sans-gêne, voyageur, Boulogne-sur-Mer.*'"

"Certainly, Sir," returned the waiter. "Is there any other commission to be executed for *Monsieur*?"

"Yes—when I recollect myself—call at the banker's in the Rue de l'Ecu, and enquire if a remittance have been received for me."

The waiter bowed, and retired to perform those errands which Sans-gêne knew perfectly well would lead to no result, for his whole wardrobe had accompanied him from Paris in a certain red cotton handkerchief before alluded to, and his present pecuniary possessions were limited to sevenpence halfpenny in *sons* on the mantel-piece.

"The waggon is not yet arrived, *Monsieur*," said the waiter, when he re-entered the room, after the lapse of a quarter of an hour or twenty minutes; "and the banker has not yet received any advice from Paris relative to your remittances."

"As for the money," said Sans-gène very coolly, "I do not care about that; but my baggage—that is the essential point—for I travelled purposely in a very old suit, and am ashamed to appear before my lawyer, from whom I am to receive a considerable sum of money, in such habiliments: not but that my coat is cut in the first Parisian fashion"—(it had been purchased at an old clothes' shop for the handsome sum of twelve francs)—"and my breeches" (which he had borrowed from a friend in 1821) "were new only three weeks ago."

"If, *Monsieur*—" began the waiter.

"Speak—do not be alarmed, my dear fellow," said Sans-gène, affecting indifference as to the nature of the communication about to be made, although he full well divined the nature of it.

"I have a Sunday suit—" continued the timid *garçon*.

"And I have sixteen on the road," observed Sans-gène.

"Which, if *Monsieur* would accept for a day,—," said the waiter.

"Three of mine are of superfine black cloth—" added Sans-gène.

"It is at *Monsieur's* service," achieved the attendant.

"With velvet collars—" remarked Sans-gène.

"No—it has no velvet about it," interrupted the waiter, fancying that the gentleman of the extensive wardrobe was alluding to the coat he so liberally proffered.

"And I shall reward you with fifty francs," cried Sans-gène, by way of cutting the matter short, to the great relief of the waiter, who was afraid he had not been fully understood.

The clothes were produced, and, considering that the waiter was but ten inches taller than Sans-gène, they did not fit badly. At all events they were better than the rejected articles; and when Sans-gène had completed his toilet, made a copious breakfast, and washed down the same with a bottle of St. Emilion, he hurried to the house in which M. Deleux resided. Having waited twenty minutes in the outer office, during which time a clerk was employed in informing M. Deleux of the client's arrival, and a quarter of an hour in the solicitor's private *cabinet*, whither he was eventually shown, Sans-gène began to feel a certain uneasiness in thus being forced to tarry so unreasonable a time, and accordingly commenced the perusal of some of the lawyer's private papers that lay scattered on the desk, to while away a few minutes—a task which he found somewhat difficult. But the obsequious bows, numerous welcomes, and cordial invitations liberally proffered by M. Deleux, when he entered the room, entirely effaced any disagreeable impression before received. A quarter of an hour was expended in a mutual exchange of compliments; and when all the politeness that the French language and French manners are capable of demonstrating had been effectually lavished on each other by those gentlemen, they proceeded to business, the lawyer opening the conversation in these terms:—

"The respected M. Sans-gène died very suddenly," observed the solicitor.

"Through his predilection for fried eels, was it not?"

"Alas! poor man—it was," returned the lawyer very seriously.

"And his money-bags, M. Deleux—were they tolerably well lined?" enquired the anxious client.

"The late venerable M. Sans-gêne, who for many years had carried on a certain commercial intercourse with our transmarine neighbours, the English," began M. Deleux with peculiar solemnity—

"Smuggling, I suppose," interrupted Sans-gêne, as he laid his right foot on the corner of the solicitor's desk, thereby interposing the well-polished boot, supplied by the waiter, between his own physiognomy and that of the lawyer; "smuggling, eh? was it not?"

"If we *must* descend to particular details," observed M. Deleux, "it was by those daring transactions that the venerable M. Sans-gêne amassed the sum of twenty-five thousand francs."

"Twenty-five thousand francs!" shouted Sans-gêne in raptures.

"Precisely," answered the lawyer. "Which sum, in the plenitude of his kindness, he has left to you," continued the man of business, "as well as divers barrels of spirituous liquors, some furniture, plate, linen, a waggon with three wheels, a lame horse, a mule, some oriental snakes preserved in spirits, and other valuables duly noticed in a catalogue of the effects."

"Of which I stand much in need," remarked the heir.

"What? of the waggon or the linen?" cried the lawyer in astonishment.

"Oh! no, thank God—but of the property," said Sans-gêne, correcting himself. "At this very moment I have no less than six dozens of fine linen shirts, with cambric bosoms—three dozens—"

"*Mille pardons!*" exclaimed the lawyer; "but my time is precious, and I can readily take your word for the various articles that form your wardrobe. Should you intend to reside at Boulogne—"

"Decidedly not," said Sans-gêne, taking up the solicitor's pen-knife to pair his nails.

"Then, in that case, perhaps the best step that could be taken, would be to realize the personal property, and convert the whole into ready money."

"*Monsieur,*" replied Sans-gêne, "you are a very Solomon—a *Loc-man*—an upright judge. Realize the property, and, in the meantime, give me a little cash for immediate purposes."

"With pleasure," answered M. Deleux. "But first, I must communicate a very important secret to you—a secret that has reposed in my breast for the last twenty years—a secret that the late venerated M. Sans-gêne entrusted to my ears on his first arrival at Boulogne."

"*Sacrebleu!*" exclaimed Sans-gêne; "here is a mystery! Pray, was the old gentleman a king in disguise, a prophet, or a necromancer?"

"Neither, my dear Sir; but he was *not* your father!"

"Not my father!" ejaculated Sans-gêne; "I suppose, however, that his wife was my mother?"

"No—M. Sans-gêne, you were no farther connected with the family of the late respected gentleman than by adoption. The name you at present bear, moreover, is neither your own, nor that of your putative father: circumstances, the nature of which he never explained even to me, induced him to assume that appellation, instead of his true one, which was Ménard—Paul Ménard."

"Very likely," remarked Sans-gène; "but I shall retain my present nomenclature, which is not only more *distingué* than that of Ménard; but, by a strange coincidence, is exactly expressive of my true character; so that it would appear as if I were made for the name, instead of the name for me."

"Very true," said the lawyer, smiling at these observations, and glancing towards Sans-gène's elevated leg, which had already caused several "dogs-ears" to curl the angles of certain parchments and deeds scattered over the desk to make a show, the said deeds having been totally useless for the last five years. "I have, however, done my duty," continued the man of business, "in thus communicating a matter which I was only permitted to unfold after the demise of the respected M. Ménard, *alias* Sans-gène. It is now my intention to hand you over ten thousand francs for your immediate wants, and in the course of ten days the whole of your property shall be duly realized and paid to your account at any banking house you may name. I might, moreover, add, that only a few days before his sudden death, M. Ménard expressed his hope to me that you would shortly discontinue your wild courses—pardon me, M. Sans-gène; it is my duty—and become as steady as he could wish you to be. Therefore, *mon cher monsieur*, reflect—"

"Beg pardon, my dear Sir, in return," interrupted Sans-gène, "but my time is plaguy precious—three *rendezvous*, with as many noblemen staying here, already, and two conquests to attend to—might I therefore request—"

The lawyer understood Sans-gène's meaning full well, and accordingly produced the promised sum, which the enraptured heir duly consigned to his pocket, whistling an opera-air as he conveyed each consecutive bank-note of a thousand francs to that particular destination. He then bade adieu to M. Deleux, promised to call in the course of ten days, and sauntered out of the office, not deigning to return the salutation of the clerks, who, from the length of his interview with their master, deemed his call to be somewhat important, and treated him accordingly.

So soon as he had once more arrived at the hotel, he called for his bill, and paid it under circumstances of extraordinary bustle and ostentation. He then sent for a tailor, shoemaker, hatter, and hosier, and speedily equipped himself *cap-à-pie* in new garments, declaring that he was not accustomed to be so long without his baggage, which by this time he had increased to six large trunks and fourteen small ones. The waiter was nobly recompensed for the loan of his clothes; and in a few hours the liberality of "a certain nobleman travelling *incognito*, and stopping at the Hotel de —," was "bruted all over the town," to use the language of ancient romance.

The same evening M. Delville returned from Calais, very irate at the treatment he had experienced from the companion of his debauch, and determined never again to compromise his character and his safety in so disreputable a manner, upon which Sans-gène expressed his resolution to make the old gentleman break his word as speedily as possible. How far they both kept their promises will

shortly appear : in the meantime we must return to the *chateau* in the neighbourhood of Amiens, and the high-born inhabitants of the mansion of Grandmanoir.

CHAPTER VI.

THE ABBÉ PRUD'HOMME.

"How gorgeous is that sunset," said Count de Montville to the two beautiful grand-daughters of the baroness, as they sat on the green lawn opposite the ancient *chateau*. "The rays of that departing sun are as welcome to the children of another hemisphere as they are to us ; and while some regret their transitory absence, others hail their approach with a matin hymn."

"It is scarcely marvellous," observed Eugenie, "that semi-civilized nations should adore the sun. Their God is that which they believe to be the source of vegetation, life, heat, and regeneration ; and in professing such a creed, they are scarcely to be pitied, much less blamed."

"Is it the solemn stillness of the evening, dear sister, that renders us thus sentimental?" enquired the playful Clemence with a sweet smile ; then, while a deep sigh escaped her bosom, she added, "or is it, alas ! the increased melancholy of the baroness since the visit of the Notary?"

"That melancholy is inexplicable," said the count. "I have endeavoured to console my ancient friend as well as I possibly could—I have ventured to hint that if any pecuniary embarrassment have caused her pain, a remedy could easily be found—but it is all in vain, *mesdemoiselles* ; a deep melancholy hangs over that powerful mind, and will shortly destroy its energies, if it be suffered to corrode there much longer."

The young ladies watched with peculiar earnestness the count's changing features as he spoke, and merely sighed a reciprocal assent to the truth of his observations.

The young nobleman proceeded.

"But, besides her Maker," said he, "there is one man who knows the hidden cause of her mental sufferings—who advises her in difficult matters—who attends to her temporal interests as well as to her future welfare. He is the depositor of her secrets—he has made himself necessary to her—he alone can control her actions, if any one living have such power. And that man is the Abbé Prud'homme—a man whom I mistrust—a man whom I cannot even respect. God knows wherefore—I may be wrong—I may injure him, deeply injure him—but I like him not ; and my fears lead me to believe that his counsels are evil, and that those counsels will ruin her!"

The anxiety and interest which were depicted on the countenances of Eugenie and Clemence, as the count made this declaration, were most pungent in the breasts of both ; and as they knew that the young nobleman was particularly cautious in the statements he usually advanced, they naturally fancied he had some just reasons to authorize the expression of his opinion with regard to the Abbé.

Eugenie in particular endeavoured to cross-question him on the subject; but at the moment when her curiosity would have probably been satisfied, the count suddenly rose, made a hasty apology for leaving his fair companions, and ran towards a grove that was situate about a hundred yards from the *chateau*. Eugenie and Clemence looked anxiously in the direction he had taken, and shortly espied the Abbé Prud'homme seated on a bench amidst the trees.

De Montville accosted the Abbé with a somewhat stern countenance, and addressed him as follows:—

“I am happy that we should have thus met, Father Joseph. For some time past, it has been my intention to converse with you on a few matters that *now* regard you, and probably may one day relate to myself; at least, circumstances might eventually authorize me to demand an explanation—”

“Demand an explanation, my lord!” ejaculated the Abbé, rising from the bench on which he had been seated, and assuming an air of injured pride.

“Yes—demand an explanation!” repeated de Montville. “And, first, *Monsieur l'Abbé*, allow me to tell you,” continued the young nobleman, “that I mistrust you—”

“My lord!”

“Interrupt me not! I mistrust you, Sir; and it is my intention to make you reply to a few questions which I shall presently put to you.”

“Lord de Montville,” said the Abbé, with admirable coolness, “your language is as inexplicable as it is rude and unseemly. If you hope to intimidate me with harsh expressions, or excite my feelings by severe taunts, your lordship will be mistaken.”

“Know you this hand-writing?” cried de Montville, taking a piece of paper from his pocket, and holding it before the priest's eyes.

The Abbé glanced at it for one moment—started—and then suddenly collecting himself, he calmly said, “The writing is similar to my own—but it, nevertheless, is not mine. Some one has forged that document.”

“Wretch!” cried the count in a voice of thunder, as he returned the paper to his pocket, and advanced towards the priest with a threatening air; “do you mean to insinuate that I am capable of such a deed?”

“I insinuate nothing,” replied the priest coolly; “I would merely observe, that he who would peruse a paper, which he may have found, is capable of a darker act of treachery.”

“My suspicions are well grounded then!” observed the count, the flush of rage having left his cheek, and an expression of the most sovereign contempt curling his lip. “Alas! poor baroness!”

“Rather say, ‘Alas! poor Clemence!’” muttered the priest; “for when the grand secret shall be known, Count de Montville will pay his addresses to the heiress of some rich estate afar from Grandma-noir!”

The young nobleman heard these mysterious words with an indifference that was as evanescent as it was extraordinary. A moment elapsed ere the singularity of the priest's observation struck him; and

then he knew not how to reply. He cast his eyes upon the ground, reflected on the ambiguity of the Abbé's behaviour, and puzzled himself in vain to find some reasonable meaning for the words that had astonished him. It was evident the priest thought that he was attached to the younger sister; but what grand secret there existed to be made known, and how the revelation of it would affect Clemence, he was at a loss to conceive. A minute's consideration determined him to question the priest in a most peremptory manner on the subject; but, when he raised his head, the "holy father" was no longer in his presence.

Prud'homme, alarmed at the remark he had made, and the half-promise of revealing a secret into which his anger had betrayed him, hastily retreated from the grove the moment his lips had given utterance to words so rash. Without any apparent aim, but in all probability to while away an hour ere he should return to the *chateau* where he was certain to encounter the young nobleman again, the Abbé bent his steps in the direction of the city, and walked a considerable way on the Amiens road. The evening was beautiful and cool, a clear sky above was already spangled with many stars, and a silvery moon beamed chaste and fair in her own celestial sphere. But the priest was totally unmindful of the beauties of nature at that moment; his breast was pregnant with mingled feelings of anger, ambition, and alarm. A more unholy sentiment still predominated also in that breast; and as he threaded his way along the road that ran through the grove, he frequently struck his forehead with impatience, and muttered the name of Eugénie! Dark were his thoughts—darker his machinations—his countenance was ghastly pale, and his features were frequently distorted for some minutes into hideous expressions, the result of violent internal emotions.

The Abbé was aroused from his reverie by the sounds of approaching wheels; and presently he descried a small carriage, drawn by two fleet horses, hastening towards the *chateau* in a direction directly opposite to that pursued by himself. The moment the equipage was met by the worthy scion of the church, the driver pulled up his horses, and respectfully saluted Father Joseph.

"Are you bound for Grandmanoir?" enquired the priest.

"I was, may it please your reverence," answered Jean Maillot, the well-known coachman usually employed by the proprietor of the *Hotel de France*; "but now that I have encountered you, my commission is more than half executed."

"And what may that be?" demanded the priest in partial astonishment.

"There is a sick man at our house," replied Jean hastily; "and having made a variety of enquiries relative to the various people in the neighbourhood, he immediately despatched me to request you to call upon him, when your name and rank were mentioned."

"This is strange—passing strange!" murmured the priest; then, without asking another question, he stepped into the carriage, and was speedily set down at the door of the *Hotel de France*.

A multitude of obsequious bows on the part of the landlord, and a catalogue of polite enquiries relative to the baroness, and the *jeunes*

demoiselles on that of the hostess, rather assailed than welcomed Father Joseph, when he made his appearance in the court-yard of the hotel. His acknowledgments and replies were courteous but hasty; and were speedily cut short by a request to be immediately shown to the apartment of the Chevalier d'Altamont, for such was the name, according to the information he obtained from the host, of the sick gentleman lodging in the hotel. The Abbé was accordingly conducted to the chevalier's apartment, where he found that gentleman, who has already been introduced to the reader, reclining on a sofa placed near the open window, through which the evening breeze was wafted to fan his thin grey locks and cool his feverish cheeks.

"*Benedice, mi fili,*" cried the priest, as he advanced towards the chevalier, and made the sign of the cross. "Meseems that the hand of sickness is upon thee; but if thou hast sent to me for ghostly comfort—"

"Ghostly comfort!" cried the chevalier with a smile of contempt, as he raised himself upon his left arm, and motioned the priest to be seated with his right hand; "ghostly comfort!" he repeated in a less severe tone, "no, Abbé Prud'homme, I am not so deeply affected with corporeal suffering as thou may'st imagine; and had I required ghostly comfort, as thou art pleased to call it, I might have sent to other priests in the neighbourhood, whose abode is not so distant as thine."

The priest gazed in mute astonishment at the singular language which issued from the lips of that old but venerable personage; while the chevalier proceeded in a more conciliatory tone.

"You are a clever man, *Monsieur l'Abbé*, and a man of the world—eh? and a worldly-minded man. Start not—I mean no insult—as the communications I shall shortly make will fully prove; but I must touch a string in thy heart ere I unfold the secrets I have to confide to thee—a string which will oscillate to nothing but the contiguity of gold!"

"Chevalier d'Altamont," began the priest, apparently irate at this unusual frankness on the part of a stranger.

"Silence—and be seated!" cried the old man, with a peculiar tone of command which the Abbé felt himself indescribably bound to obey. "Silence—I repeat—and affect not a virtue you cannot feel. You must serve me—yes—serve me, I repeat, in preference to a certain individual with whom I accidentally travelled a few days ago, and whose name did not transpire till after his departure—and that name is de Moiro!"

"De Moiro!" cried the priest, starting on his chair, and casting a look of mingled curiosity and dread at the venerable individual, who returned his glance with a calmness not unmixed with satisfaction. "De Moiro, did you say?"

"De Moiro, the Notary," was the tranquil reply.

"I know him—know him well!" said the priest, laconically, perceiving that it was useless to dissimulate with the chevalier.

"I am aware of it; and you serve a treacherous friend, a dangerous enemy, and an unprincipled usurer," continued d'Altamont, somewhat warmly. "But you must now enlist yourself in *my* ser-

vice ; and, in order to prove the advantages you will eventually reap by so doing, it is my intention to enter into certain details, which cannot fail to interest and surprise you, at the same time that they will induce you to forsake the cause of a villain."

The priest drew his chair close to the sofa on which the chevalier was reclining, and settled himself to listen with the greatest attention ; while the old gentleman, on his part, raised his body to a more elevated position, the better to recount his narrative, which he began in the following manner.

(To be continued.)

THE FADING ROSE.

THE rose that I gave you, how bright was its hue,
How it scented the breeze that play'd round it,
As gracefully sweet in the garden it grew
The fair Summer morn that I found it.

In the pride of its beauty I tore it away
From the stem where Nature had placed it ;
And soon was I destin'd to mark in decay
The freshness and bloom that had graced it.

'Twas eve as once more I look'd on it, and then
A gentle kind hand had caress'd it,
Pour'd balm on the languishing flow'r, and again
Soft fragrance and beauty possessed it.

Life ! life ! how akin to the flow'ret art thou !
Where the bleak touch of sorrow reposes
Comes the mildew of feeling, the blight of the brow,
That robs the warm cheek of its roses.

Thus the heart, all its essence and energy spent,
Pines, droops like the blossoms that perish,
Till the minist'ring angel in pity is sent
To solace, to soothe, and to cherish.

That rose, which I gave you so late was my heart,
Oh ! say that your smile shall renew it ;
Or tell me, at worst, that if fated to part
A tear of regret will bedew it.

J. W. C.

UNPUBLISHED WRITINGS OF DR. CUDWORTH.

Few philosophers have met with greater injustice both during their lives and since their decease than the profound Dr. Cudworth. During his life it was Cudworth's misfortune to be decried and ridiculed by the worthless courtiers of Charles the Second, for having ventured to expose the dangerous paradoxes of Hobbes, which were inspired by the sudden tide of licentiousness both in principle and in practice, which burst upon the British Islands at the moment of the Restoration. No sooner had the first sketch of the Hobbesian philosophy been privately circulated at Paris, than Cudworth exposed the wanton sacrifice, which it made of all the principles of religion and morality to the establishment of its conclusions; and sounded the alarm against the odious modes of thinking, which the sophist of Malmesbury would have cultivated, and the forms of expression which he would have introduced. Though Cudworth's life was devoted to the assertion of Divine Providence, yet was he not only charged with having fallen into the heresies of Milton, but also with the still deeper degradation of atheism. "He has raised," says Dryden sneeringly, "such strong objections against the being of God, that many think he has not answered them;" "the common fate," as lord Shaftesbury tells us, "of those who dare to appear fair authors." Though from the philosophical writings of Cudworth arose the various arguments concerning the immutability of right and wrong on the different theories of morals, which appeared in the course of the 18th century, and to them may be traced the origin of the celebrated question, Whether the principle of moral approbation is to be ultimately resolved into reason, or into sentiment, yet his great work, "The Intellectual System of the Universe," a work beautifully characterized by Mackintosh as one of stupendous erudition, of much more acuteness than at first appears, of frequent mastery over diction and illustration on subjects, where it is most rare, is now rarely referred to or noticed in the productions of British metaphysicians since the time of Mr. Harris and Dr. Price. But what perhaps is still more extraordinary and unjust, several German philosophers have borrowed from his learned pages the most valuable of the materials, for their systems, without the smallest acknowledgment, or even so much as a reference, to Cudworth, as an English writer of celebrity.

Even Kant, the high priest of German Metaphysicians, who is described by Madame de Stael in her usual off-hand manner, "as having given the impulse to all that has been done in Germany both in literature and philosophy," has not hesitated to purloin from Cudworth the line, which he has attempted to draw between the provinces of the senses, and of the understanding, and, to add to the weight of the crimes of which he was guilty, has had the extreme vanity to describe at length the train of thought, by which he was led to the discovery of principles, which had not the slightest claim

to originality, and for a complete exposition of which, blended, it is admitted, with a vein of Platonic mysticism, he had only to turn to the admirable Latin translation of Cudworth's "Eternal and Immutable Morality," published by his own countryman, Dr. Mosheim. And as if to crown the injustice, which the Continent had rendered almost impossible to surpass, England has allowed large *Manuscript Works* of one of the most distinguished of those philosophers, "who, taught by the errors of their time, considered religion as consisting, not in vain efforts to explain unsearchable mysteries, but in purity of heart exalted by pious feelings, and manifested by virtuous conduct," to lie neglected and unpublished, preserved from destruction only by accident. But the value of these MS. works may be doubted; to this we can only say that it is scarcely within the range of possibilities that a "Commentary on the Prophecies of Daniel," (one of the unpublished pieces), from the pen of him, who was appointed by the Parliament in 1657, from his learning to be a member of the Grand Committee of Religion, to consider of a new Translation of the Bible, can be unworthy of the expense of publication. Besides, we have authority for saying that these writings are of the highest value to sound philosophy and religion. Dr. Birch, who was well acquainted with them, in his "Life of Tillotson," remarks that Dr. Cudworth's "Intellectual System" has raised him a reputation, to which nothing can add, but the publication of his other writings still extant in manuscript. Dr. Kippis also tells us that they are known to display great compass of sentiment, and a vast extent of learning. The unfortunate Dr. Dodd, it is known, had access to these MSS., believing them to be the production of Locke, and from them increased the learning of his "Commentaries on the Bible," and adorned the pages of the "Christian's Magazine." Sir James Mackintosh in his writings greatly regretted, so far as related to the "History of Opinion," that the larger treatises of Cudworth were unpublished, while Lord Brougham, in his "Natural Theology," has most naturally enquired, "Why are the MSS. of the author still buried in the British Museum?" Upwards of twenty years ago the "Edinburgh Review" drew the attention of the managers of the press of the two Universities to these unpublished treasures, as proper subjects for the employment of their compositors, which prudence prohibited a commercial publisher from undertaking. Oxford has again within the last twelve months been appealed to on the subject, but appears to shrink from,—as if it were a task,—what ought to be her delight.

The history of the fate of these Manuscripts is somewhat curious. They were left by Cudworth to the care of his daughter, Lady Masham, who had the honour to nurse the infirmities, and to watch the last moments of Locke, who was opposed to her father in speculative philosophy, but who heartily agreed with him in the love of truth, liberty, and virtue; and for a long time they quietly reposed in the library at Oates in Essex. About the year 1762, Lord Masham, who was about to marry a second wife, removed a number of volumes of ancient learning, which had been bequeathed to the family by Locke, together with these Manuscripts of Cudworth, to make room for books of modern amusement and refinement. Either the whole or a considerable part of the volumes thus ejected were sold to Mr.

Robert Davis, then a bookseller in Piccadilly. Mr. Davis being told, or, what is more likely, having concluded, that the Manuscripts were the productions of Locke, it became an object of consideration with him, as a tradesman, how to convert them to the best advantage. They contained, among other things, sundry notes on Scripture. About the same time a number of MS. Scriptural notes by Dr. Waterland came into the possession of the booksellers. These persons determined with the aid of such celebrated names as Locke and Waterland, to publish an edition of the Bible with annotations. At a consultation, however, it was suggested that, though these names were very important, it would be necessary, to complete the success of the design, to join with them some popular living character. Dr. Dodd was then at the height of his reputation as a preacher; and accordingly, he was fixed on to edit the work. This was the origin of "Dr. Dodd's Bible." When the Manuscripts were returned to Mr. Davis, he carried them down to Barnes in Surrey, where his country-house was, and threw them into a garret, where they lay exposed to all the dangers of such a situation. About the beginning of the year 1777, "a gentleman," as Dr. Kippis, who derived his knowledge of these papers chiefly from his friends, Bishop Law and Dr. Joseph Jeffries, informs us, who had a veneration for the name of Locke, and was concerned to hear that any of his writings were in danger of being lost, went to Barnes to see the Manuscripts; and being positively assured by Mr. Davis, that they were really the productions of that eminent man, he immediately purchased them for forty guineas. He was, however, soon convinced, after an examination of them, that the authority of the bookseller was fallacious; he remonstrated against the deception, and Davis agreed to take them back, being paid ten guineas for his disappointment in the negotiation. The "gentleman" thus referred to by Dr. Kippis, we have discovered to have been Mr. Jacob Bryant, the learned and ingenious author of "The Analysis of Ancient Mythology." In his investigation of the Manuscripts, Bryant discovered, by many incontestable proofs, that they were the writings of Dr. Cudworth; he recommended them to the Curators of the British Museum, by whom they were purchased, and thus, at last, after many perils and mutilations, safely lodged in that noble repository.

The writings which were thus placed in the British Museum, consist of 5 vols. "On Free Will," 2 vols. of "Commentaries on Daniel," 1 vol. of "Collections of Confused Thoughts relating to the Eternity of Torments," and 2 vols. of "A Common Place Book of Motives to Moral Duties." In order to excite the attention of the learned to these valuable, but unknown treatises, we shall make some extracts from them, not pretending to point out those which are valuable from those of superior excellence, but collected at random. Before, however, doing this, we cannot forbear quoting Mackintosh's remarks on Cudworth, in order to prepare the reader for the mind and style of the author; without, however, agreeing in every particular with that learned writer. "In all Cudworth's writings it must be owned, that his learning obscures his reasonings, and seems even to oppress his powerful intellect. It is an unfortunate effect of the redundant ful-

ness of his mind, that it overflows in endless digressions, which break the chain of argument, and turn aside the thoughts of the reader from the main object. He was educated before usage had limited the naturalization of new words from the learned languages; before the failure of those great men, from Bacon to Milton, who laboured to follow a Latin order in their sentences,—and the success of those men of inferior powers from Cowley to Addison, who were content with the order, as well as the words of pure and elegant conversation, had, as it were, by a double series of experiments, ascertained that the involutions and inversions of the ancient languages are seldom reconcilable with the genius of ours; and, unless skilfully, as well as sparingly introduced, are at variance with the natural beauties of our prose-composition. His mind was more of an ancient than of a modern philosopher. He often indulged in that sort of amalgamation of fancy with speculation, the delight of the Alexandrian doctors, with whom he was most familiarly conversant.”*

LIMERICK CATHEDRAL BELLS.

BY J. S. COYNE.

“Those evening bells, those evening bells,
How many a tale their music tells.”—MOORE.

FAIR garden of the south—delightful vale of Florence! What classic associations are recorded in that name! Who could gaze on the lovely Val’d’Arno, tread the classic top Fesiole, or wander through the gardens which tradition points to as the scene of the Decameron, without recalling the memory of Dante, Milton, Byron, and Boccaccio, whose deathless writings have consecrated these spots? Amidst this scene of beauty the eye knows not where to rest; hills upon hills, crowned with lofty pine forests and bounded by the rugged Appenines, rise in the distance—while around and beneath us handsome villages, and white cottages, over-shadowed with vines, are seen gleaming through orchards on either side of the road. In one of the most lovely spots in this romantic valley lived the peasant Giulio; his parents were humble tillers of the soil; a small vineyard and a few sheep, which latter it was young Giulio’s duty to tend in the fields, composed their whole earthly store; and while they pursued the “even tenor of their way,” undisturbed by the feudal contentions which deluged the streets of Florence with the blood of the Guelphs and Ghibelines, they sought not to occupy a higher station in life than that into which fortune had thrown them. Not so with their son Giulio—the boy nursed a spark of that Promethean fire in

* The writer of the above article would be happy to assist any publisher in preparing for the press these works of Cudworth, which ought to be no longer withheld from general perusal.

his bosom which wanted but a fostering breath to kindle into a flame. Sixteen summers had passed over his head, and already had he begun to feel the restless workings of ambition in his mind : his home became distasteful, and his light labours wearisome ; he sighed to distinguish himself in that world, where his fellow-men were toiling for fame, riches, and honour, but he knew not how to emancipate himself from his degrading thralldom. There was, however, a stronger feeling than the half defined workings of natural enthusiasm, operating upon Giulio's mind. Marietta was the loveliest maiden that ever trod the shores of the classic Arno ; her raven hair floated over a brow of marble whiteness, and her large black eyes softened into an expression of such melting tenderness, when by chance they met those of Giulio at the village festivals, that the fascinated youth, from at first thinking often of those dazzling eyes, at length could think only of them and their beauteous possessor. Need it be told, Giulio was soon steeped to the lips in love ;—but Marietta was rich, and Giulio poor,—and he knew enough of mankind to be assured that with her family his case was hopeless. Day after day he devised wild schemes of realizing wealth sufficient to entitle him to lay claim to Marietta's hand ; but none appearing feasible to his mature consideration, they were all in turn rejected as soon as formed.

One lovely summer evening, when the Val'd'Arno's olive and ilex groves were covered with the purple and blue shadows of evening, as Giulio was leading home his flock, inwardly repining, like the prince of the Happy valley, at the fate which chained him there in inglorious ease, his attention was arrested by a strange voice hallooing to him to stop. The person from whom it proceeded soon appeared at a short turn in the road above him, leading, or rather dragging a jaded mule down the rugged path. "Confound your weary mountain ways!—Santa Virgine! an' a day's journey by one of them be not worse than a barefoot pilgrimage to our lady of Loretto: my name is Nicolai Lamberto," said the stranger in no very complacent tone, as he approached Giulio, who saw in the person who had addressed him a middle-aged stout-built man, habited in the simple costume of a burgher, save that his cap was of the richest Genoa velvet, and that a gold button, in which sparkled a large jewel, looped it up on one side ; in other respects his dress differed a little from that of any unostentatious trader. "Young man," said he, addressing Giulio with a frankness of manner which bespoke an acquaintance with the world, "can you guide me to some neighbouring cottage, where I may refresh myself and my tired mule?"

"If you be content with a shepherd's simple fare," replied Giulio, "my father's roof stands amidst yonder group of olive trees—there, Signor, you will at least find a secure shelter for the night."

"More I seek not, good youth ;—and so, if it please you, let us hasten thither, for the day's toil hath given me a marvellous keen appetite." Thus saying, they descended the narrow pass together, Nicolai tugging at the bridle of his mule, and Giulio driving before him his flock of sheep. Nicolai received on that night the cheerful hospitalities of the shepherd's cottage—coarse bread, dried fruits, olives and cheese, furnished forth his table ; and if his bed wanted the

downy softness of the couches of the great, it was also without their thorns. In the morning, after a plain repast with the shepherd's family, Nicolai Lamberto prepared to depart; but before he had put his foot in the stirrup, he called Giulio to his side.

"Giulio," said he, "you have showed me kindness, and it is meet I should return it in some sort. Your industry and genius are buried in these mountains: come and live with me and I will place you in the high road to wealth—not by the sword or the pen, for I am but a free citizen of Florence, as good a brass and metal founder as any in Tuscany; for that is the trade whereby I have made a fortune that would not be altogether despicable in the eyes of the proudest merchant princes of Florence." Giulio's heart throbbed tumultuously on perceiving the road to independence thus suddenly open to him; eagerly grasping the stranger's hand, he pressed it impressively to his lips, and thankfully promised to accept his generous proposal.

"Well then," replied Nicolai, as he turned his mule's head from the cottage door, "when you arrive in Florence enquire for Nicolai Lamberto, the brass founder, and I warrant you will not be long till you find me out."

The following morning saw Giulio quitting the paternal roof. His step was indeed more elastic and his eye more confident than usual, as he sprang down the rocky path which led to the high road; but he could not avoid turning at intervals to gaze on the humble home which had sheltered his infancy, and a shade of deeper melancholy passed over his open brow as he passed before the white walls of a neat villa, bosomed amongst trellised vines, and almost shrouded by the veil of crimson flowers that overspread its roof—it was Marietta's dwelling. Entering the paradise in which his every hope was centred, he approached the house—all was still, save the ceaseless dropping from the dew-laden shrubs around. Plucking a single blossom from a Clematis whose truant branches had wandered luxuriantly through a half-open lattice, he pressed it passionately to his lips and his bosom, and with a fervent aspiration to Heaven, for her whose happiness was dearer to him than his own, rushed from the spot, as fearful of trusting his resolution should he linger long in that seductive scene. Three years had rolled away before Giulio re-appeared in his native hamlet; and then the slender joyous youth was transformed into the firmly knit serious man. Nicolai had not been unmindful of his promises. The old man loved Giulio as a son, and under his care he had become the cleverest artist in Florence; he had, however, died suddenly, but not without leaving to Giulio a sufficient independence to entitle him to aspire to Marietta's hand, who still remained unwedded, although numerous advantageous proposals of marriage had been made her. An offer from a person of Giulio's expectations for his daughter's hand stood little chance of being rejected by Marietta's father. The young man was admitted as the formal lover of the beautiful *donzella*, and before a month had elapsed it was whispered amongst the gossips at the fountain, that Marietta's bridal garments were preparing in a style of magnificence which bespoke the wealth and the attachment of her future lord. One circumstance only delayed their union. Giulio

had exhausted all the ingenuity and skill he possessed in making a ring of bells, and he only waited their arrival from Florence to present them to the church of his patron saint. They at length arrived, and were hung in the tower of the village church; and on the day in which Giulio received at the altar the hand of his lovely bride, he heard those bells, whose sweet tones he prized next to the music of Marietta's voice, ring out their first joyous peal to celebrate his nuptials. Every wish of Giulio's heart was accomplished; his pride and love were gratified, and he felt, as the rain of roses from the hands of their bridal train descended on his and Marietta's head, that Heaven had filled his cup of happiness to the brim. For six years the sunshine of content shone upon the peaceful dwelling of Giulio and his happy partner; boys and girls, with cherub locks and rosy cheeks, had climbed his knees; the sound of the matin chime stirred his heart to gladness, and the vesper bells at the solemn evening hour attuned his spirits to calm delight—they were his—the works of his own hand, and their clear tones came like the voices of old friends upon his ear. But man is not born to enjoy uninterrupted felicity. Internal warfare, which had so often rendered the sunny plains of Italy desolate, again spread her banners over the Tuscan hills. Alessandro Medici (afterwards first duke of Florence), who had been banished by the republican party, endeavoured, with the assistance of the Imperial troops, to regain his authority in Florence, whose territories he entered with a large army. Giulio, prompt at his country's call, flew to join the republican bands who were collecting to resist the tyrant's efforts; and as he kissed away the tears from his Marietta's streaming eyes, and clasping his beautiful children to his bosom on bidding them adieu, a dark presentiment crossed his mind that he was doing so for the last time. Giulio foreboded rightly; when he next crossed the threshold of his home, it was lone and desolate, the door swung idly on its hinges, and the lattice flapped mournfully in the blast—War's ruthless hand had turned his paradise into a hideous wilderness; slaughter and rapine had rioted in the abode of peace and innocence; his wife and children had perished, and Giulio was—alone in the world. He stood by his cottage porch, contemplating in gloomy silence the scene which surrounded him. The setting sun, poised upon a distant mountain's ridge, seemed to linger for an instant to take a parting glance on the vine-clad hills and valleys, and then plunged downwards into the dawn of another world. Giulio started—'twas the Ave Maria! hour—

“the hour,

The time, the clime, the spot, when *he* so oft
Had felt that moment in its fullest power,
Sink o'er the earth so beautiful and soft,
While swung the deep bell in the distant tower,
Or the faint dying day hymn stole aloft:”—

—his ear sought to catch the familiar tones of the vesper bells from the village church—but he watched in vain; deep purple shadows overspread the vale below, but that long loved chime, which had

ofttimes called the pilgrim and the mountaineer to repose or prayer, was silent.

"*They too are gone,*" he exclaimed; "*and their merry peal will never more glad my heart. The hand of the spoiler has taken all; he has torn the branches from the tree, and it is meet that the withered trunk should perish likewise.*" As he spoke, he rushed from the scene of desolation, fleeing with the blind speed of a maniac, and never again returned to the deserted walls of his once happy home.

* * * * *

One evening, at the close of summer, a foreign-looking bark was observed slowly drifting up the Shannon's noble stream, a few miles below the city of Limerick. The last breath of the day breeze was dying away in her flapping sails, and it was quite evident that she would be unable to reach the quay of Limerick that night. A few boatmen, who had been watching her progress from the shore, at length put off, in the expectation of getting some employment as pilots or assistants to the stranger. Upon reaching the bark, a grave-looking man, habited in black, whose sun-bronzed brow and quick black eye betokened him a native of a more southern land, leaned over the vessel's side and anxiously enquired if they would row him up to Limerick without delay, at the same time offering them a liberal compensation for their trouble. The business was easily settled, and the stranger stepping into the stern of the boat, threw himself along the seats, so totally absorbed with his own secret communings that he seemed to view unheeded the picturesque scenery by which they were gliding every moment. The rowers bent to their oars, and the light boat shot rapidly through the water, leaving behind a glittering line of broken light upon the broad expanse of the tranquil river. At length the dusky towers of St. Mary's Cathedral became visible in the distance as the last rays of the sun burnished the still waters, which lay like a broad-mirror around them. At this moment the bells from the old cathedral rung forth a solemn chime. The stranger started from his lethargic trance, his sunken eye kindled with unusual lustre, and his sickly cheek became flooded with a dark crimson tide. He listened for a moment, as their clear tones came mellowed by distance over the calm tide. "*They are mine ! they are mine !*" he shrieked, and sunk backwards, overpowered with the violence of his emotions. The rowers, who imagined he had fallen into a swoon, hastened to support—they raised him up. He was dead!

The rest of the tale is shortly told :—Giulio had wandered from his country, alone and desolate, through many a foreign clime; his name had been forgotten in his native village, or only spoken of as the young man who had manufactured the fine set of bells, which in the civil wars had been purchased by an Irish ecclesiastic, but no one knew whither they had been conveyed. Such is the history of the ill starred Italian and the *Limerick Cathedral Bells*.

HORÆ PHILOSOPHICÆ, No. I.

“For man loves knowledge, and the beams of truth
 More welcome touch his understanding's eye,
 Than all the blandishments of sound his ear,
 Than all of taste his tongue.”

AKENSIDE.

MAN may truly be defined to be a philosophical animal. In all ages of the world he has ever manifested the same ardent love for wisdom. Knowledge, or wisdom, which is knowledge digested and matured, has ever been the grand object of his desire. After this he has toiled with an enthusiasm that no obstacles could subdue. Seas have been traversed by him, mountains have been climbed, caverns have been searched, and the most distant countries have been explored in pursuit of this precious treasure. With an indomitable determination he has forced his way into the inner chambers of nature, and discovered the secret of many of her mystic operations. There has been within him an “obstinate activity, an unsuppressive spring,” that has ever continually impelled him onward. Every new discovery he has made has only encouraged him to proceed still farther. As he has advanced in the course, not only has the goal been receding, but his own vigour has been inexhausted. Every fresh irruption into the regions of knowledge has opened new vistas, displayed new lines of country, and pointed to hills still dimly seen on the distant horizon, whose picturesque beauty has tempted him to advance.

Whence then springs this love of wisdom? Whence this unsatisfied desire, this insatiable longing, this restless inquietude of the soul? “If there be,” says an eminent writer, “a propensity in the human mind which distinguishes from the inferior order of sentient beings, a propensity which alone may be taken for the characteristic of the species, and of which no trace is to be found in any other; it is disinterested intellectual curiosity, a love of discovery for its own sake independent of all its advantages. In no case that is of essential advantage, of indispensable necessity, not only to our well-being, but to our very existence, has God left us to the care of our reason alone. He has committed the improvement of the intellectual powers of the soul to the sure hand of curiosity, and he has made this so strong in a few superior souls whom he has appointed to give light and knowledge to the whole species, as to abstract them from all other pursuits, and to engage them in intellectual research, with an ardour which no attainment can ever quench, but, on the contrary, inflames it more by every draught of knowledge.”

Here then is the true source of all our philosophy. This simple element of feeling, curiosity, implanted by the Author of our being in the human breast, is the radical principle of all those vast discoveries

in philosophy and science, which, by enlarging and extending the province of the mind, have raised man in the scale of creation, and made him indeed a little lower than the angels. Without this feeling he would roam abroad through the world ignorant of "nature and nature's laws," and not seeking to know them; but with it he is ever busy and enquiring; he investigates, analyzes, and explores; traces effects up to their causes, penetrates into the arcana of the universe, and gives laws to the rolling planets. Without this, life would be to him a dreary and tiresome journey through scenes uninteresting and unattractive; but with it an agreeable charm is spread over all things, his soul is kept in a constant state of pleasing activity, and he finds a pure and beatific delight in contemplating the endless variety of objects that are ever presented to his view. It is under the influence of this feeling, modified of course, and directed as his mind advances by the superinduction of others, that he has sedulously applied himself to scientific pursuits, and trained up into a rich and beautiful luxuriance that tree of knowledge, which, to use an expression of Dr. Chalmers, "has spread its lovely efflorescence over the whole field of humanity."

"For such the bounteous providence of heaven,
In every breast implanting this desire
Of objects new and strange, to urge us on
With unremitted labour to pursue
Those sacred stores that wait the ripening soul
In Truth's exhaustless bosom."

The discovery or the knowledge of these "sacred stores," is what is generally meant by the term philosophy. The invention of the term (the simple word *σοφία*, or wisdom, being previously used) is due to the modesty of Pythagoras. The occasion on which he introduced the change is thus related by Cicero:—

"It happened while Pythagoras was at Phlius, that the chief of the Phliasiens was exceedingly charmed with the ingenuity and eloquence with which he discoursed upon various topics, and asked him in what art he principally excelled? To which Pythagoras replied, he did not profess himself master of any art, but that he was a philosopher. Leon, struck with the novelty of the term, asked him what was a philosopher, and wherein they differed from other men? Pythagoras replied, that as, in the public gains, some are contending for glory, while others are buying and selling in pursuit of gain, there is always a third class who attended merely as spectators; so in human life, amidst the various characters of men there is a select number who, despising all other pursuits, assiduously apply themselves to the study of nature, and the research after wisdom; 'these,' added Pythagoras, 'are what I call philosophers.'"

The term has since been universally adopted; and though its etymological meaning might seem to be sufficiently plain, yet both ancient and modern writers have taken pains to define it. Cicero defines it, "*Scientia rerum divinarum et humanarum cum causis.*" Bacon, "*interpretatio naturæ,*" and a later writer in our own vernacular tongue, and perhaps with still more correctness, "that love of

wisdom which urges men to enquire into the nature of things, and stimulates them in the pursuit of all important and useful science."

There is not perhaps much real difference in any of these. In all of them the wide domain of Nature is taken to be the great theatre on which philosophy has to act. And viewing it in this, the true sense, how vast and boundless is the field of its operations! "*πολύς νομος εἶναι καὶ εὐδα.*" How great and limitless is the expanse! With what an exhaustless affluence of treasures does it abound! How many rich mines lie beneath its surface, into which no shaft has ever yet been sunk! The great Newton himself, the interpreter of the universe, modestly said that he was only picking up a few shells by the great ocean of truth. And notwithstanding his amazing industry and unrivalled success, how many rare and beautiful ones remain yet to be gathered! Every successive roll of that mighty deep is tossing up fresh heaps upon the strand. Upheaved from the crystal caves and coral depths in which they were imbedded, they lie scattered in magnificent profusion around. Let not rash and ignorant presumption, however, hope to gather them. Shrouded in their own mystic beauty, they lie deeply concealed from the idle gaze of the careless and casual observer. It is only to those who seek them carefully, diligently, and devotedly, that this loveliness is unveiled.

It is a strange fact that so little advances were made by the ancients in sound practical knowledge. Of them it might indeed be said, that though there was much philosophy amongst them, yet there was little wisdom. With all their lectures, and precepts, and eloquence, more useful discoveries have been made in the period that has elapsed since the revival of letters in the latter end of the thirteenth century, than in the whole space of time antecedent. The art of printing, the use of gunpowder, the mariner's compass, the telescope, the barometer, and all sorts of useful manufactures by which the comforts of society have been substantially advanced, have been invented since. Improvements of all kinds have been advancing with a rapidity almost miraculous. It seemed as if the human mind, starting from the deep slumber of the middle ages, had sprang forth upon a new and glorious career with all its energies more vigorous and valiant than ever. And with giant's strides has it continued to advance, breaking down every barrier that seemed threatening to oppose it. Having shaken off the iron yoke of barbarism, it has pushed forward its faculties with all the fresh vigour of a juvenile freedom. And yet how great must have been its exertions in emerging from the state of deep and degraded ignorance in which it was sunk. How thick were the shades that then hung upon the world. "Clouds on clouds of darkness," says the elegant historian of the Roman empire, successively rose in the sky, till the congregated host, gathering fresh terror as it rolled along, obscured the sun of Italy and sunk the western world in night." And yet, though the surly and tempestuous storms from the north had thus

"Blasted the Italian shore, and swept the works
Of liberty and wisdom down the gulf
Of all-devouring Night,"

yet a fresh light dawned upon the horizon, and the arts and sciences sprang up again beneath its cheering and renovating influence. And ever since have they continued to bloom and flourish with a loveliness and richness of vegetation unknown in all the ancient days of philosophy and science.

How comes it, then, that the ancient times were so barren of all useful knowledge? How comes it that the Platos and Socrateses, and Aristotles have done so little profitably to enlighten mankind? The plain reason is, that they devoted themselves too much to speculative theories. They never contemplated the truth of that celebrated maxim of Bacon, the foundation of all his philosophy, that "knowledge is power." They loved rather to luxuriate amidst the profound abstractions of an *idealess* metaphysics, than to acquire that knowledge of things, or as Bacon calls it, that "power over matter," by which the happiness of mankind would have been really and effectively promoted. If they gave themselves up devotedly to study, it was more that they might be abstruse reasoners, or subtle dialecticians, than propounders of useful and important truths. They loved the operations of mind for its own sake, rather than with a view to any direct practical results. If they looked into the blue depths of heaven, and endeavoured to trace the paths of worlds throughout the immensities of space, it was more for the moral beauty of such discoveries, for the refined pleasure of such abstract intellection, than with a hope, or perhaps even a desire that a knowledge of such things would ever enable man to steer his way over the vast solitude of oceans, and visit and revisit the most distant countries on our globe. They were, in fact, to a certain degree isolated from their fellow men. They looked down with a lofty pride upon the vulgar pursuits of ordinary life. Wrapt up in their own sublime musings, they kept their eyes steadily fixed upon a visionary moral optimism, and they rather endeavoured to paint in vivid colours the beauty of this object, than to lead men to it, even supposing it to be attainable. Hence, while they wandered in imagination through the beautiful and enchanting vales of this philosophical Elysium—while the porch and the academy echoed to the strains of heavenly eloquence* in which their moral precepts were delivered—they added little to the substantial happiness of mankind. So that Democritus seems not to have been much mistaken when he said that the knowledge of nature lay hid in certain deep mines and caves.

And yet, with all their imperfections, what a charm is hanging about the scenes in which those great and illustrious men taught. Who can think, without emotion, of

"Fair Lycæum's walk, the green retreats
Of Academus, and the thymy vale
Where, oft enchanted with Socratic sounds,
Ilissus pure devolved his tuneful streams
In gentler murmurs;"

* So pure was the eloquence of Plato, that it was said, if the gods came down from heaven to dwell among men, they would adopt his style.

Such scenes are the venerated haunts of a thousand and a thousand sublime and holy associations. The mind loves to linger amongst them. There is a trail of heavenly light about them that both warms and enchants the imagination. What, though practical science made little advances amongst them, yet was not their philosophy beautiful—that philosophy which one of their teachers was said to have brought from the tenth heaven, and whose precepts even at this day continue to attract the admiration of the world? Greece—the spring of every classic recollection—the haunt of every thing noble and lofty in intellect—the nurse of genius and heroic enterprise—"the warrior's dwelling and the Muses' seat;"—that lovely Tempe which poesy and philosophy seem at one time to have selected for their favourite abode;—alas, though now thy glory is gone, thine ancient lustre faded, thy columns mouldering, and thy mightiness defaced, yet thou art still a watchword to the nations, the trump of Fame shall sound thy glory to the most distant age, and

"Still shall Memory, with reverted eye,
Trace thy past worth, and view thee with a sigh."

The memory of thy greatness and thy glory never shall depart. Like the fabled light of the Rosicrucian's ever-burning lamp, an undying halo is hanging around thee, illumining the darkness of the grave.

"Who does not see with an admiring eye
How Plato thought, how Socrates could die?"

Human learning has generally been divided into three branches, corresponding to three faculties or powers of the mind,—history, poetry, and philosophy; history referring to memory, poetry to imagination, and philosophy to reason. This division has been objected to by Professor Stewart, and indeed justly, for it will at once be seen that the parts are not sufficiently distinct, inasmuch as the exercise of the reasoning faculty, to which, in the division philosophy has been peculiarly assigned, is essentially necessary both in history and poetry. And therefore philosophy in its general sense can hardly be separated from the others. And indeed it is quite common to hear of the philosophy of history and the philosophy of poetry. History, properly so called, is certainly a mere register of the events of former times in the order and succession in which they have occurred; and so far as the mind merely takes cognizance of them, without either comparing them with each other, or tracing them to their causes, or deducing principles from them, so far memory is plainly the only faculty that is made use of; and a man with a perfect memory and but little reasoning power, might thus be a complete and perfect historian. But is this the use that is to be made of history? Is history to be merely a bare register of events, a barren catalogue of all the great personages that from time to time have appeared on the vast theatre of the world, with an account of the different parts which they have severally performed? Surely not: surely history is destined for other purposes. In history a vast volume is unrolled for the instruction of mankind. It is the legacy which former ages have

left to us their posterity, and which we are to hand down with additions to generations yet unborn. History connects the present time with a portion of the eternity that is past ; it affords us a firm footing, as we walk across the dark abyss of ages, and live in the midst of scenes over which centuries have rolled. In history we read of the tumults, disorders, and revolutions that have been brought upon the world by pride, lust, ambition, avarice, revenge ; we read of the actions of man in all the various characters and situations in which he has been placed ; we see, as in a moral map, a full and fair and accurate delineation of all the passions of the human heart, and of all the good and evil with which the exercise of those passions has been attended, and our duty is plainly not to read those events as we would the adventures of Jack the Giant-killer, or Robinson Crusoe ; but to trace, and examine, and investigate, and compare the different events recorded, and, by the due exercise of reason, to draw from this vast moral magazine, lessons for the future regulation of our conduct. Thus history without philosophy would be a mere dry skeleton, without either the principles of life or the elements of beauty ; or it would resemble those leafless trees which are to be seen in winter, admirable for the minute ramification of their branches, but destitute of that fresh green luxury of foliage which is so necessary for their perfection.

Again, in poetry how necessary is philosophy ! But we must defer this till our next number.

SONG.

I NEVER doubted of thy love,—thy love was all to me ;
 I thought it was as fond and true as that I felt for thee ;
 And ever will I think it was, although it did not last ;—
 The present is but nought to me,—I live upon the past.

I still can hear thy fervent vow, and see thy trembling tear ;
 My yielding heart is still the same, and thou art e'en more dear.
 A treasure lost is valued more than when secure in sight,
 And thy lost love is dearer now than ere it took its flight.

Thy fickle heart can never know the pangs for thee I feel,—
 A woman's faithful breast alone the secret can reveal.
 I loved thee, and must ever love thee only, *only thee* ;
 Thy first fond smile is on my heart, and there will ever be !

R. S.

ECONOMY OF THE MONTHS.

OCTOBER.

Exordium.—Programme.—Characteristics of the month.—Return from watering places.—Pheasant-shooting.—Proper-sized shot.—Partridges.—Hare-hunting.—Angling.—Harvest-home.—Association of ideas.—Roast goose and Queen Elizabeth.—Michaelmas geese in the reign of Edward IV.—Another Virgin Queen.—A new era.—Tribute to the memory of William IV.—Virtues of the royal widow.—Queen Victoria's parliament.—Advice.—A pensioner, King by sufferance.—Matrimonial schemes.—Character of Queen Elizabeth.—New Parliament.—Coalition.—Plans of the Melbourne Cabinet.—What of the new houses of parliament?—Land and sea fights.—Nelson and Trafalgar.—National ingratitude.—Ill-judged parsimony of government.—Trafalgar Square.—The National Gallery a national disgrace.—Statues and fountains.—Tritons and sea nymphs.—Royal sojourn at Brighton.—Hallowe'en.

ECONOMY, liberally understood, is a comprehensive term—a science to which every thing in nature and every thing in art ought to be subjected. However, we are not just now about to theorise in metaphysics. We are plain, simple, practical men; yet perhaps with a spice of imagination in our nature; and therefore, while our chief aim shall be to prove useful, it is our wish not altogether to lose sight of being agreeable. We have no faith in the adage that “ignorance is bliss.” There is nothing like mingling the *utile* with the *dulce*: together they constitute the charm of life, and in their practice we become wiser and better, and consequently happier.

That the reader may not be wearied by suspense as to the direct object of this exordium, we take leave briefly to premise that it is our intention, in a course of papers, to indicate, prospectively, the “economy of the months,” in their order of succession; to show the most pleasurable as well as the most profitable mode of passing those periodical divisions of time, in both town and country. Occasionally, indeed, we purpose taking a glance in retrospect at the events of ages long past, but that will be only to enable us to look forward with the greater advantage. Thus will be embraced and illustrated all sorts of rural sports and metropolitan exhibitions; manners and customs, ancient and modern, in different parts of Britain; popular superstitions; religious festivals; legendary lore; watering places; Continental trips; the economy of travelling by sea and by land; astronomical and meteorological phenomena; births and deaths of eminent and extraordinary men; biographical and characteristic anecdotes; in fact, whatever may serve to refresh the memory and interest or inform the mind.

To commence then with October, sometimes, but not always, one of the most delightful months of the year; the month in which we gaze, with lingering regretful love, on the last long-slanting rays of the summer sun. October may be termed the dividing month: it forms the intervening medium between autumn and winter. It is a doubtful month. Capricious and variable as April, it may enrich the aspect of nature with the bright and genial warmth of summer; or, attended by mists, and rain, and snow, it may prove the fierce and stormy herald of winter. With summer abroad in the day, we find winter at home in

the evening, and invoke the blaze of a social hearth in our defence. Generally, however, the air of October is fresh and bracing; and the rich and varied tints of the foliage, the gorgeous splendour, the bright, and dark, and golden glories of our wood-scenery, impart an indescribable charm to the visual sense.

Now, gentlemen-citizens, now is the time when you and your wives, and your sons and your daughters, and your men-servants and your maid-servants, are in the receipt of daily and innumerable hints,

“To haste from Hastings home;
So nought remains but just to get,
Before you travel, out of debt;
Glut all the household birds of prey,
Pack your remains, and run away.”

Ay, run away! return to the business, and the cares, and the pleasures of the town.

Far different are the charms, the pleasures, the enjoyments of the country, the *real* country, to the lover of nature at this exciting, health-inspiring season. Sportsmen, look to your guns! See that all is right; for on the very first of the month—you scarcely need to be reminded—pheasant-shooting begins. And, if we err not in judgment, the hour is auspicious. For a brief period the partridges may now enjoy a respite of comparative safety and repose.

What a charming incentive to rise early is pheasant-shooting! The sluggard will have little sport; for the birds are apt to lie during the day in high covert, where, until the season is more advanced and the leaf has fallen from the trees, it is almost impossible to shoot them. Let the novice also bear in mind that, to ensure success, he should proportion the size of his shot, as well to the particular species of game he means to pursue, as to the season of killing it. Thus, in the first month of partridge-shooting, shot No. 1 should be used; but, at this period for pheasants—and for partridges also, as they are now stronger upon the wing—No. 3 is the proper shot to be used. This, indeed, seems to be the best size for general purposes: forming a due medium between shot too large and shot which is too small, it will kill a hare at the distance of thirty-five or forty paces, and a partridge at fifty, provided the powder be good. Hare-hunting, be it remembered, begins on the 29th of the month. This also is a season of enjoyment for the lovers of the angle.

We love old faces, old customs, old sayings and doings, ay, and even old superstitions, when they are harmless and benevolent in their tendency. Need we then say that we love a harvest-home, and that we love to eat roast goose, its ancient concomitant; for, in the olden time, it was customary for geese to be eaten by husbandmen at their feast of harvest-home.

Well, we have seen the ground cleared, seen the last load of corn from the harvest field carted home, decorated with the verdant branches of trees, and the rustic labourers, men and women, seated on the top, gaily singing and shouting in the very ecstasy of joy! And we have witnessed and participated in that festive scene, that genuine *English* scene, a harvest-home! This is one of those excellent old usages that should never be relinquished or forgotten. There is gratitude to hea-

ven, there is joy upon earth, there are peace and good-will amongst men, at a harvest-home. Cold and narrow must that heart be that could wish to abolish such customs!

How strange is the association of ideas!—that the mention of roast goose should conjure up to our “mind’s eye” the ghost of the “virgin Queen,” the long inurned Elizabeth! Yes, and the name of Elizabeth reminds us of the defeat and destruction of the vaunted armada, which occurred nearly two centuries and a half ago; and of the medals which were struck upon the occasion, with the pious motto ascribing the victory to God—*Affavit Deus, et dissipantur*.

Perhaps “the association of ideas” may further lead the olfactory nerves of some of our readers to scent a Michaelmas goose, that savoury dish of which Elizabeth is said to have been partaking when, upon the feast of St. Michael, she received the welcome news that the naval power of Spain was no more. There is yet abundant time for the Epicurean (a very different animal from the gourmand) to call his gastronomic powers into action in the demolition of his favourite bird; for *old* Michaelmas day, by some still regarded as the *true* Michaelmas day, is not till the 11th of the present month.

Tradition, whose veracity is frequently apocryphal, states that, in commemoration of the great event, Queen Elizabeth founded the custom of annually gracing the board with a goose on Michaelmas day. We suspect the custom may claim an origin more remote. In fact it has been traced at least as far back as the 10th of Edward the Fourth, when, as it is recorded, “John de la Hay was bound to render to William Barnaby, Lord of Lastres, in the county of Hereford, for a parcel of the demesne lands, one goose fit for the Lord’s dinner, on the feast of St. Michael the archangel.”* At all events the poor geese, sacred as some of their race were deemed in ancient Rome, have long had mournful cause to exclaim—

“O’er stubbles, commons, fells, hills, dales, we fly;
In barns and stables seek for aid in vain;
Our arts and tricks the murd’rous cooks defy,
And destined hecatombs are yearly slain.”

Again, the “association of ideas.” At the name of Elizabeth another “virgin Queen” starts into the centre of the magic round, and lo! another “new era” has suddenly burst upon us! To the youthful sovereign, Victoria, all hail! Let us not, however, dazzled by the splendour of the rising sun, forget the milder glories of the departed, scarcely yet beneath the horizon. It was on the 6th of June, 1830, that, on the demise of his royal brother, his Majesty William the Fourth ascended the throne of these realms. In September 1831 he and his Queen, Adelaide, were crowned. King William died on the morning of the 19th of June last, the day after the anniversary of the battle of Waterloo. Had he lived one little week longer, he would have completed a reign of seven years, a term much beyond what was generally anticipated on his accession to the crown. Peace be to his *manes*!

* The French eat geese on St. Martin’s day, Twelfth-day, and Shrove Tuesday. In Denmark every family is accustomed to have a roasted goose for supper on St. Martin’s Eve.

That he was a *great* man is a claim which history will not presume to make in his favour; that he was a *good* man, an *honest* man, a kind-hearted, generous, benevolent creature, a good husband, a good father, a good master, a man without one personal enemy—are points universally conceded. It is well to merit such praise in one's epitaph.

Nor, whilst offering a faint tribute to the memory of the departed, must the virtues of the living—of the bereaved one—be suffered to pass into oblivion. In her exemplary performance of all the duties of a wife, Queen Adelaide may serve as a model for women. Regardless of her own health—at the time not only in a delicate but a precarious state—she devoted herself, heart and soul, by day and by night, to the couch of her declining, her dying consort. In the days of health and enjoyment she, by the exercise of every domestic virtue, rendered his hearth a happy one; and in the hour of death it was hers to soothe his mortal agony, to speak peace and consolation to his departing spirit, to cheer it with the prospect of a brighter and a happier world.

Queen Victoria commences her career under auspices the most favourable, with a people's love already fixed and flourishing in their hearts. May her reign be long, prosperous, and happy; and, "when old Time shall lead her to her end, goodness and she fill up one monument!" Her path is fair before her, but it may not be free from danger. Specially may she guard herself against the designs of her wily Whig uncle, originally a fortuneless German subaltern, afterwards the chosen consort of the heiress apparent of the British throne, then a royal pensioner of England, and now, by good luck and the grace of Louis Philippe, King of the Belgians. What was the *political* object of this worthy's recent visit to our shores? In our matrimonial alliances, Heaven protect us from any further incorporation of the Cobourg breed!

In contemplating—in studying—the character of her illustrious predecessor, Elizabeth, let not its dazzling splendour blind Victoria to its crimes. Great as a Princess, surrounded by a halo of political glory, reflected rather than self-emanating, Elizabeth was vile as a woman; her brutal father's own child—King Harry in petticoats; a woman with all the vices, but scarcely one of the moral virtues of her sex.

As a natural consequence of the demise of the crown, we have got a new parliament. At what period Queen Victoria's first parliament ("Lord Melbourne's parliament," we believe it is generally designated) may be summoned to "meet for the despatch of business," is one of the secrets of state with which, until these few days, the public were not entrusted: the meeting now stands for the 15th of November. It will soon be seen whether the star of O'Connell and Lord Melbourne continue in the ascendant, or whether the brighter and purer beams of the Wellington, Lyndhurst, and Peel constellation be destined to "pale its ineffectual fires." We suspect that a coalition of parties, virtual if not ostensible, will be achieved. Or, rather, aware of the tenacity with which all Whigs and Whiglings cleave to office, we apprehend that the Melbourne cabinet, under a disavowed compact with its prime governor and director, O'Connell, will abandon, *pro tempore*, all the grand objects, on the prosecution of which it has, over and over again, sworn to stand or fall; and that it will bring forward such measures only as the Conservatives shall feel themselves compelled, as it were, to support. This would be

a cunning scheme, and worthy of the men by whom it is likely to be formed; but the eyes of the nation are upon them, and we never yet knew an instance in which true wisdom, when it chose to exert itself, did not prove more than a match for all the mean arts of cunning, duplicity, and fraud.

On the other hand, if Lord Melbourne, with the genuine manliness and straight-forward honesty of the English character, would, with adherents acting in a spirit equally manly and honest, unite with the more moderate and reforming Conservatives ("a consummation devoutly to be wished"), the Radical and Popish faction might be extinguished, and the political, moral, and religious salvation of the country be secured.—*Nous verrons.*

Three years will have elapsed, on the 16th of this month, since the old houses of parliament were destroyed by fire. What progress has been made towards the new erection? We doubt whether the plans will not all have to be reconsidered, *de novo*: whether, in fact, the country be not entitled to call for a new set of plans, and for a new committee of taste, into which the vice of favouritism and undue influence shall not have crept. How gratifying would it have been, how well it would have read in the future history of the period, could our youthful Queen have opened her *first* parliament in a *new* and magnificent edifice, an edifice worthy of the first nation upon earth!

October is a month memorable in our annals for its battles, by land and by sea: amongst the former, Hastings, Agincourt, and Edgehill; amongst the latter, Lord Duncan's off Camperdown, on the 11th, 1797—Lord Nelson's off Cape Trafalgar, on the 21st, 1805—and that "unto-ward" affair of Sir Edward Codrington's (respecting which the less that is said the better) in the bay of Navarino, on the 20th, 1827.

It is strange, and the strangeness redounds not to the honour of the country, that although two-and-thirty years have rolled away since the victory of Trafalgar, one of the most glorious victories ever achieved since the creation of the world, and the most important in its results, no grand national monument has been raised in homage of the memory and fame of its hero. By the battle of Trafalgar the proud navies of France and Spain were swept from the seas—annihilated at a blow; never since that battle has either France or Spain—we speak almost without a figure—been able to float a man-of-war upon the ocean; and yet after the long lapse of thirty-two years, part of that period too involving the reign of a sailor king, there is no national column to perpetuate the glory of Nelson! Nor has Wellington been more highly honoured. It is true he has a noble bridge named after him, and two or three equestrian statues are on the point of being erected to commemorate his political and civic as well as his military merits; but those have all been accomplished by private enterprise and subscription, government having meanly declined even to purchase Waterloo Bridge for the advantage of the public, although the purchase would at once relieve the original shareholders, immensely enhance the value of much private property, and consequently increase the revenue of the state.

At length we have got a "Trafalgar Square," as the (yet) open space in front of that national libel upon our taste, nicknamed the "National Gallery," is denominated. But this *open* space, it appears,

is to be *enclosed*, for the benefit, as it is said, of pretty aristocratic nursery-maids, and for those who choose to pay a guinea or two a year for the purpose of keeping its nice gravel walks, and its fantastic little plants and flowers, in order. Of course the public at large, though most likely the public at large must pay for it, can have no right to indulge in this place, either in an open or an enclosed state. Why should it not be allowed to remain open, or at least *free*, to the public, keepers being stationed for the preservation of order? What do we want with nice gravelled walks and pretty little shrubs, unless indeed it be designed that in a short time the latter shall grow up, overtop, and hide that dwarfish structure, with a pepper-box in the centre and a muffineer at each end—that laughing-stock of every native as well as of every foreigner of taste—that “fixed figure for the hand of scorn to point his slow unmoving finger at”—the *National Gallery*?

And, barring the pretty shrubs, and the pretty nursery-maids, and the pretty babies, and their pretty mamas, what are to be the interior ornaments of Trafalgar Square, open or enclosed? Something we have heard about a fountain, and something about a statue of Lord Nelson—not an equestrian one we hope. What should prevent the two from being combined, and with increased effect? Could any thing be more proper than a statue of the hero—of what description we leave to the taste of the artist—surrounded by naval emblems, triumphant in a sailor’s native element—*water*? Tritons, sea-nymphs, dolphins, &c., might thus be made to spout forth *ad libitum*. Let the suggestion be thought of. As public ornaments, salutary no less than beautiful in their nature, London is in want of nothing so much as of fountains.

But there are to be grand doings ere the great council of the nation shall commence its official and active existence at the fiat of the Queen. In the far distance, we scent the inspiring aroma of a magnificent civic feast. Previously, however, to that imposing event, Brighton, the queen and the glory of watering places—the matured creation of George the Fourth—will become gayer than ever. Full already—her crowded streets, her sunny cliffs, her noble pier, her ample Steyne, her new and beautiful esplanade at Kemp Town, will prove another Pelion heaped upon another Ossa; and, unless *sky-room* can be rendered available, we know not how the countless myriads who, between this and the 4th of October (the day appointed for the royal entry into Brighton) will imploringly sue for admittance, are to be disposed of. Happy, thrice happy, and thrice enviable are those who may have secured houses or apartments in time. Yes! on Wednesday, the 4th of October, her gracious Majesty Victoria the First is, for the *first* time, to visit Brighton, and then to take possession of her splendid eastern toy—the Pavilion. In its every apartment, grand, beautiful, and superb, she will trace the creating and presiding spirit of her uncle, George the Fourth.

Our allotted space is full; consequently, instead of enlarging on the superstitions and amusements of Allhallows Eve, or Hallowe’en, we can only remind the mirth-loving reader that that far-famed festival occurs on the 31st of October.

LETTERS FROM GERMANY.

(Continued from page 301.)

September, 1836.

THE more pleasure that travelling affords, the more provoking is it that we cannot have our most congenial friends to partake of the enjoyment; and it is also interesting to observe how the mind turns towards different persons according to the nature of the objects which are most interesting at the moment.

The Germans are truly a short-sighted people—I do not mean mentally (for in that respect they are highly gifted), but it is scarcely an over calculation to say that every third or fourth gentleman uses spectacles, and the ladies frequently carry moveable ones in their hands. In Vienna it seemed almost a conventional rule that persons should only look at each other in public places through glass; and there is certainly much gazing confidence inspired by those transparent eye shields.

Having occasion to enter one of the principal shops in Munich, full of all the varied descriptions of manufactured cottons, I took the opportunity to inquire of the proprietor whether any of these were English; but he replied in the negative, and this one instance is doubtless as good as a hundred to prove that the German market is lost to England. He exhibited abundance of cotton prints from Mullhouse in France, and Zurich in Switzerland, which pay the same duties as English goods, but are preferred on account of the tastefulness of their patterns. Are the glories of Manchester so faded that her cotton lords are either unable or unwilling to compete, by employing the first-rate talent in pattern designing? It is too probable that the loss of the German market will be permanently felt after the effervescence which at present excites our manufacturing districts shall have passed away. Pregnant with evil as the great commercial convention is to the manufacturing interests of our country, it yet yields one petty benefit to her travellers—which is, that their luggage is not examined in passing from one of the States to another. This trifling convenience our patriotism could, however, readily have conceded to the national good. We met here with a striking proof of English strength of muscle in a young gentleman residing in the same hotel. A huge stone of at least from three hundred to four hundred pounds weight, which is chained in the palace yard as a memento of the personal strength of an ancient Bavarian duke who had proved himself equal to its weight, was twice lifted by our compatriot, to the great surprise of the *valets de place* who witnessed the feat. The only other persons who are known in later times to have accomplished this lift were a Tyrolese, and an English East India captain.

The country between Munich and Augsburg is moderately well suited for agricultural purposes, but possesses no features of beauty. Augsburg, with a population of 30,000, has a large cathedral, handsome streets, and a tolerably respectable picture gallery. In former times, when Venice was in its commercial glory, it was a place

of considerable trade, and is still a town of much banking wealth, besides possessing several manufacturing establishments. Of old, one of its merchants named Fuger, originally a weaver, amassed a fortune of six millions of gold crowns, and founded a noble family, who in that respect may be considered as the Medecis of Augsburg. Old Fuger acted the part of Rothschild to the Emperor Charles the Fifth, and on one occasion, when he had the honour of entertaining his sovereign, lighted a fire of cinnamon, and made a burnt-offering of the emperor's bond for an immense amount. The room in which this circumstance occurred is still shown to the curious in the excellent hotel of the Three Moors.

The Gazette of Augsburg is considered a high political authority, being one of the most talented vehicles by which the northern courts of Europe communicate their opinions to the world. This town enjoys also an ancient Protestant celebrity, as having been the place where Luther and Melancthon arranged many of the most important matters of the reformed church with the Emperor of Germany. The country between Augsburg and Ulm is very flat, and entirely destitute of beauty. Having again crossed the Danube, we entered Ulm, and consumed a leisure hour in examining its cathedral, which is the largest in Germany. It is now devoted to Protestant worship, but some of the Catholic pictures still remain as the mementos of a former faith. This cathedral contains seats for above 4000 persons. Ulm is a town of little trade, but the landlord of the finely situated Black Ox Hotel, where we dined, seemed to hope much from steam communication, which is expected to be commenced next summer to Vienna. It is calculated that the voyage down will occupy three, and back against the stream, six days, which will afford a great facility to travellers who dislike being jolted through a country so *triste* as Bavaria. The distance from Ulm to Vienna by the Danube is above five hundred miles, and much of the scenery is stated to be very beautiful. A railway of a few miles is in useful and profitable operation at Nuremberg, some distance north of Ulm. Similar undertakings are also projected from Ulm to Augsburg, thence to Munich, and, I believe, from there to Vienna; but caution is a principal element in German character, and travellers must not calculate on going through this country at high-pressure speed for many years. There are a great many other railway projections afloat in Germany, but each seems waiting for the other in a manner that is somewhat amusing.

I am not disposed to speak very favourably of the integrity of Bavarian inn keepers and *voituriers*; indeed we here met with the first glaring instance of an opposite character since being in Germany. Our driver seeming to consider that we either extravagantly abounded in money or lacked in understanding, appeared to have entered into a league with the village innkeepers, by means of which we were charged very considerably more for third-rate accommodation than we had paid in the first hotels of the capitals. On parting we felt it a duty towards future travellers to show our appreciation of the *lang cochers'* kindness, by referring him to the village landlords for his *drenk gabt*.

At Ulm we entered Wirtemberg, and thence to Stuttgart the country continued of the same uninteresting description; the soil being bad,

and the people more than plain. The hair of the Bavarian rustic females in particular, from exposure to the sun, was of so many colours as to resemble the shades of a chestnut horse's mane rather than what Messrs. Rowland and Son describe as the chief ornament of females. After passing through one town celebrated for the manufacture of bone toys, and the polite importunities of the venders, as well as another, where a very long bridge held a sinecure situation over a small summer stream, we reached Stuttgart.

Wirtemberg contains a population of nearly a million and a half, and its capital above 30,000, who are chiefly Protestants.

Stuttgart is situated in a basin-shaped hollow, beautifully surrounded by vine-covered hills—and its new streets are handsome, while even the older districts are not discreditable. On entering the town, the tasteful manner in which the various walks and drives were planted, reminded us agreeably of England; and it appears that thirty years since none of these fine chestnut avenues existed, having been about that period planned and directed by Her late Majesty of Wirtemberg, the Princess Matilda of England. Innumerable drawings, and other specimens of Her Majesty's taste and industry were exhibited to us in the palaces, and the memory of her benevolent deeds still lives in the grateful minds of the people to an extent which it is pleasing to learn. Many hundreds of the poor were, according to our informant, supported chiefly by Her Majesty's bounty.

The town palace of Stuttgart is large, and extremely handsome; while the King's rural residence at Rosenstein, two miles distant, is tastefully built, and beautifully situated: indeed, the moderate size of its apartments is more adapted for the elegant comfort of private life than for the splendour of royalty. The late King of Wirtemberg had, we were informed, a very extensive menagerie; but his present Majesty's taste lies in another direction, and on succeeding to power he caused many of the animals to be sold, and the others to be stuffed with hay instead of being fed with carrion. They have now, therefore, left their dining stalls, and are in their altered state promoted to drawing-room places in the museum. The present lions of Stuttgart are His Majesty's Arab chargers, and of these he has unquestionably some cause to be proud. In gratifying our curiosity on this subject, the *valet de place* conducted us through such a succession of stables that we were at length obliged to ask for mercy, and leave many of the divisions uninspected. Five hundred horses seem a very large number for the king of Wirtemberg's private stables, but this subject should perhaps be viewed nationally, as His Majesty's attention to the improvement of the race is no doubt producing an important change in the horses of the country generally, for he seems to have even more than an English partiality for them. The French *farçeurs*, who assert that the second question to be asked an Englishman is, whether his horse is well and eats his oats with *gout*, should not omit His Majesty of Wirtemberg in their next *bon-mois* on this subject.

Stuttgart is not one of the seats of the fine arts, being without a sculpture gallery, and only possessing a very few modern pictures, crowded into two or three small apartments. The *atelier* of old professor Danneker, containing his celebrated bust of Schiller, is, however,

an object of considerable interest, and even the venerable sculptor himself seems to have no very strong objection to being lionised. The museum is very respectably supplied, and contains some curious fossil remains which were dug up at Rosenstein, and are said to have belonged to the Mammoth. To our unzoological eyes they appeared to be the teeth and bones of elephants, and these are articles with the appearance of which a tropical residence has rendered us both sufficiently familiar. The shady walks here behind the royal palace are very delightful, and as we had the good fortune to see this little capital in its holiday dress during the *fête du Roi*, the impression produced was much more agreeable than probably correct. The theatre, on both evenings that we attended, was crowded to excess; and a pleasing and striking instance of the deference paid to females occurred during the performance, for when *une dame* was announced at the entrance of the pit, the crowd in the centre passage compressed itself, and the gentleman walked up with his lady to the very front. Similar politeness would scarcely be met with at Covent Garden.

A review of 3000 troops, which is half the little national army, formed the amusement for the first day of the *fête*. Innumerable evolutions were of course performed, as well as firing gone through in all its branches; but the swift running and timid doublings of some dozens of hares which were started in the field, and unusually perplexed by the incessant fire, seemed to excite more interest than the movements of the men, so that this review day appeared to my eyes somewhat in the light of a grand military coursing match.

The preparations for the races at Constadt are the most extensive to be met with in Germany. In fact, the scene was quite English; and I have never seen even there the race-course of any town of the same extent so numerously attended. The numbers were estimated by our guide at from 30,000 to 40,000, and as they entirely surrounded (in some places densely) the race-course, nearly a mile in circumference, it could scarcely be an over-estimate. We were much gratified to observe the enthusiastic reception which the king and queen met with both on the race-course and in the theatre. His Majesty somewhat resembles in appearance our own late good-humoured king; and two of the princesses would be considered attractive in any rank of life. A nephew of His Majesty, the son of Jerome Bonaparte, is the chief military dandy of Stuttgart, and his features certainly much resemble those of Napoleon; but the grand style of intellectual forehead which so long commanded the nations is entirely wanting in Captain Jerome. Opposite to the royal tent there was erected by the authorities of Constadt a singularly tasteful arched and leaf-covered race-stand, built up of evergreens, with hop-vines trained into fanciful supporters. The centre was surmounted by a gigantic Cornucopia, encircled by apples, pears, plums, and Indian corn, with huge bunches of purple grapes hanging down at intervals to lend a bacchanalian appearance to the other good things.

The king, on arriving, commenced by ordering the distribution of prizes for the best horses, cattle, &c., and meanwhile the favoured animals were promenaded round the course. The day was fine, the arrangements good, the company gay, and the sight enlivening; but the

race itself was quite a failure, unless the ludicrous was the feeling desired to be excited. This first day was devoted to the long-tailed horses of the neighbouring farmers, and both the riders and the ridden were sufficiently awkward. The former with cart whips, loose trowsers, and caps, which, as the race proceeded, became strewn over the course, without stirrups, jostling and whipping each other's horses, formed altogether a ludicrous contrast to the dapper little feather-weight jockies of England. The following day was to be devoted to the horses of the king and the aristocracy; but those we had not, unfortunately, the opportunity to see run. There was nothing in the race which could create excitement, but the people seemed prepared to have felt interested had it been at all possible. One of the princes of Russia, with his princess, being on a visit at Stuttgard, perhaps more than the usual splendour was got up on this occasion.

On surveying the gay royal party assembled on the course, surrounded by a hundred ministers, judges, generals, colonels, and high functionaries, the idea occurred as to what a democratic son of America would think of this, as well as the palaces, the army, the stud, and the equipages, as being necessary for the government of less than a million and a half of people. A more extreme contrast to their simple utilitarian system could scarcely be conceived. This comparison having been awakened, I give it a place, still, however, believing that a court is the best school of national refinement, and that the court of Stuttgard in particular stands deservedly high in the affections of the people. To be the sovereign of a compact little kingdom such as Wirtemberg, with all the splendour, and enjoying all the respect of royalty, really appears more desirable than to govern a mighty empire with all its distracting cares and responsibilities. Any error in judgment in one of these smaller rulers produces little evil, but a frown or a wrong conclusion by one of the mighty sovereigns might scourge the world with war and misery.

It is perhaps the dream of a visionary to suppose that the world is soon to reach such a state of dispassionate enlightenment that reason and justice may be called to decide all national questions instead of the sword. We certainly have not yet reached this point; but that such would be the case under a well-regulated universal constitutional system can scarcely be doubted, and the diffusion of intelligence is every where tending towards this end. It is fervently to be hoped that the object may be attained by the steady progress of opinion, rather than by violence; for though some of the youthful enthusiasm of Germany may desire more rapid changes, there is little reason to doubt that the sober intelligence of the country is in favour of the gradual amelioration of existing institutions. The individual mind of a king may, from ambition, temper, or the desire of excitement, frequently incline to war; but it is scarcely possible to conceive that under a well-balanced constitution sober and peaceful reason should not prevail.

(To be continued.)

ON THE HARMONY OF THE SPHERES.

BY E. H. BARKER, ESQ.

'ΑΡΜΟΝΙΑ.—Dio Cassius, i. 124, Reim. Εἰ γάρ τις τὴν ἁρμονίαν τὴν διὰ τεσσάρων καλουμένην, ἥπερ πον καὶ τὸ κύρος τῆς μουσικῆς συνέχειν πεπίστευται, καὶ ἐπὶ τοὺς ἀστέρας τούτους, ὑφ' ὧν ὁ πᾶς τοῦ οὐρανοῦ κόσμος διείληπται, κατὰ τὴν τάξιν, καθ' ἣν ἕκαστος αὐτῶν περιπoreύεται, ἐπαγάγοι, καὶ ἀρξάμενος ἀπὸ τῆς ἑξω περιφορᾶς τῆς τῷ Κρόνῳ διδομένης, ἔπειτα διαλιπὼν δύο τὰς ἐχομένας, τὸν τῆς τετάρτης δεσπότην ὀνομάσειε· καὶ μετ' αὐτὸν δύο αὖ ἐτέρας ὑπερβὰς ἐπὶ τὴν ἐβδόμην ἀφίκοιτο, κἂν τῷ αὐτῷ τοῦτ' τρόπῳ αὐτὰς ἑταίρων ἐπιῶν, καὶ τοὺς ἐφόρους σφῶν θεοὺς ἀνακυκλῶν ἐπιλέγοι ταῖς ἡμέραις, εὐρήσει πάσας αὐτὰς μουσικῶς πῶς τῇ τοῦ οὐρανοῦ διακοσμήσει προσηκούσας.

"Si quis *harmoniam* quam *diatesseron* vocant, hanc siquidem principem locum in musica obtinere creditum est, atque ad isthæc astra, a quibus omnis celestis elegantia regitur, secundum ordinem, quo unumquodque ipsorum convertitur, transferat incipiens ab supremo orbe, quem Saturno tribuunt, postea duos proxime sequentes præteriens quarti circuli planetam dominum signaverit; post hunc rursus duobus aliis præteritis, ad septimum orbem descendat; atque hoc eodem pacto ipsos deinceps repetens, et in gyrum rediens gubernatores deos seligat diebus, inveniet omnes dies, musica quadam ratione, cœlesti eleganti ordini congruere."

Even a tyro will perceive that the word ἑταίρων has no business here; therefore Xylander has flung away the useless weed, and Reimar agrees with him in the rejection of it, like those who mangle the members when they have failed to cure the wound; but, by a very slight change, we should read ἐπάνω, *deinceps*, as in the version above, especially since Leunclavius reads ἐπ' αὐτόν, which is a near approximation to ἐπάνω: the error arose from the accent over *alpha*, which occupied a place lower than usual; and of this negligence in printing we often complain.

We will now proceed to explain what so many very learned astronomers of more recent times have thought about this *harmonia*, διὰ τεσσάρων, which, as Dio says, is of the first importance in music: for about this matter the expectation of aid from the philosophers will be vain. We confess that when, above the rest, we had consulted Wolf, he, equally with others, offered no sound explanation, and this *harmony* was involved in the same obscurity as before; nay, we have wondered that Wolf has by no means reached the meaning of Dio, saying, in his *Elem. Chron. C. 2, Def. 16, Schol. 1*: "Dio Cassius gives a second reason, fetched from the *celestial harmony*: the *harmony* διὰ τεσσάρων was observed to be of great moment in music, consisting in the ratio of 4 to 3. Thus, for example, the progress is from Saturn to the Sun, because there are three planets from Saturn to the Sun, four from the Sun to the Moon." But this is an arbitrary reason, feigned by the very learned mathematician

himself, and founded on the present system of music. But the Sun, which is in the midst of the seven planets, is equidistant from the extreme planets, Saturn and the Moon; and so much does Wolf deviate from the truth, that Scott found in the *harmony* of Wolf the proportion *διὰ τεσσάρων*, and *διὰ πέντε*. You may easily find the reasoning of both Wolf and Scott in the septenary number; therefore both of them, on this subject, rather delude than teach. And if you consult the other philosophers, the same difficulties arise. Some assign reasons so absurd, that they excite our bile. Hear what monstrosities a great man, Keil, pours forth: “*Hebdomas est septem dierum systema; variis appellationibus hebdomadis dies distinguuntur. Ecclesia Christiana primum diem dominicum vocat, vulgus diem Solis nominat, et soli nostri temporis phanatici sabbatum nuncupant; secundum hebdomadis diem, feriam secundam; tertium, feriam tertiam, et ita deinceps; septimum autem diem sabbatum nominat Ecclesia; vulgus autem nomina dierum a Romanis usitata, et a planetis denominata indita retinet.*” To be sure, he has hit the right nail on the head, and has abundantly grappled with the question; but pray spare these sons of mathematicians; for while they traverse the firmament of heaven, they leave to men of small genius the interpretation of passages in the Greek historians! But there can be no doubt that neither Scott nor Wolf has reached the meaning of Dio; for Dio himself informs us, that there is the same *ratio* between Saturn and the Sun as between the Sun itself and the Moon. Therefore we must reject both the *ratios* of 3 to 5, and of 4 to 3. The words of Dio are most express: ‘*Ἀρχάμενος ἀπὸ τῆς ἔξω περιφορᾶς τῷ Κρόνῳ διδομένης, ἔπειτα διαλιπὼν δύο τὰς ἐχομένας, τὸν τῆς τετάρτης δεσπότην (Solem) ὀνομάσειε· καὶ μετ’ αὐτὸν δύο αὐ ἐτέρας ὑπερβάς ἐπὶ τὴν ἐξόμην (Lunam) ἀφίκοιτο.*’ You see that there is one and the same analogy between Saturn and the Sun as between the Sun and the Moon, *δύο λιπὼν, δύο ὑπερβάς*. Men of this kind, then, do not easily impose on us, if in what they meditate, they depend on the testimonies of Greek and ancient writers, and appeal to them.

We will now perform our promise, and try whether there is room for divination as to the *ἁρμονία διὰ τεσσάρων*, which *τὸ κύρος τῆς μουσικῆς ἔχει*. We willingly confess the darkness of the subject, which Dio himself could not dissipate, as he seriously adds “what they call” *τὴν διὰ τεσσάρων καλουμένην*. We supposed that Salmasius, in his stupendous work, *de Annis Climactericis*, in which he has with infinite labour collected all the graver theories, and the wilder dreams of ancient astrology, had explained this question of planetary harmony; but we found, after a diligent search, that he has observed a profound silence about the hebdomadal system, or the passage in Dio Cassius. Selden, who has attempted so much about the planets, is mute about this *celestial harmony*. Jo. Moebius, *Diss. de Planetaria Dierum Denominatione*, Lipsiæ, 1687, undertook the discussion, but we have learnt nothing new from it. We will make no mention of those excellent men, who have written longer commentaries on Dio. Now we ourselves think that the *ἁρμονία διὰ τεσσάρων* in the hebdomadal system is very different from the *συμφωνία μουσική*, which astronomers of former and later times have laboured to discover in

the words of Dio, but that it has reference to the famous Pythagorean *τετρακτὺς*, (it does not concern us to consider whether he is really the author of this quaternary), of which the disciples of this philosopher were ignorant, supposing that there was a mystery in that number, resolving every thing into it, and swearing by it as a divinity. Therefore, in their zeal to find it, even in the order of the planets, by inverting the series as they are exhibited in the heavens, they made them the masters of days, by reason of, or by the *ἀρμονία* with the quaternary number; and thus we perceive that *διὰ τῶν ἀρμονῶν* is the same as *τετρακτὺς*, which the ancients established in the seven planets, and which Dio, as the term was unknown to him, called *ἀρμονία*, and considered to be *μουσική*, while the mathematicians, unmindful of the Pythagorean quaternary principle, in vain endeavoured to trace it in the art alone of musical symphony.

But let us search into the matter more deeply, and have recourse to the primitive notion of the word *ἀρμονία*. In the first place, we must despair to ascertain, by any degree of diligence, from the interpreters of modern times, what Pythagoras really meant by *τετρακτὺς*, about which the opinions of ancient and modern writers are so discordant, or their reveries so wild, that you could sooner mingle day with night than reconcile them to each other. Indignation will hardly be repressed if we refer to the *Bibliotheca Græca* of Jo. Alberti Fabricius, i. 466, and particularly to the *History of Philosophy* by Brucker, i. 1053, who has collected the sentiments of all the principal writers; but still we are left in the same ignorance, and cannot help our grief, that so many eminent men have consumed their leisure in endeavouring to solve this Pythagorean riddle without any success. We have even consulted a late work by Jo. Christopher Heilbronner, *Historia Matheseos Universæ*, Lipsiæ, 1752, p. 106, where he speaks of Pythagoras, and is content to use these words: "Nota est Pythagoræ Tetractys, maximorum semper ingeniorum carnisfina." But he has added in p. 754, a few remarks, already made by others, about this mysterious number. Mazochius (*Kalend. Adnot.* p. 154) has scarcely, we lament to say, considering his learning and talents, touched the question. But you may, on the other hand, rest assured that the *ἀρμονία*, which the Samian sage commends in nature, *τῇ φύσει*, and in the order of the stars, has no reference to sound and music, but is allied to symmetry, *τὸ σύμμετρον*, and was what he meant by another term, *κόσμος*, and that the writers who lived after the time of Pythagoras, wrested it into the meaning of concert and *συμφωνία*. Hence you may read in them to satiety, and in the *Somanium* of Cicero himself, "In mundo inesse sonum acuta cum gravibus temperantem, atque eo usque incitatum, ut eum aures hominum capere non possint," and *nugæ canoræ* of that kind. Sextus Empiricus, (*adv. Musicos*, p. 362, *Fabr.*) agrees with Cicero, *τῇ κατὰ ἀρμονίαν διακρίσθαι τὸν κόσμον*, where see in the Notes almost every passage cited in which the Greek and Latin writers have referred to the celestial harmony. But in the time of Pythagoras, *ἀρμονία* and *ἀρμόζω* were simply "junction" and "to join." Diogenes Laertius has preserved the beginning of the Pythagorean books, *Περὶ Φύσεως*, in which you will clearly perceive the ancient notion and force of the

word in question : Φύσις ἐν τῷ κόσμῳ ἀρμόχθη ἐξ ἀπείρων τε καὶ παλαιόντων. Cicero (*de Senect.* 20) seems to have appositely translated the words φύσις and ἀρμόζω, "Opus ipsa suum eadem, quæ coagmentavit, natura dissolvit." Had Menage not forgotten the passage from Cicero, we doubt whether he would have translated the Greek words, "Natura apte coacta est." Again, in Diogenes Laertius, p. 543, Δοκεῖ δὲ αὐτῷ (Φιλολάῳ) πάντα ἀνάγκη καὶ ἀρμονία γενέσθαι, where Menage translates, "Opinatur autem omnia necessitate ac harmonia fieri," without any intelligible meaning ; but we should more truly translate, "Opinatur rerum universitatem constanti ordine ac necessario regi ac moderari." But no one has better than Nonnus, though an author of a not very polished age, taught us the genuine force of this word, and we are surprised that what he says has not been noticed by philosophers—

Καὶ γαμὴ κόσμοιο παλιγενίος φύσις ὕλης
Ῥηγνυμένης
Ἀρμονίης ἀλύτοιο πάλιν σφηγίσσατο δισμῷ.

"Et dispensatrix mundi regenerati natura materię
Diffractę
Harmonię insolubilis rursus constringebatur vinculo."

And, xii. 32, he calls the *eternal laws of fate*, by the force and immutable order of which all things happen to men, κύρβιας Ἀρμονίης—

——— Ἕλιος * * ἐπιδείκνυι * * κούρη
Κύρβιας Ἀρμονίης ἐτερίζουας, αἷς ἐνὶ καίται
Εἰν ἐνὶ θίσφατα πάντα, τὰ περ πεπωμένα κόσμῳ.

"——— Sol * * ostendit * * puellę
Leges (vulgo tabulas) Harmonię disjunctas, in quęs prostant
In uno fata omnia, et fataliter contingentia hominibus."

If any wrote before the Samian philosopher, such as Homer and Hesiod, you will find the word ἀρμονία used in the same sense among them, and never used for *concert* and *συμφωνία*. Homer, so far as we know, uses it thrice, and twice indeed in the notion of *joining* and *uniting*, and in both instances about the *timbers of ships*, (*Od.* E. 361)—

Ὅφρ' ἂν μὴν κεν δούρατ' ἐν ἀρμονίῃσιν ἀρήρη,

"Donec quidem ligna compagibus inhæserint ;"

and, (verse 247,) about the *ship* which Ulysses caused to be *built* for him—

Τίτρηεν δ' ἄρα πάντα, καὶ ἤρμοσεν ἀλλήλοισι,
Γόμφουσιν δ' ἄρα τήν γε, καὶ ἀρμονίησιν ἄρρηεν.

"Terebravit vero omnia, et coaptavit inter se,
Clavis autem eam (ratem) et compagibus coagmentavit."

Behold the original force of the words ἀρμόζω and ἀρμονία, which are never in Homer applied to the *musical art*: nay, in *Il.* E. 60, that he may denote an excellent *shipbuilder*, he feigns the name Ἀρμονίδης: hence the scholiast appositely says, Οἰκεῖον ὄνομα τέκτονος παρὰ τοῦ συναρμόζειν. This mechanic is mentioned by Themistius (*Or.* 26, p. 316, *Harduin*), as the first who constructed a ship. We remember too that we read formerly in Euripides, and perhaps in the *Helena*, that word used as in Homer in reference to *shipbuilding*—

Σκάφος συναρμόσας ὁ Πριαμίδης.

We have examined the Homeric poems with great attention, and shall not conceal from you that he has used the word *ἀρμονία* in another sense, *Il. X. 25*—

‘Ἄλλ’ ἄγε δεῦρὸ θεοὺς ἐπιδώμεθα, τοὶ γὰρ ἄριστοι
Μάρτυροι ἔσσονται, καὶ ἐπίσκοποι ἀρμονίων,

“Sed age huc deos vocemus, hi enim optimi
Testes erunt, et speculatores pactorum.”

But this secondary notion comes to the same thing; for *συνθήκαι*, or *pacta*, “agreements” or “treaties,” were made by joining right hands: hence the well-known words—

“Dextram da jungere dextræ.”

H. Stephens has in his *Thesaurus* forgotten to notice this Homeric notion of the word *ἀρμονία* for *συνθήκη*, as even the scholiast explains it; and it is almost a sin in a lexicographer to omit in a *Thesaurus* of such magnitude, the various senses of the words which are used by this first of the Greek poets.

Hesiod, who maintains a close union with Homer, once uses the word *ἀρμονία*, but in a sense very different from *musical symphony*; for he writes in *Theog.* 934, that Venus had by Mars Φόβος and Δέιμος, *Fear* and *Terror*, which are persons; and, verse 937, ‘*Ἀρμονίαν, Pactum, Fœdus, “Treaty;”*’ for wars tend to *treaties* and to peace. In verse 975, Hesiod again mentions this ‘*Ἀρμονία*, the daughter of Venus. The later mythologists, as Ovid, Palæphatus, Hyginus, &c., by a slight corruption of name, represent this *Harmonia*, whom the Ascræan poet makes the wife of a very ancient Cadmus, to be called *Hermione*, and confound the Hesiodean Cadmus, the son of Mars, with Cadmus, the son of Agenor, and the brother of Europa, in which confusion we also find Bochart (*Chan.* i. 19), Le Clerc (*in Hesiod.*), and Banier (*Myth.* vi. 107), who, amidst linguistical lore and verbal analogies, are too careless about the truth of history.

But that we may return from our digression, the ancients, who lived a little before Pythagoras, and even the philosopher himself, understood by *ἀρμονία* “an apt conformation of parts,” i. e. *συμμετρία*, not *musical symphony*; but because, in more unpolished times, the word was wrested to the sense of *symphony* in particular, the vulgar error prevailed that Pythagoras had discovered music in the universe of things; and Dio Cassius affirms that *musical symphonies* exist even in the planets, not to mention Cicero and others, when the Samian sage taught only an analogy and a right proportion of all the parts, which often consisted in the quaternary number which has become so enigmatical to us; otherwise this great philosopher would have trifled with the understanding of his auditors, if he had pronounced the nature of the whole world to be regulated by *musical harmony*; that opinion was reserved for an inferior school of this philosopher, who interpreted the word *ἀρμονία* according to the genius of their age. No one has with greater accuracy expressed this *celestial music* than Heraclitus (*Opusc. Myth.* 425, 427); so that he has transformed *Harmony* into a tuneful Siren dwelling amidst heavenly orbs;

and it is a subject of deep regret, that the holy dogmas of Pythagoras, the prince of philosophers, should have been, by the evil spirit of the times, converted into fables : "Ἐτι δὲ τῶν κύκλῳ αὐτοῦ ἄνωθεν ἐφ' ἑκάστου βεβηκέναι Σειρήνα συμπεριφερομένην φωνὴν ἰεῖσαν ἑνατον, ἀπασῶν δ' ὀκτὼ οὐσῶν, μίαν Ἀρμονίαν συμφωνεῖν * * * ὡς οὐ κωφὸς οὐδ' ἀφθογγός ἐστιν ὁ κόσμος, which words are thus translated : "Item supra singulos cælestes orbes Sirenem una circumire, musica voce modulantem, et cum universæ sint octo, unam Harmoniam concini * * * hinc igitur patet non mutum esse, ac sine sono mundum." Few passages in Greek and Latin literature are more corrupt, and deem us not bold if we thus correct both : "Ἐτι δὲ τῶν κύκλων οὐρανοῦ ἄνωθεν ἐφ' ἑκάστου βεβηκέναι Σειρήνα συμπεριφερομένην φωνὴν ἰεῖσαν ἱκανήν· ἀπασῶν δ' ἐπτα οὐσῶν, μίαν Ἀρμονίαν συμφωνεῖν. "Præterea in unoquoque ex cælestibus orbibus desuper incedere Sirena, et circumire, quæ vocem congruentem emittit, septem autem existentibus (Sirenibus) solummodo Harmoniam concentum omnem edere." *A Siren walks the circuit of each of the heavenly orbs above, sending forth a melodious voice, and though the Sirens are seven in number, Harmony alone makes symphony : i. e. a concert in herself, uniting the powers of each. All who are even moderately versed in criticism, will allow that we have applied the right remedy to cure the evil in these words ; and we are grieved to spend so much time in correcting the errors which have been occasioned by the stupidity of transcribers. No one has yet spoken of eight orbs ; and if any one objects that Heraclides speaks of all the celestial spheres, we will reply that Tully, in the *Somnium Scipionis*, speaks of nine, not eight, or at least that recourse must be had to the distracted opinions of philosophers at that time. The scribes often blundered in respect to numerals, which were expressed by marks. We have a convenient example in Th. Mangey's elegant edition of Philo, *Londini*, 1742, vol. i. p. 505, where for ξξ he justly restores ἐπτὰ.*

We had almost forgotten to make a few remarks to shew that, even among other post-Homeric writers, besides those which have been cited, the word ἀρμονία signifies "an apt conformation of parts :" *Anthol.* iii. 6. 41—

Πλευρά τε σαρκολύπη, τάρσοι δ' ἐτέρωθεν ἄμοιροι
Κεύρων, καὶ κώλων ἐκλυτος ἀρμονία,

"Et latus carne-denudatum, et pedes utrinque carentes
Nervis, et membrorum resoluta harmonia."

So in a passage which is produced by Salmasius, *de Ann. Climact.* 780. "Ὅτι οὐκ εἰσὶ ἀστέρες κακοποιῶν, ἀλλὰ πάντες ἀγαθοί, ἀλλ' ἐπεὶ καὶ ἀρμονίαν τὸ πᾶν συνίσταται, οἱ μὲν αὐτῶν εἰσὶ ξηροί, οἱ δὲ ὑγραινοῦσι, οἱ δὲ ἄλλο τι ἔχουσιν πρὸς τὰς κρίσεις αὐτῶν, which we should thus translate : "Quod stellæ nullæ maleficæ sunt, sed omnes bonæ, quippe cum universum harmonia compositum sit, nonnullæ earum siccæ sunt, aliæ vero humectant, aliæ aliam habent temperaturam." All will easily perceive from this passage what Pythagoras meant by his ἀρμονία, and that he indulged no fancies about musical symphonies.

(To be continued.)

MONTHLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE.

NOVELS, &c.

Uncle Horace. A Novel, in 3 vols. 8vo. By Mrs. S. C. HALL, Authoress of "Sketches of Irish Character," &c. Colburn.

THERE are three kinds of modern novel, as laid down and distinguished by a celebrated French critic—viz., the historical, the romantic, and the fashionable. The author should therefore be cautious in scrupulously following the track he enters upon at the commencement of his tale, and not deviate into another by means of uninteresting bye-roads and unproductive paths. It would be difficult—or even dangerous to attempt to blend the first or second with the third school in one composition; and the total failure of such an experiment is exemplified by the work before us. "Uncle Horace" is a tale, remarkable for its servile imitations of the style of Maturin, Clara Reeve, or Frederic Soulié, and of the more modern form adopted by Lady Charlotte Bury, Lady Blessington, and Mrs. Norton. The romantic school has faded from repute, and its loss is not to be deplored; the historical and the fashionable are the rulers of the present tastes, and if they be less amusing and less fraught with soul-harrowing interest, they are at least more instructive or more natural. Unless an author have conceived and struck out some entirely original idea—as, for instance, the "Deux Cadavres" of Soulié, or the "Rookwood" of Ainsworth—the halls of Romance had better remain empty, and its altar unfrequented by those votaries whose presence at the sacred fane would be little less than profanation.

In blending the romantic with the style of modern fashionable novels, Mrs. Hall has committed an error equally repugnant to sound judgment and good taste. The effect is ridiculous—it is the same that would be produced by the sight of an apartment hung with rose-coloured tapestry on one side, and black on the other.

A count d'Oraine and his friend Muskito, who have been connected with a gang of banditti on the continent, and whose behaviour has acquired for them the reputation of a couple of scoundrels, contrive to introduce themselves into fashionable society in London—that society, which is the most jealous, the most suspicious, and the most select in Europe. Had the scene been laid in Paris or Brussels instead of London, the circumstance would not have astonished us. This count d'Oraine had imposed, by means of a fictitious marriage, on a lady who eventually became the wife of Mr. Brown Lorton, uncle Horace's brother; and on his arrival in England, he haunts her from time to time with as much assiduity as the periodical visits of the bleeding Nun in Lewis's romance. The secret of the marriage in early life is not disclosed until the reader has been favoured with the usual *quantum* of mystery and misery, and when the death of d'Oraine, who ends his days in the blood of a wretched suicide, no longer renders silence on that head imperatively necessary. The clever novel of the "Inheritance" has furnished Mrs. Hall with the idea of subjecting a female to be thus haunted by an adventurer.

Lady Ellen Revis is a sweet character, and Mary Lorton will not fail to interest the reader. Having mentioned these two amiable women at the same time, we will extract a paragraph which is not only *apropos*, but also affords a specimen of Mrs. Hall's descriptive powers.

"It was a beautiful sight—Lady Ellen Revis, half sitting, half standing,

herself on the couch, the drapery of which, descending from a golden star in the ceiling, nearly shrouded her figure ; while her sparkling, intelligent, but restless features, were turned on the sleeping countenance of her favourite. The contour of her delicate form never looked more graceful than it did then, her head bent down and her hands clasped on her knees in an attitude of intense watchfulness. Lucky was it, for the sake of my picture, that the drapery partly concealed the figure of Lady Ellen. Her's was one of those clear, penetrating, intellectual countenances which strike immediately, and are never forgotten. Her eyes were of a deeply pure blue, full of tenderness and fire. Her brow was high, broad, and full ; her nose well shaped ; and her mouth capable of every variety of expression, from the most severe reproof to the bland and persuasive smile which wreathes the lips with beauty. Her hair was magnificent, shading in its depths to the deepest brown, and coming out in the sunshine with silken brightness. Her skin was clear—her complexion almost colourless, except when animated or startled, then it flushed with the impetuosity of ardent temperament to the deepest crimson. But, alas ! there ended her beauty ! Nature had decreed that this lovely flower should blossom on a bended stem ; the stalk was weighed down by the rich burthen of its coronal. She was deformed—not much, not half so much as many who pass through society without thinking it a misfortune ; but *she* felt it in all its aggravated bitterness ; it was the bane of her existence—the drop of poison which tainted the whole cup."

There is something sweet, pathetic, and poetical in this description of Lady Ellen Revis ; and we offer it as a sample of that fine writing which occasionally graces and relieves Mrs. Hall's work. Uncle Horace himself is—as his very name would almost indicate—a good-natured, good-humoured, cautious personage, who gets all his relatives out of the scrapes in which they involve themselves, and brings about a happy marriage at the sequel.

In taking our leave of this work, we extract the following rhapsody as a specimen of her opinions with regard to her fellow-countrywomen in general, whose personal charms she eulogises in the glowing language of an impassioned lover.

"Despite of all that has ever been or will be said of the fragility of English beauty, its danger, its destruction, it is a blessed thing to look upon and live amongst. Talk of its fading ! it never fades : it is but transferred from face to face. The bud comes forth as the blossom is perfected ; and the bud bursts into blossom, but to hide the falling leaves, fragrant amid the decay of the parent flower. Then the beauties of our country are so varied—the peasant girl, gifted with pearl-like modesty ; and the courtly maiden, set, as her birth-right, in a golden circlet, the intellectual face beaming intelligence ; and the English matron, proud as Cornelia, of her living jewels. Nor is the perfectness of English beauty confined to any class. In summer-time you meet it every where—by the hedge-rows, in the streets, in the markets, at the opera, where, tiers on tiers, hundreds on hundreds of lovely faces glitter and gleam, and smile and weep ; and then you wonder whence they come, and bless your fortune that they so congregate to harmonize the sight, in sweet accordance with the ear !"

The Hunters of the Prairie, or the Hawk Chief. A Tale of the Indian Country. By JOHN TREAT IRVING, JUN., Author of "Indian Sketches." 2 vols. 8vo. Bentley.

MR. IRVING'S work is not of the same didactic description as his "Indian Sketches ;" nor is it vested with the same importance. The author of "The Hunters of the Prairie" is no novelist : he is a faithful painter of the manners, usages, and pursuits of the Indians—their vindictive spirit—their extraordinary faculties of tracing the route pursued by human beings or wild beasts—and the picturesque beauties of their country. All this his graphic pen is fully competent to describe ; and while he seeks to particularise the hunter of

the Pawnee tribe, he carries the reader on through hair-breadth escapes, scenes of desperate conflicts, and a series of extraordinary adventures, with unflagging interest. It is nevertheless evident, that Mr. Irving has endeavoured to model his work on the style of Cooper; and even several of that great author's favourite characters appear to be identified with those which we encounter in the "Hunters of the Prairie." The dark side of the work is well relieved by a love story, in which the principal actors become the captives of the Hawk Chief, and—as the reader may suppose—pass through a variety of adventures much more agreeable to peruse than to figure in.

The following extracts will serve to give the reader an idea of the general style of the work:—

"On the brow of a low hill, at a short distance from the thicket, stood a large cluster of animals closely crowded together.

"'Pshaw! it is only a gang of elk!' said Norton, dropping his gun into the hollow of his arm. A fine herd, though. They will probably make for the timber.'

"'If they do, we will have one of them,' cried Herrick eagerly.

"'Yes,—answered Norton: 'and perhaps an Indian arrow by way of sauce.'

"'Hush, Norton! Don't speak so loud—you may startle them,' said Herrick. 'Look! are they not beautiful?'

"The herd now stood with uplifted heads, surveying the whole expanse of prairie, seemingly in doubt whether to continue their course, or to make for the inviting thicket at their feet. At length a huge veteran, whose heavy branching antlers gave an air of importance to his movements, walked a few steps from the top of the hill. One followed—then another—and another. From a walk their pace quickened to a trot; and in a few moments the whole herd poured down towards the place where the hunters were standing. There was, however, a lurking suspicion of danger in the actions of the leader; for as he bounded swiftly forward, his ears were pricked up—his head, high in the air, moved from side to side, as if in momentary fear of some hidden foe. The rest, relying entirely upon his guidance, followed, frolicking and gamboling. They passed along the border of the woods, and came close up to the two men. From the moment they had left the hill, a new flame had kindled in the eye of Herrick. His fingers wandered round the trigger of his gun, and then were jerked away, as if restrained by the consciousness that danger might ensue. Still, as they approached, his restlessness increased.

"'I dare not fire! Yet how easily I might drop that leader!' said he, raising his rifle to his cheek, and taking sight along its barrel. 'He is very near—I might make sure of him. There! I have him now, exactly behind the left shoulder. Norton—shall I pull?'

"'No—no—I tell you no! Should there be Indians about, your rifle-crack would be sure to call them. Have you forgotten the foot-mark? 'Tis a warning that should not be disregarded. Our lives are worth more than a dead elk.'

"This answer seemed to carry conviction with it. With a sigh that showed how great was the sacrifice, Herrick dropt the butt of his rifle heavily upon the ground. The animals still advanced, though not as before. A feeling of insecurity had spread throughout the troop; their pace was slow—they crowded together; every nostril was expanded to the breeze—every eye on the watch—and every ear open to drink in the least sound of danger. Herrick again lifted his rifle. He grasped its barrel with his left hand, and his finger again strayed round the trigger. Slowly, and almost unconsciously, he raised it to his cheek, and brought the muzzle to bear upon the leader.

"'Norton, did you ever see such antlers? He is not ten yards off. I do not think there can be much danger.' His voice, though suppressed, reached the ear of the already startled beast. Instantly his nose was raised higher, and his eyes rested upon the spot whence the sound proceeded.

"'There—there—Norton, he sees us! By heaven—he is turning away. We have no provisions—we shall be starving to-morrow. He is starting!'

"Crack! The sharp report of the rifle rang through the woods: the singing of the bullet was heard, and the noble beast fell forward on his knees. The effect upon the rest of the herd was electrical. At first they crowded round the wounded leader, snorting loudly; then, apparently comprehending his fate, they scoured off over the hills. The deserted beast sprang up, and dashed wildly forward in the direction they had taken: the leaps grew less and less—one more bound, he landed on his feet—his legs tottered—they yielded under him, and he fell on the edge of the thicket, with the death-quiver running through his limbs. * * * Presently the bush shook violently; the dark painted head of an Indian was protruded from beneath it; a pair of naked shoulders followed; and an Indian, completely armed, emerged to view. With mute-like silence he stole from tree to tree, slowly winning his way towards Herrick. But though he moved with all the instinctive craft of his people, he was under the eye of one whom many years' experience in those wilds had rendered fully his equal. Inch by inch he moved forward—the hunter did the same. Whenever he paused and looked around, Norton crouched to the earth—and again as he crept cautiously on, the white man followed. Some time had been consumed, and Herrick was impatiently looking about for his companion. The Indian watched him for an instant—then rising behind the trunk of a large linden tree, fitted an arrow to his bow. There was no time to be lost. Norton sprang to his feet—the noise of the motion caught the ear of the Indian. He turned—but too late. He had but time to see the hunter's rifle pointed at his body, ere a stream of fire poured from its mouth. The sharp report rang through the woods; and the wild scream of the warrior, as he leaped in the air, announced that the bullet had been a messenger of death!"

Our second and concluding extract from Mr. Irving's interesting work must be introduced by stating that an Indian girl, named Nahtourah, who is betrothed to Sharatack the Hawk Chief, is condemned by the Medecin, or Chief Priest, to death, for having liberated some European prisoners.

"The Hawk Chief had drawn back, as the Medecin had approached his victim. The form and features of the young warrior were muffled, except the upper part of his face; but from above his robe, his eyes were bent upon the Medecin like coals of fire. The Priest gathered the long hair of the girl in one hand, then, thrusting the other beneath his robe, drew forth a knife. With a sudden jerk he threw back the head of the maiden so as to leave her bosom bare, and raised the glittering blade. But at that instant a yell, wild and unearthly, rang through the lodge. The Medecin lay grovelling on the ground, and Nahtourah was raised up on the breast of Sharatack. He stood in the middle of the council-chamber, and glared upon the awed crowd. In his hand he held his tomahawk—his form swelled—and every feature was convulsed with passion.

"'Nahtourah shall not die!' said he in tones of smothered fury. 'Let the Medecin beware! Nahtourah is the wife of Sharatack. The Hawk has talons.'

"The priest rose from the ground, drew back from the neighbourhood of the warrior who had levelled him, forced his way through the crowd, and fled the lodge. A short silence followed the departure of the priest, who was rather feared than loved by the savages, and they were therefore more disposed to admire one who disregarded a power that overawed themselves. At length an old Indian rose:—'Nahtourah released the pale-faced prisoners. She merits death—that is clear—but Sharatack has claimed her for his wife. 'Tis well. He is a great warrior. Her children will be warriors of the tribe. Are my words good?'

"A murmur of assent ran from mouth to mouth. Then, one after another, the warriors rose, as if all business were concluded, and quitted the council-chamber, leaving Nahtourah and Sharatack."

We dismiss "The Hunters of the Prairie" with a word to express our conviction that the interesting extracts we have furnished the reader will induce

him to peruse the entire work; and we may also venture to assert that his curiosity will be well recompensed by that which none will deem an unpleasant task.

Kindness in Women. A Novel, in 3 vols. By T. HAYNES BAYLEY. Bentley.

THE versatile bee flits from flower to flower, sipping the honied juices of each, and eventually producing a store calculated to become the delight of men. Thus has the bard, whose poetry is warbled by many a fair lip, and whose verses may be found on the table of every drawing-room, for a time deserted the sainted shrine at which he was a constant votary, and entered upon the humbler and less difficult walks of modest prose. We do not hesitate to say that we trembled for Mr. Bayley, when the advertisement of "*Kindness in Women*" first met our eyes; or if we mistake not, his work was originally announced under the title of "*Marriage Settlements*." Be that as it may—we were anxious and fearful on the author's account, so soon as we perceived that he was about to enter the wide field allotted to the modern novelist; and press of other matter alone prevented us from declaring in the "*Monthly Magazine*" of September that our dread was groundless. In one thing, however, we are certainly disappointed; and that is, in our anticipation that "*Kindness in Women*" would have been a continuous tale occupying the three volumes, and not a composition embracing two distinct stories. The first tale is entitled "*Kate Leslie*," and the second "*David Dumps*." In both may be found a variety of pleasantry, humour, and pathos, equally distributed, and equally interesting and attractive. From "*Kate Leslie*" we select the following passage: it is a scene in a stage-coach in which Kate and her husband are amongst the number of passengers.

"'Fine morning, marm, after the rain,' said the fat man to Kate. 'Allow me, marm—I am an old traveller—just let us pack legs before we start, and you'll find your advantage in it. Thank you, marm—that's it.'

"Kate replied by bows and smiles, and her husband longed to cut the fat man's throat.

"'There—we're off, however, marm—that's it,' said Kate's opposite neighbour, again addressing her most familiarly. 'We don't spin along as we does on them rail-roads. Have you ever been on one of them railroads, marm?'

"'No, sir—I have not.'

"'Oh! it's wonderful!—Law! but it gave me quite a poorly sensation here, in the pit of the stomach—so quick, you know—just the sort of qualm one feels in a swing.'

"'Indeed! not pleasant?'

"'Pleasant—no, you may say that: you've been in a steam-boat, I suppose, marm?'

"'Sir, never.'

"'Never in a steam-boat! Law!—next year go that way to Greenwich fair—it's the best way of going. Take a cake, marm;' and he produced from his pocket, folded in a very old-looking newspaper, some ginger-bread cakes which looked as if they had been sat upon.

"'None, I'm very much obliged to you,' said Kate.

"'I can't help thinking I know your face somewhere, marm,' said the fat man, staring at Kate with a knowing smile.

"'I don't think it likely,' said Hanson with immense dignity.

"'Don't you?' replied the huge stranger with provoking indifference. 'I'm sure, marm, you and I have met somewhere; but shoot me now if I can tell where.'

"'I have lived a very retired life, sir, and do not think it probable that we should have met.'

"'Oh! I know,' said the fat man, slapping his right thigh with his right hand. 'Sure enow it warn't in a room, nor any how that I could speak to

you; but 'twas at the Manchester theayter, and I was in the pit, and I remember now, you was the pretty girl what acted Don Giovanni in tight breeches and a hat and feathers.

"'Sir,' said George Hanson indignantly, 'you are egregiously mistaken! This lady is my wife, sir, and has never been in the situation you describe.'

"The fat man gave a loud, shrill, prolonged whistle."

In taking leave of Mr. Bailey's work we earnestly recommend its perusal to all *amateurs* of "light literature."

MUSIC.

The Queen of Merry England—a Patriotic Song—written by AGNES STRICKLAND, Composed by J. GREEN. London, Green.

A Thousand a Year—a Song—the Music Composed by Mrs. MILLARD. London, Green.

THE former of the productions, designated by the writer a Patriotic Song, breathes forth a sentiment of loyalty which will find a ready echo in the hearts of all classes of her Majesty's subjects—who, if they would give vent to their feelings of regard and devotion, could not find a more fitting medium for their expression than Mr. Green's agreeable composition.

The melody of the second song is very pleasing. It has a smack of originality about it which serves to remind us of the effective simplicity of the genuine national ballad. We wish Mrs. Millard as much success as will return her her own song again—A Thousand a Year.

LITERATURE.

Monetary Reform. By WILLIAM CROSS. W. Tait, Edinburgh.

THIS pamphlet contains three letters reprinted from the *Aberdeen Herald*, on the possibility and expedience of establishing a paper currency independent of the precious metals and invariable in its value. Having on two previous occasions stated our own views at full length on this important subject and expressed an opinion generally coinciding with that of Mr. Cross, we shall say but little and content ourselves with recommending his letters to perusal, confident that his views in the main are correct, although he appears in some points not quite to have cast aside the film of error with which our greatest economists and politicians wilfully cover a very simple and easily decided question of public economy. If our readers wish really to understand the subject in all its bearings, they cannot do better than consult Mr. Taylor's admirable Currency Catechisms, in which the arguments are fully and plainly stated. Those who care not to *study* may at least peruse the following passages drawn from Mr. Cross's letters.

"The discovery of America, by opening up new and copious sources for the supply of gold and silver, tended, according to the best authorities, to elevate prices to four times their former amount; and, subsequent to the year 1810, revolutions and intestine broils in the regions whence these great supplies of treasure were drawn, by interrupting the working of the mines, diminished their produce to less than one-third. This diminution did not affect prices materially for a year or two, owing to the enormous amount of representative or paper money which was then afloat in England and some of the continental countries; for it must be remembered that bank-notes may eke out a deficiency or augment an excess of money, and that they produce the same effect on prices as an equal amount of metallic currency. But when a contraction of

the paper money was resorted to, the effect of this, in addition to a continuation of the deficiency of gold and silver, precipitated prices far below their former pitch. The general fall of prices from 1811 till 1830 has been estimated by the able writer already quoted, to have been at least 45 per cent."

"No matter whether that fall has been caused by a curtailed supply of metallic money, or paper money, or of both; or whether it has arisen from an increase of commodities, my argument is still the same—the *proportion between money and commodities has been altered*, so as to produce a relative scarcity of money, and, therefore, prices have fallen. If the supply of goods increased while that of money remained stationary, a case of deficiency of money is just as clear as if it could be proved that the circulating medium had decreased while the production of marketable commodities continued undiminished; since the proportion is admitted to have been disturbed on the one supposition as well as on the other, and since it is the alteration of the relative quantities of commodities and money which affects the general scale of prices, whatever such alteration may arise from. Any fall in the value of money, or general rise of prices, operates proportionately as a loss to all whose support depends on the receipt of fixed money payments. The proprietor's rent, the money-lender's interest, the stipendiary's salary, the annuitant's income, and every prospective endowment, for whatever purpose, are all reduced in value below what was stipulated for or contemplated at first, although nominally the same.

"A depression of the standard, such as has happened before within no very wide limits, and which may happen again in the course of even a short life, for any security that at present exists against its recurrence, is the same in effect as a serious and direct curtailment of every settled income rated, or receivable, in money. Any such reduction is an unjust encroachment on the means of innumerable individuals and establishments, and in cases where the income or endowment has been narrow enough originally, must be felt severely in the infliction of unmerited privations, or in the destruction of arrangements intended for permanency."

Premising that Mr. Cross does not appear to understand the difference between the standard and measure of value and that he throws unnecessary difficulties in his own way by overlooking the fact fully established by Mr. Taylor that the price of *wheat* regulates all other prices, we again recommend him to the reader.

"The great thing wanted to render money an invariable measure of value, and the general average of prices steady, is that the sum or quantity of it in circulation, and the quantity of goods—the amount of property of all sorts—brought to market, should be constantly preserved in the same proportion to each other. But the quantity of commodities produced or brought to sale is liable to continual variations, and cannot be restricted or increased to any certain limits, nor interfered with advantageously in order to maintain it at a uniform proportion to any given sum of money which may be circulated. It is, therefore, the circulating medium that ought to be subjected to regulation. The quantity of money would require to be diminished or augmented so as to keep it always in the same relation to the varying quantity of goods. To effect this purpose, it would be necessary that there should be some rule whereby it might at all times be known exactly whether the money in circulation had a tendency to scarcity or superabundance. If I am not mistaken, the general state of prices would afford such a rule. If the general average of the prices of commodities exhibited a tendency to fall, it would be plain that money was verging to a scarcity; or if, on the contrary, prices were generally advancing—becoming somewhat higher in the aggregate—there would be evidence that, to the same degree, there was too much money in circulation.

"As an index for ascertaining the state of prices, a list should be carefully made up of all or a number of the principal articles of trade, such as *wheat*,

iron, coals, wool, cotton, flax, sugar, tea, and the precious metals, with the average current price of each."

"Perhaps, too, the number of commodities taken into account would require to be increased, so as to comprise ten other kinds of goods—such as silk, indigo, rice, wine, rum, timber, copper, lead, hay, and leather of the kinds most used. A list on such a scale would exhibit in its aggregate amount a more complete and satisfactory index of the state of prices; but whether it comprehend a hundred, a thousand, or ten thousand pounds' worth, the principle is the same throughout, and its application evident.

"If such a list were carefully made up, and the prices of the different articles in it regularly altered to correspond with those current in the general market (the quantities being constantly fixed), every increase of the sum total of the prices would give proof of a superabundance, and ever falling-off in that would indicate a deficiency of the circulating medium. But this would not avail in any country which might happen to adopt the absurd policy of discouraging the circulation of paper money, and rely for its prosperity on the fancied infallibility of a metallic currency; for it is not possible to regulate the quantity of gold or silver that shall circulate in a country by any interference of authority, without, at the same time, altering their value. Possessing intrinsic value, these metals fluctuate in price, like all other commodities, according as they are much or little wanted compared with the supply of them. Consequently, they cannot be procured when scarce except by being enhanced, nor disposed of when too plentiful otherwise than by reducing them in price, and, therefore, cannot, as money, be steady in value.

"The same objection applies also to paper money, founded on gold or silver. Such a currency cannot be expanded or contracted as may be required, because, being necessarily made payable on demand in metallic money, the issues of notes must bear a certain proportion to the bullion or coin in reserve to answer all demands likely to be made, else the paper cannot be maintained at par with the metallic money; and, it being impossible to secure always the necessary stock of gold and silver, for the same reasons that a currency wholly metallic cannot be kept at any pitch which may be essential to the steadiness of its value, no paper money founded on it can be properly under control. This is exemplified strikingly at present in the working of our own Monetary System. Our notes are payable in gold on demand, and the Bank of England, which issues them, is very much drained of its usual stock of coin and bullion. The consequence is, that the Bank has been obliged to contract its circulation of notes to a great extent, and the commercial and manufacturing interests of the country have been sacrificed for the time to this necessity."

To proceed to the remedy proposed for the evils of fluctuations in the money-market, at once the bane and disgrace of England in the nineteenth century:—

"Let the government, at some definite period, abandon the employment of Bank-of-England paper-money, and, on the authority and in name of the nation, issue notes of the value at the time, really and nominally, of one pound sterling and upwards, in disbursements for the interest of the national debt; for the pay, victualling, and clothing of the army and navy; for salaries, pensions, and all other items of public expenditure. Let these notes have their value secured, not by being convertible into gold or silver on demand, like other paper money, but by being made a legal tender in the discharge of all debts contracted, previous to their being issued, in pounds sterling; or contracted subsequently, in the general terms which may be adopted for the standard money, such as pounds standard, or standard pounds; and in payment also, of course, of taxes, excise duties, fines, and all other contributions to the national treasury. The times appointed for the collection of the public revenue, and for making payments on account of the public service, would require to be arranged on such a plan as would provide against the chance of any derangement of the circulation. Every considerable flow of money to

the Treasury, from the taxes, customs, and other sources of revenue, would need to be regulated so as to happen only when there was also a flow of the regular expenditure from it, that would preserve the currency at its proper level."

Mr. Cross to a certain degree treats the subject of monetary reform with wisdom and discretion, and fully understands the importance of returning to a well-regulated paper-currency—such an one as has lately been so advantageously adopted in the United States;—but he has still much to study respecting the history of our paper-currency—especially those great eras—1697, 1797 and 1819, ere he can fully understand the true principle on which a good paper-currency can be established in England. But we state this opinion with deference and not with authority; for "after this philosopher's stone many have been in search,"—but none, perhaps, has yet found it.

Peerage for the People. By WILLIAM CARPENTER. 1 vol. 12mo. pp. 804. London. Published for the Author, by Strange, 21, Paternoster-Row.

It requires a man of no ordinary perseverance and talent to compile a work so elaborate as the one before us. What immense research, what labour, what toil are evidenced by its magnitude and the interesting nature of its contents! The musty documents of many a family's pedigree—the tedious page of obsolete history—the intimate records of domestic privacy must all have been had recourse to, and all carefully scanned, in order to furnish such a mass of information and anecdote as the reader will find in the "Peerage for the People."

Speaking of LORD BROUGHAM, Mr. Carpenter says, "His literary labours were extraordinary—he wielded the pen of a 'ready writer.' It is almost incredible, that, while on the circuit, and amidst the constant intrusions of attorneys and clients—while occupied ten and sometimes twelve hours a-day in the courts, he is said to have been a voluminous contributor to the 'Royal Society,' as well as to the 'Edinburgh Review,' 'Nicholson's Journal,' and other periodical works. Brougham, Jeffrey, and Horner were, as is well known, the principal contributors to, and supporters of, the 'Edinburgh' in its best days; but we believe it is not very generally known that the ex-Chancellor was the author of the review of Lord Byron's juvenile work, 'Hours of Idleness,' for which Jeffrey was so sacrificed in 'English Bards and Scotch Reviewers.' In his twenty-third year, he produced a work on 'Colonial Policy,' occupying two large volumes, and containing much valuable information and vigorous reasoning. His pamphlets on the 'Education of the People,' on the 'Objects and Advantages of Science,' and on 'Sheep-Shearing,' exhibit an extraordinary amount of diversified knowledge, and demonstrate their author to be gifted in a pre-eminent degree with mental energy and acumen. His last avowed work, 'A Discourse on Natural Theology,' is characterized by great earnestness and eloquence of style, cleverness of construction, and ingenuity of illustration, although woefully defective in its main object, and manifesting a great lack of knowledge as to the actual state of metaphysical science. It is not surprising, however, that Lord Brougham should be at fault upon such a topic: the wonder is, that amid his numerous and apparently opposite avocations, he should have had the disposition, and found the means to employ his pen upon it, with such ability as he has done." * "A ludicrous circumstance" is given at page 697, "which took place while the present EARL OF STANHOPE's father (then Lord Mahon) was speaking in the House of Commons. The subject was the suppression of smuggling; and just as he was commencing with great warmth and energy to expatiate upon a plan of his own adapted to this purpose, and commending his friend and relation, the first minister, for 'his endeavours to knock smuggling on the head at one blow,' he actually dealt Mr. Pitt, who sat below

him, a smart stroke on the head. This manual application of his metaphor convulsed the house with laughter, and not a little surprised the Chancellor of the Exchequer; but it seemed neither to disconcert nor to arrest the impetuosity of Lord Mahon's eloquence. Excepting the ludicrous circumstance of Lord North taking off Welbore Ellis's wig on the chafe of his scabbard, no scene more comic has ever been enacted within the walls of the House of Commons."

In the biography of the DUKE OF WELLINGTON we find the following spirited sketch:—

"The duke of Wellington has no pretensions to rank as a genius, in the loftiest sense of that hackneyed word; and as little less has he to the fame of a hero. His successes, great as they were, were not the result of a chivalrous spirit of martial, or even of patriotic enthusiasm; but of plans deliberately adopted, cautiously matured, and vigorously and resolutely enforced. He was a general—not a hero; a commander—but not, in the generous sense of that word, a warrior. He has much personal bravery, but no warmth of feeling; great courage in facing danger, but no individual sympathy for others. He was noted, in early life, for the worst speeches ever uttered in the Irish House of Commons. He afterwards became distinguished in India for activity and severity; but his name did not echo, as it subsequently has done, around the 'flaming ramparts of the world,' until he was placed in command in the Peninsula. His conduct there displayed unquestionable military ability; though, in the estimate of most Englishmen, his failures are forgotten, the advantages of his situation overlooked, and the splendour of his successes exaggerated. He was especially remarkable for risking, in as small a degree as possible, the chances of any great reverse; though, on smaller occasions, for the purpose of carrying any particular point, he is said, by some foreign writers, to have seemed but little anxious to save the lives of his followers. * * * He transferred to politics the energy which planned campaigns and conquered kingdoms, and has shown himself the determined opposer of improvements, the large results of which he has not sufficient width of comprehension to understand; he has seemed inclined to change the sceptre into a truncheon, made speeches which sounded like 'general orders;' and, in fine, brought to his party the uncompromising resolution of a soldier, and to his government the unrelenting despotism of a general."

The following paragraph relates to LORD LYNDEHURST:—

"It is obvious, from what we have said, that he must possess some fine qualities for parliamentary eloquence. His elocution is particularly good: his tones are soft and sweet, and every syllable that he utters may be heard without difficulty in the remotest corner of the house. His figure, too, is good; and he has, moreover, a fine and expressive countenance—though not without a smack of the sinister in it—while his deportment is dignified and prepossessing. As a debater, he is 'most cunning of fence'—he is always cool—*cold* is the word—and collected; never thrown off his guard, whatever may be the form or force of his antagonist's weapons. Then his subtlety and craft are almost incomparable. If he have no argument, he objects to a word. He makes no concession without the narrowest restriction; and he takes none, without improving it to his purpose, by the broadest extension which even a forced construction will bear. He has much method, but he conceals it; he is often in extremes, but he always disclaims them. He is candid enough to allow great weight to an argument when he can triumphantly answer it, and to make an argument of an epithet when it has been used unjustly by an opponent. He speaks in a clear, perspicuous, and logical manner, like one intent upon rendering himself intelligible."

LORD GREY is severely—but justly—castigated "for his ostentatious vaunting of liberalism, and his hollow pretensions to magnanimity and inordinate devotion to the 'mammon of unrighteousness.' Naturally proud and

overbearing, he always assumed a high and haughty tone: he was always for 'vigour,' which was his favourite word. He appeared to rely upon force, rather than upon conciliatory measures; and it is not to be denied, that his four years of sway were four years of memorable severity towards the people of both England and Ireland. * * * * 'The emoluments given to his family connexions, very soon after his appointment as First Lord of the Treasury, including himself, his brothers, sons, sons-in-law, cousins, and nephews, amounted to upwards of £60,000 *per annum*. Does this agree with the professions of an economising and retrenching minister?'

We hope the above extracts—which may be taken as a fair sample of the general tone of the work—will controvert the remarks of unjust criticism, and demonstrate the utility as well as the impartiality of the undertaking.

POETRY AND FICTION.

Earl Harold,—a Tragedy in Five Acts. 8vo. pp. 108. Fraser.

TRAGEDY is the highest walk of poetic literature,—in no branch of which, but especially in this, is mediocrity honourable or admissible. As it is not sufficient for a man to lay before the world a few verses in order to be acknowledged as a poet,—so it is not enough that one should unite a mass of dialogue in five acts, to be deemed a tragic writer. In other branches of literature mediocrity may rise even to a high station and respectability:—but the poet must be *aut Caesar aut nullus*, the possessor of a soul far elevated above those of his fellow mortals, a man of restless and sensitive passions, acute observation and lofty imagination, one who "lives, moves, and has his being" in a moral world swayed indeed by the good and bad passions of humanity but not polluted and rendered disgusting by the low and brutalizing peculiarities of real individual men. A poet must be this;—but a tragic poet must be yet more. He must not only create high and noble characters,—not only endow them with all their respective attributes and make them act throughout in complete harmony with his first intention or conception; but he must group them, bring them into collision, make them play the great game of life one against another,—a task easy enough for the modern novelist with his common-place conceptions, but extremely difficult for him, who has to deal with spiritualized characters, and whose sole business is vividly to portray the passions as the collision of characters gives opportunities for their display. Be well assured, gentle reader, that it is no easy task to write a TRAGEDY.

Let it not be supposed, however, that in making these didactic remarks on tragic composition, we have inserted them either as a prefatory eulogy or a condemnatory introduction to the notice that the *anonymous* tragedy styled "Earl Harold" demands from us. To class the author with those great spirits of our own day, who produced "*Sardanapalus*," "*Ion*" and "*Rienzi*" would be to give him a place before Sheridan Knowles, who is to him—"as Hyperion to a Satyr." But—not further to prejudge the matter, we shall state the case in due form and produce the evidence on which our judgment is to be formed.

The bastard son of a feudal prince,—one who is "nature's child and not wedlock's," is—as he terms it—defrauded of his rights

"And sent down to the world with Cain's disgrace
Or bad as that, with bastard on his forehead."

Hence he passionately pronounces marriage to be a damnable and unnatural custom and ends by cursing it and "its damning fruits" in the person of a younger brother the inheritor of the father's estate. If united with this congenital source of misery, we could trace any fountains of a noble nature mingling with the waters of bitterness and sin in the character of Earl Harold,

we might perhaps pity him;—but he is a cool ruthless villain without a single redeeming quality—a creation equally displeasing and unnatural. The author had evidently Macbeth before him, when he was sketching out the character of Harold; and he has so closely followed that splendid drama not only in the plan but in words also as to subject himself to the accusation of *gross plagiarism*. Clumsily however has the work of imitation been performed. The gross and cruel features of Harold are those of a gross and unrefined nature,—while Shakspeare's portrait is that of a man who would be great, but "is too full o' th' milk of human kindness to catch the nearest way,"—of one not without "black and deep desires," but too noble to give them sway, except by holy means,—of one, who at length falls, conscience-stricken all the while, by the influence of a remorseless and satanic wife and accomplice goading on a weak and pliant nature to deeds of direct cruelty and vaulting ambition.—But it is too great a compliment to the author of "Harold" to carry the contrast further. To go on with the story—the wicked hero meets a wizard (*very like three witches*) who prophesies his future greatness and points out the easy means by which it may be acquired. Harold's half-brother and deadly enemy (*like Duncan*) passes a night in his castle,—and the host cruelly abuses his office by hiring ruffians to murder him. A soliloquy, not without talent, though scarcely new in spirit to those who are familiar with Macbeth, may here relieve the dullness of narration.

"Mortal, farewell! farewell!—he said farewell!
I too will say farewell! Farewell to what?
To quiet, ease, and rest, and calm of mind;
And sleep, that soothes our troubled waves within,
And throws a calm upon our heaving souls!
Farewell to virtue! farewell to its joys!
Content, religion, and its holy thoughts!
Farewell to solitude, and that sweet voice—
That inward monitor when we're alone,
Which sounds more sweet than music to the soul!
Farewell to all these joys! and in their place
Hail, horror, hail! hail, depth profound of hell!
Hail, lean-faced anguish! hail, quivering despair!
Hail, bloody horror! hail, cancer of remorse!
Hail, sting of thought! vitality of pain!
All hail, from one who changes now his being,
And enters irrecoverably for life!
Come, cursed thoughts! come, murderer's hard heart!
Come, courage I have not! come, maddening dreams!
Oh! come ye, all that drive us on to sin,
And make me do a deed I yet abhor!—
A murderous crime! a damned fratricide!"

The gipsy-wizard, (who seems to enact in his own person the parts of Lady Macbeth and the witches also,) having goaded on his dupe to murder his brother and his brother's wife besides, still further tries to urge him to the murder of the orphan whom his own wife in pity has adopted as her own. This scene is worthy of extraction, though rather long.

"GIPSY.

Are we not men;
Same blood; same form; same mind; same sense of wrong;
Same sense of scorn; same sense of injured merit?
Up, then, and on him! not on him alone!
Ay, all his family! all of his blood!
From high to low, both young, and rich, and poor!
This, now, is human courage; this the mind;
And this the difference 'twixt the brutes and men.

The duke and wife are dead ; the child must die !
 Harold, his wife and child, too, they must die !
 Death alone, implacable, stern death,
 Can soothe the memory of our injured tribe.

Enter LORD HAROLD.

HAROLD.

Hail, prophet ! hail !

GIPSY.

What would'st thou now ?

HAROLD.

To read my further fate.

GIPSY.

Oh, little crediting, vain creature of dust !
 You've found my words, then, true ?

HAROLD.

Not on the whole.

GIPSY.

Is not the duke, thy brother, dead and gone ?
 Is not the mother cold, too, as a stone ?
 And art thou not the heir ?

HAROLD.

The child yet lives.

GIPSY.

And how long will it live ? It has escaped ;
 I know what you would say : then, let it die,
 If not in fact, yet in the mind of men.
 Give out the child was found dead in the fields,
 And have a coffin made, and make a form
 Of burying it in deed. Though it doth live,
 Time must elapse before it doth arrive
 To years fit for revenge : meanwhile, a hand,
 A small dagger, may make the fiction true.

HAROLD.

Your words are horrible !

GIPSY.

Are not your deeds ? Look, look at what you've done ;
 You've murdered, sir, the duke ; you've slain his wife ;
 You've seized his land, and made yourself the duke,
 If not in deed, yet in your inward soul.
 Where is your courage gone ? Are you a man ?
 Have you a spirit, of which you used to boast ?
 You've run a desperate game ; you've staked your life,
 Your conscience, and your soul's eternal worth,
 In aiming at a goal, now in your grasp,
 And yet a flea withholds you in your way.

HAROLD.

I loathe to hurt the child ; there is in youth
 A guard so strong of innocence's form ;
 It looks on you and dares you to the deed ;
 Your soul doth faint, and turns, dead-sick, away.

GIPSY.

But yet you slayed the wife.

HAROLD.

And, God forbid that I should do so more
 If you had seen how calm and sweet she looked,
 Yourself had turned away : I have a courage ;
 A courage that is fierce upon the field.

I'd challenge any man; and would not faint
To see the field all covered with gore;
But, to destroy a woman in her sleep,
Is more than I could do.

GIPSY.

You did so once.

HAROLD.

I heard her say I was the murderer;
I turned my head away, and smothered her.
And then she said, 'Lord! mercy take on me;'
Although, methought, I wanted it the most.

GIPSY.

Away! you are a woman, full of fears;
Your nature trembles at the sound of death;
You are not fit for me.

HAROLD.

I will away.

GIPSY.

I had thought better of your trembling mind.

HAROLD.

Then, go away; I cannot murder it.

GIPSY.

Your hands thereof are clean; for I'll do it:
I'll see it done, when we have found the child.
Go, now, give out the child is dead and cold,
And seize the crown, the palace, and the lands.

HAROLD.

So do I wash mine hands clear of the blood.

[Exit.

GIPSY (solas).

*That child shall live, and be a stumbling-block
For Harold to fall o'er. That time shall do;
No one shall then be spared; and they shall fall
All by each other's hands."*

Suspicious arise of Harold's guilt, and "confirmations strong as holy writ" give them strength and currency. Gloster, a brother both of the murdered and the murderer, convinced partly by the conscience-stricken confessions of the murderer, becomes the champion of the preserved orphan and attains Harold of foul murder before the King, daring him to single combat in proof of his innocence. The challenged party, urged by his familiar spirit—the gipsy, accepts the challenge, fights, disarms his opponent and most unaccountably *turns giddy and falls exclaiming,*

"The hand of God—I feel not that of man!

I am guilty!—Confession comes too late."

The last scene of the play is one of mourning;—and such a whining production it is, that it might very well have been omitted.

Such is a very brief outline, in which we have partly vindicated our charge of plagiarism.

It would be easy to extend our remarks; but quite enough has been adduced to prove that this tragedy does not furnish proofs that its author possesses an original genius. That he has talent, is evident; but he possesses not the high requisites of tragedy.

HISTORY.

Galleries Historiques de Versailles, publiques per l'ordre de S. M. Louis Phillippe 1st. Par Ch. Gavard. Paris 1837. Imported by H. Kernot.

By converting the palace of Versailles, that striking monument of Louis XIV.

and his age, into a public museum wherein art is to be entirely devoted to the national history, Louis Philippe has completely identified his name with, and may be considered as in some measure the second founder of that extensive pile. Hardly could he have devised any scheme for keeping it up, that would have been equally popular, since both the building itself and its contents will flatter that self-esteem in which the French have never been deficient as a people. When completed, this museum will not only be unique in its kind, but one of the most extensive in Europe. Already it contains 1110 Portraits, 784 Pictures, and 430 Statues and Busts; and it is computed that the entire line along which these are distributed, is equal to 30,000 French feet, or about six miles English measure!

What advantages may in time accrue both to artists and the public generally from the sources of study opened by such a collection we do not undertake to predict; but even should its results in that respect fall short of what may have been anticipated, it has already produced an important one in the publication we are about to notice, and which is almost indispensable to those who would make themselves fully acquainted with the contents of the museum. Of this work there are two separate editions brought out simultaneously,—one in folio with engravings etched on a large scale; and a second in a more expensive form, which, in addition to the plates themselves, will be illustrated with a number of wood-cuts representing various architectural details and ornaments, articles of furniture and similar objects, so as to bring before the eye all that either contributes to the splendour of Versailles, or is interesting on account of the historical reminiscences attached to it. And of this former abode of royalty it may fairly be affirmed that it offers reminiscences in almost every one of its apartments, and at almost every step. Considering the vast number of subjects, it might be imagined that if not interminable, the work could proceed but very slowly, and be liable to frequent delays, especially as the plates of one edition will not be employed for another. But the execution as regards both making the drawings and afterwards transferring them to copper or steel will be expedited and facilitated in an extraordinary degree by the *Diagraph*, an instrument of M. Gavard's invention. By means of this, it appears that copies may be taken with unerring precision of pictures or other objects even upon a scale not exceeding one-fiftieth of their actual magnitude; and that, too, not only upon paper, but upon the surface afterwards to be engraved on. This instrument, which, if its advantages be not greatly exaggerated, will, when brought into more general use, create almost a new epoch in graphic art, is also applicable to taking views either of landscapes or buildings, and enables the draftsman to distinguish and accordingly trace, whenever desirable, the most complicated and minute details—even such as are invisible to the naked eye! Were it not for such invention the present work, it is stated, would have occupied full fifty years to execute, whereas its completion is now promised within less than six from its commencement. When finished it will undoubtedly be one of extreme interest, not merely on account of the numerous works of art represented in it, but also for the abundance of historical and biographical information it will contain, including a description and history of the palace itself by Jules Janin.* The livraisons already published contain ground plans of the edifice, with interior views of the chapel, the grand staircase, and the gallery of statues and busts; there are likewise several specimens of sculpture, which we prefer to the generality of the other subjects; yet it should be observed that none of the choicest pictures have yet appeared, the conductors of the work being more anxious to do justice to such productions as demand greater care and skill in the execution than to bring them forward in order to allure subscribers. Among them are the Battle of the Pyramids; the Capitu-

* Zinkeisen has lately given a very copious memoir on the subject of the palace of Versailles in the last volume of Von Raumer's *Historisches Taschenbuch*.

lation of Madrid; the Coronation of Charles X; the Battle of Marengo, and many other *chefs d'œuvre* of the modern French school. It may therefore confidently be presumed that so far from there being the least falling off, the work will increase in value and interest as it proceeds. In so vast a collection it can hardly happen otherwise than that there must be much which, taken individually, possesses no very great merit in itself; yet in a case like the present, those productions, which if detached from the rest would be unimportant, contribute towards the aggregate value of the museum, since they are all made to bear upon one common aim,—namely, that of illustrating the history of France, both in remote and in recent times. Owing to this, a certain uniformity of interest will be kept up in the letter-press likewise; and the whole together will form an extensive gallery of *souvenirs*—or we might term it an historical cyclopædia wherein we find “l’histoire de France en action,” and both facts and persons represented in such manner as to impress themselves upon the memory almost spontaneously, certainly without any other effort than that of consenting to be amused, and not unfrequently delighted.

EDUCATION.

Rhynd's Elements of Geology and Physical Geography. Post 8vo.
Frazer. Edinburgh: Smith and Elder.

THE facts of Geology are so important, as respects its connexion with the practical sciences, that it ought not to be neglected in general education. Physical geography is inseparable from Geology, and the former constitutes the basis of all correct notions respecting the Earth and its inhabitants. Mr. Rhynd has done well to bring out this compact little manual of geological facts, which has been examined with some care by a person whose pursuits are similar to those of the author, and is pronounced to be a judicious and correct compilation of acknowledged truths. The vocabulary or glossary at the end is useful, but might have been more elaborated with great advantage. When another edition is called for, we hope that the author will look into *Hoffmann's Europa und seine Bewohner*, vol. i.—where he will find much that will suit his purpose.

THE MUSIC AND DRAMA

FOR SEPTEMBER.

THIS season of the year generally calls the attention of the musical critic from the metropolis to the provinces. It is at present our duty to give some account of the Birmingham festival—to describe its arrangement, and to ascertain the amount of positive good conferred by it on the interests of national music. This great music meeting commenced on the 19th instant, and continued during four days,—closing with a *fancy ball* (!!!) on the 22nd. In a pecuniary point of view there is great reason to believe, that the result has been on the whole very satisfactory:—how far satisfactory it has been in other respects the following observations are intended to show.

The Tuesday morning meeting commenced—after a new national anthem in quartett had been sung—with NEUKOMM's oratorio of the *Ascension*, founded on Klopstock's Messiah. Of the real merits of Neukomm as a sacred composer, enough may be gathered from the fact, that none of his works, with the exception of two or three songs, has established a respectable position in England. By his *David*, three years ago, he evinced his utter incompetency to hold the rank to which ambition led him to aspire; and by the wretched exhibition of last week he only proved, that the unfavourable opinion entertained of him was not more severe than truth required. It seems, indeed, strange, that after the marked failure of the *David*, and the strong expressions of disapprobation then made, the managers should have ventured on another production of the same composer. The *Ascension* was a very dull affair indeed,

and threw a gloomy stupor over the audience, from which all the unmeaning noise of its concerted pieces could not fully awaken them. It can scarcely be repeated in this country. A selection of sacred compositions followed, which in some measure compensated for the opiate administered by M. Neukomm. The Handelian choruses, "Your harp and cymbals sound," and "See the proud chief," were admirably given; and it would have been well if more of such heaven-inspired strains had been substituted for the third-rate novelties, that served to fill five-sixths of the whole bill of fare. With respect to the solo parts, it is most distressing to see the grand compositions of Handel, Haydn, and Mozart murdered by such as Albertazzi and Tamburini, whose education and national prejudices wholly incapacitate them from doing justice to the *severely grand* order of music. Still they might have been schooled into something like propriety by those who do know how it ought to be sung. Grisi understands these things much better. MENDELSSOHN'S extemporaneous performance on the organ formed the chief and only novel feature of the evening concert; and certainly his powers as an organist and an instrumental improvisatore are of the very highest character. That he has studied in the school of BACH and HANDEL cannot be doubted by any one familiar with the figures of the former and the symphonies of the latter; but enough matter of an original character still remains to justify his claim of being thought an original musician.

The great attraction of Wednesday was Mendelssohn's oratorio of ST. PAUL, which was produced last year at the Liverpool festival and was repeated more recently by the Sacred Harmonic Society at Exeter Hall. Produced as it was under the author's personal direction, and with the first performers to exhibit its beauties, it was seen undoubtedly to the greatest advantage; and it well deserved such distinguished aids and appliances, for it is a first-rate production, exhibiting the strongest proofs of sublime and original genius. Though conversant with the works of his great predecessors, and manifesting a decided preference for the style of Handel, whom he holds up to himself as the sun, whose beams he may reflect but never outshine, the author of St. Paul still possesses an individuality as a composer which successfully protects him from the charge of plagiarism which has been rather hastily brought against him by a leading weekly journal. That it is a learned work, founded on a profound acquaintance with the German school of music, will be freely conceded; but it is somewhat too much to say that it is "very often Handel himself—not only the spirit, but the letter." The writer of these remarks has heard the music, both in public and in private, and has had opportunities of judging that give him confidence in deprecating the condemnation of our contemporary. The oratorio was followed by a miscellaneous act, whose length together with the oratorio extended the performance to a late hour. *Semiramide* was played at the theatre in the evening, and a miscellaneous concert concluded the day's entertainments.

Thursday morning was devoted to the everlastingly-to-be-repeated *Messiah* of HANDEL. That it is a work fully worthy of its great author we do not mean to deny, nor do we feel any want of enthusiasm on hearing its inspiring strains; but that it is his greatest, or only great work, we are certain is not correct, and if this be true, no good reason can be urged why other entire oratorios should not be performed as well as the *Messiah*. Where is the *Solomon*—the *Saul*—the *Deborah*—the *Jephthah*—the *Judas Maccabæus*—the *Acis and Galatea*? Where are all these splendid monuments of musical genius?—On the shelves of the concert managers, who are too indolent to take them down and exhibit their riches to an admiring public:—but this must not, cannot continue. If professional men will adhere to the dull routine prescribed by their own laziness, amateurs will show them the way, and remove the dust of neglect which has too long been allowed to accumulate on the greatest works of Handel and other giants of the olden time. The performance, so far as regards the chorus and the band, was every thing that could have been de-

sired. No wavering or unsteadiness was at all perceptible:—each one was perfect in his part, and all played in unison and with precision. The solo parts were badly allotted, and Braham's absence was severely felt. Hobbs ought to have had Braham's opening recitative, "He shall feed his flock;" but somehow or other it got into Bennett's hands,—and it was ruined. Mrs. Knyvett proved her fast-coming incompetence in nearly every song that fell to her share, and compelled us to look back with regret on the days when Mrs. Salmon and Miss Stephens filled the place to which ambition now leads the late Miss Travis. The music generally allotted to Phillips—and at other times divided between him and E. Taylor—was partly given over to Machin, who bewailed it most magnificently. "Why do the nations," lost nearly all its beauty by being taken out of Phillips's hands.

The Friday's entertainments consisted chiefly of HASER's *Triumph of Faith*, an oratorio founded on the story of Sophronia and Olindo in Tasso's *Giernsalemme Liberrata*, the words being "done into English" by Ball from the German of Moltke. It would be kind to the composer to pass it over without notice; but justice compels us to observe, that it was a most vapid and common-place affair, not only deficient in, but totally void of that grandeur and seriousness which should characterize sacred music. It is essentially a little composition,—full of all that gewgaw and tinsel ornament that belongs to the theatre and not to the Church, totally inappropriate to the subject, and more properly termed the fragment of an opera than an oratorio. How the managers could ever dream of producing such balderdash, we are at a loss to discover.

The other parts of the entertainment were more consistent with good taste. Mendelssohn astonished the audience by a splendid performance of one of Sebastian Bach's preludes and fugues, which most completely brought out the powers of the Birmingham organ, as well as proved the surpassing grandeur of Bach's conceptions;—some pieces were given from the *Passions-music* of the same author (which, by the way, is scarcely known by name in this country);—the opening chorus from Handel's *Deborah* was extremely well executed, and called forth the loudest plaudits. Of the songs, which were of an extremely miscellaneous character, it is not necessary to make any further notice. Mendelssohn's playing was the great feature, by which the audience would recollect the day's entertainment,—nor is it too much to say that it was "the most perfect exhibition of the entire festival."

After so much description a few words may be ventured in the way of remark; and we shall be as brief as possible. The present festival convinces us that the managers are not influenced by those high motives that ought to actuate men placed in their station. There is much jealousy, intrigue and jobbing; and to this cause may be assigned the inferiority of this year's exhibition. The managers, besides, seem to act, as if they thought that the public taste always required novelty, and as if bad new music were to an English audience infinitely preferable to the best, if more than two or three years old:—on this plea, only can we account for the introduction of Newkomm's and Häser's very inferior compositions,—compositions so bad as to be disgraceful to the festival. With respect to the singers, the charge of jobbing cannot be evaded. Why did Knyvett the conductor keep out of the way Mrs. Bishop, Madame Caradori Allan, and Miss Hawes,—and why did he make his own wife first woman singer? Did he consider the last superior to the other three? The musical world do not and cannot think so highly of Mrs. Knyvett's vocal powers. The instrumental and choral parts were performed throughout quite *à merveille*, and call for the highest praise. We would that the symphonies of the great composers of Germany had taken the place of many inferior instrumental pieces which the talents of the band tried in vain to make attractive.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.

Three new pieces have been produced at this little house of entertainment

during the past month; but none of them, as we fear, is destined to survive the few first nights during which their novelty gives them toleration. We are glad, however, to be able to congratulate Mr. Webster on the increase of spirit observable in the management since he has taken it into his hands, and we may suggest to him at the same time the expediency of adopting another measure of reform much needed—that is, a proper attention to what the French call *mise de scene*. He cannot set before him a better model than Madame Vestris. But to proceed with our notice.—

Sept. 5.—Power's drama of "*St. Patrick's Eve*," is a pretty but not very novel anecdote taken from the history of Frederic the Great. Major O'Doherty (Power) violates a regimental order by lighting a lantern after curfew to write a billet-doux for a brother officer on the Eve of St. Patrick; and he is discovered by the testy old king himself,—who however, moved by the entreaties of the lady for whom the letter was intended, connives at O'Doherty's escape. The Irish major is finally enabled to recompense the king's generosity by saving him from treacherous imprisonment. The story is, as it will appear, meagre enough, and is as full of improbabilities, as so short a piece can well be; but nevertheless, Power's droll mixture of fun and grief, smiles and sadness, and Mrs. Tayleure's *unusually* good acting of Blitz's wife put the audience in excellent humour, which no doubt will continue, as long as a Power can be found to make *much* out of *little* or *nothing*. The dresses, as they always are at this theatre, were as bad and as dirty as possible, and were more fit for May-day chimney-sweeps than respectable actors. The management should see to this.

Sept. 15.—"*The Queen of the Beggars*," by Mr. Serle, is a pretty romantic melodrama; but the clumsy way in which the plot is worked out, and the inequality of the interest in different parts will most probably prevent it from reaching any thing beyond a very brief existence. The story is shortly this:—Rowland Ormsby (Elton), the supposed illegitimate son of Lord de Burgh, is persecuted by his younger brother, and is tempted to fly from home and join a band of beggars. About this time the chief of the gang dies, and his daughter Margaret becomes their queen. The play opens with a mock-coronation, after which her vagrant ministers (Strickland, Webster and Buckstone) recommend her to choose a husband from among her subjects. The youthful sovereign (Miss Huddart), who has already become enamoured of Rowland Ormsby, makes choice of him; but he declines the proffered honour much to the sorrow of his dulcinea. He ventures, however, to give her his confidence and declares himself other than he seems to be. Just at this time some of the gang discover in the boxes of the late king a paper of great value, which would procure them a rich reward if presented to the young Lord de Burgh—the unprincipled brother of Rowland;—this paper is a certificate of marriage between Lord de Burgh and the mother of Rowland. The beggar (Webster) makes a copy and takes it to the young noble, who on being refused the original which is concealed by Margaret, arrests the whole gang and sends them to "*durance vile*." The heroic resolution of the vagrant queen not to divulge the spot of its concealment, stirs up the darkest passions of De Burgh; and he employs an assassin to murder her. She makes her escape from the burning prison after a successful struggle with a dastardly enemy, runs to the forest, finds the document and brings it in just soon enough to vindicate Rowland's claim. Of course, poetic justice requires that she should turn out to be a lady of gentle blood. She proves to be De Burgh's cousin;—and then, very naturally, a marriage terminates the piece. Miss Huddart's acting is beautiful. In the former part her *naïve* simplicity and ill-assumed dignity more than once reminded us of Miranda,—and ever and anon our thoughts turned to the wild regal state of the fairy Titania. Her impassioned acting in the latter scenes fairly electrified the audience. Webster acted his part better than usual,—and he would act better still, if he would be content with the features that God has given him and leave off making such horrible grimaces. The same advice

might with equal justice be given to Buckstone, who seems to consider wit and grimace as synonymous terms.

Sept. 20.—Mr. Power favoured us with a comedy from his own pen called *Etiquette, or a Wife for a blunder*,—and a very farcical laughter-exciting piece it is. The droll and absurd positions—in which *Dennis O'More* is placed by his good-natured attempts to serve his friend in getting the father's consent for his marriage with Louisa Forester—form the gist and marrow of the piece. A double elopement, too, gives a laughable bustle to the action, which is well kept up by the excellent acting of Power, Webster and Mrs. Humby. The first as the goodhearted careless blundering Irishman,—the second, as a sly roguish, unprincipled servant, and the last, as an arch, intriguing lady's maid, contrived to support the interest of the piece wholly among themselves;—for of the rest of the actors the less that is said, the better. Mr. Strickland murdered a very good character, that would have been doubly excellent in Farren's hands, and poor Mr. Selby seemed as little at home as ever in the Captain. The latter should certainly eschew things theatrical henceforth and for ever, for he has altogether mistaken his *metier*. We might perhaps say more of this funny, but very faulty farce; but as it was only acted once, it is scarcely necessary to make a more extended notice.

Before quitting the affairs of the Haymarket, we ought to mention that Farren chose "The School for Scandal" for his benefit,—Charles Mathews being the *Charles Surface* and Madame Vestris the *Lady Teazle* of this great—truly great comedy. Neither seemed to understand the nature of their parts; and if Madame was at all less ridiculous than her youthful associate, it was owing not to her more correct conception of the difficult character that she assumed, but to the ease and lady-like elegance, of which she cannot divest herself either on or off the stage. Charles Mathews has got a vile trick of wriggling his body and limbs that reminds us of one afflicted with St. Vitus's dance. If he thinks that such contortions are agreeable or appropriate, he is assuredly mistaken. Of Farren's *Sir Peter* the whole play-going public speak the well-merited praises, and of Mrs. Glover's *Mrs. Candour* we need only to make bare mention, in order that our readers may be satisfied that the part was in the best hands. Elton took the *Joseph Surface* and had every opportunity for showing his ability, if any he possessed;—but he was throughout stiff, feeble and ineffective. He is quite incompetent to take the first tragic business at a London theatre; and we fear that his pride will not bend to the useful but more humble walks of the drama better suited to his mediocre talents.

ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.

Sept. 4.—"The Exile of Genoa," which was produced on the evening just mentioned and has since lingered through a miserable existence is an opera,—the dialogue by a nameless gentleman, who would derive no advantage from being better known, and the music by a Mr. Schmidt—a German, who not only admires but imitates—nay pilfers from Mozart and Weber. There is some good music in the piece,—especially a quartett and chorus in the first act, and the opening chorus of the fishermen in the second:—the latter is unquestionably Weber and not Schmidt. We have however far less fault to find with the composer than with the playwright of this precious farrago of bombastic nonsense. We shall leave the reader to decide the latter gentleman's merits from the following sketch of the plot.

Anselmo, the exile, is living in a very pretty spot, following the avocation of a fisherman, and amusing his leisure with loving his daughter Florentine, and cursing the Doge Galvani, who has banished him: he has another companion in his solitude, who also partakes in the tender part of his enjoyment, but has no taste for the more severe amusement; and when he is invited in a friendly way to join in cursing all bearing the name of Galvani, he takes the liberty of objecting—for the very natural reason that he is Galvani's son. Galvani junior, however, reconciles himself to the anathematizing Anselmo,

by driving a party of soldiers encumbered with long spears, whom his father sends to take the exile, but who stand no chance against a body of sailors in canvass suits and red nightcaps. And now a terrible storm arises ; a ship is wrecked ; Florentine puts off to assist the crew, and returns bringing a white-headed old gentleman in spangles, who proves to be the Doge. Anselmo relapses into his old habit of swearing ; and the Doge is very frightened, and kneels down begging forgiveness. Anselmo, having exhausted his oaths, makes it up with Galvani senior, and lets Galvani junior have his daughter : and then the whole party join in a chorus of gratulation.—Such is the nonsense, with which managers propose to amuse the summer play-goers !!!

Sept. 14.—A crowded house was collected here this evening to see two new pieces—"The Highland Cateran," and "The Spitfire." The former is an old Edinburgh piece yclept "Gilderoy," with no other change but that of mere name,—and it owes its existence to Mr. Murray. It is a very excellent melodrama and certainly pleased us better than any that we have seen in late years at the minor theatres. Its name shews it to be a Highland piece :—it is the story of the loves and misfortunes of *Macdonald* a freebooter (*Brindal*) and of *Lilias* Logan a farmer's daughter. The Cateran is betrayed by his rival to the soldiers of Cromwell, and is pursued like a wild beast over the Highlands. *Jock Muir* a Highland shepherd (represented with admirable talent by M'Ian who must henceforward rank very high in his profession) assists him in his perilous adventures and successfully opposes physical force by ready wit and cunning. The enemies are defeated, the rival is killed, the father of *Lilias* is saved from death, and the persecuted Highlander becomes the fortunate husband of the devoted *Lilias*. *Brindal* played his part with great spirit ; but every thing in the piece sinks into paltry insignificance before M'Ian, who transports us at once, bodily as it were, to the dark glen of the Highland. We know not, but we hope that M'Ian is engaged for *Covent Garden*,—for we should much like to see his "Dougal creature" in "*Rob Roy*."

"The Spitfire" is an extravaganza by young Morton, the humour of which consists in the consternation of a landsman—one *Tobias Shortcut*, tobaccoist—who by an odd conjuncture of circumstances is obliged to take on himself the office of Captain to the Spitfire frigate, and to perform the—to him unpleasant—duty of attacking a French privateer. The awkward dilemmas in which the landsman is placed by such unusual events, give rise to many comic situations, of which Mr. Compton took ample advantage. He is decidedly an acquisition to the London stage, and although he wants the ease and mellowness which only long practice can give, he has the essential materials for becoming a first-rate comic actor. The scene on board the Spitfire was quite *impayable*, and kept the house in a continual roar of laughter. The farce deserves a longer life than the brief season of the English opera can allow it. We hope to see Mr. Compton at a larger theatre, and better supported.

It is with the greatest pleasure that we again notice the brilliant career so successfully pursued by Mrs. Waylett in the theatrical world. Her's is no ordinary talent, nor is her merit to be lightly weighed in the scale of judgment and taste. Of no celebrated living actress does she so much remind us, as of *Jenny Colver*, the beautiful ballad-singer at the *Opera Comique* in Paris. *Mademoiselle Colon* has more talent as an *artiste* than Mrs. Waylett, but we question whether as a ballad-singer the latter does not bear away the palm from the former. The one is not so natural as the other, in their respective *roles* ; but Mrs. Waylett could not meet the parts usually given to *Jenny Colon*. They are both women of ability, personal charms, and endowed with sweet voices ; and cannot fail to be mutually flattered by the comparison we have ventured to draw between them.

NOTES OF THE MONTH.

"Nallius addictus jurare in verba magistri,
Quo me eunq[ue] rapit tempestas, deferor hospes."—HORACE.

ANIMAL MAGNETISM, ITS WONDERFUL EFFECTS AND ITS USELESSNESS AND IMMORALITY.—A French baron, an *animal-magnetizing apostle* of twenty years' practice, has lately come to London to teach an enlightened and free English public the laws and effects of this supernatural science—we should rather say *the art of deluding the public*. According to M. LE BARON DUPOTET DE SEVENNEVOY, a new power has been revealed to the world, by whose means the most extraordinary phenomena are produced, the cure of many diseases that have resisted every remedy in ordinary medicine is obtained, and even a supernatural intelligence and knowledge are imparted to any individual obedient to magnetism, who during the operation ceases to be the same person, because every thing is modified in his organization. This modern necromancer has won the recommendation and support of an English physician, who is very fond of innovation, and of whatever is almost incomprehensible, and who boldly acknowledges that he has little respect for authority when facts present themselves to his view. *The Lancet*, one of the best medical periodicals of Europe, has lately published a communication from the patronising physician, and another from the magnetizer himself. Through them we are informed that the French baron has been practising animal magnetism at the North London Hospital, upon three female patients, to convince the spectators of the wonderful effects of the science he professes. But we are truly surprised in learning that human beings, who resort to charitable institutions in order to be cured of disorders and diseases which afflict them, are compelled to undergo such a process of manipulation to gratify the curiosity of those who are willing to witness the wonderful effects of animal magnetism. From the reports published in *The Lancet*, we find that a girl, subject to epileptic fits, "was magnetized by the baron, and brought into a state of total insensibility,—that she was made to talk as ramblingly and as abusively as possible, and that, having been brought out of these attacks, she was perfectly unconscious of her having been so restless and so abusive. Another girl was sent into a state of coma, and, according to the statement of the physician, *no pricking with pins or pulling of her hair* could bring her out of her state. She also was compelled to speak all sorts of nonsense, to answer to several questions, and at last fell into a violent passion, and shook an individual who had offended her with great force, sitting down, and looking the picture of rage, her lips white, and trembling all over with passion. When the baron deigned to recall her to her senses, she also knew nothing of what had happened during the forced coma. The third girl experienced almost the same effects, to the great satisfaction of the manipulator, of his patron-physician, and of the spectators.

Now what we ask is simply this: Have those unfortunate girls of the North London Hospital recovered from their epileptic and hysterical attacks after having undergone such a treatment? No such a thing. The epileptic girl, however, has been freed from epileptic fits; but (mark this, gentle reader) has become a kind of ecstatic fool, being almost continually laughing, singing, dancing, and, by her mimicry and nonsense, amusing both her fellow-patients and those who visit the hospital. The other two remain in the same state as before the manipulation of the French baron.

Animal magnetism and phrenology, during the last thirty years, have been the subject of great ridicule, of partial investigation, and hitherto almost incomprehensible. Their partisans have not yet proved their usefulness, and their opponents found their opposition on reason and common sense. We are told by the magnetizers, that an ignorant person will understand, and speak, during his paroxysm, a language wholly unknown to him; that he will answer with exactitude to scientific, historical, and geographical questions, and

that *he will even prophesy the future*. Such a doctrine is truly a wonderful one, and we would not speak against it, were it not that magnetizers are, in our opinion, hurtful to the welfare both of the health and morality of our fellow-creatures. The celebrated physiologist, Magendie, who for the advancement of physiology was proved to be very cruel to animals, was expelled from England. Why should not Baron Dupotet be prevented from torturing uselessly human beings with his animal-magnetic tricks? It is the duty of those who subscribe to charitable institutions for the good of suffering humanity to see that the poor are not treated worse than the beasts, and we earnestly call their attention to what we have here related.

A VERY INTERESTING AND USEFUL DISCOVERY.—By the Belgian and French periodicals we have been informed that a profound and persevering mathematician and scientific gentleman of Brussels, M. William Van Eschen, has at last discovered the means of guiding and directing the course of balloons. It is asserted that his system is both simple and ingenious, and that an unexpected event, and a fact which appeared wholly chimerical has been realized by him. M. Van Eschen has, however, invented a new kind of balloon, with which he will be able, in the usual state of the atmosphere, to proceed at pleasure with the utmost rapidity; but in the case of contrary and violent winds, his balloon will not make rapid progress, but, like the steam-boats, it will resist the currents of air and obstacles, and even overcome them. We do not know whether M. Van Eschen has made any public experiment of his invention, and whether his scientific labour and calculations have been put to the test of the instability of the atmosphere. If his useful discovery is only based upon mathematical and mechanical suppositions, we fear lest his trial meet with the unforeseen failure of the safety-parachute of Mr. Cocking.

ELECTRIC TELEGRAPHS.—A Bavarian scientific and experimental chemist has invented a system by means of which telegraphic despatches can be forwarded both during the day and during the night, whether the atmosphere be serene or cloudy, whether the weather be clear or rainy. He has employed the electric fluid, and it appears that the experiments which have been made of his plan have met with success in his country. An English gentleman has proposed to government to establish such a system in England, but as he had not yet formed a *system of signs* by which the despatches could be both transmitted and interpreted, nothing yet has been decided.

MUCH ADO ABOUT TRIFLES.—The royal stud at Hampton Court consists of nearly eighty horses, mares, and colts, which, although by right the personal property of the reigning monarch, has been however always considered as an appendage of the crown. William IV., who was not only a sincere reformer, but a truly affectionate father, encumbered with a numerous family of children, having no direct and lawful claims on the public purse, like the rest of the royal pensioners of England, in his last will has made use of his right, and has bequeathed as personal property the royal stud at Hampton Court for the benefit of the Fitzclarences. We admire his paternal affection, although he has not imitated the generosity of his predecessors. The royal stud has consequently been offered for sale by auction, in order that the children of our late lamented monarch might obtain as much money as they possibly can. Scarcely such announcement became public, when a newspaper warfare began between the Ministerialists and the Conservatives; the latter have accused the Ministry of being determined to destroy the glory of England by sanctioning the public sale of the royal stud, while the former have militated in favour of that measure. But what has truly engrossed the importance of this horse-warfare, has chiefly been a letter that the Old English Gentleman, the sportsman *par excellence*, Sir Francis Burdett, has addressed to Lord Melbourne on this subject. The worthy baronet does not think that what the English armies have achieved during the last thirty years has been the consequence of their natural valour and military discipline and knowledge, but that the horses have been the chief promoters of their trophies and gallantry. If

the English nation are satisfied with this opinion of Sir Francis, we wish them joy, and will not contradict the Old English Gentleman, but we will prove that if even the horses were really *one of the two thunderbolts of the English nation* upon whose strength and might rest the grandeur, wealth, and happy constitution of the English empire, there is no danger whatever in selling the royal stud of Hampton Court, supposing also that the eighty horses, mares, and colts, were all bought by foreigners at the public auction. In fact, there are about 2,000,000 horses in England, of the value of more than 25,000,000*l.* Of these the number charged with duty amounts to rather more than 310,000, the total amount of duty being about 430,000*l.* sterling. Not more than 1000 of these horses are *blood*, or *race* horses, contributing to the revenue only about 1500*l.* sterling, or a two hundred and twentieth part of the whole duty. Now when this is known, how can it be possible that the sale of *only eighty horses* out of 2,000,000 horses could do any injury to the propagation and improvement of horse-flesh and breed in England? In verity we can only explain the cause of so much waste of time, ink, and paper in carrying on for more than a fortnight the royal-stud warfare, by attributing it to the want of better subjects for entertaining the public, in doing which the mighty Herculean editors of the press have degraded their sublime station by placing themselves on a par with their humble contributors—the *penny-a-liners*.

MONTHLY SUMMARY OF SCIENCE AND THE SOCIETIES.

THE past month has been rich in the publication of the results of scientific research. The British Association has just finished its annual meeting, held this year in the flourishing town of Liverpool, at which all the men of science of our own country, as well as several eminent foreign philosophers, were present, among the rest the chemist Gay Lussac. This admirable institution had its origin in the exertions and success of the German philosophers in the establishment of an annual Scientific Congress, to which all the savans of the continent proceeded every year to make known their discoveries, and to concert plans and operations to be pursued in common for the advancement of scientific knowledge and useful research. To this meeting come the subjects of the various continental states, and those who were usually separated by the obstacles of distance and political distinction, mingled together under the humanizing and delightful influence of social intercourse. Stimulated by the success of their German brethren, the men of science in Britain determined upon the establishment of a similar institution, to which the philosophers of the different countries, united by the joint bonds of political allegiance and similarity of language, might bring their discoveries; and by discussion upon the different branches of science to which each was attached, render an united effort for the furtherance of scientific discovery easy in the performance and certain in the result. At the meetings of the Association papers have been read detailing researches not only in Britain, but in India, in America, and other parts of the globe, enlarging our knowledge of the geology, the botany, the statistics, and natural phenomena, not only of the vast and luxuriant tracts of Hindustan and Southern America, but carrying that knowledge to the barren and inhospitable regions of the north, where nature seems almost paralyzed by an eternal mantle of cold. At the meeting just concluded the papers read were not inferior in importance and interest to those which have gone before, and most of the more popular facts and conclusions will be found in our present summary. — *Tides*.—The laws which regulate the phenomena of tides have received considerable attention from the British Association. A series of observations at upwards of 500 stations along the coast of Great Britain and Ireland, and from the mouths of the Mississippi to the northern extremity of

Europe. The discussion of these observations has led to many curious results; in particular, the establishment of the fact of the rise of the mean level of the tides, in proportion to the fall of the barometer, and the existence of a diurnal tide—that is, the difference between the morning and evening tides of the same day. Another important general inference has also been drawn from a connected series of observations on the tides,—that there is one invariable mean height, common to neap and spring tides—the half tide mark,—a point from which navigators, engineers, and geologists, will henceforth adjust their standards of comparison, and commence their calculations.

LITERATURE.—*Persia.*—In May last appeared the first number of a newspaper, “Printed at the palace of the government of Teheran;” it is lithographed, of a large folio size, and ornamented with the arms of Persia. A small portion of its columns is devoted to European news, and under the head of England the editor informs his readers that London is the capital of the kingdom, and that the Londoners are erecting enormous works for making beetroot sugar.—*Copyright.*—The council of the British Association has entered into a communication with M. Guizot, Minister of Public Instruction in France, and with Serj. Talfourd, with reference to the establishment of a law of universal copyright.

GEOGRAPHY.—*Return of Captain Back.*—The intelligence of the return of this daring officer and his intrepid crew, was communicated to the Geographical Society in a letter from the commander himself, which, from its interesting character, we quote rather fully,—merely premising that his ship, the *Terror*, sailed from England in June 1836.—“June 23. We took our departure from Papa Westra, and steered across the Atlantic—the weather stormy. * * Aug. 1. Passed through Hudson’s Straits, and on the 5th saw some of the company’s ships apparently beset with ice off the North Bluff. By keeping close in with the land we got a-head, and lost sight of them; and on the following day were ourselves hampered. * * Aug. 16. We got a run of forty miles from Trinity Isles, but did not get sight of Baffin Island till the 23rd; when we also saw Southampton Island to the south-west. * * Sept. 4. We were only 136 miles from Repulse Bay, and two days of a strong breeze would have led us through Frozen Strait to our destination. During the next fortnight we continued drifting slowly to the westward, passing within three miles of Cape Comfort—a bluff headland, rising about 1000 feet above the sea. * * Sept. 20. We were sincerely nipped by the ice, so much so as to start some of the ship’s fastenings. On the 22nd the ship was no longer under our guidance, but, being closely beset, was carried to and fro according to the wind and tide. * * Oct. 17. The thermometer fell to 9° below Fahrenheit. In the beginning of November the ship was housed in, and every arrangement made for meeting the rigour of the winter: snow walls were raised round the ship, and in this manner we drifted to and fro off the high land of Cape Comfort—at times carried so close to the rocks as to excite alarm for the safety of the ship. * * In the beginning of January during a calm, our floe of ice split with a fearful crash,—and this was the commencement of a series of shocks, that nothing but the great strength of the mass of timber and iron employed in fortifying the ship, could have withstood; as it was, the vessel strained in every direction.” After a series of narrow escapes from destruction, the ship was forced from the water upon the surface of the ice by the violent meeting of two masses. She remained in this position until the 21st of June, when the ice showed symptoms of disruption. “All hands were set to work with a 35 foot ice-saw worked by shears, and on the 11th of July, having sawed to within three feet, the floe split in a fore and aft direction, and liberated the larboard side; we immediately made sail in the ship, but found we could not liberate her from an iceberg between the fore and main chains. We again had recourse to saws and purchases, when a lump of ice still fast to the ship rose to the surface of the water, and threw the vessel on her beam ends, the water rushing in with frightful rapidity. All hands were instantly

set to work again, and laboured day and night unremittingly at the fatiguing but indispensable operation of sawing, till, exhausted by their exertions, I was obliged to call them from the ice for rest and refreshment. Not a quarter of an hour had elapsed from quitting the work when a sudden disruption of the ice took place, and the mass crashed with terrific violence against the ship's side, snapping, apparently without effort, the lashings and spars that had been placed, fearing this occurrence; and, but for the merciful interposition of Providence, all would inevitably have been crushed by the mass of ice on which they had just been labouring. As the ice separated, the ship righted and drifted along. Finding it impossible to hang the old rudder, a spare one was fitted, and sail made on the ship:—it was an anxious moment, as we waited to see if she would answer her helm—and as she bore up before the wind, with her head towards England, a cheer of gratitude burst from all on board."

GEOLOGY.—Mr. Sedgwick has pointed out the singular phenomenon of a mountain, in the neighbourhood of Buttermere, which has the evident traces of a stream of water having once passed over the top of it.—*Glaciers.*—The movement of glaciers has been very ingeniously accounted for by means of hydrostatic pressure, arising from the lower part of the glacier being of a higher temperature than the upper; thus causing a melting of the under part and a consequent raising of the mass in a perpendicular direction to the earth's surface, while its descent is at right angles to the inclined surface—a progressive motion downwards ensuing, in accordance with the law of the resolution of forces.—*Geology of Spain.*—Dr. Traill continued at Liverpool the remarks he commenced at Dublin on the geology of Spain. The borders of Arragon present oolitic rocks; new red sandstone also occurs there, covered in some spots by a conglomerate; near Saragossa gypsum is found with limestone; and in the same vicinity are tertiary formations. On approaching the Pyrenees from Catalonia, rounded pebbles are very frequent, while alluvial beds occur. At Montserrat is clay slate with conglomerate resting on it, succeeded by sandstone dipping towards the valley containing the salt mines of Cordova, near the Pyrenees are veins of trap; on the Spanish side clay-slate and limestone occur, on the French side clay-slate only; granite occupying the centre.

ENTOMOLOGY.—*Poison Bug.*—Dr. Traill exhibited a specimen of the *Argas Persicus*, the poison-bug of Persia. It is not a true insect, but belongs to the order Arachnædi, genus Argas. Two districts of Persia are much infested by it, and to sleep exposed in these places is said to be certain death.

BOTANY.—A magnificent addition to the Flora of South America has been discovered by Mr. Schomburgk, who is now exploring the interior of that country. It is of a new genus allied to the water-lily, and was found during the traveller's progress up the river Berbice, in British Guiana; the leaves are from five to six feet in diameter, salver-shaped, with a broad rim of light green above, and a vivid crimson below, resting upon the water; quite in character with the wonderful leaf is the luxuriant flower, consisting of many hundred petals, passing in alternate tints from pure white to rose and pink. The stem of the flower is an inch thick near the calyx, and is studded with sharp elastic prickles about three quarters of an inch in length. The diameter of the calyx is twelve to thirteen inches; upon it rests the magnificent flower, which is fifteen inches across, which, when fully developed, covers completely the calyx with its hundred petals. In addition to its beauty it is sweet-scented, and altogether forms a complete vegetable wonder.—*Rice in India.*—Colonel Sykes has made known four species of rice, the productiveness of which are most surprising; one seed actually producing thirty-three stalks and 61,380 grains.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

The Book of Gems : 1838. The Modern Poets and Artists of Great Britain. Edited by S. C. Hall. In one thick volume octavo.

* * This splendid volume, which will be got up with the greatest care, will present the choicest selections from the works of the celebrated Poets and Artists, who have shed such a lustre on the last thirty years. For illustrations of the work see advertisement sheet.

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Connected Essays; being a Series of Inferences, deduced chiefly from the Principles of the most celebrated Sceptics. By H. O'Connor, Barrister-at-Law.

Wanderings and Excursions in South Wales, including the Course of the River Wye, by Mr. Thomas Roscoe (*uniform with his work on North Wales*), will be published in the autumn. It will be illustrated with forty-eight fine plates, from drawings by Harding, Cox, Fielding, Creswick, &c.

The new and greatly enlarged edition of Mr. Bucke's Work on "The Beauties, Harmonies, and Sublimities of Nature," which was expected last spring, will be published the first week in October.

Miss Lawrance, author of "London in the Olden Times," is preparing for immediate publication, the Work on which she has been engaged for the last five years, entitled, "Historical Memoirs of the Queens of England, from the commencement of the twelfth to the sixteenth century," including a complete View of the Progress of Society, Literature, and the Arts, during that interesting period.

The Cicerone, a Tragedy, in five Acts.

Sir Walter Scott. Vol. V.

Lectures on Entomology. By John Barlow Burton.

In calling the attention of our readers to the advertisement respecting the "Lounger of the Metropolis," we beg to notice that we have seen and highly approved of the First Number, the component parts of which cannot fail to interest every class of readers. As we anticipated, the talented editor has well acquitted himself in his *debut* as a Journalist; and, if it be to him that we must give the credit of the scheme and plan of the paper, he is entitled to our warmest praise. In able hands like his, the "Lounger" may revive the days of Addison and Steele; and "The Guardian," "Tatler," "Spectator," &c. will exist once more in the pages of this new publication.

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AN ADDRESS TO

Her Majesty Queen Victoria.

MADAM,

YOUR MAJESTY has already attained one of the noblest of all sublunary distinctions, and the summit of all human grandeur—the right of governing a wise, a free, and a happy people—a dominion co-extensive with the waves of that ocean which has been the field of fame to so many gallant and patriotic sons of Britain, and embracing a very large portion of the habitable earth as well as of the civilized intelligence of the whole world—a dominion greater than Alexander attempted, or than Cæsar possessed—greater than republican Athens in the zenith of her glory ever exercised, or than Imperial Rome, with all her ambitious heroes, ever wielded—greater, in fine, than Jengis Kan, Tarnier-Bec, or Mahomet, ever achieved over “savage clans and roving barbarians.”

Your Majesty has arrived at an age which entitles you, under the British constitution, to ascend the British throne. The dominion, which has fallen to your Majesty by hereditary descent, the British people might with heart-felt pride tender to your Majesty as the free gift of their entire confidence. The youth, which irradiates the brow of your Majesty, at the same time inspires the hopes of the British nation; the eye, which sheds so sweet an influence around, derives the secret of its power from the intelligence within the bosom; the smile, which illuminates and graces the countenance, bespeaks the kindly feelings, the generous affections, and the benevolent sympathies which play

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around the heart; the simple dignity of deportment, with the easy carriage and free address, attest alike your Majesty's royal descent and fitness to rule the British nation; while the chaste elegance of dress displays to their greatest and best advantage, in all their loveliness, the charms which Nature has so liberally bestowed on the person of England's Queen!

Your Majesty has had the good fortune to be educated under the eye of a devoted Mother, possessed of an excellent understanding and of a most amiable disposition. Deeply sensible of the importance of the task which the nation entrusted to her care, she has fulfilled the hopes and expectations of the people; she has prepared the ground for cultivation; she has sown the good seed; she has seen the goodly plant thrive; she has marked its firm root—its gradual growth—its opening bloom—and its displayed effulgence:—her fond heart has cherished no other object than this,—her fervent orisons have had no other aspiration—that her daughter might be found worthy of the nation's fame—worthy of the people's love—and worthy of the spirit of the age.

Your Majesty exhibits the truth of the beautiful Aristotelian adage in Diogenes Laertius, that, if the root of learning be bitter, the fruit is sweet; your Majesty was, by the soft persuasiveness and the tender care of your Mother, “conducted to a hill-side, laborious indeed at the first ascent, but else so smooth—so green—so full of goodly prospects and melodious sounds on every side, that the harp of Orpheus is not more enchanting.” Your Majesty has well studied the history of that country whose destinies are to be wielded by you—the principles of that constitution under which it has risen to unexampled prosperity, influence, and power—and the object, tendency, and effect of those laws which secure to one of the first people under the firmament of heaven, the blessings of civil and religious liberty. But while your Majesty has been treading the more solid paths of learning and science, the lighter accomplishments which sweeten the toils and lessen the cares, while they increase the enjoyments of life, have not been over-looked, as your Majesty's proficiency in the elegant science of music sufficiently demonstrates.

Your Majesty has paid particular regard to whatever concerns the maritime interests of Great Britain, the glories of its naval achievements, and the personal history of its greatest heroes; and undoubtedly whatever relates to the preservation and efficiency of the Royal Navy—the right arm of British power—will receive the most prompt and cordial attention of your Majesty. In traversing the pages of the history of the World, your Majesty could not fail to observe the most important truth which should be deeply imprinted on the mind, the soul, and the heart of every patriotic Briton, that the stability of the Empire is far

more allied to naval than to military power. The histories of Tyre, of Sidon, and of Athens, or of Venice and of Holland, attest the fact, which is equally proclaimed by the entire, and, in some instances, sudden dissolution of power, based on military triumphs, of which history supplies pertinent examples. Your Majesty must be well aware of this further truth, that a Royal Navy cannot be maintained in full efficiency without the aid of extensive commerce, as the ships of British merchants are the nurseries of able seamen for the Royal Navy.

Your Majesty, as a grave and intent reader of British History, could not fail to dwell with particular satisfaction on the illustrious reigns of Elizabeth and Anne. But the maturer judgment of your Majesty would only confirm the judicious opinion of your early youth, that the virtues of Elizabeth were not in exact proportion to her talents:—your Majesty would over one melancholy part of her reign heave a generous sigh for human nature, drop the sympathetic tear, and feel a magnanimous burst of indignation;—and if your Majesty should happily display in the administration of the affairs of this great Empire, the active habits of business, the intelligence,—if not the learning,—the acuteness, discrimination, and judgment,—the energy and fortitude of Elizabeth, with so much of her natural abilities and acquired talent, the British nation will still want no striking parallel to that glorious reign, except for the moral excellencies, of which your Majesty has already given the brightest promise, and in which respect the comparison is not, we think, destined to hold with posterity.

Your Majesty succeeds to the throne of your royal ancestors at a period deeply interesting to practical science. The principle of railroads is coming into general operation, and we are daily witnessing an extension of the principle of steam to practical purposes. As the late and lamented Mr. Huskisson, in a prophetic spirit—(and he was a far-sighted man)—observed, when the Manchester and Liverpool railroad was first opened, “A new power has been introduced among men, and no individual living can tell to what extent that power will be carried.”

By the united principles the distant parts of the British Empire seem to be themselves united, giving and receiving from the rapidity of traffic and intercourse the most important advantages; and to Ireland in particular we look as likely to derive, in the march of civilisation, much greater proportionate advantages, while, with her own internal improvement, will be connected a proportionate improvement in the Irish revenue. The extension of the commercial interests of the country, or of any portion of the empire, is a general good; and the more your Majesty shall be graciously inclined to patronise the practical sciences, the greater benefit will your Majesty confer on the nation at large.

Among the objects, which will be entitled to the serious consideration of your Majesty, is the necessity of devising further means to prevent the bill for the Abolition of Slavery in the West Indies from being infringed alike by chicanery and fraud, or by violence and outrage. That most beneficent act must not be permitted to remain a dead letter, nor to be perverted into an engine of legalized wrong. The cruisers of your Majesty on the African coast, and in the West Indies, will, under the most positive instructions of your Majesty, continue to exercise extreme vigilance in effectually stopping the secret importation of slaves to the West Indian Islands and dependencies. Whatever diplomacy can accomplish, your Majesty will, through the medium of the British Ambassadors, press on the earnest attention of those Foreign Courts, which have not yet fallen into the views of the British Parliament; and whatever can be effected through the Colonial Legislatures to ameliorate the present condition, to brighten the future prospects, and to hasten the final emancipation of the slaves, the Governors, appointed by your Majesty, will use their most strenuous endeavours to consummate. Your Majesty will see the great propriety of quickening the march of emancipation by increased energy in the establishment of schools, and by uncommon care in selecting intelligent, discreet, and diligent schoolmasters, as well as most able magistrates, who will dispense impartial justice with tender mercy, and alike conciliate the respect and the esteem of the grasping planter, and the offending negro. Among the benevolent views, which your Majesty may be disposed to entertain on this most interesting and important subject, will be the consideration in what way the well-being of the Creole population can be provided for, their rights protected, their prosperity promoted, and their intellectual and moral improvement advanced. To our humble judgment it appears—and your Majesty may reasonably be expected to acquiesce in the adoption of any measure that is based on wisdom;—that the most important step, which can, in the present circumstances, be taken with respect to the West Indies, is the establishment of *two universities* with most liberal endowments; for without such liberal endowments, men of intellectual energy and of literary or scientific attainments will not be induced to abandon good—but perhaps somewhat *uncertain*—prospects in this country for the sake of any *certain* income in the West Indies, unless the income be liberal and holding out a species of temptation commensurate with the dangers to be encountered in a strange land and unhealthy climate. As it is allowed on all sides that the clergy are most necessary instruments in the education of the people, it is of supreme importance that they should be men of learning and discretion, of piety and of zeal—of such zeal as kindles without inflaming, warms without consuming, and

converts the torch of civil discord into the calumet of Christian peace. The promotion of **MECHANICS' INSTITUTES**, under judicious management and liberal patronage, will no doubt occur to your Majesty as great *subsidia* for the attainment of the grand object in view. We are also of opinion that the formation of public Libraries and Museums in those towns where the Governors, appointed by your Majesty, reside, and under the personal superintendence of the Governors themselves, with public Levées on particular days, would be attended with most beneficial results in collecting and diffusing information, in rousing dormant energies, in fanning the intellectual flame, and in inspiring generous emulation.

Your Majesty cannot fail to perceive the incalculable advantages of ruling the East Indian possessions on similar principles of humane legislation. If we desire permanently to attach to the interests of Great Britain the immense population of India, these are the arts by the employment of which your Majesty will not fail of fulfilling your benevolent and politic purpose. But the increasing population of the half-caste order requires the especial care of your Majesty:—the promotion of their intellectual and moral improvement by Schools, Universities, Libraries, Museums, will be the most enlightened policy which your Majesty can pursue. Their rights should be amply protected by legislative enactments, and their privileges fixed beyond doubt, and their condition ameliorated in every possible respect. The Petitions already presented to Parliament show the propriety of cultivating their minds, and ensuring their attachment to the British throne, as well as to the sacred person of your Majesty.

Your Majesty is stated, towards the close of the last Parliament, to have eagerly inquired whether the bill for the "Abolition of Imprisonment for Debt" was likely to pass before the Parliament was dissolved; and when your Majesty was informed that it would not pass, to have expressed deep regret, declaring such Imprisonment to be contrary to the letter and spirit of Magna Charta. The declaration was worthy of all that generosity of sentiment which so well becomes a youthful heart, and for which we had previously given full credit to your Majesty. The declaration, moreover, implies that your Majesty had meditated on the subject, and was ever ready to press forward a measure which would reflect honour on the humanity of the age—which was required by the spirit of the times—for which benevolent and patriotic men had so long contended both in Parliament and in the republic of letters. We entreat your Majesty to continue your magnanimous efforts to carry the proposed measure into effect, subject to such modifications as the wisdom of Parliament may, in the course of further discussion, suggest, and con-

taining clauses calculated to inflict exemplary punishment on fraudulent bankrupts, swindlers, and dishonest insolvents. Your Majesty will then convey to the hearts of the many thousands of your subjects who now pine in dungeons, prisons, and gaols, deprived of homes, of comforts, of wives, of parents, of children, of light, of liberty, and of the means of support, "tidings of great joy;"—then will your Majesty be, in the language of Lord Chatham, "enthroned in the hearts of the wise and of the good."

Your Majesty is perhaps already aware that the political turmoils of foreign countries have expatriated many noble advocates of freedom, and banished them as refugees to the shores of Britain. Numbers of these unfortunate individuals have settled themselves in the English metropolis. Here, by their talents or literary acquirements, they endeavour to obtain an honourable livelihood, but too often receive but a miserable pittance. 'When we consider their former rank, the influence they have had in society, there ought to be "a time to forgive as well as a time to banish." In France there are a variety of institutions established for the encouragement of learning, and empowered, both by the laws and by the aid of liberal endowments, to reward the intelligent author or the persevering man of letters. But in London no inducement, no assistance of this kind is offered to ameliorate the condition of the needy *litterateur*; and the unhappy refugee, without patrons, without friends, and without resources, is frequently at a loss to dispose of his lucubrations and procure a recompence for his literary labours. Perhaps some means might suggest themselves to your Majesty for the alleviation of the distresses of foreign refugees; or your Majesty's Ambassadors to the different Courts of Europe might intercede for amnesty in some cases, and conditional pardon in others. *

Your Majesty has traversed, in company with your illustrious Mother, a considerable part of the British Empire, and has become acquainted with the trade, commerce, and manufactures of the country. Your Majesty has doubtless persuaded yourself of the propriety of loosening the springs of industry, wherever they are still too much pressed by severe taxation. We are satisfied that your Majesty will, by every means in your power, encourage the consumption of British manufactures, more especially the silk manufactured by the ingenious and meritorious operatives of Spitalfields. If your Majesty would have the kindness to command the ladies who frequent the *Levées* at your Court to appear always and only in dresses of British manufacture, the effect on the trade itself would be considerable, and the good incalculable by the reaction on other branches of trade. A solitary order on a particular occasion is of course highly beneficial to the manufacturing interest at the moment; but your Majesty, by a permanent command, may produce a permanent

and national benefit. The principle should be laid down, and made known, and enforced now and henceforth, that all ladies who appear at the Court of your Majesty cannot be received except in dresses of British manufacture.

Your Majesty, as we are well convinced, has perceived the great importance of diffusing more and more the benefits of education amongst the people. Your Majesty will be prepared to promote any good plans for the diffusion of those benefits: your Majesty will not hesitate in the Royal Speech, on the occasion of the opening of Parliament, to recommend this subject most earnestly to the immediate attention of Parliament. The Prime Minister of your Majesty will be prepared to propose to the Legislature certain measures connected with it, and your Majesty may greatly assist the object by at once issuing a Royal Commission of Inquiry into the best means of attaining the desired end, with specific plans for the adoption of the Legislature, founded on their own suggestions, and on the information which may be gathered by them in the course of their researches. When your Majesty considers the important fact which was stated by the Duke of Wellington in Parliament, at the time when acts of incendiarism were of frequent occurrence in Hampshire,—that the illustrious Duke had made particular inquiry at Winchester about the number of persons who were committed to the town-gaol for acts of this kind, and who were able to read and write, and had discovered that a very large portion of those who were so committed were unable to write,—when this fact shall have been duly weighed by your Majesty, the grave necessity of devising some plan of general education for immediate adoption will forcibly present itself to your benevolent and royal mind.* If the danger of the spreading of Popery be so imminent, as many of your Majesty's subjects suppose, the proper, effectual, and safe remedy is education for the people;—the shadows of Popery will recede as the public mind becomes enlightened, disabused of its grosser prejudices, and disenchanted of its more seductive superstitions. If another portion of your Majesty's subjects be alarmed at the supposed progress of republican, democratic, and radical principles, the remedy must again be sought in the education of the people; and thus, if the poison be now spreading, the antidote will be in preparation, and at least the minds of the rising generation will be preserved from contamination. If another portion of your Majesty's subjects be possessed with apprehensions about the good-working of the Reform Bill,—about the farther demands of Reformers,—or about the dangers which beset the Established Church,—those apprehensions will be gradually removed—those dangers will evidently be lessened in proportion to the diffusion of education. The more

inflammable matter we withdraw, the less will be the chances of flame, and the less will be the mischiefs of conflagration.

Your Majesty, in the honesty of a youthful heart, will not be offended at the plain speaking of any of your subjects; and ill would it become our sincerity to withhold at this time any counsel which we have to tender to your Majesty, and to press on your attention with all the earnestness which we can summon to our minds. Your Majesty will, no doubt, remember the account which our countryman, Dr. Samuel Johnson, gives of the interview between your Majesty's Grandfather, George the Third, of revered memory, and the great lexicographer. The conversation chiefly turned upon points of literature, and your Majesty's Grandfather manifested the same shrewdness of remark—the same power of repartee—the same information—the same gracious kindness and condescension as on other occasions; but no *second interview* took place; and it was followed by no other result than the agreeable impressions left on the mind of Dr. Johnson, and perhaps on the mind of the King himself. When the health of Dr. Johnson was declining, and the mild climate of Italy was recommended to him, Sir Joshua Reynolds and James Boswell waited on Lord Chancellor Thurlow to request his intercession with the King for an increase of Johnson's pension; but Lord Thurlow declined the task, which he thought too hazardous to himself, or too hopeless in respect to the object, but gave from his own resources a most splendid benefaction of £200, observing that it would be a shame if such a man were left in want. We are told of one single interview between the same King and Dr. Beattie;—but no *second interview* ever took place. It is clear, then, that in those times the patronage of literature by the King and the Government was little understood.

We would submit to the consideration of your Majesty, whether, at the commencement of a new reign, under the most favourable auspices, a different system could not, and ought not to be pursued for the benefit of the community, and for the honour of literature and science. We know no special reasons wherefore literary and scientific persons, of great attainments and abilities, though they may not happen to be invested with any public office, should be excluded from the Court. We have never heard that they were particularly invited by the Kings or the Governments to present themselves at Court; and we know some good reasons of State policy *why they should be particularly invited to Court*. But though, if they were thus invited, they might not find themselves "quite at home," while the aristocracy deem it an act of condescension to hold personal intercourse with them, there is another mode of dealing with them, which would be far more agreeable to themselves—far more honourable to their order,—far more beneficial to the public

weal—and far more worthy of the generous sentiments and liberal patronage of your Majesty. Let them be invited to Court on particular days, set apart for themselves,—and for themselves only (including, of course, the small literary portion of the aristocracy)—when your Majesty would have the opportunity of conversing with them free from the interruption of mere fashionable society, and of conferring such honour on them as your Majesty might deem right and expedient; which distinctions would not fail to disseminate among them feelings that would tend to check the scurrilous, licentious, and Infidel writings of the day. One of the collateral advantages which would result from such occasional interviews, would be that learned and scientific men would be brought into the society of each other, and while the accidents of conversation might be the means of communicating valuable suggestions to each other, the personal intercourse would, in many instances, lessen literary and scientific jealousy, in more produce mutual respect and esteem, and lead to epistolary correspondence, and all the courtesies, amenities, charities, and utilities of free and frequent intercourse. Your Majesty could consider whether there should be an Order of Literary and Scientific merit. One farther favour might be conferred on the members of those bodies; and that is, to reserve for them alone the privilege of occupying apartments in Hampton Palace, which are, we believe, at present, chiefly or solely inhabited by members of the nobility, whose fortunes have been from various causes reduced; and to provide for their use a Library, Museum, and Reading-Room, endowed by a Parliamentary grant. In the hope that your Majesty will be well pleased with these remarks, as in perfect accordance with your own feelings and disposition, and with the most profound respect,

We have the honour to be,

MADAM,

Your Majesty's faithful and devoted servants,

THE RECORDER'S ADDRESS

TO THE LORD MAYOR, CORPORATION, AND CITIZENS OF LONDON.

Now happy May'r of Old *Augusta*,
Shake out your banners from the dust;—a
Young lovely Queen and courtly troop
Will come to eat your turtle soup.

Brave Common Council Men, unite,—
Ye Aldermanic wits, indite
A speech most loyal—an oration,
In prose or verse, for the occasion.

Right worthy fellow Citizens
Dwellers on high, or denizens
Saturnine of the *lower regions*,
To greet your Queen, pour forth in LEGIONS.

So may she, like a radiant star,
Enter our *Temple* without *bar*,
While folks through windows, gaping wide,
(A pound a head!) adorn *Cheap*-side.

And thou, most loved and Royal Maid,
Behold our hearts and swords displayed,
As off'rings to our "Virgin's shrine."
Our purses—no—*the strings*—are thine.

For thee we ever will maintain
The loyal cause with *might* and *main*,
From London Bridge to walls of Troy,
Our motto still—*Dieu et mon Droit*.

Although no giant race are we,
Like those great heroes whom you see—
Gog and Magog—yet it is said,
"A live dog's worth a lion dead."

Oft shall our *Guild* this honour boast,
Oft shall those walls resound the toast,
With "Nine times nine"—"REGINA GLORIA!
LONG LIVE OUR GRACIOUS QUEEN VICTORIA!"

O. P. Q.

TABLEAUX FROM SPORTING LIFE.

BY CRAVEN.

SKETCH THE FIRST.—TATTERSALL'S.

(Concluded from page 357.)

SHERIDAN'S elegant definition of true courage requires that it be as polished as it is keen: those who make "satire their weapon" are wont to bestow all their care upon the gloss, neglecting both its edge and point. Writers of this class are ever prodigal of generalities. Horace, the courtier, lampooned mankind in the mass, but was especially cautious in eschewing all that tended towards personality. His no less courtly disciple of Twickenham compounded, through the medium of convenient asterisks, between his sincerity and his good-breeding. It is true, indeed, that in a well-turned couplet he declared,

"I fain would please you, if I knew with what;
Tell me which knave is lawful game, which not?"

Yet, obedient to the professional polish of all his tribe, we find in the sequel, that, to quote his own words against him, he

"Arraigned no mightier thief than wretched Wild."

Shakspeare, no mean authority, tells us that the noblest purpose of the stage is "to hold the mirror up to nature." That which the drama was, the press is. The influence of theatrical representations has decreased in the proportion that the taste for literary pursuits has advanced. Lessons on the social economy are not now learnt in places of public resort, but in the closet. All who write, whether for instruction or entertainment, should have this ever before them. Of all social engines, the pen is the most powerful: let the man who ventures to assume it remember, that he has put his hand to the plough, and that he may not look back.

If it be requisite, in the ordinary business of life, guarded as it is by legislative enactments, and entered upon and pursued with the mind collected and circumspect, that those, with whom we deal, should possess characters for probity and uprightness, how infinitely more essential is it, that they, among whom we are thrown in moments of excitement, and with whom we speculate, resting upon the security of their honour solely, should be of unequivocal faith and unsullied reputation! Yet the precise opposite of this is the every-day practice in sporting life. Of the great landowners, for instance, who assemble weekly at Tattersall's, is there one who would accept a tenant (however he might show himself able to stock his land, and enter upon his farm like a man of substance) without a reference as to character and general repute? and of these, is there one, who, if it suited his book, would hesitate to traffic with the blackest Leg that ever waddled into the subscription room? How inexplicable is it that, while the very air of the stable has the reputation of making men more cunning and astute than their fellows, the Turf holds out advantages to the cheat, to be found in no other human occupation. Men of straw, here is your *El Dorado*! Come here and turn your tens of thousands without as much coined monies in possession as would pay toll for your walking-

sticks. Here ye need never lack gold in your pockets, so long as ye have brass in your faces! What for kneel ye, that woo the blind goddess, at altars of red and black, where none are admitted but the bearers of burnt offerings? here you may speculate your fill, and return again when the offerings are to be made—if ye have to receive them!

Metropolitan life was never so distinguished by the general luxury of its accompaniments as at the present day. Passing by the Magnates, who were always exalted, we find the middle classes associating in clubs of regal magnificence, and the costermonger repairing for his gin or "heavy" to a "palace." Amid this universal taste for the splendid and the convenient, where are we to look for the solitary exception? Where least we should expect it. The leaders of *ton*, the lofty of birth, the profuse of treasure, in pursuit of their pleasures gathered together in a stable yard, surrounded by a rascal rabble without let or modification save the possession of whole garments. Surely this is not a condition likely much longer to be suffered in a period of such enlightened refinement as this; better things are in store and cannot long be withheld. Why should there not be a Turf-Club established, not upon an exclusive principle, but, on the contrary, as liberal as the respectability of such a society would admit? Even the Jockey Club is without a *rendezvous* in London. There cannot be a doubt that the members of that most influential sporting association would support and patronise any plan, having for its object the character of that great National Sport in behalf of which they are confederated in so honourable a league. It is true, that as a convenience for themselves they need not the establishment of any new Club, Brooks's, White's, and all the aristocratic trystings in St. James's bringing them together sufficiently for their individual purposes; but the cause would benefit by it, and that would be motive enough. What would operate as a more wholesome check upon the schemes got up at remote distances from the metropolis for Turf robbery and sporting cheats of all descriptions, than a focus where the sporting news from every district would necessarily converge, while it would be canvassed and tested by those whose local knowledge would enable them to throw the fairest light upon all its bearings? What could so surely advance the true objects of sporting as a *rendezvous*, where all its sons might meet as occasion permitted, either to propose their plans for the protection or furtherance of its interests, or merely for the purposes of good fellowship? I offer the hint, and how sincerely it will rejoice me to see it taken up by those who have but to propose it to ensure its success!

I have alluded to the Jockey Club, and the great influence possessed by it—there cannot be a better opportunity than, ere I take my leave of Tattersall's, to give expression to an opinion which very many of the best friends of the Turf entertain in common with myself, upon the system pursued by that distinguished society in regulating the leading business of racing, which is immediately within its controul, and which is made a precedent for Turf practice in every part of the kingdom. At Newmarket the power possessed by it over all racing details is despotic: the heath rented from the duke of Portland is exclusively under its dominions. *There* if wrong exist, it does so by voluntary assent: there the Jockey Club possesses unlimited authority,

and all should be regulated so as to confer a local dignity, and diffuse a wholesome example. It is much to be regretted that, excellent as the laws of racing emanating from it are admitted to be, they do not include enactments for preventing mischief as well as suggesting remedies. Why does not a rule like this preface the Racing Code? "No persons shall be permitted to race a horse, or horses, at Newmarket, either in their own names, or those of other individuals, *who are known to practise any unlawful calling*; neither shall *menial servants* be allowed to start any horses named by themselves, or any one for them, under any circumstances whatever." This is not only warranted, but enforced by the legitimate purpose of racing, which is two-fold,—to minister to the service of an important branch of rural economy, and to afford a sound and healthy mean of public relaxation. How is the first of these likely to be promoted by allowing professional gamblers—men actually under indictment as public rogues and cheats—to purchase horses and run them "any how," according to their several necessities,—or the latter, I would beg to know, to be accomplished, by exhibiting the nobles of the land engaged in a contest for money with their own or their friends' domestics? Is it supposed that I am putting an extreme case? There was one race only at Newmarket in the present month, the list of which contained not less than six horses, the property of persons precisely in the condition of those above specified. What magic can have brought it to pass that, at the spot of all others in the land where the aristocracy "most do congregate," there we find realized all that the wildest visions of democracy ever "raved" of when she dreamt?

No more eventful or instructive volume could be compiled than that which should contain a faithful record of the lives of those, who, during the last twenty years, have "*fretted* their hour" at Hyde Park Corner, and "now are seen no more." Over that period my memory extends; and how many a rise and fall does it furnish the sad experience! Akin as the sublime and the ridiculous have been pronounced, they are far from being as nearly related as the pathetic and absurd. More than in any condition of fortune, this will be found in the casualties of sporting life. Many of its changes are so like the tricks of legerdemain, that they out-herod any thing attempted by modern fiction. How often have I seen just before the Derby day, standing in the midst of the busy crowds at Tattersall's, and looking as if he had fallen from the clouds, a little fat *roué*, the picture of dissipation and devilment, well known upon the Irish Turf—though his racing fame had never extended here. His name was Irwin—"Commodore Irwin," as he was always designated,—but for what cause I am not able to state, unless from his having run away from home when a boy, and passing some years in the capacity of cabin-boy in a merchantman. He had passed through all the vicissitudes of a gamblers life, in all their extremes, beyond arithmetical calculation. To-day you meet him in the streets of Dublin, in rags, and without shoe or stocking; to-morrow, driving his coach and four. This is not meant figuratively, but as the plain fact. An episode in his career, for the truth of which I pledge myself, will tolerably illustrate the affinity in sporting life between the pathetic and absurd.

A long run of ill luck had produced more than the ordinary wretchedness with which it was generally accompanied. Not only had it left him penniless, but he had given a bill of sale for his furniture, and his family were without a bed to lie on—chair or table—the last indeed no great loss, inasmuch as they were without any thing to put upon it. In fact, they were in a state of actual starvation, for credit and the commodore had long ceased to be on visiting terms, when the Sligo races (in the neighbourhood of which town his “place” was situated) arrived. Thitherward he instinctively steered, as he said himself, “with a tear in his eye like a widow’s pig.” The races lasted two days, and upon the morning of the third, while his miserable wife stood watching for his return, and vainly striving to appease her famishing children that were crying for bread (or rather potatoes), suddenly there hove in sight the most unearthly cavalcade that ever presented itself to a distressed mother. First came a hearse and four, driven by her lord, quite as drunk as any of that degree were seen since the establishment of the axiom. Beside him sate a piper (ditto) in a winding sheet, performing Patrick’s day, with an emphasis known only to drone and chaunter. On the roof of the “Body Bus” were seated several friends of the family, in corresponding states of elevation, while two mourning coaches and pair, full in and out, closed the procession. The commodore had returned with his pockets lined with prize money, the hearse and trimmings being the *spolia opima* of a sporting undertaker whom he had turned inside out, and, in his own phrase, “left as clane as a horse’s head at a bonfire.”

The commodore had a contemporary (as far merely as his eccentricities went) on the Irish Turf, of whom a word *en passant*. Lieutenant Holman, the blind traveller, did not select a pursuit more whimsically in reference to natural fitness, than did Fitzmaurice Caldwell when he pitched upon the Turf. From the first of his connexion with racing he possessed no more *personal controul* than if his body had belonged to the Grand Lama of Thibet. He was a sore stumbling-block to this aphorism that asserts “There never was a will but there was a way.” God knows he was *wilful* enough, but as for a *way*, he could not accomplish more in that line than the rock of Gibraltar. In fact, he was more than half a fossil, the gout having turned his larger moiety into chalk. It is not a subject to treat so lightly, for the agonies I have seen him endure were enough to melt a heart of stone; indeed, how he bore them I know not, except that the greater proportion of him was stone.

It was under one of those tremendous paroxysms, of which I have spoken, that I saw him exhibit in a fashion that would have provoked a *guffaw* under the ribs of death. During one of the Curragh meetings he was seated in his phaeton, and I marked his writhing, while the gout was seething his marrow like a red iron. It was terrible to look upon him! the sweat of agony ran boiling down his temples. I gazed upon him as I might upon the victim of an *auto da fe*: it made my flesh creep—when suddenly I heard him roar out? “Where’s my pony?—will nobody put me on my pony? and he swore as those alone can swear who have practised under a boatswain (he too was of the sea-service). The motive for the outcry was that he might accompany a favourite

horse to the starting-post, the horses of his phaeton having been taken off. Presently after an energy of speech which I had never heard equalled, "the steed was brought." Already some of his considerate friends had lifted him out of his carriage, and having hoisted him into the saddle—with his face to the tail, they bestowed a few such complimentary visits upon the galloway's crupper and ribs that sent him with yards square before the wind, at twenty knots an hour. Cruikshank would have thrown away his pencil in despair had he attempted the scene that followed. Never shall I forget it. As he flew past me, I made a rush at the animal's head, and I should have succeeded but that the sight was too much for me—all that was ever imagined of the absurd since the creation was there passing me at one fell swoop. My limbs refused their office, I was rivetted to the spot, and exploded in a delirium of laughter that wellnigh slew me where I stood! and oh! the fiery glance of the distracted podagrist! the scowl of Medusa compared with it would have been a seraph's smile. On, on he dashed, swearing, praying, gnashing his teeth—clenching his hands, lurching from side to side, making inhuman faces and horrific gestures till all was lost in distance. How he preserved his seat was miraculous. One of the Curragh boys was at my side as the Captain galloped past—at first he seemed to expect a *spill* every moment, but as he continued his course still keeping his saddle the native thus soliloquized—"By the good daylight I believe he's used to it—ah! *by Jesus it's not the first time that he rode with his behind before.*"

As I never enter Tattersall's, so neither can I write the word, without recalling the memory of him with whom all my sporting associations are so intimately blended; in whom I possessed the most valued of my companions, and lost the warmest of my friends,—poor Mytton! To all the sporting world his name is familiar as a household word, and his eccentricities are quoted when any thing without a parallel needs illustration. Though cut off in the flower of his prime at little more than half the span allotted to ordinary life, he had lived more, probably, than any man who had counted a century. When his companions and equals in years were boys, and treated as such, young Mytton was already invested with the prerogatives of manhood; premature in all physical properties, he had beside an unlimited command of money, and with an ardour of temperament blown into a flame with every excitement, he was absolute and uncontrolled disposer of his own will. That the career of such a spirit should have been erratic is not the wonder,—that it should have been ought else would have been a miracle. Few events of his extraordinary life were unknown to me; we were of similar age, of similar pursuits, and, I fear, too similar in constitutional disposition. From boyhood we had been associates, and in the last bitter days of his trial he selected me as the depositary of his sorrows—may I hope that in the zeal with which I sought to soothe them I was not altogether unsuccessful?

When the event did arrive, which all who valued him truly could not regret, I prepared the materials which I possessed so largely, with the purpose of compiling a memoir of his *public* Sporting Life. While this was in progress, I thought in courtesy I could not do less than intimate to one whose affection had followed him from the cradle to the coffin, what I had in contemplation. The answer to that com-

munication decided me to proceed no further. The wish expressed was that all might be suffered to rest in oblivion. To me it was a sacred command. Since then his story has been brought before the world prominently, by one who had many opportunities of knowing him in the noon of his career. This would make it an act of ultra-fatiduousness to continue a silence that has so long prevented me from doing the last justice to the memory of one I valued well. How few that have read the narrative of his almost fabulous exploits could imagine the distracted actor a man of elegant manners, finished education, refined imagination, and a heart susceptible of the noblest sentiments?—Yet such was Mytton, when himself, beyond any with whom I have been intimately familiar in my passage through life. He was the best classic—not professional, I ever met; but how and where he collected his lore I never could learn. He was perfectly conversant with history and *Belles Lettres*, and I do not think there was a verse in Scripture to which he could not have assigned its proper chapter. With the frame of a Hercules, and a constant exertion of his amazing physical powers, he had all his natural rudeness in perfect obedience—it never, even to the last, succeeded in neutralizing the gentleness of the gentleman, whenever it pleased him to assume his better part. Of this, his handwriting was a remarkable instance. I have some of his letters written a few months before his death, in which the characters are as finely traced and as beautifully moulded as if they were the crow-quill studies of a girl of sixteen. The chord which had been too early and too violently stretched, there is no doubt, had long yielded in part to its unnatural tension, before it gave way wholly, and snapped for ever. At what period his mind first became disordered, there is no line of judgment to guide us; working against an adamant constitution (the progress of his mental infirmity altogether regulated by his physical condition), the shocks to which his mind yielded finally must have been many and terrible. The first time I had cause to fear his reason had become actually impaired, was during a visit to Halston, in the summer of 1830. It was noon of an August day when I arrived, and we strolled together to the gardens. He spoke of my fondness for fruit, and insisted upon gathering for me all the rarest and best that the hothouses contained. This he did by tearing off whole branches from the most valuable trees. I knew him too well to remonstrate, and, as the only chance of stopping the mischief, drew him from the spot as speedily and indifferently as I could. After lunch he proposed a drive in the grounds, that I might give my opinion of a roan harness-horse that he had recently purchased. It was accordingly brought round in a light pony phaeton, a low-wheeled double-bodied carriage, the front division of which he occupied as driver, and into the other I handed his beautiful wife, who was to be our companion. I was prepared for quick work, his pace being nothing new to me; but for what did occur I certainly was not provided. We started at a gallop, which he urged into a frantic speed by every possible excitement of voice and whip. We flew through the park, reached the high road, and pursued it to Ellesmere at a rate never attempted, I am sure, by any locomotive means before. How we escaped being dashed to pieces is to be classed among the other miracles that safely may be ascribed to his road-work, who twice leaped a turnpike-gate

in his buggy! I confess I was mortally frightened, and, as soon as my breath returned, enquired how the fair traveller felt after her alarm? She bore it as, perhaps, no other woman could—smiled, said she had had a good deal of experience in such a style of coachmanship, but subsequently admitted that a specimen of so outrageous a performance she had never before seen.

It was in the course of that evening that some member of the family circle put a pencil into my hand, with an injunction that it be forthwith used to commemorate the event of the morning. The result was the production of some doggerel lines, of which the point was, that "as one just person would have averted the doom of the cities of the plain, the lady of Halston might never fear to encounter danger, because by the act she would ensure the presence of a seraph to avert all hazard." The first stanza was in this wise:—

" Away, away—like a meteor's ray,
Like the gleam of a shooting star,
Was the arrowy speed of that red-roan steed
And the flight of that fiery car!"

Time rolled on: Mytton fell into difficulties; his wife was taken from him, and a suit in Chancery commenced, upon which I was summoned as a witness. Among the items adduced in proof of his cruelty towards that lady was the drive which I have described, and Lord Brougham was favoured with a copy of the aforesaid doggerel. Passing rapidly down Spring Gardens one bitter day in December, 1833, I heard some one running, and my name loudly shouted. I turned, and Mytton approached. What a sight of woe was there! His face was wan and haggard—his dress utterly neglected—his hair hung wildly around his forehead—alas! there was "a noble mind o'erthrown!" He held my hand for some minutes in silence, gazing fixedly upon me: at length he found a voice,—“Poor Caroline!” he said (his wife's name)—“You remember the drive, don't you? and the ode? the fine Olympic?—‘Away, away, like a meteor's ray,’” he repeated, in a low solemn tone, reciting the poem through without failing in a word. “You see,” he continued, “I have my lesson well. I'll whisper the reason in your ear,—I repeat those lines every hour of every day, and when I am silent *I am speaking them to my heart.*” As he spoke, his voice gradually failed—the spirit that still struggled within him could not wrestle with nature—he burst into an agony of tears. “I shall be better presently,” he observed, as I led him away; “quite well as soon as I get a glass of brandy, with a tablespoonful of cayenne in it.”

In three months more, accident informed me that he was lying on his death-bed. I went to that last sad abode of earthly suffering—a prison, and there I found him;—“to such complexion he had come at last.” Need I say how truly I rejoiced when the hour arrived that set him free for ever? He had erred, and surely he had paid the penalty; and as I turned from the sad scene and all its melancholy accompaniments, I mourned for my unhappy friend, but not as one having no hope.

What an odd work would be “An Analysis of the Betting Ring,”

constructed out of the materials to be had at Hyde Park Corner! Divided into parts, it would consist of two parties, who meet together for the purpose of laying wagers upon certain events, to which end the one party alone possesses the means; ensuring to the other a profit to each, varying from a few hundreds to several thousands a year, according to the extent of his business (technically, engagements). As the latter party has a considerable item to provide for in the shape of travelling expenses, five hundred a year will be a very low estimate at which to put the cost of every Leg employed by the former for its particular use and benefit. I assure the reader I am perfectly serious—never was more in earnest in my life. It is notorious that not one man connected with the ring professionally began life possessed of a groat; and how many of them live under a thousand a year? There is no use in quoting cases, it is so in all. Should you like to see the first step,—the *premier pas* of a Leg,—his chrysalis, to speak it scientifically? Behold a *tableau vivant*.

There used to stand, during the oyster season, at the corner of the Piccadilly Flage in Manchester, a little bare-footed urchin whose stock in trade consisted of a couple of dozens of that fish, of a doubtful character, a soda-water bottle without a neck, containing vinegar, and a brown paper bag filled with a dark-looking powder supposed to be pepper. Not long after he thus commenced business, the gentlemen who drive the cars, and whose rank is upon that pavement, observed that he was realizing rapidly, one of them having actually seen him give a customer, who had spent fourpence with him, the balance out of a shilling. Thus was the great mercantile crisis achieved—the first shilling had been put together. This was about the date of my first acquaintance with him. He had somewhat enlarged the sphere of his action,—had become more eccentric,—might be found at the different race-meetings in the north, where he would hold your horse, or put his hand to any thing (or into any thing indeed, as the rumour ran, but I don't like to be severe). I think it was at York he made his first hit. By some means he had scented out the true reason that a horse was at 20 to 1 against him. Accordingly, having scraped together a sovereign, he took the odds to that sum, posted his blunt, the tit won, and our young fishmonger became the master of a treasure that nearly turned his brain. The richest sight that it ever was my fortune to fall in with was the exhibition made by the oyster dealer, dressed (or *scolloped*, as old B—— called it) the day following his first slice of luck. When I encountered him he was seated on a bench in the Stand, his body in an attitude of elegant negligence, and in the full bloom of the slop-shop. He wore a blue coat, three-quarters bred, with the sleeves a good deal over his knuckles; his vest was “shawl pattern,” amber and scarlet. I forget the never nameables, or most probably I did not notice them at all, being dazzled with that which evidently occupied all his own attention—the fitting-up of his shoes, which consisted of a pair of bows, each about the size of a first-class dairy Cheshire cheese. No doubt it was the first time he was alone. Nothing in broad farce ever came near the style in which he handled his hoofs. First one was gently protruded, then the other paraded;—what had whispered the maxim of Horace to him you knew not, but

there he was industriously examining whether his pair of trotters were a spectacle which

“ Si proprius stes
“ Te capiat majus : majus si longius abstes.”

Since the aurelia was thus perfected he has served his seven years at the trade, and now you see him “as good as any thing at Tattersall’s.” He has long migrated from Lancashire,—has his chambers in town,—rides his blood horse,—goes with a cigar in his cheek, his hands in his pea-jacket pockets,—gives checks on his West-end bankers, and while he holds his tongue might be mistaken for a deluded gentleman’s son. But with him, so it is with the brotherhood: they cannot (with very few exceptions) rid their voice and vocabulary of a scarlet vulgarity and rudeness closely bordering on ruffianism. If it be strange that the characters of these minds do not deter gentlemen from being seen in places which they frequent, how their manners and habits do not disgust every one accustomed to good society, passes my understanding. The effect of custom is proverbial, and there is little doubt but that its influence has alone wrought the anomalism exhibited at Hyde Park Corner. More than half a century ago some chance of fashion gave it the stamp current of a sporting rendezvous. While the whole economy of business and pleasure has since been revolutionized,—while the conveniences and pleasures of life have advanced with every year, there they appear to have come to a “dead lock,” as Byron calls it. And what has been the consequence? That which always results in the social scheme—that where there is no progress there is a retrogression. Fifty years ago, the men now seen at Tattersall’s would not have been tolerated among gentlemen, though the habits of society were infinitely more loose than they are now. Fifty years ago, there were but few places of resort, beyond family circles, protected by any rules against indiscriminate company; provided all comers were decently habited, they mixed with the beaux and wits of the day in the taverns or coffee-houses, then the only places of resort for social purposes. Now all is changed, and certainly for the better. If in civilized life it is necessary that society be divided into various classes, surely nothing can be more convenient than that each should have some common point of assembly, not with reference to business merely, but also to relaxation and conviviality. Such is now the case in all the social divisions, save in that great and important one which relates to the first of our National Sports. The military man has his case provided for with a scrupulous care that has prepared a separate palace for the senior and junior class of his service. The scientific, the travelled, the literary man, the politician, the gambler of *ton* (so that the speculation he pursues cannot tend in any way to serve the public cause), these are all protected from having their peculiar pursuits intruded upon by the exceptionable. They have incorporated themselves, founded institutions appropriate to their particular tendencies, and defended them from all chance of impeachable intrusion, by such regulations of admission as make such an accident next to impossible. The only perfect Metropolitan Saturnalia is to be found at Tattersall’s,

where ("not to speak it profanely") none is before or after another, none greater or less than another.

As to the good or evil which attaches to betting (now and always so component a part of racing), with that I have nothing to do. It was so from the first, is so now, and so will be to the end of the chapter. The object I had in view in offering these Tableaux for public exhibition was, that, having a knowledge of their subjects, I could place them in such lights as would best enable the *designs* to be understood. Thus, in bringing so prominently forward the dark back-ground of Tattersall's, it was because I felt the service that might result from *bringing out* the ominous "shadows" that, in their generation, "have wrought more terror than could the substance of ten thousand soldiers." But here the notice of the picture does not close. There are other points that deserve attention; let us proceed to observe them.

It is not very long since a match for a moderate sum was made between two individuals of sporting celebrity, the horses engaged being of high racing repute. Though the match, as I have said, was for a small sum, the betting, as it frequently happens, was very heavy. On the morning of the race one of the parties sent for the jockey that was to ride for him, and addressed him to this effect:—"I have merely made the match for to-day as a trial for my horse, to see what he can do: you will therefore run with your adversary, so as to enable you to form a judgment of his speed, and let me know your opinion. I don't want you to win, as that would probably prevent my matching my horse again." He had, however, reckoned without his host. The jockey selected was neither the knave nor the fool for his purpose. "If," was the spirited answer, "your — wants me to make a losing race of it, you may ride your horse yourself; I am not the man for your turn." I had this anecdote from the jockey, and I know him too well to think it likely he imposed upon me. He declined giving me the name, but the date, and description of the horses, were clue enough.

Suppose this to have been attempted by a member of a club! Or, to put it better, imagine a member of White's suggesting to one of the servants to supply him with a pack of cut cards for a match at ecarté, or hinting that it would oblige him if a silver spoon were pilfered for his particular benefit! "Such a thing would be known an hour after it was proposed." Granted—and why? Because the concentration of a club brings facts bearing upon it necessarily into a small compass; they are of interest to a focus which is attracting constantly, and as constantly casting up again. We will throw another shade upon our sketch, and look at it in that light. At the late Doncaster Meeting, an individual, well known at the Corner, lost heavily and *levanted*. Even the public papers, generally impressed with a sense of what is due to society, have cautiously avoided mentioning the name of this fellow, "because his father is a man of respectability and a clergyman." What is likely to become of it? That he will effect some swindling compromise with his victims, and be sent to sin again. I have called it by the mild name of swindling, but it is a much more heinous offence.

The man who calls to you to "stand" runs the hazard of your discharging a pistol into his heart; but he who bets with you, knowing himself without the means of paying should he lose, assures himself of your cash in one event, and of being unharmed in the other. How would this have been, had the perpetrator belonged to a club, or any such society of gentlemen? Either there would have existed, probably, some knowledge of his circumstances that would have acted as a caution to those about speculating with him, or when his delinquency became manifest, care would have been taken that he should not "undo more men."

Would I make the turf the Sport of the higher orders,—do I desire to see it become ultra-refined and exclusive? This is the way in which I might be catechised by those who will not understand my position; I reply, as most convenient, by paraphrase. The design with which our racing originated, and that brought it under the patronage of the Government, was, that it might be a medium for uniting popular profit and pleasure. Its legitimate pursuit fulfilled both those objects. Race Courses became places of highly popular resort, and racing produced a rivalry that was of the most essential service in improving our breed of horses. After a time it occurred to some of those who were employed in its details that it might be made a source of *direct* gain also. Of all that ever attempted it, under that impression, none did so with such prospect of success as the celebrated jockey Samuel Chifney. As a business he had been born and bred to riding,—was the most renowned (and justly) in the world of his calling, and his brother William was the first trainer, in respect to "appliances and means to boot," at Newmarket. Surely there was as fair a start as heart could desire. At the period of his entering upon the career of a master of race-horses, Chifney was known to be a man of substance and on the high road to fortune. I am not here going into a detail of that career: as far as such a thing can be, I believe it was attended with very distinguished success. By Priam alone he could not have netted less than ten thousand pounds. And what is he now? a ruined man—an uncertificated bankrupt! A man of property while a trainer for others, William Chifney went upon the Turf on his own account, and is now undone. It may be said, racing did not do this, but extravagance: it leaves my argument as I could desire even so, though I by no means subscribe to the necessity of any such assistant agent. It took them out of their natural position, placed them in a false one, and then destruction followed.

The experiment so fatal to the Chifneys is now being tried upon an extended scale by another of the well-known jockeys of this out-of-joint era—John Day. His success, so far, has been without parallel. Vulgar report assigns him a confederate of such wealth and station that, if it be the case, we shall never arrive at the result of the actual enterprise. If he has taken the field with such support as public opinion attributes to him, he certainly is to be congratulated, which is more than can be said of his implied noble partner, who, though he may stand in his present league "*sans peur*," he unquestionably does not "*sans reproche*."

Nov. 1837.

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At no period since racing became a National Sport in this country was it so pre-eminently popular as the present : never was there so promising an opportunity for purging it of its grossness, and restoring it to its healthy purpose. So long as the present system, as pursued at Tattersall's, continues to influence it, so long must it be obnoxious to monstrous abuse. While a set of notorious knaves are solicited in a manner to take part in its direction, can it be supposed that they will not by every means, fair or foul, seek to influence its economy to suit their own ends? It must be that soon the noble and the principled will emancipate themselves from such an unholy alliance. How long, I ask again, would it be, were the design once taken up in the proper quarter, before a Turf Club could be established in London, that would throw all similar establishments into the shade? Would a single owner of race-horses withhold his subscription from an institution formed for the service of the sport he patronises? I cannot think it. Let there be no limit to the qualification, save such as the laws of society among us make imperative. I would advocate the principle that it be without restriction as to the nature of the games of chance or skill permitted to be introduced. Men should take care of themselves. It would be a ridicule to attempt strait-lacing a society of such a nature. All I hope for and trust in is, that we shall not long be suffered to remain without one place in our Metropolis where gentlemen may meet together, to conduct the business of our noblest national sports, unintruded upon by vulgar impertinence, and safe from the designs of those whose existence depends upon the successful exercise of their knavery.

ALPHA AND OMEGA.

By T. W. AVELING. From the Christain Keepsake.

FROM the deep blue heavens arose on high ;
 Or e'er the depths of thundering seas were laid ;
 Or glittering stars shone 'mid the curtain'd sky ;
 Or giant mountains flung their lengthen'd shade :
 Before the hosts of heaven, with radiant wings,
 Glorious, were in their shining ranks arrayed ;
 He liv'd—the great First Cause, who all things made.
 And when the heaven-appointed moment brings
 The flaming fire that all created things
 Consumes, and when the drops of Time's deep sea
 Are lost within thy waves, Eternity !
 And Darkness o'er the world her mantle flings ;
 From everlasting, He, with dreaded name,
 T o everlasting, still shall be the same.

THE LIFE AND WRITINGS OF CONFUCIUS.

By P. P. THOMS,

[Entered at Stationers' Hall.*]

THE FIRST PART OF THIS ARTICLE IS A TRANSLATION FROM A WORK
THAT TREATS OF THE THREE RELIGIONS OF CHINA.

CONFUCIUS was born in the reign of the Emperor Ling-wang (B. C. 563), in the village Kwan-le, near the district Chang-ping of Keüh-fow, of the state Loo, in the province Shan-tung. His ancestors were natives of the state Sung, which formed part of Hoo-pih province. Kung-fang-süh, Confucius's grandfather, left his place of nativity in consequence of the commotion occasioned by a person named Sung-hwa-tih, and repaired to the state Loo, where was born to him a son called Pih-hea. Pih-hea was the father of Süh-leang-yih, whose son was called Mäng-pe, otherwise Pih-ne, who died in infancy. Süh-leang-yih, either in consequence of the death of his wife, or from her becoming sterile, married a person named Yen-she, who bore Confucius on Kang tsze day of the eleventh month of the twenty-first year of Duke SEANG, who presided over the state Loo, which had declared itself independent.

We are informed by tradition, that on the morning of the day when Confucius was born, two dragons were seen playing on the top of the house, and that five immortal beings, who reside in the stars, entered Yen-she's room, and then disappeared. No sooner had they departed than the mother of Confucius heard celestial music, issuing, as it were from the centre of the room, and a voice which said, "We announce the birth of a holy child;" this was succeeded by the music of several instruments. Thus the narrator observes, the birth of the First Holy (Confucius) differed materially from that of ordinary persons; even while a child there was something extraordinary in his appearance. From an indentation on the apex of his head, he obtained the name Kew, "a declivity," and was also called Chung-ne. According to the work Ke-le, Süh-leang-yih, Confucius's father died before the birth of his illustrious son, and was buried at Fang-shang, in the state Loo.

Confucius, during his childhood, was remarkably lively, and fond of playing with a kind of trencher, and the measure tow; and, as he grew up, was particular in observing the established usages in visiting, &c. In the work before us, Confucius is said to have acquired the height of nine Chinese cubits, and to have measured forty-nine inches round the waist, which is twice the height and size of an ordinary Chinese; and that on his breast were the following words,—"Appointed to give precepts that will tranquillize the age."†

* This paper has been entered at Stationers' Hall, as the annexed "Extract" forms part of an elaborate illustrated History of the early reigns of China, and is a specimen of the author's talent and research. When published, it will be found to be the most extensive work that has yet appeared relating to China.

† The book from which this is translated, not being a standard work, but designed to serve the three prevailing religions, some allowance should be made for a little hyperbole in the first part of the life of Confucius, which will not be required in what follows, taken from the standard history of China. In many instances the works are highly corroborative of each other.

The same work observes, in a kind of Chinese phrenological language, that on turning Confucius's head and observing its form, there was a *flowing*, or placid countenance; a *corner* of the moon with a *fixed* sun was to be seen, &c. When he sat down he was as a dragon (dignified); when he stood up, he resembled the Fung or Phoenix on its legs (stately); his eyes were like clouds (in motion); and when he went forth, he was like the sun (impetuous). His ears hung down like pearls, &c., and he possessed a powerful voice. It is farther remarked, that in the formation of his head he resembled the ancient emperor Tang-yaou; in his forehead, that of Shun; and in the crown of his head, that of Kaou-yaou: thus in him were concentrated the virtues of the ancients:—possessing the knowledge of a divine being, nothing was abstruse to him; he was therefore an able successor to the ancient emperors Füh-he, Tang-yaou, Yu-shun, and Duke Chow.

Confucius had scarcely held an appointment for a year at Chung-too, under Duke Sing, before all the nobles adopted his mode of administering justice. During the ninth year he was called to the government of a city; in the tenth, he was made a Sze-kung officer, an under-minister of state; and in the eleventh, he was exalted to the office of Sze-too, a species of prime minister. In the course of the fourteenth year, he put to death the rebellious minister Shaou-ching-maou, when all the affairs of the state were referred to him. In the short space of three months peace was restored, and so much confidence prevailed that plunder, generally speaking, was not known. Confucius enacted a law requiring men and women to walk on different sides of the road, and that the road should not be given up to the honourable; that is, the poor were not required to make way for their superiors. Such was the confidence inspired by these regulations, that strangers from every quarter repaired to the capital of Loo, as an attendant officer was now unnecessary to ensure them a safe return to their own country. Confucius by his lofty principles of morality and extensive virtues was able to accomplish this important change.

* Confucius, on resigning his appointment, became the pupil of a person named Sze-seang, of whom he learnt to play on the Kin instrument, and moreover studied the rules of Propriety under Laou-yen; after which he quitted the state Loo for forty years, during which time he visited all the other states of China, inculcating principles of respect on the part of the younger branches of the family to their seniors—reverence from children to their parents—love and affection between husband and wife—and loyalty and fidelity between minister and prince—with other moral and beneficial maxims.

In the eleventh year of the reign of Duke Gae, Confucius returned from the state Wei to the state Loo, when he revised and published a new edition of *The She-king** and *Shoo-king*,* and established the

* Choo-foo-tze in his preface to the *She-king* informs us that; “during the early reigns, the sovereigns of China made tours throughout the kingdom, when the poetical productions of the day were collected and submitted to them, the pieces that excelled were recorded. During the two reigns Chaou and Müh this usage was adhered to, but was afterwards discontinued. When owing to commotions the seat of the government was removed to the east of the empire, poetry was no longer cultivated. Confucius lived during this period; but he possessed not the power of influencing the go-

national usages and national music,] with the Six Arts: namely, Etiquette, Music, Archery, Driving, Belle-lettres, and Notation. It is said that he was now so delighted with the Yih-king (a metaphysical work), that, by reading it night after night, his copy required thrice to be bound in leather. Having surmounted the difficulties of that ancient work, he communicated at the northern gate of the city its principles to his three thousand disciples, who again diffused them to his 60,000 followers in the different states, among whom were seventy-two persons of eminence.

It is further said, that the ominous animal Ke-ling,* previous to the birth of Confucius, appeared at Keü-le, when it cast forth a book in which mention was made that "the son of pure water would succeed in restoring tranquillity to the state Chow," which for years had been the scene of great carnage. Yen-she, the mother of Confucius, in her astonishment, seized the animal and bound round one of its horns a piece of embroidery, when at night it disappeared. We are also informed that in the fourteenth year of Gae-kung, Süh-sung-she, Chay-tze, and Too-shang, repaired to Se-yih to hunt, when they killed a Ke-ling, which was considered an inauspicious omen. Confucius on seeing it said, "Alas! the Ke-ling will never appear again;" and throwing his flowing sleeve over his arm, he shed tears so profusely that they fell on his dress. Süh-sung-she being surprised at the conduct of Confucius, enquired the cause of his grief. The Ke-ling was produced, and Confucius, noticing the embroidery, exclaimed, "My course is run!" Shortly after he was taken ill, but kept his bed only seven days, and died in his seventy-third year, on the Sze-noo day of the fourth month of the sixteenth year of the reign of Duke Shwae, and was buried to the south of the city Loo.

During the following year Duke Gae caused a temple to be raised in honour of him, on the site of the house he had occupied, whither his disciples all repaired, and dwelt in mat sheds erected around the temple, mourning for three years the death of their great teacher. At the expiration of that time, after offering sacrifice to the manes of the departed, with weeping, they all returned to their habitations, except Tze-kung, who remained six years and then returned to his family. In the temple, besides a tablet in honour of Confucius, was placed his wardrobe, his Kin and Sih musical instruments, his library, and also his carriage. Here his disciples with the inhabitants constantly repair

versant to admonish the slothful—repress the froward—degrade the vicious—and to promote the virtuous. When he compiled the She-king, he excluded repetition and corrected what was not expressive.—Sentiments that were not adequate to form a precept, and those that had a vicious tendency, and did not afford a warning, were by him laid aside. Here the student and lover of antiquity obtains information with regard to the virtues and vices of the ancients. Here a virtuous man finds a preceptor, the profligate character motives to change his mode of living. The laws of poetry then laid down, though not adopted, have since become models for ten thousand ages; thus the odes of that age afford instruction to the present day."—*Choo-foo-tse*.

The Shoo-king is a very valuable work. It contains the sayings and many of the speeches and other documents of the early sovereigns of China. Chinese history is greatly indebted to this compilation.

* This animal is often spoken of in early history as appearing on occasions of great national prosperity.

to worship; hence it is a proverbial saying that Confucius's temple is never without worshippers.

The emperor Kaou-tsoo of the Han Dynasty (B. C. 189), on visiting the state Loo, repaired to the temple and sacrificed several whole animals to Confucius, when he bestowed on him the posthumous title of "The Most Holy King Wän-seuen." The ode says,

"Behold the splendour of that temple,
Where the virtuous and holy are revered!—
The dignity of his cap and dress are such,
That the devout cannot but worship.

The sovereign of Han, revering the scholar,
In state repaired to the village to worship,
When he offered splendid sacrifices,
Which for ages will never be surpassed."

THE FOLLOWING EXTRACT OCCURS IN THOM'S MANUSCRIPT HISTORY
OF THE EARLY REIGNS OF CHINA, TRANSLATED FROM
AUTHENTIC DOCUMENTS.

CONFUCIUS, as we have before stated, was born at the state Loo,* in the province Shang-tung, during the 21st year of the emperor Ling-wang. He was contemporary with Pythagoras, and prior to the days of Socrates. Confucius had two brothers younger than himself; one was named Tsze-loo and the other Tsze-yō, who are afterwards spoken of as his disciples. The emperor Ling-wang died during the 25th year of his reign, and was succeeded by the emperor King-wang. At the age of fifteen Confucius devoted himself to study. In the thirteenth year of the emperor King-wang, Confucius was appointed a Wei-she officer, or keeper of grain. The historian remarks, he submitted to receive this menial appointment because he was poor. He married when only nineteen years old, and had a son whom he named Le-yu, 'Carp fish!' in consequence of Chaou-kung, the duke of Loo, sending him a present of carp. He was next appointed a Sze-chih-le officer, a kind of commissary, having charge of cattle and grain. In the course of his twenty third year, Confucius left the state Loo, and repaired to the Imperial capital, being desirous of making himself acquainted with the principles of the ancient governments of the dynasties Hea and Yin, foreseeing that anarchy and strife would ere long prevail at Loo. Tranquillity having been restored, Confucius, it is mentioned, was the following year again at Loo, whence during the 11th month of the same year he repaired to the state Tse, when Duke King questioned him respecting government, to which he replied, "A prince should act as a prince, a minister as a minister, a father as a father, and a son as a son." The duke responded, "Excellent;" and added, "To be considered a prince, yet in conduct not a prince; a minister, yet not a minister; a father, yet not a father; a son, yet not a son; what would it avail me even were I certain of my appointment for life!" While at Tse, Confucius was so delighted with the music of that state, that he remarked, "For three months I have disregarded the flavour of the meat I have eaten, not

* In the "Memoire des Chinois," Confucius is represented as a man of colour. This is by no means probable, as Shan-tung is on the north-east part of China.

conceiving that music could be brought to such perfection." In the tenth year of the emperor King-wang, Confucius left the state Tse and returned to Loo. The late king of Loo, with the rulers of several other states, were now under the necessity of seeking shelter in one state after another. When Confucius again left Loo, Duke King a second time questioned him concerning government, upon which Confucius replied, "In governing well, economy is essential." The Duke, delighted with Confucius, was desirous of bestowing on him the land called Ne-yü, but the minister Gan-ying objected to the measure. On another occasion Duke King was desirous of uniting him to a distinguished female, probably a relative; but Confucius declined the courtesan offer, and under the plea of age requested to return to his native village. The contemporary historian remarks how lamentable it was that Duke King should have been unable to employ Confucius in his government, owing to political strife and extravagance. It would appear that the whole nation at this time was in a highly excited state, there being no less than eighteen independent states.

Confucius, during the fourteenth year of King-wang, having disengaged himself from state affairs, compiled, or rather revised, the *SHU-KING*, and wrote the *LE-KE*, as well as an *ESSAY ON MUSIC*. The *Shu-king* consists of four parts; viz. National Odes; Lesser and Greater Elegant Extracts, in verse, and Eulogies. It is said that he threw up his appointment in consequence of the haughtiness of the minister Letsun, with the insurrection occasioned by Yang-hoo; when on returning home he compiled these works. The *Le-ke* work treats of the Etiquette due from one state to another—from inferiors to superiors—and of the rites and ceremonies of worship—as well as of domestic arrangements. To the *Le-ke* work, and the triennial examination of the literati, it is probable that the Chinese are indebted for that one-ness of mind, and those prevailing customs throughout so vast an empire. Indeed if we consider the benefit that has resulted, and will still accrue to the Chinese from the writings of Confucius, we can scarcely sufficiently appreciate those occurrences, by no means uncommon, whereby persons of opposite dispositions are brought in contact; who, by not coalescing, separate, as in the case of the ministers of Duke King and Confucius, whereby the latter enters on an achievement that tends to renovate a people—crowning him with honours, which shall endure to the latest posterity.

During the nineteenth year of King-wang, Dukes Shan-püh-noo and Fei-pwan sent for Confucius, requiring him to repair to Peih-kwö. The Lun-yü thus relates the circumstance: "A misunderstanding existing between the governors, the matter was referred to Confucius, who was desirous of proceeding to the appointed place. His pupil Tze-loo advising him said, 'Not so; wherefore should you wait on them?' Confucius replied, 'They have sent for me, why should I not proceed? Having employment for me, why should I not serve them as I did at Tung-chow? Although Fei-pwan be not powerful, yet the people are numerous. I am therefore intent on proceeding to Peih-kwö, that I may diffuse correct principles.'"

When the sovereign of Loo appointed Confucius a Chung-too-tsae minister, the latter, among other measures, directed his attention to

device plans for preserving the lives of the people, and to ensure the interment of the dead. It was at this time he enacted his celebrated law, by which the young eat apart from those of a mature age; women walk apart from the men; the dead lie interred among the hills in coffins that are four inches thick, the brick work of the vault or grave being five inches thick. It is stated that before a year elapsed these reformatory measures were adopted by all the nobles of the several states. But, when they were first proposed, the Duke of Loo asked "what were to be the results of such a system?" Confucius replied, "If peace is to be given to the empire, why should it not commence with the state Loo?" The measure thus introduced by Confucius is doubtless the origin of the existing custom of women eating, nay, living, apart from the other branches of the family, as well as walking alone when they visit their friends in cases of sickness or weddings, or when on special occasions they repair to the temples, which is seldom. The wealthier classes repair in sedan-chairs. The etiquette requiring the junior branches of the family to wait till their elder brothers commence eating, may have tended considerably to establish that respect for seniority which in well-conducted families has attracted the attention of many Europeans.

About this time, in consequence of a father and son criminating each other, Confucius threw the son into prison for three months. The father interceded for his son. The magistrate Le-tsun at first paid no attention to his entreaties. Pih-shwō, another magistrate, remarked, "If you do not desist importuning, the Sze-kow (Confucius) will consider himself insulted." When Confucius was personally applied to, he replied, "In the national house nothing is so important as filial respect. Once I put a person to death that I might teach the people filial piety. What! and would you forgive such a rebellious son! Those that will not enforce the principles of filial respect, nor listen to it, ought to suffer imprisonment, and even death."

During the twenty-third year of King-wang, Confucius was appointed prime-minister of the state Loo. The historian Seven-tze observes, "Confucius within seven days of his appointment put the minister Shaou-ching-maou to death." His disciples interrogating him said, "Shaou-ching-maou being a native of Loo, and a person of note, and you having but just commenced your administration, have you not erred in putting him to death?" Confucius replied, "There are five classes of wicked persons, amongst whom the plunderer is not included: the first of those comprehends persons who will have their own way, let the consequences be what they may; the second is a class of persons who will pertinaciously adhere to any notion they may have entertained; the third includes those who, knowing what they have asserted to be false, will defend it as if it were true; the fourth may be denoted a class of persons who, remembering the failings of others, take pleasure in publishing them to their injury; and the fifth is a class of persons that will associate with those who are known to be disaffected, till they imbibed their principles. Of these five classes, the fifth is that to which no lenity should be shown, but they should suffer capitally by the decree of

the prince. With such Shaou-ching-maou associated. In his native place he assembled the people and addressed them with artful and declamatory harangues, whereby they were deceived. Ought he not therefore to be slain! For a similar cause the emperor Ching-tang put Yen-choo to death, as an example which was followed by Wan-wang, Fan-ching, and many other princes."

Shortly after Confucius had been appointed prime-minister of Loo, the sovereign of Tse proposed sending New-yö, a beautiful woman, as a present to the sovereign of that state; about which time Confucius threw up his appointment and repaired to the state Wei. The modern editions of the Le-ke state, "That the sovereign of Tse, learning of Confucius's appointment to the government of Loo, which bordered on that of Tse, became afraid that he would encroach on his territory, and was therefore intent on war. One Le-choo proposed that an attempt should be made on his life. But fearing that in this they might not succeed, it was decided that eighty of the most beautiful women of the state Tse, dressed in elegant apparel, accompanied by music, and riding on horseback, should be sent as a present to the sovereign of Loo and his ministers. When the cavalcade arrived at the southern gate, the minister Le-hwan-tze saw them in private, and afterwards received New-yö into his own mansion. This circumstance led that minister to neglect his official duties. Confucius, knowing the object the sovereign of Tse had in view when he sent the above-described present, or foreseeing the impossibility of establishing good and wholesome measures, threw up his appointment and retired." The work Tsien-pên observes, that "Confucius was now more than fifty years of age, and was revered by all the *literati* throughout the empire. We are moreover informed, that Le-hwan-tze having received New-yö, and refusing to repair to court, it became expedient that Confucius should withdraw and secrete himself."

During the twenty-fourth year of the emperor King-wang, Confucius was under the necessity of quitting the state Wei, and repairing to that of Chen, whence, fearing the haughty Yang-hoo and others, he returned to Wei. In the following year Confucius proceeded to the state Tsaou. In the ninth month of that year he left Tsaou and visited the states Sung, Ching, and Chen. In the state Sung it was his custom to sit in the open air under a large tree, and give his instructions, till Hwan-kwei, the Sze-ma officer, attempted to kill him, probably for reprobating his conduct. When Confucius left that state, his disciples asked, "Wherefore quit so precipitately?" Confucius replied, "Heaven having endowed me with virtue and noble principles, what would not Hwan-kwei do to me?" In the twenty-seventh year of the reigning emperor, Confucius left the state Ching and returned to Wei; then he repaired to Chen. In the twenty-ninth year he left Chen for Tse. The Tsien-pên remarks, "As Confucius could not enter any state which was subject to restrictions, the same impracticability presented itself in those parts where any commotion prevailed; he therefore thought of returning to his native state Loo, for Duke Ling, governor of the state Wei, was a man void of principle." From the situation of the several states, Confucius must have travelled over the whole of China, or very nearly so.

During the thirty-first year of the emperor King-wang, Confucius, while residing at Tso-yê, in the state Tse, received an envoy from the people of Tsoo, inviting him to come and dwell among them—an invitation he did not fail to accept. The prince of Tsoo dying in the seventh month of that year, Confucius repaired to Wei. In the thirty-fifth year, Confucius visited Chen, whence he repaired again to Wei. During the thirty-sixth year the state Tse made war on the state Loo. In the autumn of this year Confucius repaired to his native state. The Tso-she work records, "That the people of Loo sent presents to Confucius, and entreated him to return and dwell among them." The Le-ke thus accounts for the cause of his return: The leaders Yen-yew and Le-kang-tze were opposing the forces of Tse. Le-kang-tze asked of whom he had learnt his plan of attack? Yen-yew replied, "That he had learnt it from Confucius." Le-kang-tze replied, "What if I send for Confucius?" The other observed, "If you send for him, none but despicable persons will offer resistance;" whereupon Le-kang-tze, Chûh-kung, Hwa-kung, and Pin-kung bought presents, which they sent to Confucius, and requested his return to his native state Loo, with which solicitation he complied.

The Le-ke further observes, "That when the governor of Loo was unable to employ Confucius in his government, on account of intrigue and other causes, Confucius did not solicit to be retained. At this time the power of the Emperor of China was merely nominal. The ancient usages and customs with its music, owing to the civil wars which had rent the empire into petty states, had nearly passed away, and its odes were neglected. To remedy this evil, Confucius collected all the materials that he could from the time of the emperors Fûh-he, Shin-nung, and Hwang-te to his own day. From selections from these materials the works before mentioned, we are told, were compiled; which, the historian adds, "will remain a lasting monument of his industry, extensive mind, and correct feelings."

During the thirty-ninth year of the emperor King-wang, Confucius wrote the Chun-tsew history (Spring and Autumn, as its name implies, having commenced it in spring and finished it in autumn). Măng-tze (or Mencius), alluding to this work, says, "At a period when the correct principles of justice and benevolence were not to be mentioned—when infidelity boldly walked forth—when the minister put his sovereign to death—and the son killed his parent—Confucius, smitten with astonishment, wrote the work Chun-tsew (the Affairs of Governors and Emperors)." Confucius, on completing the work, remarked, that "those who wished to know his political principles must read the Chun-tsew, for it was calculated to make the tyrant tremble." To the European reader, this work would appear little more than a list of princes who presided over various states, which they or their predecessors had declared independent of the imperial authority, with an account of their short reigns and violent deaths, &c. As it was written when the civil war prevailed, and when states and princes changed their names as well as their policy, the Chun-tsew history has been invaluable to the statesman and to the historian. In praise of this work it has been remarked, "That the

Divine Yu, in dispersing of the waters of the deluge saved the lives of thousands ; but Confucius, by compiling the Chun-tsew has established a law, a *right of hereditary descent*, whereby the lives of millions will be preserved." During the short period of which it treats, no less than twenty-six rulers were murdered by the people, and fifty-six nobles perished or fled, being unable to govern the state over which they presided.



[The above Engraving represents Confucius explaining the six classical works to his disciple.]

On the 12th of the 4th month of the 41st year of the emperor King-

wang, died **THE HOLY AND ILLUSTRIOUS CONFUCIUS**, aged seventy-three years, in the state Loo. The *Lo-ke* informs us that Confucius rose early, and on taking his walking-stick, he began to tremble as he approached the door. He then repeated the following lines :—

“Oh! the great mountain is falling,
Oh! the main beam is breaking,—
The wise man is but a faded leaf!”

Shortly after he re-entered his room and sate down. His disciple Tze-kung hearing him utter the above lines, replied as follows :—

“Since the great mountain is falling, I will come and gaze;
While the main beam is breaking, shall I not seek a crook?
If the wise man be as a leaf, shall I not afford him support?”

Confucius now felt himself ill, and it would appear that he entered his disciple's room with a hasty step, and said in a remonstrating tone, “Wherefore are you so long coming? When *Hou-she* of the *Hsia* dynasty was taken ill, and was at the top of the *Lung-kae* apartments, her attendants were with her in an instant.”

Confucius expired after seven days' illness, and was buried at *Pih-sze*, near the city Loo. He was followed to the grave by all the eminent *literati*, and most of the inhabitants of the city of Loo; who yearly offer sacrifice to him. At his sacred tomb, all who aspire to literary eminence repair to show their respect to his great virtues, as well as all those who exercise the bow, when the latter drink to his memory. It is said that his grave is exactly a Chinese mile from the city, and that one hundred Chinese acres of land are assigned to it by the government, the greater part of which is probably as a guarantee that it shall be kept in repair. The grave, or rather the wall that encloses it, is twelve Chinese cubits or fourteen English feet high. The tablet in front, which records the name of Confucius, is made of tiles, and is six cubits high. From the grave the earth is sloped off, where a hundred trees are planted, sent by governors of different states—each tree being peculiar to the soil over which the respective chiefs presided. Beyond the enclosure, and intended as a fence, are planted numerous trees that bear excellent fruit. Neither the thorn nor any shrub that would injure a person is allowed to grow there.

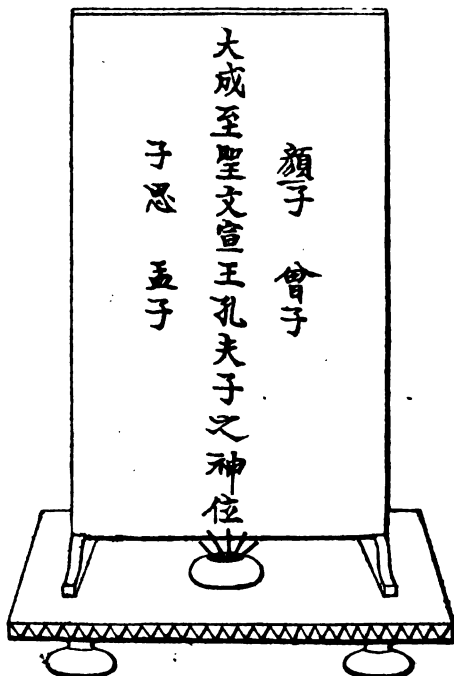
The *Lew-joo* remarks, “That since the days of *Fuh-he* there have been many sovereigns who possessed wisdom and who governed well, and whose names have been transmitted to posterity; but that for a thousand years to come we may not expect any one who shall resemble Confucius. The prince, the minister, the father, the son, the man of integrity and justice, may therefore extol his doctrines, while the most uncivilized of our neighbouring states cannot withhold from him their tribute of praise.”

In later periods the works of this eminent man have received that attention which they justly merited. His writings, and those of his disciples who record his sayings, are to the Chinese in a moral view what the sacred Scriptures are to Christians. A thorough acquaintance with his works, a knowledge of the *Four Books*,* and the *princi-*

* The writer of the *Life of Confucius* in the *Encyclopædia Britannica* is in an error when he states that the *Four Books* are the writings of Confucius. The *Ta-ho*, the first of the *Four Books*, was written by *Tsing-tse*, and treats of self-government, the possession of which enables a prince to govern virtuously. The Second Book is entitled *Chung-Yung*, “The Great Medium,” and was written by *Tsze-sze*; it points out the moral and

ples they maintain, may raise the peasant to the highest offices in the state; hence they are used in schools, and are the text books for all the triennial examinations throughout the empire. Divine honours have been bestowed on meritorious individuals, in Europe and elsewhere, but few or none have been so highly eulogized as Confucius. He, in every province, in every city, in every district, in every hamlet, and in almost every house for upwards of two thousand years, has had a temple or altar raised to him; and before it have bowed all the sovereigns that have reigned since his day, and the learned and virtuous of every succeeding age. As the circle occasioned by the agitation of the water gradually extends the more widely, so does the renown of Confucius increase, as his fame is handed down, and is literally, as his admirers say, "A model for ten thousand ages."

Since the days of Confucius the religious sects of Taou and Shih have been instituted, but all who profess letters in China revere "The most holy Confucius." The founder of the Han dynasty, in consequence of repairing to the temple of Confucius, offering sacrifice, with genuflections and incense, bestowed on him the posthumous title of "the Most Holy King Wán-senén," which may be rendered, "the Most Holy Intellectual King." According to the Shing-Maou-



che, there are upwards of fifteen hundred and sixty state temples, where

virtuous duties which are required of every statesman. The Third Book is the *Lun-ye*, and contains the sayings and maxims of Confucius and the ancient sages; and the Fourth Book is by Ming-tze or Mencius, which contains many very beautiful aphorisms with much that relates to the ancient as well as the then existing government.

sacrifices are regularly offered to Confucius in Spring and Autumn. Before these temples the civil and military officers of the government never pass without alighting and entering, and offering incense; neither do they dare pass the temple in their sedan-chairs. Of the seventy-two disciples, and three thousand followers, there were four more eminent than the rest, whose names are Yen-tsze, Hwuy-tsze, Tsze-sze, and Mäng-tsze. These were much beloved by their great master, and were the compilers of the "Four Books" of Confucius. Their names are placed in pairs on each side of the inscription. The centre column signifies "The Altar of the God Kung-foo-tsze (Confucius), the greatly perfect and most Holy King Wän-seuen."* On the right are the names Yen-tsze, Hwuy-tsze; on the left Tsze-sze and Mäng-tsze, mentioned above. This is the tablet worshipped by all the *literati*, who, with the monarch, before they enter the temple, bathe, and fast for three days. On entering, they offer incense and make prostrations; they then pour out libations of tea, and again make prostrations so as to touch the ground with their foreheads; after which they offer whole animals, such as sheep, goats, pigs, fowls, articles of confectionery, and all kinds of fruit, which are placed before the altar. On these occasions the emperor is attended by sixty-four musicians, who play while he prostrates himself, and is assisted by other persons in offering gold and silver paper, made in the form of houses, boats, clothes, attendants, &c., which are burnt, and are supposed to pass into the other state for the use of the departed. The ministers of state and officers of the government make the same kind of offerings, but are only allowed, according to their rank, either forty or thirty-two musicians with other persons to assist them. The *literati*, who have not acquired rank, when they worship, are not allowed to offer animal sacrifice, but merely paper offerings, with libations of tea, and are attended, whatever may be their wealth, by only sixteen musicians. There is no literary person throughout China who does not worship Confucius.

The *literati* are not by law restricted to worship Confucius only, but adore many gods. The emperor in autumn also offers worship in behalf of himself and the nation to Tëen and Te, "Heaven and Earth," a ceremony which he performs on a raised altar in the open air, attended by the whole court. The nobles worship the mountains, rivers, and the produce of the earth, such as grain, &c., these having been created, or being the principal works of creation, by Yüh-te, "The

* The first Romish priests that entered China, allowing their converts to offer incense to Confucius, and repair the tombs of their ancestors, and to present to them offerings with libations, made numerous converts. It was said, by other priests, who succeeded them, that these converts differed nothing from the idolatrous Chinese. The pope of Rome being referred to respecting the future discipline of the church, instructions were issued that a stricter conformity to the principles of Christianity should be observed. This leading to a misunderstanding among the priests, the one party referring all matters of dispute to the pope of Rome, and the other to the emperor of China,—the latter finding that the dissatisfied party and the pope laid down laws for his people, instantly issued an order for suppressing the Catholic religion in his empire;—a persecution ensued, hundreds were imprisoned, and the priests were compelled to quit the country. Though there are Roman catholics in China, there are few who do not venerate the name of Confucius, and pay annual respect to his ancestors. But no European priest since that time has been allowed to enter the country.

Almighty." There is an officer appointed to make a triennial sacrifice to the mountains and rivers. The officers of government, the gentry, and the people are by custom restricted to worship the gods Heuen-tëen, "Supreme Ruler, in heaven;" "Imperial and Queen Earth;" "Yü-hwang and Tung-hwa," who are styled emperors; the ancient worthies, as they term Shin-nung, Hwang-te, and their immediate successors; also the holy Kaou-tsoo, the founder of the Han-dynasty. It is remarkable that in all this religious ceremony there is no confession of sin—it is merely propitiatory worship.*

To return: Confucius, like Aristotle, restricted his notions to three practical studies; viz. Ethics, Policy, and Economy. Of the first of these principles, the *Le-ke* is a very extensive and valuable work to the Chinese themselves, and has greatly tended, as we have before remarked, to make them a people of one mind; while the other writings of Confucius (not to mention the Four Books written by his disciples, containing his sayings, and in which a system of political policy is advocated) also inculcate the necessity of subordination, whether it be that of wealth, or mind, or age. This doctrine being once established, the right of the monarch to govern according to correct principles is a necessary inference; consequently a disloyal subject is an undutiful subject; and this appellation in the *Shing-yu*, a work written by the emperor YUNG-CHING, is applied to all classes of persons who strive to defeat the civil law, based on Confucius's principles of respect for the powers that are appointed. The *Ta-heö*, one of the Four Books, has the following passage: "The excellence of a prince consists in being pre-eminently benevolent; that of a minister, in respect for his prince; that of a child, in dutifulness to his parent; that of a parent, in an affectionate regard for his child; and the utmost excellence of a member of society consists in fidelity." The principle of subjection and deference is thus farther illustrated: "If an entire family possess benevolence, a nation may become benevolent; when disorder exists in a family, a whole nation may become disorderly. When a man covets to be cruel, a whole nation is thrown into anarchy. Thus, while the emperors Yaou and Shun governed the empire with just principles, the people imitated them; but when the sovereigns Këë and Chow ruled over the empire with cruelty, the people in their manners became cruel and licentious; and when afterwards they were required to do that which was contrary to what they had been taught to love, the people refused to comply. If, therefore, a prince seek for pleasure and gratification, and should hereafter need help from those who are not allowed their pleasure and gratification,—would he have the help of the people? To govern a nation well, you must be able to govern well a family. From this it is evident that the actions of one man may decide the fate of a nation." Again, "As wealth enables one to adorn and render

* The Rev. John Harris, of Epsom, has remarked, "The Chinese are in appearance all idolaters—in reality all Atheists,—to whom all truth is a fable—and all virtue a mystery." While we admit that the Chinese are idolaters, we by no means subscribe to their being considered a *nation of Atheists*. A people that offers worship to the presiding spirit of rivers and mountains, to the departed, to the heavens and the earth, and the ruling powers therein, may be considered Polytheists, but not Atheists. We think also that the above life will show that they do not consider that "all truth is fable," nor "all virtue a mystery."

comfortable a mansion ; so virtue, when possessed, adorns and benefits one's person. When the heart is enlarged by virtue, the person enjoys rest—it is thus that the eminently good man realizes his wishes." Speaking of himself, Confucius has remarked, "There are four things which give me great uneasiness ; 1st.—That I have made so little progress in virtue ; 2nd.—That I did not more intensely prosecute my studies ; 3rd.—That I am not more active in disseminating virtuous principles ; and 4th.—That I am not daily more watchful over my own heart and actions."

"Though Confucius was survived by only a grandson, the succession has continued through sixty-seven or sixty-eight generations to the present day, in the district where their great ancestor was born. The heads of the family have enjoyed the rank of nobility ; and in the time of the emperor Kang-he, 1820, the number of descendants amounted to eleven thousand males."

In conclusion it may not be improper to remark, that Confucius, Zoroaster, and Mohammed, are undoubtedly the three most distinguished men who have acquired great veneration in Asia, and who have been worshipped after their death. Zoroaster may be considered the lawgiver of the ancient Persians, Confucius the moral philosopher of the Chinese, and Mohammed the most successful of the three, the martial and religious leader of the Asiatic Osmanlis.

It is also worth noticing, that, while Confucius was by his virtue, example, and instructions, forwarding morals and happiness in China, Pythagoras was establishing a philosophical school at Crotona, and spreading civilization and prosperity amongst his contemporaries. But, what seems truly wonderful is, that about the same epoch that Confucius put to death Shaou-ching-maou in consequence of his oppressing and demoralizing the people, Brutus was at the head of the Romans destroying monarchical despotism and immorality in Italy.

A RAMBLE IN PARIS BY NIGHT,

WRITTEN FOR THE MONTHLY MAGAZINE,

BY A FRENCH AUTHOR OF CELEBRITY.

READER, it is to the Statistical Society I must first introduce you. This is the third Tuesday in the month; and as the debates are invariably amusing, if not always absolutely instructive, I seldom fail to attend the meeting, which is held in a handsome apartment in the Place Vendôme.

The debates had already commenced when I entered the room; and the Secretary was employed in reading the *proces-verbal* of the transactions of the Society at the previous meeting. The Duke de Montmorenci was in the chair. He is a man of a tall and robust form, florid countenance, and aristocratic mien—a true specimen of the *noblesse* of the old *regime*. On the right hand of that distinguished personage sat the Duke de Doudeauville, an ancient and faithful follower of Charles the Tenth. Though decorated with all the honours of Europe, he wore nothing at his button-hole save the ribbon that denoted the order of Saint Louis. It would have perhaps exemplified better taste, and a greater respect for the “powers that be,” had his Grace condescended to have worn the cross of the Legion of Honour. The Duke de Doudeauville is an old man of about sixty-five, with a long face, diminutive figure, infirm appearance, and somewhat vacant look. He is, however, a man of erudition and considerable natural ability, and entertains a high sense of the importance of rank, talent, and wealth, in every community.

On the left hand of the Duke de Montmorenci was seated M. César Moreau, founder of the Statistical Society, and formerly French Consul in London; and immediately opposite to him was Count Legrand, one of the handsomest and most gentlemanly men I have ever had the felicity of being acquainted with. Next to him was M. Julien de Paris, an individual well known in the times of the Revolution and during the reign of Terror as a young man of great promise and humane disposition, and as an *employé* in the military administration under Robespierre. He is now celebrated as one of the most eminent of the French *littérati*; and it was he who, in conjunction with M. Amaury Duval, founded the *Revue Encyclopedique*, a model of taste, utility, and learning. Oh! what secrets could that man divulge—secrets intimately connected with Saint-Just, Robespierre, Danton, Carrier, Fouquier Tinville, &c.,—secrets that would haphazard cast a new light on the minds and actions of those celebrated individuals, and perhaps by demonstrating the purity of the intentions of Robespierre, rescue his name from a portion of that obloquy which posterity casts upon it,—secrets that might prove the real humanity of his disposition, although his deeds be written with a quill dipped in blood,—secrets calculated to demonstrate that which in France is still a theory relative to the enormities, committed during the Directory, to produce an eventual good!

Next to M. Jullien de Paris I noticed the Marquis St. Croix. The editors of some of the leading journals, and a number of noblemen and gentlemen occupied the seats usually filled by the members of the Committee of Management, amongst whom I at length recognised my friend Duclin, who immediately made room for me next to him.

As I had anticipated, a lively discussion took place on the propriety of admitting ladies to the debates of the society. The Count Legrand had some time previously given notice that he intended to bring forward a measure for the purpose of expelling those fair beings from that scientific congress; and M. César Moreau strenuously opposed the design, declaring that many valuable pieces of information relative to statistics had been at various times communicated to the journal published by the society, such contributions having emanated from the fair hands of those ladies whom M. Legrand was desirous to exclude from the meeting. To this the count assented; but he begged to inform the honourable members present, that his objections were founded solely on motives of delicacy and propriety, the debates often touching on matters the particulars of which could not be otherwise than offensive to female ears. Neither Duclin nor myself ventured a remark upon the subject. We could not see the extent of the importance that both parties appeared to attach to the result of the debate. Messieurs Jullien de Paris, St. Croix, and a few others, nevertheless delivered their opinions; and the discussion terminated in favour of the founder of the Society and his party.

The Count Legrand then read a paper to the meeting, giving a long account of the number of eggs hatched every year in France, the quantity consumed in the country, and the exact proportion exported to England for the consumption of her Britannic Majesty's loyal subjects!

An individual, with whose name I am not acquainted, then rose, and addressed the meeting as follows: "Gentlemen, I have lately returned from prosecuting my travels in the East; and amongst other improvements adopted by the Persians, nothing so much astonished me as the newspaper they have lately published by the permission of the Centre of the Universe, or King! A trifling portion of that journal is devoted to European affairs; and under the head FRANCE, I perused the following words: 'France is an immense tract of country on the western coast of Europe, inhabited by about thirty millions of infidels, who exist in a strange state of uncleanness and barbarism. They dwell in small hamlets, and their chief town is called Paris. Their women walk about unveiled; they drink a sort of red sour wine, which appears to be greatly in vogue amongst them, and eat the unclean animal. Their soldiers are somewhat more celebrated than the other warriors of Europe; but they are not to be compared to the legions that adore the Centre of the Universe. It is not long since they languished under the tyranny of one Buonaparte, of whose might they speak highly; but the might of European heroes is nothing to the might of the Schah. The French have a few ships, and they are at present making war in Africa against the true believers.'

but the shaft of the Mohammedan shall pierce the breast of the infidel. Their chief produce is sour wine and strong drinks, which their foolish neighbours do not hesitate to pay highly for; but, with regard to the luxuries of life, they never saw any thing to equal the repasts of the Persians, even in the visions of the night."

A shout of laughter, which the president did not for some moments attempt to repress, succeeded this account of the greatest nation in the world—an account dictated by prejudice, conceived in ignorance, and written with a degree of insolent pride that rather excited our pity than our contempt.

When order was restored, another member informed us "that the fourteen largest gin-shops in the English metropolis had been visited in one week by 142,453 men, 108,593 women, 18,391 children!—in all, by 269,437 persons."

Another gentleman read a paper on education, in which he assured us "that there are at present in France 43,951 primary schools, at which 2,453,254 children, two-thirds of whom are boys, are educated."

"The owner of a *menagerie* of wild beasts," said Duclin in a whisper to me, "has lately calculated, that if all the ferocious animals which are now confined in Europe were let loose in an immense forest, there would be 225 lions, 289 tigers, 302 leopards, 270 panthers, 67 elephants, 10 rhinoceroses, 27,000 wolves, 78 rattle-snakes, 216 boa-constrictors, 1040 hyenas, and 96 crocodiles. Shall I read my statement to the society?"

"I think it scarcely worth while, Duclin," said I; "particularly as M. de — is about to speak."

"The amount of dramatic *artistes* in France," said M. de —, in the course of a clever paper, "is 4000; this includes singers, dancers, tragedians, and comedians, of either sex. The complement of stage-managers, directors, cashiers, prompters, band-leaders, choristers of every class, *figurans*, musicians, box-keepers, and workmen, added to this number, forms a total amount of 11,000 persons who gain their livelihood by theatres."

Some papers of inferior interest having been disposed of, the meeting broke up at an unusually early hour.

From the Statistical Society, Duclin and myself ventured forth "in search of adventure." We passed up the Rue de la Paix, and gained the Boulevards, which were crowded with people of every description. The idler smoking his cigar, and peering at every female he met through an eye-glass; the courtesan, plying her precarious and disgusting *metier* at the corner of the street; the worthy citizen with his wife or children hastening to the theatre; the lover anxiously awaiting the arrival of his mistress at the point of *rendez-vous*; the itinerant venders of lemonade or liquorice-water; the moveable pastry-shop, offering *galette* for sale to the milliners or *grisettes* who were returning home from their daily toil; the crowds opposite the *cafés*, discussing ices, or drinking punch on one side, and beer or the *petit verre* on the other; the *charlatan* endeavouring to puff off his tooth-powder or his pills to a little congregation he had gathered around him; the old procuress, skulking in a dark recess

and awaiting some one who had appointed to meet her there for no honourable purpose; the clerks just dismissed from the offices of their excellencies the ministers of Justice, Finance, Foreign affairs, &c., and carrying under their arms a portfolio containing a few quires of paper they had quietly abstracted from the government supplies of stationery; the hackney-coachman seeking a fare; the postman with the evening delivery of letters; the newsman with the *Charte* or the *Messenger*; and a variety of other gentlemen, artists, &c. &c., formed the motley crowd of individuals whom we encountered on the Boulevards, whose parallels were encountered there fifty years ago, and will be encountered there again. In Paris of an evening all is life, light, energy, activity, and joy. The *cafés* are filled with gaily-dressed people; the doors of the theatres are crowded to excess; a multitude is seen at the entrance of every place of amusement. And then the works of Alexandre Dumas, Cassimir Delavigne, Scribe, Jouy, Alfred de Vigny, &c., are put into requisition. The Gymnase, the Variétés, the theatre of the Porte Saint Martin, echo to the applauses of an admiring audience: tragedy, comedy, the melodrama, and the vaudeville, the opera and the comic-opera, all find their respective votaries by night in Paris. The *grisette* eats vegetables and drinks sour wine in order to save a few *sous* to obtain a seat in the gallery at the Gaité; the honest shop-keeper on Sunday morning deprives himself of a trip of recreation to Montmorenci or Saint Cloud, that he may go to the Porte Saint Martin in the evening; and the rich banker leaves his counting-house half an hour earlier than is his custom, once every week, that he may finish his dinner in time to accompany his elegantly-attired spouse to the opera or to Bouffes. The Parisians are mad after the theatre; and when they gratify themselves with their favourite pastime, they little think of the hours of trouble, toil, and vigil, which the composition of one of their favourite pieces compels the poor author to undergo.

I will not here speak of those privations and sufferings which the unfortunate dramatist is often necessitated to submit to—nor of those nights passed in labour—nor of those days marked by hunger and want—nor of those disappointments which it is the lot of every author to encounter—nor of those difficulties he is condemned to combat against. I will simply relate the affecting and tragical end of two young men who destroyed themselves in despair, in disgust, in the midst of disappointed hopes, in an excess of cowardice or false heroism, or in a moment of temporary derangement—a tale which I shall repeat as I told it to my companion Duclin, while we sauntered up the Boulevard des Italiens—a tale that was recalled to my memory by the sight of the crowds thronging opposite the doors of the Variétés.

“Victor Escousse and Auguste Lebras were two young authors, who formed a literary partnership, and composed their plays together. A few days after the representation of their first essay in the dramatic world, an article appeared in the *Journal des Debats*, signed J. J.,*

* Jules Janin—one of the most eminent literary characters of the present day, and at this moment engaged in writing for the *Athenæum*.—Editor.

which traced for the authors a horoscope full of promise and future renown. Encouraged by the flattering review of their mutual work, a review that was written by the first of French critics, in the first of French journals, the two young men dreamt of nothing but happiness, success, fortune, and fame. Too much adulation turned their heads, and impeded the progressive improvement of their infant faculties. They renewed their labours, and composed a piece entitled *Pierre III.*, which was played at the Theatre Français, and completely failed, the public having given Escousse and Lebras a favourable trial in a second effusion, and expressed their disappointment in terms so unequivocal that the young authors became disgusted with their judges and the decision of the critics. They however again appeared before that severely-thinking world, and produced *Paul*, which was enacted at the theatre on the Place de la Bourse, and *Remond*, which was performed at the Gaité. They both failed on the same evening; and if you had that night chanced to have entered the café de la Porte Saint Martin, you would have seen two young men seated at a table, their countenances pale, their shouts of laughter wild, feverish, and convulsive. They were dressed in mean attire; they had expected that the next morning would have amended their fortunes; but all their hopes were blighted in the bud. Those two young men were Victor Escousse and Auguste Lebras. They were proud—they were gentlemen—they were in want—and they disdained the idea of accepting from the hands of charity that which they could not procure by their own united talents. Lebras had the soul and the sentiments of a poet; but his talent had not ripened. His aims were beyond his capacities; his flights were on Icarian wings, that the sun would dissolve in the boldness of his ascent. In the midst of the deepest distress, he had endeavoured from day to day to prolong an existence that hope had alone rendered endurable; and now that hope was destroyed—that anticipation was unrealized—that himself and his friend were doomed to drink the bitter cup of defeat and indigence to its very dregs, he could bear no more. And he said to Escousse, in the morning after the failure of their two plays, ‘Let us no longer buoy ourselves up with vain and futile hopes, but let us terminate a wretched existence!’ And Escousse replied, ‘Yes—let us die—and die together!’ Their terrible design was put into execution. Escousse felt himself too weak in mind and purpose to die alone—Lebras was unable to live alone. The tragical end of these really promising young men is well known—they perished in each other’s arms like two faithful friends, and terminated a miserable existence in the convulsions of asphyxy.”

The latter part of my little tale was totally lost upon Duclin. We had arrived on the Boulevard Montmartre, and stood for a few moments opposite a large café, brilliantly lighted up, through the windows of which my friend was intensely gazing; and I did not marvel that his attention should have been directed thither, for at the comptoir of the café was seated one of the sweetest girls I had ever beheld. To use the words of Lamartine, she was

“The fairest flower of beauty that has been
By mortal eyes, since earth existed, seen;

The blushing rose—the lily's chaster hue
 Met on her damask cheek;—the violet's blue
 Was brought to shame by her bright orbs, so full
 Of all that's sweet and all that's beautiful."

Alas! I know not whether we could continue in the same strain, and in the words of the same poet, and aver that

"Her love was warm, but so restrain'd by pride,
 It ne'er could lead her virgin steps aside
 Till heav'n should bless her union."

But one thing was certain, that she was surrounded by admirers, and could at any time have quitted the bustle of a bar-maid at a *café* for the more elevated though less respectable grade of *femme entretenue*. I had heard of the beauty of this young person, and did not hesitate to accede to Duolin's proposition of taking a nearer view of her. We accordingly walked into the *café*, called for some punch, and gratified our curiosity at the same time.

It struck me that there was something superior about this *fille de comptoir*. She was polite to her customers, but extremely reserved. Her eyes were invariably bent down on the ground when no one was talking to her: and if any of the gallants who generally surrounded the bar, addressed her in a style of fulsome compliment or adulation, her cheek became flushed, her brow was contracted, and her lips quivered with ill-suppressed indignation. "Was she indeed virtuous and innocent?" thought I to myself; "and is that delicate creature condemned to pass her life in this receptacle for the rude, the debauched, and the licentious?"

"You appear to regard that young girl, *Monsieur*," said an old gentleman who was near me, "with a peculiar degree of interest. And, I may add," he observed, after a momentary pause, "with a far different feeling than that which usually influences her admirers."

"I am not blind to the attractions of beauty," was my reply; "at the same time, there are a certain candour and a certain innocence about that girl, which ought to disarm the ribald seducer and selfish libertine of his specious wiles."

"And such are your reflections?" exclaimed the stranger, with mingled incredulity and astonishment depicted on his countenance.

"Such are my ideas," said I laconically.

"Then you know her history?"

"No; this is the first time I ever saw her."

The old gentleman drew his chair close to mine, and without farther preface began as follows: "You are aware that *Mademoiselle* — was a celebrated actress at the *Opera Comique*. She was seduced by Marshal —, about seventeen years ago, and a daughter was the fruit of the illicit connexion. *Eugenie*—such was the name of the little child—grew up in beauty and in virtue; for her mind, *Monsieur*, was chaste and innocent; and although she was frequently obliged to witness scenes of debauchery and riot at her mother's house, she nevertheless preserved her soul untainted and pure. Thus was she a fair flower, growing wildly amidst weeds and noxious plants. Her mother destined her for the stage, and reared her in the idea that she would one day be an ornament to the profession,

and by her beauty build up those fortunes which her parent's extravagances had caused to fall. But Eugenie from the first evinced a strong dislike to the *metier of artiste*; and at length refused even to attend her mother in the green-room. About a year ago Mademoiselle — received and encouraged the visits of Count —, a notorious rake and libertine, and gave him every opportunity of being alone with her daughter, who soon saw through the infernal perfidy and villanous schemes projected by her unworthy mother. Common decency compels me to be brief in this portion of my short narrative; suffice it to say, that all the stratagems of the unnatural parent to induce her daughter to forsake the paths of virtue, failed, and that the count was equally unsuccessful in a suit which he prosecuted with the most unremitting assiduity. Eugenie's home became so wretched, and she was so disgusted at her parent's conduct, as well as wearied with the importunities of her admirer, that she fled that unhappy home, and disappeared without leaving a trace behind to mark the route she had taken. A few weeks ago Mademoiselle —, while dancing in the *ballet* at the Opera, fell, and dislocated her ankle. She was thus compelled to quit the stage, and the most dire distress stared her in the face. Accustomed to expend her daily salary so soon as she received it, no hoarded supply in case of necessity now administered to her wants; and she was literally starving in a miserable garret, when her daughter heard of her penury and melancholy situation, and flew to relieve the mother who by her cruelty had driven her from the maternal threshold!"

"Excellent girl!" cried I, unable to restrain my enthusiastic admiration of such noble conduct.

"That is not all," continued the narrator of the fair bar-maid's history. "From the moment Eugenie had left her mother's house, she supported herself in private by needle-work; and as her wants were circumscribed to the mere necessities of life, she had managed to save a few francs from the pittance she earned by her needle. With those savings she assisted her sick parent; and finding that her laborious work would not procure a sufficiency to meet the contingent expenses incurred by medical attendance, &c., for her mother, she accepted the situation of *fille de comptoir* at this café, although its publicity were exceedingly repugnant to her feelings. In conclusion, let me add that at this moment she continues to support her parent, who is still confined to her room, and unable to attend the only place which can give her bread as a reward for her own exertions."

"And is it possible that such virtue exists in the breast of an uneducated girl—a girl brought up in the hot-bed of vice and dissipation—a girl whose mind could scarcely have escaped corruption?"

"It is very possible; because *there* is an example of such purity amid corruption, of excellence in the centre of debauchery—that girl, *Monsieur*, has seen enough to make her virtuous. It is not by ignorance of the world that we become good; it is by our knowledge of it. If we do not behold vice in all its shapes, we know not how to compare its hideousness with the beauty of virtue; comparisons instruct

us to discriminate between the excellence of one system and the viciousness of another; and depend upon it that the young lady of the *Chaussée d'Autin*, who mingles in all the gaieties and pleasures of the metropolis, is at heart and from experience more virtuously inclined than the contemplative and curious nun shut up in the walls of a convent;"—and with these words the stranger rose, bowed, and walked hastily out of the café.

It was with the greatest difficulty I could persuade Duclin to leave the café, so enamoured was he of *la belle Eugénie*; and if, according to the creed of Madame de Genlis, there be such a thing as "love at first sight," certainly on this occasion my friend would almost have borne out the illustrious authoress in the permanent establishment of her theory. He, however, at length agreed to accompany me to the *Porte Saint Martin* theatre, whither I proposed we should proceed, and purchase a ticket at half-price.

The second piece had not commenced when we entered the spacious *salle*; nor was the house very much crowded; we therefore easily procured places in the amphitheatre. As is usual between the acts, or in the intervals between the pieces, in these resorts of the middling classes, several gentlemen in the galleries and in the *paradis* were indulging themselves with a little recreation, such as the innocent amusement of throwing orange-peels at each other, or missiles of a similar description.

"Leave off, thieves!" thundered a less turbulent individual without a coat, in the *paradis*.

"Lift up the rag, or give me back my blunt!" cried another gentleman, habited in a *blouse* or *gaberdine* of cerulean dye, and alluding to the curtain.

"Silence, *messieurs*!" exclaimed a *gendarme*.

"Turn out the *gendarme*!" roared a number of voices.

"What do you mean by kissing my mistress in a public theatre, you scoundrel?" demanded an offended lover.

"Why did she squeeze my hand, then?" observed the individual thus accused.

The disturbance was terminated by the drawing up of the curtain, and the first act of the *Sept Enfants de Lara* commenced. This precious composition emanated from the pen of Mallefille; and certainly a more extraordinary combination of horror, impossibility, and unnatural incidents, was never before submitted to the public in the shape of a play. One portion of it is so horrible, I cannot forbear transcribing it, as a specimen of the characters of six of Lara's children.

"Rodriguez. Well, 'tis nobly resolved my children! Go, and combat for your father!

"Vallombra. Yes; but, before you go, swear upon this book (*she takes a Bible in her hands*) that you are untainted by a single crime.

"All. Yes! yes! yes!

"Bejar. I, by reason of my birth-right.

"Vallombra. Swear, then, that in order to acquire your birth-right, you have not dipped your hands in innocent blood. Swear, Don

Bejar, that you did not instigate your father, Rodriguez, to put to death your brother, Don Diego de Lara, your elder brother on your mother's side.

"*Bejar.* God of heaven !

"*Torquatus.* And I, then ?

"*Vallombra.* Come near me, Don Vordi ; and you also, Don Hannibal,—come near me, I say.

"*Hannibal.* We are here !

"*Vallombra.* Swear, then, all three, that ye did not assassinate your cousin Don Ganés, count of Lamora, baron of Las Hernasas, lord of Villavorde, to inherit the more speedily—you, Don Vordi, his principal title and estate—

"*Vordi.* Oh !

"*Vallombra.* You, Torquatus, to succeed to his barony—

"*Torquatus.* Silence, Madam !

"*Vallombra.* And you, Hannibal, to possess his city !

"*Hannibal.* Malediction !

"*Vallombra.* And there is Don Favila, who seduced—did he not ?—the wife of Don Herrera, and left her to die of shame and of despair.

"*Favila.* Not I ! not I !

"*Vallombra.* Then for you, O Gustament ! swear that when a waxen effigy of your father was found, with the mark of a dagger's point on his breast—swear that it was not you who did it—swear that the poniard, Gustament, was not your's !

"*Gustament.* Oh ! horror, horror !

"*Vallombra.* 'Tis well ! and [now swear, all six, that you are spotless. Swear—swear ! Come, do not cast down your eyes—do not turn away from each other—do not attempt to conceal your faces. Ye are worthy to regard each other's countenances. Ah ! Rodriguez, how happy ought you to be ! Ye all know one another right well now ! A profligate, an assassin, a parricide—there is your father, my lords ! Profligates, assassins, and parricides—there are your sons, my lord !

"*All.* Oh ! oh ! oh !"

But the audience applauded this horrible colloquy, and at every word that issued from the lips of Vallombra, some marvelling and delighted citizen of the Marais or the Boulevard du Temple clapped his hands in an ecstasy of bliss, at the risk of being ejected from the theatre as a turbulent character. Is it not strange,—that passion for the horrible ? is it not astonishing that the lower orders of the Parisians prefer those theatres where murders and duels are enacted, to the stages on which figures the witty comedian, or the aerial *figurante* ? But it is on Sunday evening that the Porte Saint Martin is in its glory. No sooner are the gates thrown open than the crowds of "washed" and "unwashed," in coats or in gaberdines, in bonnets or in caps, rush to the theatre as if their very lives depended upon their witnessing the pieces to be performed. From five o'clock to midnight do upwards of eighteen hundred people endure the heat of the *salle*, the crowded seats, the unwholesome combination of breaths, to see a tyrant killed, a lover successful in his suit, and a quantity of

declamation which one-half of them cannot comprehend. In verity, the Parisians are the most extraordinary people in the world!

I ventured to suggest to Duclin the propriety of an adjournment from the Porte Saint Martin, but he would never have consented had not fortune, or rather a very natural occurrence, aided my wishes. In the midst of one of Vallombra's most horrible speeches, when all was silence and attention throughout the house, Duclin coughed tolerably loud. In a moment a hoarse voice in the gallery roared from on high—"Turn out the consumptive gentleman!" and every glance was instantaneously fixed upon us. We were a focus at which hundreds of visual rays suddenly met; and not at all relishing the unpleasantness of our situation, Duclin precipitated himself from the amphitheatre, overturned a dowager immediately behind me, knocked down the box-keeper in the passage, and nearly fell head-long down stairs in his hurry to retreat from the *salle*. I followed somewhat more leisurely, and joined my discomfited friend in the street, where I found him disputing with a *gendarme*, who suspected that the haste which he made to leave the theatre was somewhat equivocal. I however satisfied the police-man of Duclin's perfect innocence, and we proceeded without further molestation along the Boulevard du Temple.

"Once more we tread on classic ground," said Duclin, doubtless alluding to our last *Ramble*, and thinking of the works of Ricard, &c. "Shall we finish our evening at the Cadran Bleu? or, if you prefer the society of the fair sex, I can introduce you to some young friends of mine—milliners, at thirty *sous* a day, in the Rue Vivienne—whose abode is not far hence."

"*Merci*," said I, not at all relishing Duclin's proposal at the moment; "but I will accede to the former suggestion with pleasure, and accompany you to the Cadran Bleu."

"*Volontiers!*" cried my friend; and in five minutes we were seated in one of the *cabinets particuliers* of that famous restaurant. Duclin vested himself with the appointment of caterer, and ordered an excellent supper, to which we were doing ample justice when a sudden disturbance in the parlour adjoining diverted our attentions from the delicious viands before us.

"I tell you it is a shameful intrigue—a perfidy—a disgrace!" cried a female voice in a loud shrill tone.

"But, my dear—" argued the individual with whom the fair dame appeared to be disputing.

"Do not *dear* me," interrupted the lady; "I repeat it is a shameful intrigue, and for the future I shall take warning how I associate with men of loose habits and pursuits."

"The proof! the proof!" shouted the accused, now angry in his turn.

"Oh yes—you may well call for proofs of your infidelity, wretch!" screamed the female. "Did I not see you handing *bon-bons* to the young girl who was with me last Sunday at the *ducasse* at Saint Cloud? and did you not buy two francs' worth of fruit at the *Marché des Jacobins* on the following day, in order to send her? All that, perhaps you will say, was only a little civility on your part—but now, to my very face, you light your cigar with one of her love-letters. Oh! it is



shameful—shameful!”—and as these words escaped the lips of the infuriate lady, the sound of a tumbler falling on the ground, and breaking into a thousand pieces, convinced Duclin and myself that we were in the neighbourhood of a little domestic war.

“Have I not been faithful to you, wretch, during two whole months?” continued the angry fair one—for fair we suppose all ladies to be, whether we have ocular demonstration of the fact, or not—“and did I not pawn my silver coffee-pot to lend you the very twenty francs with which you are to pay for this supper—a supper that was intended as a treat for me?—Oh! it is shameful in the extreme!” and the din of a decanter rattling against the wainscot proclaimed a renewal of hostilities.

“My dear Agathe,” said the unfortunate object of all this fury, “you wrong me, I assure you, you wrong me. It is true, appearances are against me; but allow me to enquire, in my turn, who was that handsome young man with whom you sate in a *loge grillée* the other night at the Gaité?”

“Oh! the ingratitude of man!” exclaimed the lady in a voice evidently choked with sobs and emotion—how much of which was affected I am not prepared to say. “My dear cousin from the country was so kind as to *chaperon* me to the theatre, and—”

“Well, well, then,” said the gentleman in an accent of pacification; “and the young lady, with whose letter I just lighted my cigar, and of which you perceived a scrap with a few scrawls upon it just now on the table, is my cousin also; but you did not know it.”

A loud burst of laughter on the part of the forgiving fair one cut short this reply, and the parties, mutually convinced of each other’s constancy, agreed to a cessation of hostilities and the discussion of another bottle of wine.

“The women are terrible deceivers,” said Duclin, when we had once more seated ourselves at the table; “and yet they constantly reproach our sex for its vacillation and infidelity in love affairs. *En vérité*, I begin to think that constancy is a word that no longer exists in the dictionary of Cupid.”

“Woman is a strange compound of excellence and frailty—of affection and whim—a medley of contradictions—an assemblage of antitheses,” said I: “and yet no two individuals exactly agree in their opinion of the sex; because every one is prone to judge of women according to his successes or defeats in amatory warfare. Unfortunately there are so many daily instances of flagrant dereliction on the parts of wives, to the perpetual shame and dishonour of their husbands, that many young men of the present day are thence apt to form wrong conclusions relative to the virtue of women. This should not be; for, if there do exist those examples of frailty, there are still so many splendid and brilliant instances of women’s honour—and woman herself is a being so adorable, naturally so chaste and pure, until soiled and tainted by the breath of unfounded calumny, or seduced from virtue’s paths by the wiles of the abandoned seducer, that we ought to worship and protect her—defend her reputation by words, and prove our respect and devotion for her by our actions. Judge not women in general, Duclin, by those *grisettes* whose society

you covet—those females of doubtful character whose levity has charms for you: but rather believe the whole sex to be a model of excellence and worth, whose general merits are evidenced by the mere fact of there being a few exceptions to attract attention and entail vituperation.”

Duclin made a grimace very much resembling one of those with which Auriol frequently delights the spectators at Franconi's equestrian theatre, as I delivered this *exordium*, and sipped his Volnay without offering a reply. It was now past midnight—we accordingly rang the bell, called for our bill, paid it, and once more sallied forth upon the Boulevard. The wine had not failed to work its effect upon us, particularly with Duclin, whose *equilibrium* was occasionally menaced by the irregularity of the pavement. The night was fine, thousands of stars twinkled in the vast regions of space above us, and the moon rolled on her even course as if she saw not—repined not at—the deeds and miseries of men! Paris was now nearly silent. For the most part, the cafés were closed, the theatres were shut, the crowds that a few hours before thronged upon the Boulevards had dispersed, and only a few loiterers were seen at distant intervals; but that vast city lay in a comparative state of tranquillity and quiet. Hushed was the sound of revelry and music; closed were the eyelids of the prudent who rise early to their diurnal labours; the voice of the *roué* alone broke upon the silence of the night, save when the heavy footsteps of the patrol assured the citizens of Paris that their lives and property are guarded while they sleep.

We have now introduced the reader to the literary society—the Boulevards by night—the café—the theatre—and the *restaurant*, in the course of our ramble; one scene alone remains with which we might have made him familiar—for Paris boasts not attractions by night in such profusion as she exhibits them by day—and that scene is the gaming-house—*Frescati*! But, alas! the dens usually sought by the infamous, the avaricious, or the adventurous, are already too well known both to the stranger and to the citizen of Paris; and the pens of many able men have laboured hard to depict the horrible vice in all its deformity, and deter the young and inexperienced from a haunt in which lurk the elements of ruin, as the volcanic combinations of destruction repose in the crater of Vesuvius. No—to that vile scene we will not introduce our reader. Gaming is unfortunately a *mania* which no example can correct, no precept destroy, no argument arrest in its baneful progress, until fortune, fame, honour, and happiness have been sacrificed on the accursed shrine at which thousands annually depose their offerings. Paris abounds in a variety of innocent pleasures and enjoyments; and the careful and provident may live in a species of “Elysian beatitude” within its hospitable walls; but the sovereign city of the world, the metropolis of a mighty nation, also possesses a thousand delusive blandishments, which, like the still waters that cover sunken and dangerous rocks, tempt the confiding vessel to seek for ease and retirement in their placid bay, where it founders, and consigns its crew to certain danger and probable death.

THE BARONESS.—A NOVEL.

BY PARISIANUS.

(Continued from page 390.)

CHAPTER VII.

NARRATIVE OF THE PAST.

"It was in the year 1774," said the Chevalier d'Altamont to the all-attentive Abbé Prud'homme, "that I was first intimately acquainted with the baron and baroness of Grandmanoir. The baroness was one of the most beautiful creatures that ever existed. But certain reasons oblige me to be concise on this head, or I might give you a description of a being a fairer than whom the sun ne'er shone upon. Her husband was deeply enamoured of her; and she for some time returned his affection with a reciprocal passion. Their union was blessed by the birth of an heir in 1775, and the baron's happiness was complete. They were then residing at Grandmanoir; and a continued series of gaiety, balls, parties, &c., served to while away the time. There never were less than twenty or thirty visitors staying at the *chateau*, amongst whom I was invariably included. But the most constant guest—and the one whose presence appeared to be the most indispensable to the baron—was the duke de Dumaille.

"The duke was the baron's most intimate friend. They had been educated together at the same seminary in early youth, and had made a continental tour in each other's company when they attained the period of their majority. About the same age, intimately connected by the ties of friendship, and both endowed with high rank and splendid fortunes, it was not astonishing that the duke de Dumaille and the baron de Grandmanoir should thus remain inseparable companions. The duke was remarkably handsome. Tall and well-formed, he had that aquiline cast of feature which so well corresponds with a commanding air and aristocratic bearing. His manners were fascinating in the extreme—he had a most retentive memory—he was fond of poetry and light literature, and was a great favourite with the ladies, whose vanity he flattered by the apposite compliments he paid their charms, by means of apt quotation, and whose *amour propre* he gratified by his specious adulation. He however made no secret of his amours; and many a quarrel did he occasion between a suspicious husband and a coquettish wife, on account of his unguarded allusions and reckless vaunts.

"To give you an idea of the nature of the friendship that existed between the duke de Dumaille and the baron of Grandmanoir, I need but mention an occurrence which took place in January 1776, and to which may eventually be traced the origin of all the pecuniary difficulties that now threaten the ancient family. You start—*Monsieur l'Abbé*—but I know more than you suspect—and I am perfectly aware that the baroness is at this moment involved in embarrassments,

and that those embarrassments were the cause of de Moirot's late visit. But to continue my anecdote. The duke was a notorious gambler, and one of the most extravagant men in existence. One evening—when the duke was supposed to be at Paris—a post-chaise suddenly drew up to the door of the *chateau*, and the lord of Dumaille descended the steps. He sought an immediate interview with the baron, and informed him that two days previously he had lost upwards of eight hundred thousand francs at play—that his estates were already mortgaged for a time—but that if the baron would advance the required sum for a period of fourteen years, the matter might be arranged to the satisfaction and convenience of all parties. The baron immediately accompanied the duke to Paris; and de Moirot senior procured the money on terms apparently easy at the moment, but which have since proved the origin of a thousand evils. An infamous deed was signed—the baron did not object to the conditions of it, so firmly did he rely upon the promises of the duke and his ability to repay the money at the period specified—and the cash was counted down on the table by the designing Notary, who perhaps entertained even then the most nefarious of all intentions with regard to Grandmanoir. However—suffice it to say that the duke was made happy—the baron pleased at having been so materially serviceable to a friend—and they returned to the *chateau* together. I merely relate this anecdote to exemplify the generous feeling of the baron, the obligations the duke lay under to him, and the cause of an encumbrance upon the estate, concerning which we shall have to speak anon. Thus all passed on happily and quietly for a season; and the baron was apparently the most enviable of beings.

“The days were passed in amusements of all kinds—the evenings in dancing, *fêtes champêtres*, or with music and cards. There were barges upon the canals, beautifully fitted up for the use of the visitors who were fond of water-excursions; hounds and huntsmen for the chase; and shooting *apparatus* for the sportsman. The ponds were filled with an abundance of fine fish; and many sought a recreation in, to me, the cruel art of angling. Thus was time whiled away on the wings of pleasure; and *ennui* was banished from those halls of delight.

“At length it came to the baron's knowledge that the duke had expressed himself in ardent terms relative to the baroness. Of this circumstance I was well informed, residing, as I before told you, almost constantly at Grandmanoir. The baron knew full well the duke's character and disposition, and did not for an instant doubt the truth of the communication that had been made to him. He however said nothing to him whom he had always treated and considered as his friend; but determined to watch the conduct of his youthful spouse, whose heart he could not persuade himself had been already estranged from the liege lord of her first affections.

“I shall not dwell at any length upon this portion of my narrative; nor shall I expatiate on the intense anxiety experienced by the baron during the few months that elapsed after suspicion and jealousy had once been awakened in his mind. Suspicion, M. l'Abbé, deprives

you of sleep—turns the hours set apart for repose into restless vigils—chases the blood away from the cheek—plants untimely wrinkles on the brow—and causes you to start at the slightest whisper. And jealousy, M. l'Abbé, is the spider of the mind, that weaves its venomous webs around the finest fibres which concrete in the human breast, distorts all things into other shapes, gives false colours to the appearance of facts, and invests with importance the most groundless trifles. Such was the penalty to which the baron was subjected; but neither his suspicion nor his jealousy was devoid of foundation!"

Here the Chevalier d'Altamont hesitated for a moment to recover breath; and the Abbé Prud'homme awaited in the deepest suspense the conclusion of the tale.

"No," continued the chevalier, "those suspicions were just—and that jealousy was not a vain and visionary idea. The baron confided all his secrets to me; my breast was the repository of all his sentiments, all his dread, and all his fears, as well as all his sorrows—and those sorrows, M. l'Abbé, were not trivial—they were deep and profound! If I speak with warmth, pardon me, for I was the baron's dearest friend, and I feel his woes as pungently as if they were my own. Proofs—glaring and most unequivocal proofs—at length convinced the unhappy husband of his wife's infidelity; and, in a moment of pardonable ire, the baron sought to slay the cruel seducer of innocence and virtue, without allowing him an opportunity of preparing for self-defence. But the duke escaped—God only knows how—the effects of his injured friend's just resentment; and immediately made a precipitate retreat from the *chateau*. I have since ascertained that, contrary to his usual and well-known habits, he never once alluded to the occurrence amongst his fashionable friends in the metropolis; but carefully avoided the subject when any question was put to him, or any allusion made to his breach with the baron of Grandmanoir. I did not fail subsequently to acquaint my injured friend with this (to him) important fact; and it considerably alleviated—if solace could be experienced in the midst of woes so deep as his—the acuteness of his sorrows.

"Few were the reproaches he breathed in the ears of his faithless spouse; to save his honour—to conceal the disgrace that had fallen upon his family—to prevent the possibility of a *rencontre* between himself or his wife and the infamous de Dumaille—these were now his sole aims, his sole desires. When we retrospect to past ages, and the misty times gone by, we see the first root of the ancient family of the baroness of Grandmanoir planted by the venerable Constable Montmorenci of St. Quentin renown; and through a series of successive centuries, during which many were the noble scions that were born to and died from that honourable stock, no disgrace—no infamy had ever been attached to their glorious name. Can you wonder, then, Monsieur l'Abbé, that in his agony—in his despair—the baron came to the desperate resolution of realizing a portion of his vast possessions, and seeking a foreign clime whither he might bear the remembrance of his sorrows? His family was not less ancient—not less renowned—not less exalted by rank—nor less ennobled by the deeds of an illustrious ancestry; it was therefore necessary to save

those two families from the vilifying impression of a lasting stigma. Dread was the resolve! to leave his native clime—to forsake his proud and lordly acquaintances—to banish himself from his paternal estate—to shun the glances of his fellow-countrymen—Oh! M. l'Abbé, you know not how galling such proceedings must have been to the haughty and unbending disposition of the peer of Grandmanoir!

“But he was inflexible in his determination. The stately hotel in the Faubourg Saint Germain was sold, the servants were dismissed, the furniture—yes, the very furniture—was disposed of, in order to convince the baroness of the stern resolve of her husband, and the uncertainty of their ever again returning to Paris; and they departed on a tour to Italy, leaving their extensive possessions under the control of a notary of the Rue Vivienne in Paris. I need scarcely inform you that this was M. de Moiro, the father of the present unworthy claimant to the estate of Grandmanoir.”

“Singular—most singular!” cried the Abbé, while the chevalier reposed for a moment, and drank a glass of wine which he poured from a bottle standing on the table in the middle of the room, but within his reach as he reclined upon the sofa. “All this is perfectly new and strange to me,” added Father Joseph, unable to refrain from expressing his astonishment.

“Strange and new!” cried the chevalier, almost contemptuously. “What! are you astonished that, amongst other communications, the baroness should have withheld from you the secret of her shame—of her disgrace? No; she thinks you are her friend—in her declining years she fancies she has need of your counsels in the emergency of her affairs; and she entrusts just so much to your wisdom as she chooses and is obliged by circumstances to do. Mistake her not, Abbé Prud’homme. I know her well—I was long intimate with her and her husband—in fine, I am this day engaged in her cause. But let me continue my narrative, ere the night shall be too far advanced.”

“Proceed,” said Father Joseph; “I am most anxious to know the result of these mysterious deeds.”

“The baron and his wife,” continued the chevalier, “left Paris, and proceeded towards the genial clime of Italy. When they bade adieu to their numerous friends and acquaintances, the baron suffered it to be believed that they merely intended to make a tour calculated to occupy two or three years; and that at the end of that period it would be their desire to return to France. But three years passed away—and they sought not again the enjoyments of their native land. I corresponded with the baron; and he informed me, at the expiration of those three years, that he was resolved never to set foot more on the estate where his honour had been so severely compromised, nor in that city where he had first selected the wife who had disgraced him. He moreover assured me, that he was living on amicable terms with the baroness, who seemed deeply to have repented of her fault; and that he was inclined to forgive her with all his heart and all his soul. At the same time he charged de Moiro to let the *chateau* and estate of Grandmanoir, as it would have been useless to suffer the lands to remain uncultivated, or the house to

dwindle into decay. The notary obeyed these injunctions; a banker of repute declared his readiness to accept the lease on the terms proposed; and the bargain was forthwith concluded.

"The baron and baroness of Grandmanoir," continued the chevalier, after a momentary pause, "at length fixed their abode in Florence, and gradually entered into the dissipations and pleasures of the Tuscan capital. Year succeeded year; the baron eagerly plunged into those ruinous courses that involve fortunes, fame, and rank in danger and jeopardy, because the excitement of cards, drinking, and riotous company, estranged his mind from a contemplation of his misfortune. On her part, the baroness did not fail to aid her noble husband in making away with their vast riches: she gave magnificent entertainments—kept a splendid equipage—hired a beautiful villa in the vale of Arno—and even astonished the wealthiest inhabitants of Florence by her expenditure and ostentatious disregard for money. Frequent and more frequent were the remittances despatched from Paris by M. de Moiroi; and Grandmanoir was already heavily mortgaged, when, in the beginning of the year 1790, events occurred that effectually terminated so ruinous a course, destroyed the happiness of the baron for ever, involved his property in deeper jeopardy, and—and—but no matter—he was my friend, M. l'Abbé—and you will pardon these tears!"

The holy father said nothing; he was lost in deep thought—a multitude of new ideas and new schemes were already jarring in his breast—and he scarcely remarked the bitterness with which the venerable old man wept. A long interval ensued—the moon was by this time high in the heavens—the busy hum of the city was almost rocked in repose—and the bat winged his airy flight around the tall gables of the houses. The night was still calm and serene—not a cloud veiled the stars above—the darkness consisted of a dusky veil, whose surface was uniformly of the same hue, and was not varied by occasional vapours; and in that little apartment sat those two men—each with thoughts of vast import agitating his mind—each impatient to know the final resolutions or secrets of the other. The moon shone in at the window, and its placid rays played upon the silvery locks of the chevalier, and caused the tears to glisten as they rolled down his cheeks. That painful silence was long unbroken, while the Abbé and the chevalier remained absorbed, the one in his reflections, the other in his grief. At length d'Altamont started up—the iron tongue of the cathedral bell proclaimed the hour of eleven—and the sonorous note effectually aroused the inmates of the apartment to which we have introduced our reader, from their reflections.

"It is now mine," said the chevalier, "to detail a succession of misfortunes that befell the baron, and that would have driven any other man to the verge of despair. In the midst of dissipation, rash expenditure, and ruinous gaiety—while music was nightly heard in the *casino* hired by the baroness in the vale of Arno—and while the baron was unhappily giving way to habits of licentiousness that must speedily have consigned him to an untimely grave, had he not been suddenly arrested in his career—while de Moiroi was deriving im-

menes—profits from his situation as intendant of the property of *Grandmanoir*—and while the eventual ruin of that noble family's fortune and honour alike appeared to be threatened—the duke de Dumaille suddenly arrived in Florence! He was still gay, volatile, and handsome as he always had been; he had left Paris involved in irredeemable difficulties, and with the remnants of his once princely fortune had sought the Tuscan capital wherein to fix his future residence.

"The baron was absent, on a visit to an Italian nobleman at Venice, when the duke de Dumaille made his appearance in the Etrurian metropolis; and it was only on his return to the *cassino* inhabited by his wife from time to time, in the vale of Arno—a return that was sudden and totally unanticipated by her—a return that took place at midnight, when all was gaiety, with dancing, music, and mirth in the country residence—it was only then that the baron first became aware of the duke's presence in Florence, and encountered him in the *salons* of the baroness, surrounded by the gay Italian youths who flitted about the handsome and noble Frenchman, and were proud to be honoured by his smiles. For a moment the baron's brow darkened, and his hand sought his sword; but respect for himself and for his family restrained his indignation, and he bowed distantly to the duke, who saluted him with a half-impudent, half-patronising inclination of the head. That night a terrible scene took place between the baron and his spouse, and a confession of a renewed guilty intercourse was slowly elicited from the unwilling lips of the lost woman!

"Misfortunes never come singly, M. l'Abbé," pursued the chevalier, hastily quitting the subject which related to the arrival of de Dumaille at Florence; "no—calamity in its visits is never unattended. On the following morning—after that eventful night—the baron received letters from Paris. Some of them were from friends, announcing, in a casual manner, the flight of the duke from his creditors; and others were from de Moiro, containing information of the same fact, and advertising the baron of the non-payment of the enormous sum advanced in 1776, as I before stated. These news were sufficient to paralyze the energies of any common individual; but the baron endeavoured to bear up against his misfortunes with fortitude and magnanimity. He knew it was useless to apply to de Dumaille—even if he would have condescended to do so; he therefore immediately wrote to de Moiro for a correct and detailed account of the exact position of his affairs, the amounts of the mortgages on his ancestral domains, the liabilities under which he lay—in fine, a precise schedule of his debts and his possessions. This was speedily procured, and its contents for a time entirely stupefied the unfortunate baron. He was tottering on the verge of ruin, and a desperate sacrifice could alone save him. The non-fulfilment of the conditions imposed upon him in 1776 by the deed bearing the signature of himself and the duke de Dumaille, empowered the treacherous and designing de Moiro to enter into full and incontestable possession of a considerable portion of the estate of *Grandmanoir*. The interest upon the eight hundred thousand francs, which sum was the amount—as you may remember—of the original loan, had been

suffered to accumulate; and, by the consequence of an enormous increase of compound interest, that original amount was now more than doubled. A sacrifice could be made—that is to say, a certain risk was to be run—and that sacrifice, and that risk, were both proposed by the avaricious de Moiroi, who offered to draw up a new deed, corroborative in principle of the conditions detailed in the old one, and merely setting aside the conclusion of that original document by the simple change of granting a much more elongated period for the payment of the money, in default of which de Moiroi should enter into possession of the entire estate of Grandmanoir. The interest was to be paid regularly at the usual intervals; and, after a proper valuation of the estate, in order that the delay might be commensurate with the circumstances in favour of de Moiroi, the procrastinated period of payment was settled to take place on the 14th of August, 1822, with a month's due notice. Thus to gratify the avaricious calculations of one man, and to suit the convenience of another, was concluded the most villanous private commercial treaty* ever concocted by a notary, or signed by a land-holder! I subsequently understood that de Moiroi settled this anticipated wealth—that is, either the sum due, or the estate itself—on his younger son Alfred, of whose mysterious disappearance I have since been informed."

"And the baroness—," said the Abbé Prud'homme, taking advantage of another pause in the chevalier's narrative to put a question that might elicit the information he required.

"The baroness," exclaimed the chevalier sharply. "Well—while these things were being done, her son throve—and the features of the boy resembled those of his sire."

"But what steps did the baron take—?" interrupted the Abbé, looking at his watch, and manifesting a certain impatience which indicated his anxiety to depart.

"For some time he devoured his wrath—for some time he tolerated the visits of the duke at his house in Florence—and for some time he merely reproached his wife in secret for having again permitted herself to associate with her former seducer. But when the transactions with de Moiroi were concluded, and when de Dumaille had so long been received at the hotel of the baron de Grandmanoir as to prevent any suspicion concerning the real cause of a rupture, the injured husband sought a pretext to quarrel with his rival, and a duel ensued. The hostile parties met at a secluded place in the vale of Arno—they were accompanied by seconds—they fired at the same time—and the baron was left for dead!"

"But he did not die—he survived that event," exclaimed the Abbé hastily, and casting a peculiar glance of suspicion or doubt on the flushing countenance of the chevalier.

"Ah! how knowest thou *that*?" demanded the venerable d'Altamont, starting from his recumbent position, and sitting upright on the sofa, while he gave the Abbé a look which seemed to read the reverend father's inmost soul.

"Your confidence shall be met with equal confidence," said the

* The details of this transaction are partially founded on fact.

Abbé calmly. "During de Moirot's visit the other day, I overheard all that passed between him and the baroness—I listened in an adjoining apartment—solicitude for her welfare urged me to be thus indiscreet; and in the course of their conversation, de Moirot made use of these words,—‘Were my brother Alfred de Moirot in existence, *then* the lands of Grandmanoir would pass away from me and my heirs for ever. Such was my father's will—as *your deceased husband well knew!*’ Now Alfred de Moirot was only born in 1791—so far as my information—”

"That may be!" cried the chevalier, "because the baron *did* live another year after the duel that was eventually fatal in its results; and only de Moirot, the baroness, her son, and myself knew that he survived the combat that year; for the baroness, accompanied by her child, returned to France in deep mourning, and it was circulated amongst their friends that the lord of Grandmanoir was no more. Only de Moirot and ourselves knew to the contrary; and after a lapse of twelve months, he, the baroness, and I received letters from a surgeon in an obscure village in the south of Italy, informing us of his demise. This is the real truth, and will account for the words uttered by de Moirot. And should you ask wherefore the baron despatched his wife and only son again to France—should you ask wherefore he was desirous of being deemed no more a denizen of this world—seek the reply in the fact that his honour was tainted, that the real cause of the duel was bruited abroad, that, in a moment of intoxication, the duke de Dumaille avowed the deed to his convivial companions, and more than hinted at his ancient *liaisons* with the baroness. The injured husband was fain to hide his dishonoured head in solitude and retirement; he knew that in France, and on her own estate, his wife would be safe from the persecutions, or rather assiduities of de Dumaille, whose embarrassments in pecuniary matters were an effectual bar to his residence in his native land. Such, M. l'Abbé, were the motives that influenced the baron in his singular mode of conduct—singular, perhaps, to you and to me, but reasonable when connected with an individual entertaining the highest sense of family honour, and jealous of the breath of aspersion!"

Here the chevalier paused, and as the last words, which he uttered with considerable emphasis, escaped his lips, the cathedral clock tolled the hour of midnight. But it was not until past three in the morning that the Abbé arrived once more at the chateau. The faithful historian of these memoirs is as yet unaware of what passed between the venerable chevalier and the reverend Father Joseph during the two long hours that intervened between the moment when the former brought his narrative down to the epoch at which the baroness returned to France, and when the latter took his departure. Matters of vast importance were doubtless discussed; else never would the careful priest have suffered himself to run the chance of catching the rheumatism by being exposed to the night air; nor would M. d'Altamont have so long refrained from seeking the luxuries of his tranquil couch. But the subject of their debates is for the present involved in mystery and doubt.

(To be continued.)

THE PRESENT STATE AND PROSPECTS OF MUSIC IN ENGLAND.

— — —

“ O Music, sphere-descended maid,
Friend of pleasure, wisdom's aid,—
Why, Goddess, why to us denied
Lay'st thou thy ancient Lyre aside?
Where is thy native, simple heart
Devote to virtue, fancy, art?
Arise, as in that older time,
Warm, energetic, chaste, sublime.”—COLLINS.

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THE history of British music during the last twenty years has discovered no features of a character so marked and original as to constitute us, what we once were, a musical people endowed with good taste and the ability to discern it in others. A superficial observer looking at the immense advantages offered to foreign musicians, the avidity with which the admission tickets to musical entertainments are caught up by the pleasure-hunting public, and the general diffusion of certain popular airs through the length and breadth of the country, might be induced to deny our position; but we appeal to those of the *initiated* who have sufficient candour to speak out their real sentiments, whether this rather severe censure is not warranted by justice. As a few stones do not constitute a great and mighty city, so a few songs, a moderately successful opera and two or three respectable native composers, are not sufficient to raise us to the rank of a musical nation. It is true, that Barnett, Hullah and Balfe have lately done something to rescue England from the contempt of continental composers,—and we have a few vocalists and instrumental artists, of whom we may well be proud; but yet we are far behind the French and Italians,—perhaps not in science,—still in that all-absorbing enthusiasm which is indispensable to form great and commanding genius, and we must now even more than in days past look up with reverential regards to the Germans who have not only produced such men as S. BACH, HAYDN, MOZART, WINTER, BEETHOVEN, and WEBER, but practically show their love for musical science by making themselves, as a people, masters of their most splendid and difficult music.* That we ever had any pretensions

* “The smallest towns of Germany,” says an excellent judge of music and a vigilant observer of the present German musicians, “have orchestras able to perform the works of the great masters; and music generally forms the relaxation and indispensable enjoyment of a German's evening. Each town has its musical societies, in which both amateurs and professionals unite in their devotion to one single object—music. At Cologne, Dusseldorf, Coblenz, and other towns about the Rhine, musical festivals are celebrated that collect the inhabitants from far and near, and to which performers flock to the amount of several hundreds. The union thus formed of professional musicians with amateurs, to whom they freely and in detail communicate their ideas on the theory as well as practice of music, is not without its advantages,—as is well known by any who are familiar with the Church music in Wurtemberg, Baden, and Bavaria.” But all over Germany, and in Prussia, Saxony and Cassel in particular, music is studied by the people, forms a part of their ordinary education, supplies a

to be considered a musical people, as the Germans now are, cannot be said,—unless indeed we may except our excellent choral singers in the provinces and especially in Yorkshire; but we once could boast of native composers, whose works earned an European reputation, as the names of PURCELL, BOYCE, CALLCOTT, ARNE, and others, will sufficiently hint to our readers:—that we have not been able to speak of the works of more modern musical writers with equal confidence, is, as we think, owing to that overweening love introduced through the Italian opera and its *corps dramatique* for the music-run-mad compositions of Rossini and his followers, and, perhaps, not less so to the facilities offered by an uneducated and depraved public taste for the adoption of jingling, *low-minded* music quite unworthy of scientific composers. There are, however, some indications leading us to prophesy the dawning of a brighter day for music, the commencement of a period as glorious as ever was known in our history;—and our time will not have been spent in vain, if by recounting what has been done during the last and most interesting musical season within our recollection, we shall succeed in inspiring the reader with hopes as bright as our own.

All persons at all acquainted with the London musical world will know that there are in it two parties as distinct as those in the world of politics, which two parties, to carry on the comparison, are united by a third composed of waverers, who call themselves independent, but are in reality swayed to this or the other side by the opinion of the larger and more influential party. Happily, however, it requires only a judicious and well-finished musical education to compare the merits of the contending parties in music:—fashion and long usage influence one, while science and true taste are the principles appealed to by the other. We shall say a few words respecting the former:—of the latter it will be necessary to speak much more at large.

The former is composed of the aristocracy and the would-be grantees who make fashion their god without ever entering the sanctuary,—of those who patronise and frequent the Italian opera, subscribe to and direct the ancient concerts, and court the attention, either by heavy purses or fawning attentions, of the foreign singers, most of whom, with all their wonderful animal powers, have scarcely better taste than their patrons and employers. We speak here of classes, and it is pleasing to think that there are many honourable exceptions in individuals, whose names, were it not invidious and indelicate, it would not be difficult to mention. Of the patrons of the opera it may be truly said, that they are very easy, civilly disposed patrons; for M. Laporte treats his “very noble and approv’d good masters” in a way that might well astonish us, if we did not know as well as he, that nine-tenths at least of his audience resort to his house, not so much to listen for amusement or edification to the music and

fund of innocent and refined recreation, and at the same time animates both the performers and the auditory with noble and virtuous sentiments. The good morals of the lower orders in Germany may partly, at least, be attributed to their early-ingrafted fondness for music; and it is well worth the pains of our modern and more enlightened educationists to consider, if they cannot raise the social and moral condition of the English industrial classes by establishing popular education in harmony as well as in the more directly utilitarian branches of instruction.

singing provided by their caterer, as to enable them to say that they have seen my Lord —, paid humble *devoirs* to Countess — flirted with Lady Emily —, or lingered with raptures on the dying cadences of Grisi's favourite song of the season. Such patronage may and does suit M. Laporte,—if it be true that he has derived large profits from the work of the past season; but well are we assured that the production of such wretched apologies for operas as those offered by Mercadante, Bellini, Donizetti, Costa, *et hoc pecus Melibæi* (i. e. Rossini) furnishes no inducement to suppose that the Italian company are doing much to improve the prospects of musical science in this country. Little wonder then is it, that the unsophisticated admirers of opera music should agree with La Bruyere, "Je n'aime pas l'opera:—je n'en sais pas la raison, mais je m'ennuye toujours à l'opera." It may be said, however, that the noble subscribers are not wholly empowered to direct the performances into the best channel. However much more influence their monied patronage might have effected with Messrs. Laporte and Costa, we shall not stop to consider, but shall at once address ourselves to the task of discussing the merits of a celebrated establishment wholly under aristocratic patronage and management.

The very idea of the ANCIENT CONCERTS speaks volumes to those old connoisseurs who know what they once were, and are well acquainted with the works of the old and great masters. Such an one, if ignorant of the present real merits of the performances, would undoubtedly anticipate a most delicious treat from the promise of an evening's amusement in Hanover Square. Alas! how deep would be his disappointment, if he had been a visitor at the *soirées* on the Wednesdays of last season. It is not our intention to deny, that ancient and good music was performed, rather more than half of which, according to the *libretti*, may be termed classical; but of late there has been little, very little variety,—except that, which the music-run-mad taste of Lord Burghersh has introduced from Italy and himself.* Unfortunately too, a very large portion of the best music is so (and quite unnecessarily) hackneyed by repetition, that the stately dowagers and aproned prelates who give their patronage to these performances, fairly nod over their books in the privileged seats just below the orchestra. The imperfections of a stiff performance—such as all those conducted by the formal Mr. Knyvett must be†—may, of themselves, account for this very perceptible *ennui*; but yet there seems little sense in so frequently repeating the most popular choruses and symphonies of Handel, Haydn, and Mo-

* His Lordship resided for some years abroad, in an official situation at Florence. English money and aristocratic influence were successful in possessing foreigners with the notion, that he was the representative not only of the English monarch, but of English musicians.—Heaven preserve us from such representatives!—The history of the Royal Academy of Music is fully sufficient to convince all competent judges of the injudicious and destructive patronage extended by that nobleman to a great national institution. It seems that a Beethoven concert (an exhibition absolutely despised by the whole English musical world) was necessary to convince *even Germans*, that a fifth-rate musician, like the acting-director of the ancient concerts, cannot be regarded as a paragon of taste.

† The fact, that musical feeling is a necessary antecedent to musical expression does not seem to be sufficiently impressed on many of our modern leaders and con-

zart, together with a few cantatas and fragments from masses of Pergolese and Corelli, when it is well known that many as good, nay better works by the same writers, are on the library shelves of the conductors, and only require a little trouble in superintendence to be produced. Other works, however, might be offered to the aristocratical public with some benefit; and, perhaps, the directors may have forgotten that such individuals as we mention, *though dead, yet speak*,—S. Bach, Bateson, Boyce, Calcott, Palestrina, Purcell, Wilbye, Warde, Webbe, and others, on whose merits space, not will, prevents us from expatiating. If the directors of these concerts had acted up to their profession of keeping alive a taste for classical music and holding up a perpetual model of excellence, it might have been well; but what has been done during the last three seasons by the noble directors of the Wednesday *soirées* cannot justify any impartial and competent judge in giving any thing beyond a faint and damning praise. Of the nobilities' concerts very little need be said; for, either the patrons themselves dictate the pieces and songs to be played and sung, or else they leave the odious task to Messrs. Costa and his associates of the opera, who generally constitute the *lions* and *lionesses* of these ostentatious exhibitions. We are too well acquainted with the merits of these concerts to consider, that they arise from any thing except an incredible quantity of intrigue among the female fashionables; and hence our readers will not be surprised, that these concerts consist merely of the *rifaccimenti* or elegant extracts from the operas selected by the *beau monde* of the modern Babylon. What a prospect for modern music! With respect to the benefit concerts of the last season, as of many others, we beg to omit any notice of them—being fully convinced that they have a tendency rather to degrade music and musicians, than to elevate the science of sweet sounds; because we have been sufficiently behind the scenes to know all the management and left-handed trickery used in getting up these generally disreputable performances.

Such is the work that has been accomplished of late years, by the aristocratical patrons of music. That party which comprises the less ambitious but best educated portion of the *fanatici per la musica* in the British metropolis now remains to be considered; and happily the taste of the middle classes furnishes us so much reason for praise and encouragement, that it will be necessary to devote more than our usual space to the discussion of their rising merits as the patrons of musical science. The leading public bodies, supported by the non-aristocratical connoisseurs, are the *Philharmonic* and *Vocal Societies*, each of which requires a separate consideration. The former rather injudiciously, as we think, almost excludes vocal music, or rather turns it over to the Vocal Society. Respecting the instrumental music of last season, the successful introduction of many sub-

ductors. It may be one thing to compose music, and another to execute it—but no person can properly execute the music written by another, unless he has the genius, the enthusiasm, and added to that—the knowledge of harmony which sets the seal to a musician's ability. Mere musical science, without feeling, is like the *caput-mortuum* of the chemist, after the essence has evaporated—like the pale, clayey body of mortality after the vitalizing soul has sped its way to a better world.

lime compositions either little known or little relished before in this country,—above all, the practical homage paid to **BEETHOVEN**, the Michael Angelo of song—call for the warmest praise from musical critics. Always classical, always enterprising, always ambitious of the most perfect execution, the Philharmonic has this year even excelled itself. To begin with Beethoven,—we have had his splendid pianaforte concerto in E flat almost as splendidly performed by Mrs. Anderson,—a concerto most admirable on account of the ever devastating variations on the original thema,—his sinfonia in A (No. 7,) which our readers will perhaps remember by the flute of poor Nicholson, who gave such exquisite expression to some of its most pathetic passages,—his quartett in G (No. 2, Op. 18) for stringed instruments in which Tolbecque and Lindley so especially distinguished themselves,—his sinfonia pastorale so well known and so justly praised for its vivid representation of rustic life and scenery,—where the birds sing, the waters fall, the tempest howls, and the villagers celebrate the dance and the song, all in beautiful and natural succession—his song of *the Quail*, in which by the potency of his art he makes the monotonous cry of a bird the theme of a cantata only equalled in talent by his own “*Adelaide* ;” and, lastly, his grandest and longest Sinfonia (No. 9,) with the vocal part at the close taken from Schiller’s “*Ode to Joy*.” In all Beethoven’s symphonies, much as we may admire his orchestral effects, that feeling is superseded by a yet stronger one, raised by the wonderful combinations, the result of which is to communicate something like an electric shock to his hearers. It is like an historical painting of the grandest description, where not only nature is represented as living in reality, but a poetic ideality is thrown over it like a halo of glory, making it a splendid conception of nature’s *beau idéal*. It is dramatic and yet it is not theatrical ;—for it is as far removed from the gewgaw and tinsel of operatic music, as the severe sublimity of Milton is elevated above the unmeaning prettinesses of a modern dramatist. In the ninth symphony the novel introduction of vocal music ushered in by a prelude the most original, most eccentric, and most wonderfully talented ever heard by any audience, is an additional proof of the support which professedly instrumental music may derive from the apt introduction of human sounds. Beethoven deserved a Schiller for his poet, and Schiller’s poetry could only be properly melodized by as grand an artist as himself. It would have been well, if the vocalists had been as much *au fait* in their parts as Mr. Loder and his associates were with their instruments :—but it is almost unfair to find fault, when we find the directors undertaking a very difficult task, and striving of themselves to raise the public taste for the pure and sublime in music. We take it as a good sign, that those auditors who, a few years ago, rejected this grand composition (as the Austrians once did the *Fidelio*, and the Milanese the *Zauberflöte*), because they could not understand it, received the performance of last April with an *empressement* and enthusiasm never demonstrated by the more fashionable frequenters of the ancient concerts, and seldom even by the subscribers to the Philharmonic. It is not Beethoven alone, however, whose works form a striking feature in these concerts : a great va-

riety of the best German music is constantly and rapidly produced, whose selection proves that there is a true taste among professors, which, though not elicited by the patronage of the great and high-born, can be called forth by the encouragement and co-operation of real connoisseurs. When we mention that Mozart's quartett for stringed instruments in E flat,—Haydn's quartett of the same kind in F, and Weber's immortal clarinet concerto so well played by Willman, and several other works owing to Spohr, Haydn, Winter, and Mendelssohn for their authors, were successfully introduced to the subscribers, we need not urge one single further argument in proof of the services rendered to music by the Philharmonic Society. Turn we now to their brethren of the vocal concerts. If the vocalists of last year had done nothing beyond producing the "Crucifixion" of Spohr, they would still have done a great and noble work; but they have done more, far more than this to merit praise from the lovers of song. The Vocal Society set out with the intention of raising the taste of the English public for vocal music—with the intention of leading them to relish the great and ennobling compositions of PURCELL, GREEN, COOKE, WEBB, and others in our own country, as well as the refined and the classic melodies and concerted pieces written by the first German and Italian masters. It is delightful to be one of an attentive audience listening to Hobbs, as he sings Purcell's pathetic air, "I attempt from Love's sickness,"—to such glees as, "Now the bright morning-star,"—"Hail, beauteous stranger,"—"Blest pair of Syrens,"—and "Mark where the silver queen;"—to such madrigals as Cavendish's "Sweet honey-sucking bees,"—Morley's "Lo, where with flow'ry head,"—Ward's "Die not, fond man,"—Wilbye's "Stay, Corydon,"—to Handel's "My heart is inditing" (which by the way ought to be better known, as being beyond all doubt his best coronation anthem,)—to his choruses, "Sing, oh! ye heavens,"—and, "Swell the full chorus"—to Haydn's Gloria in his first mass, and to Mozart's unequalled motett, "Praise Jehovah." For those who really have a perception for musical beauties, we can scarcely conceive a greater treat than that offered last spring by the judicious direction of the Vocal Society, especially as the music, generally speaking, was performed in a style not to be met with in any other concert room in London. The madrigals were particularly worthy of notice on account of the astonishing precision with which they were performed,—a precision unattainable, except by long and uninterrupted practice.* SPOHR'S "Crucifixion" was reserved for the last effort of the society's season. Those who had previously seen the "Last Judgment" had, no doubt, anticipated a noble treat:—most assuredly they were not disappointed. The two

* The merit of restoring the writings of the old madrigalians to notice and favour belongs almost entirely to the Vocal Society, from which the Madrigal Societies in London and the provinces are only so many off-shoots. We may mention Mr. Edward Taylor in particular as one deeply interested, and nobly exerting himself in the business of brushing away the dust of oblivion from the writings of that host of great spirits, whose captain is the immortal PURCELL. The "Madrigal Society" and the "Purcell Club," of which Mr. Taylor is an active leading member, have done noble service lately, and his labours on Spohr's oratorio must never be forgotten.

oratorios are essentially different in their style, although both bear equally marks of genius and erudition. The "Last Judgment" is an epic poem, whereas the "Crucifixion" is rather a sacred drama, a personation of realities, the acting once again of those scenes so important to the destinies of mankind; and a drama it is of such stirring interest and so exquisitely wrought, that even the most obtuse must be roused to admiration and sympathy, when they hear strains which embody the anguish of the weak-minded Peter, the useless remorse of the traitor Judas, the unmoved attachment of the beloved John, and the maternal affection of Mary for the suffering Jesus. To comprise in a few words the greatest features of an oratorio in which all is great,—we may mention the solemn fugue in C minor composing the overture, the whole scene in the high priest's hall, the chorus of the disciples on the way to Calvary, the solemn and plaintive dirge accompanying the entombment of the Saviour,—and perhaps, above all, that noble chorus, "What threatening tempest gathers," in which are described with terrific grandeur the events immediately following the Crucifixion. An undertaking like this in the hands of a second-rate composer would only have exhibited the author's weakness and imbecility; but Spohr, who is scarcely less for music than Milton was for poetry, grapples with the difficulty, only that he may overcome it and enjoy the triumph of his genius. He has a style of his own, bearing the stamp of individuality, and so refined and sublime, so pathetic and yet so grand is that style, that one is fairly left in admiration of the author's unapproachable talent. The character of John (who is made by Mr. Taylor to deliver the words of Jesus as well as his own) was supported by Hobbs, who seemed perfectly to understand the exquisite feeling of the music committed to his charge. Balfe, who took the part of Peter, sang—one solo especially—quite *à merveille*:—we allude to that lovely bass song, "Tears of sorrow, shame, and anguish." We know not which to praise most,—the discrimination used in selecting a work of such noble character or the zeal and industry with which the society—one and all fired with the same enthusiasm—applied themselves to a due preparation for its adequate performance. The production of this oratorio forms, as we think, quite an era in the history of British musicians.

From what has already been said, something may now be gathered respecting the real amount of service done lately by these societies. The work is still progressive;—there is knowledge, energy, and zeal among a body composed of the highest members of the musical profession, which is well seconded by the encouragement of those well educated and independent amateurs who have thrown off the trammels of fashion and formalism. Let us hope that this enthusiasm may be caught up by those "beyond the pale where no profaner eye may look," and that many years may not elapse, ere a true musical taste shall be developed among the English people. It remains for us to say some few words respecting other excellent concerts, the very existence of which furnishes irrefragable proofs of an increasing taste for good and scientifically performed compositions. The "Classical concerts" of Mori, the rival "Quartett Concerts" of Blagrove, Moe-

cheles' "Piano-Forte Concerts," and "La Societa Armonica," each contribute their share to mould the taste of their different patrons and supporters; and when it is remarked that the names of Beethoven, Handel, Haydn, Mozart, and Weber, together with a few snatches from our favourite contemporary Mendelssohn, appear very liberally scattered through their programmes,—when again it is recollected, that the performances are uniformly conducted with a care and attention to detail fully adequate to draw out the merits of the noblest works, it must, we think, be freely conceded, that there is a growing disposition on the part of professors to treat music as a science capable of the greatest refinement and the highest elevation of sentiment. Let us not forget, while mentioning the different societies for the cultivation of music, that there is a Society of British musicians, whose object is to afford to young native composers the opportunity of exhibiting their talents before the public,—and a very desirable object it is under certain regulations tending to keep down the conceit of young and inexperienced men; but it is by no means certain, that the public exhibition of inferior works is calculated to benefit either the musicians themselves or the auditors who listen and applaud. The "Sacred Harmonic Society," the "Choral Harmonists," and the "Cecilian Society," prove by the success which has more or less accompanied their efforts—especially those of the first—in producing the choral music of the German school, that there is a large body of amateurs, in whom there exists a deep-rooted feeling, that music is somewhat more than the ingenious combination of sounds, that its proper cultivation has a certain potency in intellectualizing the mind, purifying the passions and refining the sentiments. *Esto perpetua*,—may this feeling grow up and flourish like a green tree among our countrymen of all classes and in all parts, till it shall have obtained the same intensity which is so observable in Germany and exercises so beneficial effect on the morals of that population.

Having thus endeavoured to sketch out the character of the different musical associations in the metropolis, all of which are or soon will be in active preparation for the coming season, and having shown or tried to show that the improvements now becoming discernible in our musical world are owing far less to the monied patronage extended to foreign artists by the higher circles of society than to the glowing enthusiasm and well directed energy with which our most talented professors (seconded by the *élite* of our amateur musicians and some few others who are too independent to be led astray by fashion) have applied themselves to the business of presenting the best music, new and old, to form a solid basis for the national taste,—having, in short, tried to prove that a general love and knowledge of music must spring up among the people themselves—the masses of the community—and cannot descend from the exclusive circles of the aristocracy, we must at length bid adieu to a subject, in which it has been our wish to interest the reader as deeply as ourselves. To some the subject may appear trifling and unimportant; but when it is considered how large an amount of *innocent* amusement is furnished by music independently of its higher consequences to the character,

when it is considered how many excesses, crimes, and distresses might be avoided by so harmless and pleasing an occupation of leisure hours, few, we think, will dispute the advantages of musical education. Indeed it seems scarcely questionable that instruction in melody should form one of the objects contemplated in a system of national education. Let us hope, that the same good effects on the morals of the population, so perceptible in Germany from the cultivation of music, may be produced in this country. Much has been done in provincial towns, especially in the north, for the encouragement of musical taste among the operative classes and with the best effects:—we only hope that both professors and amateurs will unite in forwarding a general cultivation of that *which has an undoubted tendency to raise the morals and promote the comfort and happiness of the community.*

H. H. D.

 TO JULIA.

By the Author of the "BRIDAL OF NAWORTH."

THE dream was sweet, alas! too sweet,
And fondly I believed it true;
Ah! give me back the pleasing cheat,
And I can bear its miseries too.

Perhaps the girl was not to blame;
Perhaps the fault was only mine,
To wish a woman's heart the same,
To hope on earth for joys divine.

'Twas youth which raised my hopes too high,
To bliss all other bliss above;
I thought—alas! fond, foolish boy—
Unchanged a woman's heart could love.

To me she seemed as pure and bright
As angels in an infant's dream:
Ah! why do mortals trust to sight,
Or think such forms are what they seem?

Why do the sweets of life decay
And leave the hapless wretch to mourn,
As roses quickly fade away,
And lingering leave the fatal thorn?

That kiss!—'twas thine, too lovely maid;
And thine!—what heart could doubt its truth?
But, oh! that precious kiss betrayed,—
Betrayed my soul, betrayed my youth.

Yes, Julia! thou hast well beguiled,
And I, perchance, as well believed;
Yet, ah! I fear, if Julia smiled,
This heart would be again deceived.

PROGRESS OF CIVILIZATION IN BELGIUM.

MUCH has been written on the history of the sciences, fine arts, literature, and commercial matters, in Belgium; but, except in the academic memoir of Dean Heylen (*De Inventis Belgarum*, 1786) no one has as yet collected into a certain focus, through the medium of which it may be possible to seize the *tout-ensemble* at one glance, the vast productions and effects of human intelligence in that country; nor has any author taken upon himself the task—by no means a difficult one—of proving that the Belgians have been constantly in a highly progressive state of civilization and that they have not unfrequently been the means of exciting and aiding the mental energies of other nations. The materials of which we may make use to demonstrate these facts, are abundant, and not entirely confined to the mere *ipse dixit* or national prejudice of a Belgian historian; they may be collected from the writings of foreign authors who have not failed to recognise the inventive ability and ingenuity of a people whose territory occupies so small a space on the map of Europe.

Belgium is now an independent kingdom, which, although circumscribed to exceedingly narrow limits, may still one day stand conspicuously amongst the nations of the European continent, if its government continue to be wisely administered, and its vast resources appreciated and brought into action, as they are at present. Indeed, what country of the same territorial dimensions can boast a population so numerous, so industrious, and so arduous in every species of toil and labour, whether manual or mechanical? what country annually enjoys the benefits of such rich harvests? what tract of land, parallel in extent, can present to the eye of the traveller more numerous cities, and more magnificent villages? what soil gives a more varied species of natural productions?—in fine, where is the nation that more amply possesses the true elements of a real prosperity?

In an intellectual point of view, the energies of the Belgians did not materially develop themselves till about the commencement of the reign of Charlemagne; but since that period the arts and sciences have been cultivated and held in great respect in Belgium, particularly in the Flemish territories; and notwithstanding the repeated invasions of the barbarians, even before all the other countries of Europe, did commerce attain to a flourishing state, and trade was encouraged by fairs or markets in the different towns.

It is well known that the labours and influence of the monasteries in those obscure times essentially tended to soften the ferocious manners of the Belgians, and inspired them with a taste for agricultural pursuits. The genius of Charlemagne gave an immense impulse to these exertions, and assisted in a variety of ways the meritorious task which the priests imposed upon themselves. Liege, Saint Amand Lobbes, Saint-Bertin, and other towns of minor importance were endowed with large schools, whence emanated, for the benefit of France, Germany, and England, several learned professors whose talents have been duly appreciated and eulogised by ancient chroniclers.

Desroches has brought forward ample proofs to corroborate the belief that the sciences were extensively cultivated in Belgium so far back as the ninth century. About the termination of the tenth century, music first became recognised as a study of importance and delight; and at the same period, the celebrated Guy de Dampierre, Count of Flanders, congregated a host of bards, poets, and minstrels at his court.

The art of dyeing in scarlet, and the manufactures of linen and cloth, were already in a flourishing condition in the middle of the eleventh century. The uniformity of weights, and the regulation of measures, of which the introduction has been vaunted as a new and original plan, were established in Belgium and throughout the whole of Flanders by an ordinance published by Count Baudouin. About the same time, the arts of miniature-painting, sculpture, and working in gold and silver, had already obtained a considerable degree of repute, and raised the Belgian artizans to a peculiar eminence in the opinions of their less skilful neighbours.

It was in the thirteenth century that commerce and the manufactures attained to a remarkable degree of splendour. An increase of wealth—and, by consequence, of luxury—accompanied this prosperity; nor less did the sciences participate in the progressive march of civilization and improvement. John of Saint Amand, canon of Tournay, was one of the most eminent medical practitioners amongst the faculty of Paris. The Floral games did not then exist in France; but Belgium was already celebrated for her literary societies, known by the name of *Rhetorical Meetings*.

The fifteenth century was witness to the glorious reign of Philip the Good, one of the most “magnificent princes”—in the true oriental sense of the word, if the reader will allow us thus to apply it—that ever existed. The science of music was strenuously patronised and encouraged by this monarch; it was then befriended by Charles the Bold and by Margaret of Austria. M. Fétis, in many of his works, has adduced substantial evidence to prove that the Belgians were, in the middle ages, the resuscitators of that divine art. Painting was also indebted to them for a new existence, less perhaps for the invention and application of oil colours than for the admirable productions of Van Eck and Memling, whose master-pieces are still appreciated and in high reputation.

Never did the Belgians display a greater development of inventive genius than in the fifteenth century. The pages of history make frequent mention of the meritorious services rendered by them to the furtherance of the arts, sciences, and commercial interests. Never was the manufacture of lace—that *chef-d'œuvre* of human industry—carried to a higher degree of perfection. The palaces of kings were ornamented with the carpets produced from the Flemish looms—the public buildings and edifices of the principal towns in Belgium were the admiration of all visitors; and their markets were stocked with the choicest merchandise of the world. In those times Bruges became an object of emulation for even Venice. With regard to the progressive march of literature, it will suffice to name George Chatelain, Montrelet, James du Clercq, de la Marche, and Philip of

Comines, in order to recal to the memory of the intelligent reader the great patrons and votaries of the sciences and *belles lettres* in those days.

Towards the end of the fifteenth century, the invention of printing changed for the future the face of civilization in Europe, and gave a new aspect to the appearance of all matters, whether connected with politics, literature, or the fine arts. The new impulse that was thus given to the energies and capacities of man, was not less experienced in Belgium than its forceful efforts were perceived elsewhere. The Belgians applied themselves with ardour to improve upon the incipient knowledge of the art, and even carried the fruits of their labours to the French Capital itself. Josse Badius of Assche, amongst many others, established in Paris a press that subsequently attained a considerable degree of celebrity; and in imitation of the same plan, Plantin, the well-known rival of Etienne, founded at Antwerp one of the most extensive and magnificent printing-houses in the world.

It was about the period of the abdication of Charles the Fifth, Emperor of Germany, that Belgium began to decline in importance amongst the states of Europe, and to lose its supremacy. During the forty years of that monarch's splendid reign, the arts, the sciences, every branch of literature, and the economy of trade, had been brought to a high state of perfection; but when Philip ascended the united thrones of Germany and Spain, England and Holland enriched themselves through a variety of circumstances all prejudicial to the commercial interests of Belgium, and built their own fortunes on the ruins of Flemish wealth. England supplanted the sinking nation in those manufactures that were once her own; and Holland appropriated to herself that extensive trade which had created the former prosperity of the Belgian merchants. The arts and sciences alone flourished as before; and they, even in the midst of civil feuds which desolated the country, found votaries and patrons to cultivate or protect them. Ortelius and Gérard Mercator considerably improved the geographical chart, and perfected the till then defective system of the science of geography; Josse Hondius, born at Wacken in Flanders, and celebrated as the founder of a long race of famous engravers, assisted the researches and views of his contemporary topographers by his numerous treatises on the subject, and by his improved maps; and, in other branches, Hopperus Damhoudere, Mirceus, Meyer, Oudegherst, and several more eminent characters contributed to the literary reputation of their country in these times.

Painting, statuary, and the art of engraving have also produced their great masters. Denys Calvert was a famous painter, of whom Antwerp has the honour to be the birth-place: Michael Coxie, Franck Flore, Charles Van Mander, and François Pörbus, are still remembered by an applauding posterity. In the year 1450, Martin Schœnganer of Antwerp introduced to his native land the art of printing designs by means of moulds cut into the surface of smooth metal planks, and thereby established for himself a permanent and enviable reputation. It must not however be imagined that he was

the original inventor of this art ; he merely learnt and borrowed it from its illustrious originator, Thomaso Finiguerra. Spain and Italy sought in those times the statues sculptured by Jean de Juni and Gillis Van der Riviere,* and demonstrated the high opinion they entertained of those works, by the ardour with which they coveted the possession of them. But the rage of Icono-clasm, or image-breaking, which succeeded to the propagation of the reformation, speedily dispersed the *chef-d'œuvres* of those celebrated artists, who were obliged to esteem themselves only too happy that they were spared the horrors of expatriation and foreign exile to avoid persecution and the appalling effects of secular fanaticism. Alas ! how grievously have the progressive marches of the arts and sciences been often-times retarded by the wild excesses or mistaken intolerance of wretches, who, in the mad moments of religious fervour as they fancied their unholy excitement to be, would have been delighted to plunge intelligent man into a vortex of superstition and ignorance, where they could have modelled his mind to suit their own purposes, to submit to their tyrannies, and to kneel at their seats of usurped power, by working on his fears and stunning him with a variety of arguments his want of education could neither comprehend nor refute !

The arts and sciences were not neglected by the Belgians in the sixteenth century. The study of medicine and anatomy was essentially benefitted and facilitated by the elucidations of André Vesale ; botanical researches were advantageously pursued and illustrated by Charles de Langhe and François Van Sierbeck ; while history, astronomy, geography, geology, &c., were successfully cultivated by Simon Stéven, Gregory Saint Vincent, Godfrey Wendelin, Ferdinand Verbrést, and François d'Aguillan of Brussels. The progress that was made in all these various branches by their ancient professors, demonstrates the superiority of human intelligence in Belgium at that period to the knowledge and literary acquirements of the Flemish at the present day.

Useless were it to recal to the minds of our readers all the obligations under which the arts lie to Rubens, whose talents cast so much lustre on the seventeenth century ; or to his illustrious disciples, Vandyck, Crayer, Van Hœk, Jordaëus, and others. Nor is it more than necessary to cite the names of Breughel, Teniers, and Van Oost. In sculpture and architecture the two brothers Duquesnoy of Brussels, Kœberger of Antwerp, Henry Pascheu, and François Romain have left behind them splendid monuments of taste and elegance.

During the last century the arts and sciences have also flourished. John Palfyn made many precious discoveries in anatomy, and Noel Joseph Necker published a work of extraordinary merit on botany. Leonard Vanderlinden of Brussels was the first who taught zoology in that town ; Sanderus, Paquot, Joseph Guesquiere, Count de Nény, Joseph Rapsaert, Martin de Bust, Charles Dierix, &c., by their immense and laborious researches materially contributed to enlighten the historians of their country, and inculcated in the breasts of the Belgians that affection for the study of history which characterizes them even at the present day. The names of Suvée, Ducq,

* This celebrated sculptor is generally called by the Italians, *Egidio Fiamingo*.
Nov. 1837. 2 K

Balthazar Ommeganck, and Pierre Joseph Redouté remind us of four individuals who attained to an eminent rank in the catalogue of distinguished painters. Anthony Cardon became one of the most celebrated modern engravers; and all the nations of Europe have produced disciples of the famous Gérard Edelinck. Chasing and working in gold and silver were brought to a high state of perfection by Pierre de Frains and Nicholas Mivian, of Liege. Michel Rysbrack, whom the English selected to make the mausoleum of the immortal Newton and the equestrian statue of William the Third, was a native of Antwerp. Lastly, mechanics were illustrated by Pierre Denis of Mons, on whom Delille has bestowed the flattering title of the *Modern Archimedes*.

Many illustrious names have been necessarily omitted in the above short sketch; but it is our intention, in a future article, to retrace our steps, and, in pursuing the same ground, to make elaborate mention of the discoveries and inventions for which the world is indebted to Belgium, as well as to give a perspicuous sketch of the progress of their literature, from the warlike airs composed by Louis the Third on the defeat of the Normans in 883, to the present time.

PARISIANS.

THE FORSAKEN.

BY MRS. L. MILES.

Suggested from an Engraving in Ackermann's "Flowers of Loveliness," for 1838.

As rapidly the maiden's wheel
 With murmur'ing hum goes round,
 Oft languidly her blue eyes steal
 A wistful glance around.

"Why tarries he?—the poplars cast
 Deep shadows o'er the dell;
 The promised hour is come, and past,—
 Pray heaven, my love is well."

Dim is her eye—that cheek no more
 With healthful current glows;
 Can ought joy's radiant beams restore—
 Refresh the faded rose?

Ah! ne'er again upon that heart
 Shall hope's sweet balm descend;
 A victim to the wiler's art,
 Her fairy visions end.

A hurried note—a blotted scroll,
 The fatal truth conveys;
 A dark cloud gathers o'er her soul,
 And grief usurps her days.

And he—the false one—heedeth not
 The blow so harshly dealt;
 His fervent vows are all forgot;
 Her silent wrongs unfelt.

But yet shall come a torturing hour,
 When, conscience-stricken—pale—
 Hot tears shall fall for that sweet flower,
 Which perished in the vale.

LETTERS FROM GERMANY.

(Concluded from page 415.)

THE rapid progress made on the continent during the last twenty years, in all the useful arts of social and refined life, should be sufficient to convince even the ambitious, that peace is the true road to national greatness. The energies of two or three hundred thousand men, which, devoted to war, would only devastate a country to fill up a page in history, if employed in fabricating the comforts of modern life, would diffuse enjoyment among millions. If, therefore, national wealth, population, enlightenment, and happiness, be, as they ought, the true object of a monarch's ambition, these may all unquestionably be much more surely attained by peace than by war, for the acquisition of new territory is a comparatively worthless description of ambition. It is, however, no more than candid to confess, that an excursion through Prussia and Austria, where the people enjoy most of the best blessings of good government, though without its safest machinery, does in some measure tend to blunt the keen edge of one's hatred to absolutism. It would be interesting to calculate, were there data from which it could be done, the comparative progress of the arts during an equal period of war and of peace, and the result would doubtless be a decision infinitely in favour of peace; for the progress of manufactures in England, during war, is no proof against what is here alleged, as our country was not the theatre of slaughter, and the people were not torn from their peaceful occupations.

The people of Stuttgart are in their appearance interesting, and it is not unworthy of remark, that the finest blow of beauty which Germany has yet exhibited, was in the theatre of this little capital, round the boxes of which the native flowers were conspicuously arranged in smiling loveliness, from the large peony style of complexion and comeliness, which the king is reputed to admire, down to the purer roses of less ample dimensions and more delicate hues—all had evidently made their most elaborate toilets, and wore looks of self-satisfaction, suitable to the elegance of their adornments and the royal nature of the fête. In Wirtemberg, as well as Prussia, travellers never experience any difficulty in getting forward by the mail conveyance, as the establishment is bound to furnish such additional carriages as may be necessary for whatever number of passengers present themselves. The country between Stuttgart and Heidelberg is, like the rest of Wirtemberg, hilly, and we soon reached the frontiers, for it would scarcely over-fatigue a good fox-hunter to ride across this compact little kingdom in a day. Heidelberg is prettily situated on the river Neckar, and is a moderately agreeable town. Its chateau, tun, university museum, and small private picture gallery, are the sights for the curious. The university numbers among its men of science, Professor Tielman, who is distinguished by one of the most finely formed heads in Europe; and that its manifestations are corresponding, no true disciple of phrenology need doubt.

The drive from Heidelberg to Frankfurt is one of the finest which

Germany presents. On our right the hills were covered with vines to the road side; while, on our left, the rich alluvial plain stretching towards the Rhine was well cultivated, and offered a fine but perhaps over-level contrast. We chanced to have, as a fellow-traveller in the diligence, a young lady of humble rank from one of the Calvinistic districts of Switzerland, who was proceeding to Germany to fill a situation as nursery governess. The party was, as is not unusual, chiefly English; and as the ruler of the nursery rather piqued the self-love of her fellow-travellers, by preferring the contents of a book to their conversation, I ventured, on a suitable opportunity occurring, to proffer an exchange of books, not doubting that hers was a romance. The title proved—" *Que faut-il faire pour être sauvé ?*" On reading which, one of us presumed to remark, "*Soyez tranquille, Mademoiselle, toutes les jolies femmes sont sauvées naturellement.*" The incense was not offered in vain, so that we were all benefitted by her entering into an animated conversation, and the young lady has no doubt since learnt that the object of her little book is not in Germany considered so difficult of attainment as in Switzerland.

Darmstadt is chiefly a modern town, and is clean, regular, and handsome. The grand duke's principal residence is here, but he happens at present not to be in good odour with the people of his little duchy, as the taxes are considered somewhat burdensome. The late grand duke's taste for music is stated to have amounted to a degree of harmonious craze, and Darmstadt had, during his life, one of the best operas of Germany. By this means he managed to keep the minds of his subjects in tune; but since his death, the people finding that the opera is worse, while the taxes are higher, have become dissatisfied. A characteristic anecdote related of the old duke states, that one day, while engaged at the rehearsal of an opera, an alarm of fire was given, and all the company were about to rush out, when the duke begged they would first enquire where the conflagration was. It was immediately ascertained to be at the palace; on hearing which, he requested they would oblige him by proceeding with the rehearsal, as there was an abundance of people at the castle to attend to the fire. It has been alleged that his peculiarities must have been imported by some German traveller for Sir Walter Scott's use, and that he was in some respects the original from which his good king Rene was drawn. The present duke is, however, supposed to be suffering for his father's musical extravagance, in the unpopularity arising from an exhausted treasury; and he is further unfortunate in having for an immediate neighbour the prince of Nassau, one of the most popular in Germany, whose territory being comparatively rich, the taxes are not felt to be oppressive. The comparisons which, under such circumstances, cannot fail to be drawn, are very unfavourable to the government of the present grand duke of Darmstadt; and many of his peasantry are seeking in emigration to the new world a relief from the taxation they so loudly complain of in the old.

We reached Frankfort in time for the last two days of the fair, of the existence of which we had an immediate proof, in not being able to obtain rooms in the first hotel. In sauntering through some of the second-rate streets, we found a number of tents full of Dutch toys, pipes, cutlery, &c., which was all that met our view of the commerce

of the occasion. The fair has, however, already lasted nearly four weeks, and yesterday notice was given, as usual, that strangers must no longer vend their wares in Frankfort. Though there are some very handsome streets here, yet there are also more than a sufficient number of an opposite description, as might be expected in so ancient a city. The halls of the *Maison de Ville* are enriched by portraits of all the elected emperors of Germany for many centuries; and this honour, which has now ceased, appears to have fallen latterly altogether into the hands of the Austrian family; while it is a singular coincidence, that the last niche remaining in the wall is occupied by a portrait of the late emperor of Austria, who was the last elected emperor of Germany. Frankfort for many generations prided herself in the honour of having the elected emperors crowned within her walls. The numbers of Protestants and Catholics are here so equal, that it is difficult to say which sect predominates; but there is also a considerable number of Jews; and Frankfort is the *Ville de Naissance* of all the Rothschilds. The new cemetery, at a little distance from the town, is tasteful and extensive, including among its arrangements rooms where the dead bodies of poor persons, whose relatives have not proper accommodation, may be placed till the period of their interment arrives. While so placed, springs attached to bells are put in contact with their hands, and are intended to give notice to the persons in attendance, should any moving principle of life remain. Other preparations are also made in case any of the sleepers should awake; but it is almost unnecessary to say, that during the eight years of the system, no instance of reanimation has occurred, and probably during a century to come none may arise. The intention is, however, highly creditable to the benevolent feeling of the inhabitants and authorities of Frankfort. One of the principal attractions here is the statue of Ariadne seated on a Panther, by Danneker. The figure is so perfectly beautiful that one might almost have excused the old sculptor had he proved a modern Pygmalion; but the professor has done better, for at nearly eighty years of age he proved not insensible to the softer charms of a youthful lady, who now cheers his declining years as *Madam D—*; and it is pleasing to find that the heart of so ancient a sculptor has not been quite converted into marble. In Ariadne the artist has realized the perfection of form and loveliness, without that expression of soul which is the chief charm in the works of many other sculptors. In looking at Canova's *Venus*, for instance, one's eyes constantly turn to the face to contemplate the expression of modesty and of soul which there so enchantingly co-exist; whereas in this, by Danneker, the eyes are contented to rest chiefly on the charms of figure, and it would be difficult to decide which is the higher achievement,—a countenance so lovely as to cause the figure to be overlooked, or a form so perfect that the face is almost forgotten. Had Lord Byron studied this Ariadne, he would scarcely have spoken so disparagingly of the "nonsense of the stone ideal." The museum of natural history here is extensive, and the picture gallery, which is the Sunday afternoon lounge, is not deficient in interest; containing many good Flemish pictures, a beautiful sea-view by Claude, and a splendid work by Canaletti. There are also some good modern pictures, particularly one by Professor Schadow of Dusseldorf, illus-

trating a sacred subject, the expression of which is calculated to produce as elevating an effect on the mind as the works of many of the first ancient masters; but time alone can mellow tints. This city is understood to be rich in the pride of wealth and the aristocracy of commerce. At Cassino several of the English papers may be seen, and that most obliging of bankers, the English consul, is always polite enough to facilitate the admission of strangers who have occasion to communicate with him.

Frankfort has at length reluctantly become a member of the German commercial confederation,—a step so manifestly injurious to her prosperity, as political subserviency to the greater powers of Germany can alone explain; and when an independent commercial city thus sacrifices her interests at the dictation of others, it is reasonable to infer that she is no longer really free. The manufacturers of Prussia and Saxony do not of course require, like those of England, to make a depôt of Frankfort, as they can supply their merchandise to the various towns of Germany by direct channels of communication; but if Frankfort had continued true to her own interests, all the custom-house officers of the confederation could not have excluded British manufactures from the extensive country which surrounds her. At present, Saxon cottons appear to be the most used and esteemed in this quarter, but a manufacturing spirit is now establishing itself in the Prussian provinces of the Rhine; so that, though Saxony may be at present a principal gainer by the convention, Prussia is likely soon to reap the chief advantages as regards both profit and influence. Many observations which I have recently heard in the smaller states confirm the inference that the military pride of the Prussians causes them to be disliked privately throughout Germany. Whether the fact of their being a more energetic people arises from constitutional difference and superior intelligence, or is the result of conscious national superiority as compared with their neighbours, it would be difficult to determine. The high tone and intelligence of their government has however communicated itself to the officials, and, through them and the press, is diffused among the whole body of the people. The pride of nationality, politically considered, thus produces much good, and the Prussians appear to possess it in a higher degree than any of the other people in Germany. A very probable solution of the greater smartness of the people is the three years' military training they undergo; and however great an encroachment this may be on personal liberty, yet, if the effect is that the individuals are thus improved for life, it may be considered even to them as gain. Corporal punishment is not permitted in the Prussian service, and every circumstance tends to cause military life to be highly regarded, while the three years of military training must doubtless afford a host of agreeable reminiscences, when the young soldiers become in after-life duly citizenized; and even the callous thus acquire some national spirit. It will probably become a matter of imperative necessity for the smaller states of Germany, as a means of self-defence, not only to imitate the Prussian system of military training, but to maintain a good understanding with each other; else it is more than probable that many of them may ere long cease to occupy a place in the political map of Europe.

Rail-roads, cotton-mills, and beet-root sugar manufactories, are at

present her chief outlets for what little speculative spirit the Germans possess. Rail-ways are talked of from Frankfort to Mayence, to Leipsic and to Carlsruhe; but the number of small states through which they must pass, and the revenue at present derived by the various governments from posting and public travelling, are serious obstacles to their formation. Beet-root sugar manufactories have long existed in France, and for some time in Belgium, but are new in this quarter. If, however, they are advantageous concerns in the former countries, they must be much more so in central Germany, in consequence of the greater cheapness of land and labour, as well as the increased expense of transporting tropical sugar from the more distant sea coasts. The principal objection to this description of sugar seems to be, that, though when properly refined its colour is beautiful, there is comparatively little sweetness in proportion to the bulk. If Germany annually imports, as is stated, fifty million pounds of cotton twist from England, and pays the confederation duty on it, amounting to half a million of dollars, it follows that this amount is capable of being saved to the consumers as soon as the spinning machinery of Germany is sufficiently extensive to supply the requisite quantity. It is, therefore, reasonable to infer, that the demand on England must shortly cease for this article.

It has long been much the fashion for the press in Germany to speak of England as a country on the eve of ruin by its debt. They either do not, or will not, know our wealth, industry, and resources, as compared with Germany; for it would be just as reasonable to suppose an English nobleman ruined because he owed as much as would make bankrupt a highland laird. Nothing therefore could have more surprised these prophets of evil than the twenty millions paid by England for negro emancipation, and that a nation they had been writing of as ruined, should pay such a sum voluntarily for an object of benevolence, and borrow the amount without affecting the value of her debt, did seem to them passing strange.

It was yesterday remarked to me, by a lady of this country, that she did not like Mrs. T.'s book on Germany, because she praised every thing, except the smoking of the gentlemen. This is certainly the last accusation which some years since one could have imagined ever to have been brought against that authoress, but every thing in this country has happily appeared *coulour de rose*, so that she really does seem to have been making atonement to the Germans and the Parisians for her offences against the people of the new world. As regards the Germans this is scarcely to be wondered at, for the mildness and amiability of their manners is such as to disarm criticism, and whether one judges of them by physiognomy or demeanour, they seem so devoid of malevolence that a traveller might be almost justified in concluding, that more malice and uncharitableness exists in a district of some countries than in a German kingdom. Thus the "School for Scandal" would scarcely, I conceive, be considered by a German audience as a natural picture. The delicacy of Mrs. T.'s language, the point of her remarks, and the keenness of her powers of observation, render it highly desirable that she should continue her literary pilgrimage, and keeping in view the German lady's remark, really point out such improveable peculiarities of mind or manners as she may meet with. No one is more able to enact

the censor, and if she succeed in persuading the ladies of Germany to moderate their excessive devotion to domestic drudgeries, and betake themselves to the pursuits of literature, their country will owe her an eternal debt of gratitude for its increased refinement. On this subject, a professor of *Belle Lettres* has beautifully remarked, that after gaiety has lost its charm, and society its powers to soothe,—when friends and fortune have flown, and even character may have been misrepresented, literature is the mind's best resource, and frequently proves more fruitful in rational enjoyment than the more worldly blessings that are departed. The Germans being a peculiarly reflective people, this falling back upon literature would be to them even more appropriate than to the English, for Madame de Stael has honourably characterized their country as "the land of thought." Indeed it is so much a land of thought, that it is perhaps scarcely sufficiently a land of action. There are, I believe, comparatively few female German writers, and those are chiefly of Prussia and Saxony; but that there are numbers well qualified to shine in all the lighter departments of literature need not be doubted. Mrs. S., the talented and sole representative of her sex in the courts of science, is this season also travelling in Germany; affording another glorious example of mental cultivation to its ladies, among whom the higher mathematics are not at present in much repute. Several anecdotes with which we became acquainted at Frankfort led to the conclusion that an enlightened commercial aristocracy, such as here exists, is equally or perhaps more favourable to intelligence, and the establishment of benevolent charities, than that description of aristocracy which usually surrounds a German court.

The drive from Frankfort to Mayence is pleasant, and the country is one of considerable agricultural richness. Mayence itself is so dull a town, that the only subject which can interest a stranger is making a comparison between the Prussian and Austrian troops which assist the Grand Duke of Hesse Darmstadt in doing its garrison duty. Soon after leaving Mayence by the steam-boat, we passed the celebrated Johannisberg vineyard, of which many desire to taste the produce, but comparatively few really do so. Previous to the French revolution this valuable vineyard appertained to an ecclesiastic, and was afterwards given by Napoleon to Marshal Kellerman; while finally at the Congress of 1815, being placed at the disposal of the Emperor of Austria, it was presented by him to the present proprietor, Prince Metternich.

To a person who had previously sailed both up and down the Rhine,—who had seen it in sunshine and in mist,—with the eyes of soberness and reason on one occasion, and under the influence of its own produce on the other, there remained no means of increasing its charms by novelty. If "the best of life is but intoxication," it might probably have been pardonable to have this day sought from Rhine wine, that excitement which an unfavourable atmosphere prohibited the Rhine scenery from affording: being, however, as yet only morning, the stimulus of coffee was all that decorum permitted an indulgence in.

R. C.

ECONOMY OF THE MONTHS.

NOVEMBER.

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All Saints and All Souls.—Travelling in November.—London Fogs—Charles Lamb in his glory.—Dr. Kitchener's eccentricities.—Bathing.—Varley, the astrological artist.—Gunpowder plot.—Oyster-shell grottoes.—Landing of King William the Third.—Queen Elizabeth's accession.—The devil and the pope.—Lord Mayor's day.—The Queen's intended visit to the city.—New portrait of her majesty, not Chalon's.—Anecdote of Queen Victoria at Brighton.—Martinmas feasting.—Black puddings and punning.—Meteors, heavenly and earthly.—Queen Victoria's first parliament.—Ministerial difficulties.—The Queen killed with kindness.—Messrs. Hume and Russell.—Prediction.—The *real* corporation feast.—St. Cecilia.—St. Catherine and her votaries.—Order of St. Catherine of Mount Sinai.—Order of knighthood for the ladies.—Singed sheep's-heads and haggess.—St. Andrew of Scotland.—Origin of the order of the Thistle.—Russian Order of St. Andrew.

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THIS present month of November, in the year of Grace one thousand eight hundred and thirty-seven, is likely to prove a busy month amongst sinners as well as amongst saints. It may boast almost of as many Saints' days—feasts, fasts, and other days of superstition and historic note—as it can count astronomical days. At a few of these we shall slightly glance. And first of all, on its very first day is the feast of *All Saints and All Souls*! Amongst many other superstitions, and even horrible ceremonies, still practised in Roman Catholic countries on the eve and day of All Souls, "the churches are hung with black, the tombs are opened, a coffin covered with black, and surrounded with wax lights, is placed in the nave of the church, and in one corner figures in wood, representing the souls of the deceased, are half-way plunged into the flames." This wretched mummerly, which to the present day is carried to an incredible and revolting extent in some parts of the continent—parts in which a popish priesthood is the ruling power, keeping the land in darkness and in slavery—is understood to have originated in a most idle and ridiculous story. It can hardly be necessary to remind the reader that by certain visionaries of the by-gone times Mount Etna was regarded as one of the grand entrances to the great underground palace of the prince of the power of the air—a dwelling, the plain homespun name of which it is not usual to mention within the hearing of "ears polite." A holy father, we are told—lamentable that history should be silent as to his name—in passing through Sicily, and visiting Mount Etna, on his return from a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, heard the demons within complaining that many departed souls were taken out of their hands by the prayers of the Cluniac monks. The father reported the extraordinary *fact* to Odilo, his abbot, who, not less piously inclined, immediately appointed this day for incessant prayer for all departed souls. In the English church, on the other hand, the fast is said to have been instituted in memory of all good men defunct, proposing them as patterns for Christian imitation, but not allowing prayers to be addressed to them.

Few persons, it is presumed, have any violent inclination to travel for pleasure in the dull, the dark, the damp, the dreary month of November—that month in which razors and ropes, dangling and strangling, cutting, shooting, and drowning, are held to be in more than usual requisition amongst us malt-consuming, beef-eating, fog-inhaling islanders. Yet the honest, kind-hearted, cheerful-spirited Charles Lamb—how strange must have been the good creature's idiosyncrasy!—found himself in his seventh heaven of enjoyment in the midst of a substantial London fog—a fog so dense and solid, that a sculptor, with suitable mallet and chisel, might hew out of it a model of St. Paul's as large as life. Yes, Charles Lamb was in all his glory when he could parade Ludgate Hill, Fleet Street, and the Strand, the lights in the street lamps and shops being dimly visible, and the rumbling of carriages, the shouts of link-boys, the clatter of many voices, and the shrieks of scared passengers almost frightening the land from its propriety. We should like to have seen, had *seeing* been possible, his Quaker friend, Bernard Barton, with him upon one of these occasions. And then the merry, joyous suppers that followed—"the feast of reason and the flow of soul"—the multitudinous tankards of ale, the bowls of smoking-hot punch, the odoriferous fumes of the sacred "weed!" To Charles Lamb and his few choice associates this was a banquet worthy of the gods.

We have said that few people can be expected to travel for *pleasure* in the month of November. However, there is no accounting for tastes; and some there are who *would* travel even if it were, in sailor-phraseology, to "rain marline-spikes with their points downwards;" and others there are who *must* travel from *necessity*. To all travellers, therefore, we say, in the words of that sage and super-eminently philosophical writer upon all subjects, Dr. Kitchener, "Remember, a catarrh is a disease which very commonly ends in an inflammation of the lungs; or, what is as frequent, and much worse, an asthma or consumption: one half of these arise from inattention to what is called a *common cold*." As a preventive of these evils the doctor judiciously recommends a cold or tepid bath, or sponging all over in the morning. Of this we can say, *probatum est*. Nothing can be more erroneous than the idea that bathing, whether cold, tepid, warm, or hot, subjects the patient to a risk of taking cold. Cold or tepid bathing in the morning is a most refreshing and invigorating practice, and should be pertinaciously persisted in all the year round. After a journey, Dr. Kitchener also recommends placing the feet in warm water for two minutes before going to bed. And we can add, that of all safe and salutary travelling beverages, there is nothing so excellent as cold weak brandy-and-water.

Of Dr. Kitchener it could not fairly be said, as of Falstaff, that he "was not only witty himself, but the cause of wit in others;" as of Yorick, that he was "a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy;" but he was certainly a very great oddity in his way. Setting aside his peculiarity of carrying with him a case of his own concocted sauces when he went out to dine, and a thousand other whims equally ridiculous, he had about four hobbies, upon one or more of which he was always sure to jump up and ride before any person had been five minutes in his company. In music and optics, cookery and astronomy, he was perfectly *au fait*—in his own estimation. On either of these subjects

he was twice as *bad*, and never half so *good*, as that other child of eccentricity, John Varley, on the exhaustless theme of judicial astrology. Are any of our fair friends acquainted with John Varley? Yes, many; and they know him to be a capital painter and a capital fortune-teller. Many a wiser head than his own has John Varley thrown into a whirl by his skill, real or pretended, in the *occult science*. At all events, however, as a painter, he is a man of genius. Kitchener thought so of himself, but no one else thought so of him. But he was loyal, and of course patriotic—desirous of increasing the revenue of the country. For instance, in that oracular work of his, “*The Traveller’s Oracle*,” “*Enquire*,” he says, “what days the post comes in, and on your first arrival, especially in a foreign country, for fear of a miscarriage (which, however, rarely happens), *write by each post till you get an answer*.” This was one way, certainly, to insure punctuality of reply; and particularly pleasant and amusing to those who regarded economy in postage. We beg leave to suggest that printed circulars might be useful on such occasions.

Of infinitely livelier interest than All Souls’ day—to the juvenile part of the community at least—is the memorable 5th of November.

“Tis good to remember,
The *Fifth of November*,
Gunpowder, treason, and plot;
There’s abundance of reason
To think of the treason,
Then why should it e’er be forgot?”

“God grant,” exclaimed the pious bishop Sanderson, in one of his sermons, “that we nor ours ever live to see November the fifth forgotten, or the solemnity of it silenced.” *Amen!*

Independently, however, of religious and patriotic considerations, we love the boys and their bonfires, and their wildfires, squibs and crackers, and the joyous exultation with which they sacrifice their “Guys” on the 5th of November. The feeling is an *English* one, and deserves to be encouraged: we always disburse our coppers freely on this day. Widely different is the mendicant custom introduced within these few years at the commencement of the oyster season, when, by a gang of shoeless brats of both sexes, we are assailed by the snivelling cry of, “Pray remember the grotto! *only* once a year.” We never give to *them*: they ought to be sent home, soundly whipped, and put supperless to bed.

The 5th of November is memorable also for the landing of William the Third in 1688. By the superstitious of the time the coincidence was deemed miraculous.

Another bonfire and illumination affair, noted and celebrated as recently as the year 1684, was the accession of Queen Elizabeth, on the 17th of November. The figure of the pope was usually burnt upon this occasion; a circumstance which may probably account for the fifth of November boys frequently confounding his holiness with Guy Fawkes, his agent. “In the *Gentleman’s Magazine* for November 1760, vol. xxx. p. 514,” observes Brand, in his valuable work on “*Popular Antiquities*,” “is an account of the remarkable cavalcade on the evening of this day in the year 1679, at the time the Exclusion Bill was in agitation, copied from ‘*Lord Somers’s Collection*,’ vol. xx. The pope, it

should seem, was carried on this occasion in a pageant representing a chair of state covered with scarlet, richly embroidered and fringed; and at his back, not an effigy, but a person representing the devil, acting as his holiness's privy counsellor; and frequently caressing, hugging, and whispering to him, and oftentimes instructing him aloud. The procession was set forth at Moorgate, and passed first to Aldgate, thence through Leadenhall Street, by the Royal Exchange and Cheapside, to Temple Bar. The statue of the queen on the inner or eastern side of Temple Bar having been conspicuously ornamented, the figure of the pope was brought before it, when, after a song, partly alluding to the protection afforded by Elizabeth to protestants and partly to the existing circumstances of the times, a vast bonfire having been prepared over against the Inner Temple gate, his holiness, after some compliments and reluctances, was decently toppled from all his grandeur into the impartial flames; the crafty devil leaving his infallibilityship in the lurch, and laughing as heartily at his deserved ignominious end as subtle Jesuits do at the ruin of bigotted lay catholics, whom themselves have drawn in."

An author of the time, speaking of Elizabeth, and also quoted by Brand, says: "This might well be a great promoter of the tallow-chandlers' welfare; *for marvellous illuminations will be set forth in every window*, as emblems of her shining virtues; *and will be stuck in clay*, to put the world in mind that grace, wisdom, beauty, and virginity, were unable to preserve *the best of women* from mortality. Alack, and a-well-a-day for grace, wisdom, beauty, virginity, and *the best of women!*"

As upon a former occasion, the mention of Queen Elizabeth brings us to Queen Victoria; though, impressed with a sense of the truth of the adage, that "comparisons are odious," we have not the slightest intention of drawing a parallel between the two.

Queen Victoria, it appears, means to do the new lord mayor of London and the corporation the honour of dining with them on the 9th of November, that important day of civic pomp and festivity.

We recollect not whence the following parody upon a speech in Shakspeare is derived, but it is good:—

"Suppose that you have seen
The new-appointed mayor at Queen Stairs,
Embark his royalty: his Town company
With silken streamers, the young gazers pleasing,
Painted with different fancies;—have beheld
Upon the golden galleries music playing,
And the horns echo, which do take the lead
Of other sounds;—now view the city barge
Draw its huge bottom through the furrowed Thames,
Breasting the adverse surge: O do but think
You stand in Temple Gardens, and behold
London herself on her proud stream afloat;
For so appears this fleet of magistracy,
Holding due course to Westminster."

Let us not anticipate. It is, we believe, on the 7th that her majesty is to leave Brighton, on her return to London, to grace and honour the civic dinner of one of Dick Whittington's official descendants on the

9th. Thus she will obtain two nights' rest, by which to recruit after the fatigues of her journey, and one clear day of preparation for the awful event. Her majesty's ministers will not, we presume, place their *veto* upon the intended royal visit, as was the case respecting that of the late king upon a similar occasion. They are not, just now, afraid of bludgeons, and brick-bats, and bullets—that the very stones of the street will rise up in judgment against them.

We are much in the secret upon this business—the proceedings, arrangements, &c. &c. &c.: that is, we know as much as any body else seems to know—nothing. All that we have been able to learn, for a certainty, is, that the city people are in a most outrageous bustle—apparently in a state of absolute bewilderment. We wish them well through it.

We shall be satisfied, too, if the queen be as much pleased with her city *entrée* as she was with that at Brighton; though, even there, some things might have been managed better. It was ours to witness her arrival. Victoria is *not* handsome, in the strict sense of the word; yet her face is one that the eye *must* rest upon, for it is full of *thought*, and has a touch of *sadness*, as though the crown weighed on the brow too heavily—an intellectual brow, with an air of decision about the mouth. But although *mind* was apparent, there seemed not to be “*music* beaming from her face;” in short, there was an absence—momentarily, perhaps—of the *poetry* of early youth—of the bright and sunny smile. She *never* smiled; but then, she was tired, and timid, and nervous. At the moment, however, grey-beards as we are, we imagined *ourselves* at her age—in her place; and we mentally exclaimed—“Why, if *we* saw such proofs of a people's homage—their universal love—our eyes would rain tears of rapture, and that carriage would not withhold us, if not from *mingling* with our loyal subjects, *at least*, telling them that their dutiful love went to our *heart of hearts*! Ah! who would be a queen, if the price be the early bloom of a youthful heart!

We were told that, after all, her majesty experienced a sense of disappointment at her reception; for that instead of the splendid array that awaited her arrival, she had set her heart upon seeing the old men and women, and charity children, dine on the Steyne, as had been the arrangement at Windsor; in which case she would have alighted and walked through the crowd; whereas, said she, “they have made a *show* of *me*, but have not given a little feast to my poor.” This was a beautiful and kind saying—one that ought never to be forgotten.

Feasting, of a character somewhat different from that of Guildhall, was formerly much in vogue about the time of the festival of St. Martin, on the 11th of November. St. Martin, a native of Hungary, was originally a soldier; but afterwards, he, like many a gallant soldier of our own day, when the sword became rusty in the scabbard, took holy orders. He became bishop of Tours, in France, an office which he held for six-and-twenty years. Anciently it was a custom universally prevalent in this country, now restricted to villages here and there, to kill cows, oxen, swine, &c., to be cured for winter consumption, when fresh provisions were not to be had. But *tempora mutantur, et nos mutamur in illis*: we are wiser now. Still, however, Martinmas is known as “black-pudding time” down in the north; and the taste for black-pud-

dings serve to show that our forefathers were as much addicted to the sin of punning as we are; for, in illustration of the feeling, that in marriage high birth without fortune was worthless, the common people have the homely punning adage, that "*blood without groats* (one of the main ingredients of a black-pudding) is nothing." The love for this savoury food, still universal throughout Germany, is unquestionably derived from our Saxon ancestors, who, at Martinmas, held a joyous "feast of sausages," or gut-puddings. Nor do they *eat* upon the Abernethian system, without *drinking*. Upon the continent this is the season for *tasting* the new wines. This continental feasting at Martinmas is thought to be derived from "an ancient Athenian festival observed in honour of Bacchus on the 11th, 12th, and 13th days of the month Anthesterion, corresponding with our November. Old Martinmas-day, on the 23rd of November, is one of the ancient quarterly periods of the year at which, perhaps, even at this time, a few rents become payable.

Astronomers tell us, that on the nights of the 12th, 13th, and 14th of November there have been seen, for many years past, and in different parts of the world, immense showers of brilliant fiery meteors. M. Arago, the celebrated French astronomer, has broached a new and curious theory upon this subject, to which, however, our limits permit us only to refer the reader. At present we can regard those *heavenly* phenomena only as precursors of certain *earthly* meteors which may be looked for in Westminster on the 15th of the month. Yes, on the 15th of November, the day on which Queen Victoria's first parliament is to assemble, many a political meteor will make its brief appearance in the circumscribed sphere of the Lower House. It has been demi-officially announced, that the house will immediately proceed to the election of a Speaker; but whether the Conservatives mean to attempt a trial of strength on the occasion is yet in doubt. From the numbers, weight, and respectability, in every sense of the word, of the *English* portion of the House of Commons, drawn up in array against them, it is impossible but that ministers must feel themselves in extremity; and, as their case is desperate, some desperate measure on their part is looked for. According to that philosopher and prophet, H.B., the "Queen is in danger."

To the real political predilections of her majesty, if she have any, it seems impracticable to obtain any clew: she is so incessantly besot, in her walks, in her rides, in her drives, at her dinner and evening parties, by her good lady mother the duchess of Kent, and her leech-like adherents, Lord Melbourne, Lord Palmerston, *cum multis aliis* of the same *clique*, that, were she desirous of originating any conservative sentiment or opinion, the gate of opportunity seems sternly barred against her. It was a beautiful exhibition, that of Joseph Hume and Lord John Russell walking cheek-by-jole, upon the chain pier at Brighton, in presence of their Queen. Were any venture-some Conservative to make his approach within half a dozen yards of royalty, we should not be surprised to hear of his being arrested on suspicion of being suspected of high treason as in the glorious days of the French Republic. In fact, judging from appearances, her majesty is in the predicament of a child in leading-strings—she cannot be trusted a yard without two or three state nurses. We venture to predict that, some day or other, her proud spirit—for she *has* a

proud spirit—a proud *English* spirit—will rise against this thralldom, and that the man who now carries things with so high and so reckless a hand, will,

“Like the dew-drop from the lion’s mane,
Be shook to air!”

It would be a woeful affair for the good turtle-loving feeders of our corporation, were the Queen’s visit to the City to be the means of depriving them of their own proper feast at the annual season of commencing office. They know better. At first, the new Lord Mayor and the Sheriffs intended to dine at the Guildhall on the 15th; but, as that happened to be the day appointed for the meeting of parliament, they, not wishing that there should be ought to interfere with their enjoyment, very sensibly deferred the day to the 16th, when, no doubt, there will be, as the Newspapers inform us, “a great abundance of the luxuries of life.”

The 22nd of the month stands for the festival of St. Cecilia, the patron saint of music, who, according to ancient legends and modern verse, drew an angel down from heaven by the charms of her own divine melody. According to Dryden, Timotheus

“raised a mortal to the skies,
She drew an angel down”

St. Cecilia was a Roman lady who suffered martyrdom in the year 225; either by being thrown into a caldron of boiling oil, or stifled in a bath—a usual punishment for female criminals of rank. By painters, St. Cecilia with her lyre has always been deemed a fine subject.

Sacred to the state of “single blessedness,” and its unfortunate votaries, was formerly held St. Catherine’s day (November the 25th), not only in Roman Catholic, but in Protestant countries. Young women were accustomed to meet on that day, and to make merry together. This was called *Catherining*. What delightful gossip, scandal, &c., must have occurred on such occasions; though it is understood, we believe, that *scandal* falls more peculiarly within the range of *elderly* ladies,—“ancient spinsters,” to wit. The popish legends of St. Catherine, “the spouse of Christ,” are without reason and without end. Of one good, however, at least, they have been productive: they have furnished exhaustless themes for painters.

This remarkable and highly favoured and equally unfortunate lady was a native of Alexandria. She was converted to the Christian faith in the year 305; and she distinguished herself by intrepidly reproving the pagans for their worship of idols, and by reproaching the emperor Maxentius to his face with flagrant tyranny and oppression.

Every person has heard of, and seen, what are termed “Catherine Wheels.” St. Catherine was put to death by rolling a wheel, stuck round with spikes, over her body. How ingenious were the ancients, as well as some of the moderns, in their refinements upon torture! The professors of the pyrotechnic art have availed themselves extensively of the contrivance.

St. Catherine’s name is not uncelebrated in the annals of chivalry. Her body is said to have been buried in Mount Sinai: near the sup-

posed spot, a monastery was raised, and dedicated to her memory ; and in the year 1063 an order of knighthood was instituted to guard and defend her sepulchre. The knights were made upon her tomb, in the same manner as those of the Holy Sepulchre. Their duty was to protect pilgrims who visited the tomb from devotion, and to entertain them during their stay. They lived under the rule of St. Basil the Great, and vowed obedience to the abbot of their monastery : their garment was white, and on the left side a Catherine Wheel interlaced with the cross of Jerusalem ; the wheel pierced with six red spikes.

Another order of St. Catherine was instituted by the emperor Peter the Great of Russia, in 1714—an order sacred to the ladies, and those only of the first distinction in Europe. Its origin is full of interest. So great was the love of the czarina, Catherine, for her husband, that she accompanied him during his campaigns. In that of the Pruth, in 1711, their majesties, with the whole army, were in the utmost distress and danger from the Turka. The empress, unknown as it is said to Peter, despatched a courier to the Turkish commander, offering a large sum of money if he would open a negotiation. He assented to the proposal, a treaty was set on foot, and a peace was concluded ; and this order was instituted by the emperor to perpetuate the love and fidelity of the czarina to his majesty.

It so seldom happens that the ladies are considered in such cases, or that they, eminently as they merit the honour, are made the objects of such institutions, that we shall not apologize for offering a description of the magnificent insignia of this order. “The ensign is a circular crimson enamelled escutcheon of gold, upon which is disposed a four-pointed white enamelled gold cross. At the bottom of the cross, somewhat behind, is the half of a wheel. This is of a brown colour, but the spokes and nails are of gold. Behind the wheel appears St. Catherine. Her upper garments are of rose colour ; her lower, of a faded blue. Her head is surrounded with a glory, and she holds in her right hand a palm-branch of green enamel. This escutcheon is surrounded with a rich circle of diamonds. On the three segments of the circle, upon which the two lateral and the extreme points of the cross are placed, appear three *fleurs-de-lis* of diamonds, which are disposed on the outside of the circle. Above the cross is a diamond crown, and over the crown is a small eight-pointed star of diamonds. This badge is suspended from a narrow *ponceau*-coloured ribbon, with a border of silver, and is worn scarf-wise over the right shoulder. Above the badge is a knot of this ribbon, upon which is a motto in the Russian language. Upon the left breast the ladies also wear an eight-pointed star, the rays of which are embroidered in silver. In the middle is a *ponceau*-coloured escutcheon, upon which are placed a cross of silver, and the half of a wheel, *argent*. In the four angles of the cross, are the four letters, E. R. O. S., and around the whole is a circle of red velvet, on which is embroidered the motto, *Pro Fide et Patria*, in the Russian language. The crown which is above is of gold ; and at the bottom are two green palm branches, laid across.” It may not be altogether uninteresting to add, that, previously to her marriage with his serene highness the duke, afterwards king of Wirtemberg, her royal high-

ness, Charlotte Augusta, princess royal of Great Britain, was, by the then reigning empress of Russia, created a lady of this noble order ; and that at the ceremony of her nuptials her royal highness wore the insignia.

Approaching towards the close of the month, we have yet to mention the festival of St. Andrew, the patron saint of Scotland, on the 30th—a day renowned amongst the people of that country for singed sheep's heads, haggess, &c. These favourite and savoury, and at the same time economical dishes, probably originated from the practice of slaughtering the sheep for the market and leaving the head and entrails to be consumed upon the spot.

St. Andrew, revered not less by the Russians than by the Scots, was brother of St. Peter, and the first disciple whom Christ chose. He is said to have suffered martyrdom upon a cross which had the form of an X, on the 30th of November, in the year 83, at Patras, in Achaia.

The order of St. Andrew of the Thistle, in Scotland, is very ancient, and one of the most noble in Europe. With the exception of three ribbons, which are reserved for a prince of the blood and two English noblemen, it is a national decoration, centering in a few of the powerful and opulent families of North Britain. According to John Lesly, Bishop of Ross, in his history of Scotland, "it took its beginning from a bright cross in heaven, in form like that whereon St. Andrew the apostle suffered martyrdom, which appeared to Achaius king of Scots, and Hungus king of the Picts, the night before the battle was fought betwixt them and Athelstane king of England, as they were on their knees at prayer ; when St. Andrew, their tutelary saint, is said also to have appeared, and promised to the kings that they should always be victorious when that sign appeared ; and the next day these kings prevailing over King Athelstane in battle, they went in solemn procession, barefooted, to the kirk of St. Andrew, to return thanks to God and his apostle for their victory, vowing that they and their posterity would ever bear the figure of that cross in their ensigns and banners. The place where this battle was fought retains to this day the name of Athelstane's Ford, in Northumberland." Having grown into desuetude, this order was revived by James the Fifth of Scotland, who added the collar of thistles intermingled with sprigs of rue, in 1536 ; again, by James the Second of England, in 1687 ; and again by Queen Anne, in 1703.

The Russian order of St. Andrew was instituted by Peter the Great, in the year 1698, to animate his nobles and chief officers in the wars against the Turks, and to reward those who had distinguished themselves by their bravery. St. Andrew was selected as its patron, because, according to tradition, he was the founder of Christianity amongst the Muscovites. This order, the most illustrious in Russia, is conferred only upon the nobility of the first rank, upon sovereign princes, and upon foreigners of the highest distinction.

MONTHLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE.

ANNUALS, &c.

FISHER'S "Drawing-Room Scrap Book."

AGAIN the "Drawing-Room Scrap Book" unfolds its annual treasures, and we have much pleasure in congratulating our fair readers on the rich and varied treat which Mr. Fisher has catered for the ensuing season. Thirty-six highly-finished engravings, with descriptive illustrations from the pen of the accomplished Miss Landon, render it indeed "a star amidst the host," and we doubt not that the artists whose works adorn its pages will acquire additional celebrity from the extensive sale which this elegant volume cannot fail to obtain.

For the merits of the poetical department we need but point to the letters L. E. L. on the title-page—those talismanic characters which are to their gifted possessor a certain passport to public favour. The poetess commences her lays with an address to our young sovereign, in which retrospects of the past and anticipations for the future are happily blended. We heartily concur in the following aspirations:—

The warrior, sage, and poet fill their story
With all the various honours of mankind.
May thy young reign achieve yet truer glory,
The pure enlighten'd triumph of the mind.
Too much in this wide world yet needs redressing;
But with thy reign hope's loveliest promise came.
May thy sweet youth be shelter'd by the blessing
A nation breathes upon VICTORIA'S name."

We shall now refer to the Pictorial contents. The first contribution (drawn from nature by Lieut. H. E. Allen, Royal engraver) affords a splendid architectural subject for the skill of the artist (S. Prout), and is beautifully engraved by Challis. It represents a religious procession advancing along the *Strada St. Geovani*, one of the *Stair streets* of Valetta, Malta; from the correctness of the perspective and the sculptural decorations (copied with accurate fidelity) of the houses on either side, we at once recognised the noble vista, and, yielding to memory's spell, again

"we tread that antique stair
Leading to sainted shrine, or house of pray'r."

THE DEVOTEE is a sweet delineation of female piety and resignation. The next plate, which will be regarded with interest by the lovers of eastern scenery, is THE ENCAMPMENT OF RUNJEET SINGH and his SUWARREE OF SEIKS. The characteristic grouping of the recumbent figures underneath the broad spreading branches of the banyan-tree—the richly-caparisoned elephants—the disencumbered camels (called by the Asiatics "Ships of the Desert"), and the cavalcade of horsemen in the back ground, present a well-contrasted scene of repose and animation, and our best praise of the artist and engraver (W. Harvey and G. Presbury) is to say that the execution is worthy the design.

THE TOMBS OF THE KINGS OF GOLOONDA—(magnificent mausoleums!)—might tempt a spirit, weary of the toils of life, to envy the peaceful dwellers of those silent mansions.

THE PORTRAIT OF FELICIA HEMANS, which accompanies a tender and affectionate tribute to her memory by her *sister of the lyre*, is highly interesting, as it gives to our conceptions of that divine creature "features and form," and for the *ideal of fancy* substitutes a *shadow of reality*—the dearest triumph of the graphic art!

THE MOTHER OF DR. DODDRIDGE teaching him the Scriptures from painted

Dutch tiles in the chimney-piece, is a charming domestic picture suggested by an incident in the life of that eminent man to which he attributed the most lasting impressions which his mind had ever received of sacred history. Here the infant sage beholds

“the stories he has heard
In portraiture embodied to his view.
The sight must bring belief—for God’s own word,
And a fond mother’s, tell him ‘ALL IS TRUE!’”

For not giving a more detailed notice we must plead the usual excuse—“want of space,” and conclude with our unqualified approbation of the whole, hoping that the care and expense so lavishly bestowed on this delightful Annual may be fully appreciated by the public, whose “golden opinions” are the Publisher’s best reward.

The Christian Keepsake, and Missionary Annual. By the Rev. W. ELLIS. London: Fisher and Co.

THIS work is embellished with no less than sixteen highly finished engravings, by Woodman, Higham, Holl, Chevalier, Starling, Topham, Presbury, Cochran, &c., with contributions from the pens of the most distinguished writers of the day, both of Church and Dissent. It therefore cannot fail to be one of the most valuable presents that can be bestowed by a parent on his adult children, or by one friend on another. The subjects chosen are all connected with the church of God and the cause of missions. The work commences with a beautiful likeness of Mrs. Fletcher, whose memoir is so admirably written, that it is almost impossible for any one to peruse it without lamenting that a mind so beautifully constructed should so soon be called to exchange worlds. “Reminiscences of Felix Neff, and his church at Violins,” by the Vicar of Northam, will be read with great delight; while the peaceful serenity of the Dying Christian, by the Rev. J. Sortain, will leave a hallowing influence on the mind, which may be beneficial to the reader through life. The notice of the Rev. John Harris and of his valuable works is drawn up with great judgment. The extracts from his several sermons are worthy not only the attention of every Christian, but of every philanthropist, and are highly calculated to promote the cause of Missions. Those who will give them a careful perusal will not in future object to unite in so holy a cause. While we give the following short extract, we strongly recommend to the reader the work itself.

“The map of the world in the days of the apostles was only the map of a province, compared with that which lies open before us. Every geographical discovery since, has only served to enlarge our ideas of the great Satanic empire. Oh! in what a small minority does the Christian stand! what a fearful expanse of darkness around him!—and that darkness how dense!—and what hideous enormities does it conceal! There, cruelty has its chosen habitation, and feasts perpetually on human blood. There, superstition has its temples, and its sacrifices of human suffering, and its music of human groans. There, sin has its priesthood—its ceremonials of murder, and its rituals of lust! By a slight effort of the imagination, we can cause the hosts of evils to pass before us, and what a spectacle to behold, * * * six hundred millions of souls at least! Did you ask yourself as they passed whither they were going? Follow them and see! Can you do so, even in imagination, without feeling an impulse to rush and erect the cross between them and ruin?”

Fisher’s Juvenile Scrap-Book. By AGNES STRICKLAND and BERNARD BARTON.

THIS work is illumined by a correct likeness of our illustrious Queen, with fifteen other designs, drawn and engraved by artists of celebrity. The Prose department of the work is got up with considerable talent, and is free from anything tending to levity, affectation, or false sentiment.

Finden's Tableaux.

FINDEN'S TABLEAUX is, if possible, more brilliant than ever; and we hail the masterly productions which annually enrich its pages as glorious tributes to our progressive improvement in the Fine Arts. Mary Russel Mitford (we love the familiar name), in her editorial capacity, has furnished us with some pleasant sketches interspersed with delightful poetry, and we commend the judicious taste of the publisher in selecting subjects from the lovely and picturesque of every land—to which the classical allusion or fanciful legend of the illustrator lends an additional charm.

The first plate (a Vignette from the burin of W. Finden), entitled

ITALY—"Shrine of the Virgin"—is an exquisite devotional group by T. Uwins—poetically illustrated by J. Kenyon.

ENGLAND—"The King's Ward"—(*drawn by F. P. Stepanhoff—engraved by E. Finden*).—A fine glimpse of the olden time when hawk and hound and pretty page beguiled the hours of high-born dames. The story by Miss Mitford.

ANDALUSIA—"Death of the Bull"—(*J. Brown—engraved by W. Holl*).—A more peaceful scene than the title denotes. The arena is at a distance (as we would have it ever), and instead of the mighty struggles of the "Mountain King," or the direful contest of man and beast, we have an interesting group portrayed with the usual skill of the artist. Poetry by Barry Cornwall.

FLORENCE—"The Wager"—(*Stepanhoff—engraved by C. E. Wagstaff*).—A charming picture, engraved with much clearness and delicacy.

VENICE—"The Bride's Departure,"—(*by the same—engraved by W. Holl*).—Very pleasingly illustrated by C. Chorley.

EGYPT—"Rising of the Nile"—(*J. Brown—E. Finden*).—A beautiful specimen of art,—two females and a child returning "with lingering steps and slow" from the joyful sight of the swelling waters, whose birth

"Is hidden from the sons of earth."

The fine proportions and graceful attitudes of those "Daughters of Egypt" are admirably drawn, and the child is a model for a Cupidon.

INDIA—"Hindoo Girls"—(*by the same—engraved by H. Eggleton*).—A prevalent superstition in the East has given to the artist an excellent subject:—a group of girls on the banks of the moonlit Ganges, where

"Each within a little boat
A little flame hath lit,"

and is watching with intense interest the progress of their prophetic symbol, which

"If bright doth move, the loved doth love,
And love doth fail with it."

That one of the love-lights has vanished is apparent from the drooping air of one of the maidens, who leans mournfully against a tree.

CEYLON—"The lost Pearl"—(*by J. Perring—engraved by Possewhite*).—A light and pleasing picture from that fair yet fatal clime (said to have been the abode of our first parents)—the garden of Paradise. The story of a faithful Malay slave illustrates the subject.

AMERICA—"The Captain"—(*W. Perring—W. H. Mote*).—An Indian widow granting to the entreaties of two young females of the friendly sect of Quakers the life of an English officer.

GEORGIA—"The Slave Merchant"—(*J. Brown—E. Finden*).—This story (a mother selling her daughters) is delineated with great feeling and power;

—two beautiful girls cowering beneath the "Stranger's" gaze, and clinging to each other in dismay, while the mother, whose greedy eye seems almost to devour the merchant's gold, with one meagre hand draws aside the drapery which envelopes their shrinking forms, and with the other, uplifted, is holding a lamp, as if for the purpose of exhibiting their charms to the purchaser—the expression of the slave merchant's countenance—the able management of light and shade—and indeed the whole effect of this picture is truly admirable.

SCOTLAND—"Deer Shooting"—(*L. Seyffarth, engraved by E. Scriven*).—A wild mountain scene,—“two bonnie leddies and a braw beastie”—a very excellent specimen of the fair artist's talent. The “faithful Oscar” is a genuine *portrait*; but the Lady Agnes reminds us of a hot-house plant suddenly transported (in full bloom) to some desert heath.

CASTLE—"The Signal"—(*W. Perring—E. Finden*).—A lady leaning pensively over the balcony while the “signal light” beaming from a gondola on the waters beneath rivets her attention:—the two sly Abigails peeping from the half-opened casement are not *out of place*.

After the foregoing summary it would be superfluous to repeat our opinion of this unrivalled edition—yet, before we part, one word for the publisher, from whose mind the bright *ideals* here enshrined have not excluded the consideration of less imaginative objects. The binding (of morocco) is rich and tasteful—the typography excellent—and the “whole getting up” (what the trade would call “superb”) is in the best taste. We therefore unhesitatingly pronounce it designed alike to please the lovers of light and graceful literature and to embellish the studio of the amateur artist.

The Forget Me Not. By Frederic Shoberl. London: Ackermann and Co.

THIS Christmas Present demands a notice. It is illustrated by eleven well-executed plates. La Sevillana, A Beautiful Head, Earl Walter's Daughter, Rosanna, The Phrenologist, The Christening Party, and Earl Warwick's Seal Ring, though drawn and engraved by different artists, are deserving of our warmest praise.

The letter-press department of this neat volume offers many instructive and highly entertaining papers by talented writers, that cannot fail to improve the mind as well as entertain the individual who is chosen from among the thousands to be the honoured receiver.

ACKERMANN'S "Flowers of Loveliness."

WE have now before us ACKERMANN'S "FLOWERS OF LOVELINESS" for 1838—a rare bouquet from the ever-blooming gardens of imaginative creation;—twelve emblematic groups of female beauty, illustrated, as they are wont, with descriptive poetry.

Not only does the present number exhibit an increased average of talent, but in poetic merit it far, very far excels its predecessors. Miss Landon, on whom devolved the arduous task of illustrating the designs, has acquitted herself in a manner equally creditable to her own high fame, and with justice to the undertaking. In truth,

“The poet and the flower repay
What each the other brings,”

—which couplet brings to mind another fair votary of the Muses, Miss (Fanny) Corbeaux, whose thoughts enrich this *floral wreath*, as “Heath Flowers,” “Water Lilies,” “Laurel” and “Poppy,”—the latter, a female asleep under the influence of the narcotic plant, is finely imagined and well executed. Did our limits permit we should be tempted to make an extract from the verses prefixed to this engraving as a favourable specimen of the poetry.

T. UWINS has given us three drawings in his usual effective style, engraved, as are all the rest, by sculptors of celebrity.

MISS E. SHARPE.—“White Rose and Night-blowing Convolvulus,” an interesting subject; but we have seen better things from this lady’s pencil.

MISS L. SEYFFARTH’S “Canterbury Bells” is very pretty: the idea is good, and the figures, which are natural and pleasing, “naturally please.”

K. MEADOWS.—Three designs from this artist, one of which we admire, “The Marvel of Peru.”

In addition to the valuable contents of the volume, an attractive exterior (scarlet silk binding, gold lettered, and ornamented) renders it peculiarly appropriate as a gift for the drawing-room or boudoir.

Juvenile Forget Me Not, for 1838.

THIS beautiful Christmas present is introduced to the world in its usual tasteful form, and cannot fail to become a general favourite amongst the English youth of both sexes. The engravings are neatly executed—the literary matter admirably adapted to suit the ideas and capacities of those for whom the work is especially intended—and the poetry much above *par*. On the whole, “The Juvenile Forget Me Not” for the ensuing year is an elegant and useful production.

Friendship’s Offering, for 1838. Smith and Elder.

MOST welcome are works of this kind at Christmas—welcome as was T. K. Hervey’s “Book of Christmas” with its sprightly anecdotes, characteristic engravings, and handsome appearance. “The Friendship’s Offering, and Winter’s Wreath,” was ever one of our favourites; and as such we hail its re-appearance with unfeigned delight. The current number of this annual publication is exceedingly well “got up,” both with regard to the engravings and literary matter; and we sincerely congratulate the proprietors and editor on the favourable reception which the style and fashion of the work are certain to ensure for it. The portrait of Flora Macdonald is admirably executed; and the literary contributions of Leitch Ritchie and Allan Cunningham add essentially to the importance of the publication. On the whole, it is the best specimen of the “Friendship’s Offering” we have yet seen.

Le Keux’s Memorials of Cambridge. By THOMAS WHITE, M. A. London: Tilt.

IF the illustrations of the succeeding numbers of this work are got up with the same care as No. I. now before us, the publisher may be certain of an extensive sale.

Tilt’s Almanacks for 1838.

MR. TILT has produced an elegant variety: 1st.—We have the National or Commercial Almanack; 2nd.—The Paragon Almanack, where every corner is rounded with important information; 3rd.—The Useful Almanack, well meriting its title; 4th.—The Hat Almanack; 5th.—The Sunday Guide; 6th.—The Sunday Almanack, printed in gold and silver; and 7th.—The Miniature Almanack, so neat that it is sure to find a place in every lady’s reticule.]

The Weather Almanack. By P. MURPHY, Esq., M. N. S. London: Whittaker and Co.

This work claims the patronage of all scientific men.

The Sketcher's Manual; or the Whole Art of Picture Making.
By FRANK HOWARD. London: Darton and Clark.

THIS work, which is designed for the tyro, needs only to be seen, to be in general demand. Frank Howard has not merely given Lessons how nature may be traced on paper, but has accompanied each drawing with a corresponding one, in which inexperience and bad taste are evident, so that the young designer requires no further assistance than what is afforded in this work.

HISTORY.

History of the British Possessions in the East Indies. By R. Montgomery Martin, F. S. S., vol. i. 12mo. pp. 367. Whittaker and Co.

THIS is the first volume of a most useful publication, having for its object the statistical account of the English possessions in Asia, acquired and accumulated since the period when "a few English merchants skirted the coasts of the far-famed peninsula of Hindostan, as humble suppliants to establish mercantile residences on its fertile and wealthy shores, amidst myriads of brave and comparatively civilized men."—Page 1.

"Within the brief space of half a century," says the intelligent author, "an active and intelligent population of 100,000,000 souls, and a dominion of one million square miles of the richest portion of the earth, have been restored from unheard-of anarchy and bloodshed, to comparative order, peace, and prosperity;" but when we take into consideration the savage and frequently barbarous measures that have been adopted to reduce that "intelligent population," and secure to the English crown the possession of those "million square miles of the richest portion of the earth," our blood curdles within us, and our hair stands on end. This remark, however, rather applies to the barbarity of that monarch whom Southey so ridiculously eulogised, and whom America may well have learnt to curse, than implicates aught against the logic or the historical accuracy of Mr. Martin. On the contrary, the work before us is one of eminent utility and importance, and will be perused with avidity both by the politician and the historian. Nor less will it interest the general reader, whose opinions in politics are not decided, and whose tastes lead him not to historical researches.

The first volume of the publication under notice treats of the rise and progress of the British power in Asia, the wars of Scindia and Holkar, the conflicts with Hyder Ally and Tippoo Saib, the consequences resulting from the British conquest of Hindostan, the physical aspect of British India—a geological survey of that vast tract of country, statistics of the same, and a variety of miscellaneous matter equally instructive and amusing. The style, in which the book is written, is perspicuous, simple, and comprehensive: indeed, the volume, taken in parts, is remarkable for the exact *minutiae* of its detail, and as a whole it must be regarded as the production of a highly talented individual. The following extract will aptly illustrate the nature of the work:—

"APPEARANCE AND STATURE OF THE HINDOOS.—The stature, complexion, and physiognomy of the Hiindoos are so different, that no general picture can represent the various dissimilar races which compose the body of the people. Among the Rajpoots and mountaineers of the North are frequently found men of gigantic stature and Herculean proportions, who would be considered remarkable in any country in Europe for their size and muscular power. Colonel Todd says, 'Godul Das, the last chief of Desghur, was one of the finest men he ever beheld in feature and person. He was about six feet six, perfectly erect, and a Hercules in bulk. His father at twenty was much larger, and

must have been nearly seven feet high.¹ In general, the inhabitants of the plains are inferior in height, and of a more slender make; but both the latter and the former are in general of an agile, graceful form, and capable of enduring considerable fatigue. * * * * The women, when not exposed to the air, nor stunted by severe labour, are often possessed of extraordinary beauty, the form being delicate and graceful—limbs finely tapered and rounded—features mild—eyes dark and languishing—hair fine and long—and skins remarkably polished and soft. The Hindoo women of the Brahminical caste bear away the palm of loveliness, more particularly those of the Canara and Malabar coasts. The beauties of form attributed to their country women in general are found in a still higher degree of perfection in them. The contour of the neck and shoulders is exceedingly lovely, the bosom beautifully formed, the limbs slender, but exquisitely moulded—the feet and hands delicately small—their air and motions easy, graceful, and dignified.”

Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia, No. 95. History of England. vol. 7. Longman, and J. Taylor.

THE continuator of Sir James Mackintosh goes on bravely and resolutely with his work,—and whatever apprehensions might have been entertained for the success of one following in the steps of such a giant must ere now have been found quite groundless and unnecessary. The sixth volume—the fourth of the continuation—carried the history to the restoration of the Stuarts:—the new volume brings us down to the death of the second Charles. The events of that most disgraceful reign, during the whole of which a libidinous and wholly unprincipled king aided by a profligate court did all in his power to check the growth of civil liberty, knowledge and morality, are well and faithfully described by the historian. The iniquitous corporation and conformity acts, the disgraceful sale of Dunkirk, the fall of Clarendon, the cabal administration, Titus Oates's plot, the trials of Stafford, Russell and Sidney, and, above all, the corrupt intrigues of the king himself, form an ample theme for historical inquiry and disquisition. The author is beyond all question an original investigator of history, who does not take things for granted on the authority of others:—he examines for himself and often throws light on facts leading to conclusions different from those formed by other historians even of the same political bias. His style is somewhat *grandiose* and stilted in the narrative parts:—his best passages are those, in which he states at length the general conclusions from his historical premises. We may instance his admirable picture of Clarendon's character (p. 65-7), his description of the Whig party (p. 332-5), and his masterly portrait of the sensual, selfish, and deceitful king (p. 378-383), as quite specimens of historical portrait-painting. We regret that it is not in our power to make extensive extracts from this highly interesting volume.

The following account of Charles the second will serve as a specimen of the writer's style.

“There are historic characters of this prince by various hands, and in the most various colours. That of Bishop Burnet, though much condemned for its severity, is perhaps, on the whole, the most faithful. His head bore an unfortunate resemblance to the busts of the emperor Tiberius; and the bishop frankly carries the resemblance to his temper, his vices, and his course of government. He undoubtedly was sensual, selfish, and deceitful; but the comparison with Tiberius is overcharged. He knew not virtue in himself, and did not believe it in others. He seems to have regarded deceit as the moral order of the world; and, in order to qualify himself for his place in the system, disciplined himself into a most accomplished master of the art. It is possible that on many occasions, when he appeared in the midst of distress and difficulty, abandoning himself in passive, reckless, levity or indolence, he secretly trusted to his expert use of the mystery of deceit and mask of dissimulation.

He, however, perhaps loved imposture for itself. It was a congenial amusement to his mind, without invading his indolence or interfering with his sensualities. He was a merely animal, and not an epicurean voluptuary. He had that gross indifference to the fidelity of his mistresses which is found only in the savage state, and in the dregs of civilization. He set the fashion of moral depravity, ribald wit, and gross conversation, through the land. It is the great anomaly of his character, that a person who was so much of an animal sensualist in his existence and his instincts, should have been distinguished by so much wit, humour, and intelligence.

"His intercourse was familiar and easy. He descended to the level of those about him, and allowed an unrestrained familiarity and freedom on their part. This, perhaps, is the most favourable trait of his character. But his associates were parasites and buffoons,—the confidants not of his friendship but of his vices; and it was more from indolence than simplicity that he loved to appear in his undress. The stately attitude and cumbrous pomp of royalty fatigued him; and when he put off the king, the transition was to the animal, not to the man.

"The praise of a liberal and forgiving disposition has been claimed for him. It is true he was prodigal; but, as it is often observed by prodigals, it is recorded of him, that he had a selfish and sordid love of small gains. Prodigality and sordidness are, in truth, more akin to each other than is generally supposed.

"He was, it is said, neither vindictive nor cruel. Revenge is one of higher passions, and to all those he was a stranger. But when did he ever forgive an injury to himself,—unless where the act of punishment would cost his indolence an effort, or his self-indulgence a privation? He forgave the duke of Buckingham because he found his pleasure incomplete without that buffoon and profligate. If he was not cruel in practice, it was only because, by mere accident, practical cruelty did not come within the range of his enjoyment of existence.

"Most of the bad passions were latent in him, but happily locked up and neutralised by his natural indolence of temperament. Justice could not extort from him the trouble to take a guilty life, or generosity the trouble to save an innocent one:—nothing could do it but exclusive, sensual, sordid self. His disgraceful secret pension from Louis XIV. made him pass over, without satisfaction or inquiry, the suspicious death of a sister who merited a better brother and better fate. Buckingham was not the only object of his clemency. He extended it to the noted Blood, the most desperate and notorious criminal of the age,—the hireling assassin who had attempted, in open day, the life of Ormond, the most virtuous and faithful servant he ever had;—and this exercise of his royal mercy resulted from the adroitness with which the artful villain played upon his fears.

"But towards the close of his life, when his passions evaporated, and his temperament grew cold and timid, he became positively cruel as he grew more susceptible of fear. He shed the blood of Lord Russell from an exaggerated, dastardly sentiment of self-preservation; and he sacrificed Lord Stafford—much more scandalously,—rather than provoke opposition to the course of his government, or the disturbance of his personal ease.

"It was said of him, that he never said a foolish thing, and never did a wise one. There is, perhaps, as much wit, and certainly more truth, in another saying,—that, like the sluggard in the Bible, he never turned from one side to another but for his own ease or pleasure.

"There is a solemn warning against putting trust in princes,—as if perfidy and ingratitude were among the privileges of the caste. No prince ever exercised this privilege more liberally than Charles II. He ungratefully betrayed the cavaliers who bled for him, the presbyterians who restored him. He sacrificed Clarendon and Ormond to the duchess of Portsmouth and the

duke of Buckingham; and would, perhaps, have sacrificed his brother, had he lived a few weeks or a few days more.

"The key to his character has been given by Bishop Burnet. His vices happily by their antagonist action neutralised each other. He would willingly establish arbitrary power, but would not take the trouble or run the risk of a great design. Had the motive springs of his career (if such an existence as his deserve the name) been more ambitious and intellectual; had he been endowed with his brother's uncompromising conscience and regal pride; he would have been a more formidable oppressor, but less despicable prince. As it was, he left the nation dishonoured abroad, and sunk by tyrannic chastisement and moral depravation to the abject state of contented slavery at home."

NOVELS.

Ethel Churchill, or the Two Brides. By the Author of "*The Improvisatrice*," "*Francesca Carrara*," "*Traits and Trials of Early Life*," &c. 3 vols. Colburn.

WITHIN the last two months, no less than four novels have emanated from the press and from the fair hands of ladies. "*The Vicar of Wrexhill*" is probably the most powerful work of the four—our opinions on "*Uncle Horace*" and "*Stokeshill Place*" have been already given; but we like "*Ethel Churchill*" better than any of them. The reflections which abound in this work are instructive and judicious, at the same time that they are dictated by experience in the world and sound sense.

The epoch at which the tale commences is fixed in the reign of George II.; and thus Miss Landon has been enabled to introduce the reader to Lady Mary Wortley Montague, Pope, Gay, Swift, and Walpole, and to make him familiarly acquainted with the reigning wits and *litterati* of the age. This scheme is somewhat in imitation of portions of Mr. Bulwer's "*Devereux*;" but the whole is admirably executed, and evinces the perseverance and research which Miss Landon must have used to render herself so intimately conversant with the minds, manners, and peculiarities, of the learned or remarkable individuals she brings upon the stage.

Lady Marchmont is well drawn, but the character is, we hope, somewhat unnatural; in fact, her atrocious deeds are the only objectionable portion of the work which we discovered during an attentive perusal. The personal appearance and *mœurs* of Lord Marchmont, a peer of those times, is admirably described.

"Lord Marchmont was about thirty years of age, and what is generally called a fine-looking man. His figure was good, so far as his height and proportion went; but his movements wanted ease, and consequently grace; and there was something of self-importance in his air—the last thing in the world to prepossess a beholder in his favour. We may admit the superiority of another; but we very much object to his assuming it as an undeniable fact. Lord Marchmont's features were good, with a strongly marked aquiline nose; but the mouth neither gave sweetness, nor the eye light, to his face. His eyes were of a dim cold blue, that never seemed to vary; they were unfamiliar with tears, and the pupil never brightened with laughter. His lips were thin—and when they *did* smile, it was stiff, and made up like the embroidery on his coat. His dress was splendid—his hands glittered with rings—his snuff-box was covered with diamonds, and his ruffles were of the finest Mechlin lace. The only fault was the want of harmony in colouring; the one hue destroyed the effect of the other. I am persuaded, that where there is no eye for colours, something of that keen susceptibility is wanting which constitutes the poetical and picturesque: and certainly to neither of these qualifications had his lordship the slightest claim. His style of conversation was made up

of set sentences; and his manners were overbearing to his inferiors in their estimation, and tiresome to his equals. His mind was made up of lessons and examples; he only reasoned by precedents—every thing with him went by example, and it was relief to him when he could quote an authority. If he had a passion, it was love of money; he loved it, both for its own sake—that close kind of attachment which money certainly *does* inspire—and also for the enjoyments that it could procure. He liked the pleasures of the table, and he liked attendance: he was a sort of Sublime Porte to his valets. Generally speaking, his comprehension was slow, and his ideas narrow; but the moment his own interest was concerned, it was astonishing how his perception enlarged: he became cautious, if not enlightened; and cunning, if not shrewd. In short, his character might be summed up in a word—Lord Marchmont was an intensely selfish man!”

The description of the death-bed of Lady Norbourn is touching in the extreme.—“Wrapped in a white dressing-gown, which had been hastily thrown around her, her hair loosened from its confinement, but with some of the neglected jewels yet shining in it, lay Constance Norbourn. Life was fast ebbing away, and the physician had said there was no hope. There she lay, white as the pillow on which she rested for the last time; a dull film had gathered over the eyes which yet dwelt lovingly on the friends beside her; and the fallen mouth, with the faint purple circle around it, indicated the near approach of death. * * * * Again her head dropped on the pillow, and her father and husband felt the hands that had clasped theirs relax their faint pressure, and again Henrietta wiped away the cold dew that stood on her forehead. She lay for some minutes motionless, save when the heavy eyelids were slowly raised, and her dim eyes yet dwelt fondly on those who watched her last movement. All at once her eyes kindled, and she again raised herself, with a little assistance from Henrietta. * * * She sank back fainting; but this time it was Norbourn’s arm that supported her: once again her eyes unclosed, and fixed on her husband’s face with an expression of the most utter tenderness—whence they never moved more. The eyelids closed wearily, and there was a convulsive movement in the hands: then came a frightful stillness, broken by a low gurgling in the throat. The mouth fell—the hand Lord Norbourn clasped grew rigid and motionless: her husband bent over her, and touched her lips—they were ice—it was a corpse that he held in his arms!”

In dismissing “Ethel Churchill,” we cannot but express a regret that our limits do not allow us to make more elaborate extracts. It is an excellent work, and far superior to any other of Miss Landon’s prose productions.

The Old Commodore. By the Author of “*Rattlin the Reefer*.”
3 vols. Bentley.

It is evident that Mr. Howard is becoming, if he be not already, a very dangerous rival to Captain Marryatt. The passion for naval novels not only experiences no diminution, but actually appears to augment as each successive work emanates from the pen of the great masters of that school of fiction. And this is not to be marvelled at. The English are a maritime nation—a nation of sailors—the descendants of heroes whose chief exploits have been performed upon the vast bosom of the ocean. Thus with our trans-marine neighbours and allies does it happen that works touching upon military achievements, sieges, escalades, or pitched battles on the blood-dyed plain, are chiefly in vogue; and in either country are those writers certain of being the most successful, who appeal to the liveliest feelings and suit the tastes of the “great mass of the people.” Jules Lecomte and Eugene Sue have nevertheless produced some very excellent nautical novels in France; and Maxwell, Gleig, &c., in England have successfully endeavoured to eulogize the character of

the British army. The tastes of the English are, however, more in favour of the former, and those of the French incline to the latter.

"The Old Commodore" is an admirable work. It depicts with fidelity the severity adopted by the officers of the old school, and the hardships which the tyranny of commanders in those days inflicted upon the young midshipman as well as the veteran sailor. The barbarity of the system of flogging is well illustrated by Mr. Howard in the course of the work—a system that, to the honour of the enlightened French, has long been abolished in their army and navy.

The old Commodore's daughter is an interesting character; but the chief incident in the tale—the disappearance of the hero, young Astell—is clumsily managed. We shall not, however, sketch the outline of the narrative, as by so doing we should only depreciate the interest the reader will experience by a perusal of three amusing volumes. We shall therefore immediately illustrate the style of the author by a few extracts.

"'Now, my men,' said the commodore, 'as I wish you to make the most of your rations, and as I do not think that any consideration could induce me to let you eat the hides of the yards, or grind up the blocks for flour, you had better listen attentively;' and then the commodore, taking out of his pocket a well-thumbed volume of 'Roderick Random,' which he generally carried about him, holding the book in his right hand, commenced very deliberately turning over the leaves with his iron left, as if to discover the right place, and then pretending to read, went on with a look sour enough to pickle cabbage without vinegar, as follows: 'Page the 75th, chapter the 14th. How to make devil's dumplings. Let the cook of the mess take a four-and-twenty pound shot, or a shot of any other weight, the heavier the better, and clean it well with spittle and fresh oakham. * * * * Then take all the bones you can get, whether of pork or beef, it matters not, and pound them into a pulp of the consistency of damp flour. You must then return the shot to the shot-rack, and take for every handful of the said pulp three handfuls of oatmeal. Mix carefully with cold water, and knead altogether into a dough, then tie up into dumplings of half a pound each, boil three hours in salt water, season them [with gunpowder, and serve up hot as hell. The above dish will be found the most wholesome and savoury that you can put upon the mess-table, when no better can be procured.'"

Our next extract shall be the following:—

"As the mist slowly folded up its fleecy curtains, and ship after ship appeared with the hated tricolour streaming to the wind, the surgeon was sent for on the poop, for it was thought that Sir Octavius had been struck with an apoplectic fit—his features were so fixed, his position so motionless, his single eye so bloodshot, and the veins in his temple so turgid. When the surgeon had approached him, and endeavoured to possess himself of his wrist in order to feel his pulse, he flung it from him with violence, and exclaimed, 'I am not ill, but mad!' and of a verity he was so. Master, pilot, signal, officers, and men, all fell under his rage. The sight before him was certainly sufficient to try the philosophy of a much calmer and better regulated mind than that of the old commodore. As the enemy's force, now increased by another line-of-battle ship, stood in under easy sail between them and the shore, was crowded together a perfect fleet of captured English West Indiamen. As the French ships of war ran alongshore, they hauled more and more to the wind, approaching in idle bravado within gun-shot of the English squadron, well knowing that it would have been insanity on the part of the commodore to have engaged them with half a gale of wind blowing dead on the shore lined with ranges of terrible batteries. When the French men of war had got directly opposite the harbour's mouth, they hove to, and the English had the mortification of seeing merchant-ship after merchant-ship, the French colours flying over the English, file into Cherbourg, gradually disappearing behind that enormous fort Pelée. These operations seemed lengthened out purposely,

in order to prolong the torture of the old commodore. It was dangerous to approach him—he raved—he swore—how terribly he swore! Certainly at that hour he should have been relieved of his command. Evening was coming on, and both fleets were drawing into the harbour's mouth; and as the flood-tide would soon set strongly in, it became a matter of absolute necessity for the English squadron to make sail and get a good offing before dark. At the time, when it was already dusk, and the numerous fishing boats were running in unnoticed between the two threatening fleets, orders were given to make sail, and the carpenter desired to rig the gratings at the same time. The commodore, not knowing how to contain his wrath, chose to work the ship himself. Never was the duty performed more instantaneously, never more accurately. But Sir Octavius saw in every thing disobedience of orders, mutiny, and rebellion. No sooner were the weather-traces hauled tight, and the ropes coiled down, than he put three of his lieutenants and his master under arrest, broke half a dozen of his petty officers, and then, sending for his boatswain, went into the cabin, and flogged two of his midshipmen. Thence he repaired to the gangway, and flogged every man on the black list, and every man against whom a fault could be imagined. Am I relating an extravagant fiction? Am I even drawing an overcharged picture? Alas! for poor human nature! Go read the records of the times!"

Speaking of the veneration in which clergymen were held on board of ships in the days of the "Old School," Mr. Howard observes, "that no man in orders, whilst he could procure a curacy on shore, would accept a chaplaincy afloat. We forget the exact amount of the remuneration then offered them; but it was so low that it was an insult. When the persecuted divine got on board his ship, he was repelled by all classes, and revered by a few individuals only, who dared not betray their feelings. He was continually shifted about from ship to ship, all being anxious to pass him away as an inconvenience. If Captain A. wanted a couple of good sail-makers, and Captain B. could spare them in exchange for two able-bodied seamen, the latter would not let the former have them unless he relieved him of his chaplain into the bargain. Against general contempt no man can bear up; and generally, not being the *élite* of the profession, the chaplains soon gave way to circumstances, and always settled down as the captain's sycophant, and generally into the captain's spy. * * * If they were of any utility at all, they were useful after a strange fashion. The instructors of the midshipmen—but in what? In the studies of their faith?—in making them humble, self-denying, and truly Christian? No—none of these: but in geometry and trigonometry, plane and middle latitude sailing; not how to perform a work of grace, but a day's work. For doing all this, they were usually paid at the rate of half-a-crown *per month* by each pupil!"

Ernest Maltravers. By the Author of "Pelham," &c. A Novel in 3 vols. Saunders and Otley.

THE sensation that is excited in the literary world by the simple announcement of a new work emanating from the pen of the talented E. L. Bulwer, is the precursor of the delight to be experienced by the perusal. Bulwer is the Napoleon of English literature—the great mover of that sphere in which he shines so resplendently—the individual whose magic quill, with one single drop of ink, can make thousands reflect. He is the metaphysician-novelist of England, as de Balzac is the pride of France. His works are not merely every-day books which we throw aside never to resume, after a hasty perusal: they are standard volumes in every library—they may occasionally serve as books of reference—their philosophy raises them to an eminence far above the common tale of interest purposely written to afford a momentary amusement. But great as Bulwer is, there is a mightier master in the same sphere of literature than he—a magician whose wand is more potent—a necromancer

whose spells are more intimately entwined around the human heart—and that man is de Balzac. The one is occasionally inconsistent,—the other natural to the very life;—the one is intoxicated with the celebrity he suddenly acquired,—the other, conscious of his own merits,—peruses his own praises with calmness;—the one affects to be more deeply read than he really is,—the other unwittingly suffers his vast knowledge to blaze forth at intervals;—the one is an egotist,—the other is void of all pride;—the one confounds in the same individual dishonourable conduct and lofty feelings together,—the other perspicuously draws a strict line of demarcation, and never depicts his characters at variance with themselves;—the one trusts much to a great popularity,—the other writes as if he were a timid author whose name is as yet unknown;—the one is full of pretension,—the other is unassuming and retiring;—in fine, the one is Bulwer, who is vain enough to believe that he can attempt any thing,—and the other is de Balzac, who essays not to emerge beyond the limits which a thorough consciousness of his own abilities has traced for himself.

"Ernest Maltravers" is deficient in incident, and will not interest those who merely read to be amused. Nor was it to that class that Mr. Bulwer addressed himself. To the thinking portion of the literary world the book will be welcome—for to that portion does it speak. The hero is a man of genius whom every circumstance combined to bless, so far as high birth, pecuniary possessions, and great talent can render an individual happy. He is a strange compound of good and evil: at one moment he teaches a lovely girl, whom certain occurrences consigned to his care, to know and adore her Maker; and in the next he—seduces her!—and then he weeps over the Bible—and then seeks for consolation in the arms of another mistress! That such a concatenation of discrepancies in feelings and sentiments may exist in a mind singularly organised, we do not doubt; but the *era* is not always the most *vraisemblable*; and a certain tint in the sky, or the dark blue surface of a certain lake—appearances which are really natural—frequently shock when minutely copied in a picture by the too faithful hand of an artist.

"Ernest Maltravers" is a book that a severe critic of venomous disposition would delight to lavish his caustic remarks upon—and there is throughout ample scope for castigation. At the same time the work abounds with innumerable beauties—deep thought—profound reflection—and a philosophical vein of sentiment that is not, as we before said, to be encountered in the generality of parallel and contemporary works. The design is lofty—the characters for the most part are well depicted—and the whole is interspersed with a great deal of fine writing, to which portions, however, we shall not have recourse for an extract, but shall place the following specimen of a different kind before the reader:—

"The banker was about to obey"—(i. e. pursue his journey, having been robbed by Darvil a scoundrel of the "first water"—) "when suddenly from the hay-stack, a broad, red light streamed upon the pair, and the next moment Darvil was seized from behind, and struggling in the gripe of a man nearly as powerful as himself. The light, which came from a dark-lantern, placed on the ground, revealed the forms of a peasant in a smock-frock, and two stout-built, stalworth men, armed with pistols—besides the one engaged with Darvil. The whole of this scene was brought, as by the trick of the stage—as by a flash of lightning—as by the change of a showman's phantasmagoria—before the astonished eyes of the banker. He stood arrested and spell-bound—his hand on his bridle—his foot on his stirrup. A moment more and Darvil had dashed his antagonist on the ground: he stood at a little distance, his face reddened by the glare of the lantern, and fronting his assailants—that fiercest of all beasts, a desperate man at bay! He had already succeeded in drawing forth his pistols, and he held one in each hand—his eyes flashing from beneath his bent brow, and turning quickly from foe to foe. At length these eyes rested on the late reluctant companion of his solitude.

"So you then betrayed me," he said very slowly, and directed his pistol to the head of the dismounted horseman.

"No—no!" cried one of the officers—for such were Darvil's assailants. "Fire away in this direction, my hearty—we are paid for it. The gentleman knew nothing at all about it."

"Nothing, by God!" cried the banker, startled out of his sanity.

"Then I shall keep my shot," said Darvil; "and mind, the first who approaches me is a dead man."

"It so happened that the robber and the officers were beyond the distance which allows sure mark for a pistol-shot, and each party felt the necessity of caution.

"Your time is up, my swell cove," cried the head of the detachment: "you have had your swing, and a long one it seems to have been. You must now give in. Throw down your bakers, or we must make mutton of you, and rob the gallows."

"Darvil did not reply, and the officers, accustomed to hold life cheap, moved on towards him—their pistols cocked and levelled. Darvil fired—one of the men staggered and fell. With a kind of instinct, Darvil had singled out the one with whom he had before wrestled for life. The ruffian waited not for the others—he turned and fled along the fields.

"Zounds, he is off!" cried the other two—and they rushed after him in pursuit. A pause—a shot—another—an oath—a groan—and all was still.

"It's up with him now!" said one of the runners in the distance; "he dies game!" At these words, the peasant, who had before skulked behind the haystack, seized the lanthorn from the ground, and ran to the spot. The banker involuntarily followed. There lay Luke Darvil on the grass—still living—but a horrible and ghastly spectacle. One ball had pierced his breast—another had shot away his jaw. His eyes rolled fearfully, and he tore up the grass with his hands. The officers looked coldly on.

"He was a clever fellow," said one.

"And has given us much trouble," said the other: "but let us see to Will."

"He is not dead yet," said the banker shuddering.

"Sir—he cannot live a minute."

"Darvil raised himself bolt upright—shook his clenched fist at his conquerors, and a fearful gurgling howl, which the nature of his wound did not allow him to syllable into a curse, came from his breast—with that he fell flat on his back—a corpse!"

POETRY.

Lyrics. By John Lee Stevens. One Vol. 8vo. pp. 144. Bailey, Cornhill.

It is highly gratifying—simply, because it is exceedingly rare—to meet with any good poetry in these degenerate days. Even the effusions in the generality of the periodicals are for the most part indifferent, not to use a harsher expression. It was therefore with feelings of undisguised delight that we perused the interesting little collection of poems which Mr. Stevens has just presented to the English public. We were prepared to be severe—and we find scarcely any grounds for harsh criticism. The machinery of the poetry is correct—the construction is good—the metaphor far from trite—the similes replete with originality. An occasional inattention—from ignorance the fault evidently does not spring—to the legitimacy of the rhymes we could not fail to remark; such as *fairer—dearer*, page 3; *thee—thee*, page 8; *faileth—bealeth*, page 26; and, yet, in even noticing so trivial a defect—the true spirit and essence of poetry not consisting in a few paltry rhymes—we confess that our criticism has a parallel in the annals of ancient history, which

may be furnished by the observation made upon the works of Demosthenes—"they smelt of the lamp"—a remark which, our reader will remember, was only uttered because the enemies of that illustrious man had nothing worse to say of his book. And, in truth, we have nothing—beyond our objection above—to murmur against Mr. Stevens's "Lyrics." There is in them a certain sweetness that will render them acceptable to every class of readers—they are vested with simplicity, originality, and a want of affectation or pretence that merit the application of some such epithet as "charming." The translations of the *Anacreontics* are those that we like the least; they have lost a portion of their original spirit and "Attic salt." This defect is, however, the almost invariable case with all translations of poetry.

We have spoken so highly of this collection of "Lyrics," that we must corroborate our assertions concerning the excellence of the poetry by a few extracts, of which our first shall be the stanzas numbered XLIV.

"If thou wast a snow-drop, and I were young Spring,

I'd plant thee in Eden's fair garden, my love,
Where birds, that ne'er perish, unceasingly sing,

And flow'rets that fade not enamel the grove :—
Preserv'd by thy lover, thy charms should ne'er die,
But flourish and smile in the balm of his sigh !

If thou wast a sun-flower, lovely and bright,

And I were the sun, with what joy would I beam
On each golden leaf, with a glow of delight,

Till from thee reflected that brightness would stream
Upon nature, and steal her fond worship from me,
To form adoration and praises for thee !

If thou wast a primrose upon the burn-side,

And I were a butterfly flitting so gay,

I would cover thy charms with my pinions of pride,
Their softness to shield from the sun's scorching ray ;
Then steal from thy petals each germ of perfume,
And fade with thy fragrance, and die with thy bloom !"

The following detached stanzas contain a pleasing idea happily expressed :—

"Oh ! Genius ! the fame

That attends on thy name

Is the fortune I fain would have ;

And barter my breath

For a life after death,

If honours might hallow my grave ;

And those who endeavour

To win thy regard,

Might cherish for ever

The songs of thy bard !"

A Scotch song, numbered xx., is exceedingly pretty. We shall quote it for the benefit of our readers, and with it conclude our review of the "Lyrics."

"Believe me, Jeanie ! truly still

I lo'e thee, and I ever will,

Though bless'd wi' gude, or fash'd wi' ill—

Believe me, O my Jeanie !

O' power an' wealth the rich may spier,

An' measure warth by worldly gear ;

I envy not their gowd, my dear,

Syne I ha'e thee, my Jeanie !

Believe me, Jeanie ! time may speed,

An' change us for the waur indeed ;

But o' his power take nae heed,
 I'll aye be thine, my Jeanie!
 The luit-white lo'es her native tree,
 Though sear'd and bare wi' age it be;
 An' young, or auld, I'll still lo'e thee
 As tenderly, my Jeanie!"

The Tribute, A Collection of Miscellaneous Unpublished Poems, by Various Authors. Edited by LORD NORTHAMPTON. One Vol. 8vo. Murray.

THE founder of the *Encyclopædia Metropolitana* was in a very infirm state when he projected the compilation of a work intended to consist of the various contributions of living authors. Intense study had deprived Mr. Smedley of the faculty of hearing; and his sight was already in a declining state at the period. It was therefore generously resolved by Lord Northampton to undertake the task Mr. Smedley had contemplated; but the unfortunate victim of a too deep application to his books departed this life before "The Tribute" made its appearance. The proceeds of the work are to be devoted to the charitable purpose of relieving the family which Mr. Smedley has left to deplore his loss; and we most sincerely hope that a liberal amount may be realized.

The principal contributors to "The Tribute" are Lord Northampton himself, Spring Rice, Wordsworth, Bowles, Empson, Moore, Landor, Darley, Southey, Joanna Baillie, Horace Smith, B. Barton, Tennyson, Milnes, and a variety of others, more or less eminent in the literary world. Mr. Wordsworth has furnished an indifferent piece—which a "generous public" will nevertheless declare to be "exceedingly pretty," or remarkably sweet. We shall quote the effusion, and call the attention of the reader to the tame and prosaic passages by printing them in *italics*.

"The Moon, that sails along the sky,
Moves with a happy destiny;
 Oft is she hid from mortal eye,
 Or dimly seen;
But when the clouds asunder fly,
 How bright her mien!

Not *flagging* when the winds *all* sleep,
 Not hurried onward when they sweep
 The bosom of th' ethereal deep,
 Not turned aside,
 She knows an even course to keep,
Whate'er betide.

Perverse are we—a *froward race!*
 Thousands, though *rich in fortune's grace,*
 With cherish'd sullenness of pace,
 Their way pursue;
 Ingrates, who wear a smile-less face,
The whole year through.

If kindred humour e'er should make
My spirit droop for drooping's sake,
 From Fancy following in thy wake,
 Bright Ship of Heaven,
A counter impulse let me take,
 And be forgiven!"

The following lines, from the pen of Mr. Empson, are worth quoting:—
 Nov. 1837. 2 M

"Bravo, cuckoo, call again!
 Loud and louder still!
 From the hedge-partition'd plain,
 And the wood-topt hill!
 With thy unmistaken shout
 Make the valley ring!
 All the world is looking out,
 But in vain, for spring!
 I have search'd in every place.
 Garden, grove, and green;
 Of her footstep not a trace
 Is there to be seen.
 Yet her servants without fail
 Have observ'd their day—
 Swallow, bat, and nightingale—
 And herself away!
 Shout again—she knows thy call,
 'Tis her muster-drum:—
 If she be on earth at all,
 She will hear and come!"

The reader will naturally be curious to cast one glance over lines that have been penned by no less a personage than Spring Rice. The following extract is a fair specimen of the noble chancellor's poetical abilities:—

"But though the sun his mid-day height has pass'd,
 Light yet remaineth while 'tis giv'n to work;—
 Then let me not, a vile and abject thing,
 Pass in a world of dreams my life away—
 Or, bubble-like, float down the stream of life—
 Or, like an autumn's leaf circling aloft,
 Whirl in an useless orbit.—
 The drowsy joys of indolent repose,
 On the unmeaning laugh of rapid mirth,
 Accomplish not man's destiny!—'Tis his
 To will—to do—to suffer—days of toil—
 Nights of long watching—and to cast his lot—
 To live for others, or to live in vain!
 Before the Spirit to Bethesda's pool
 Gave healing power, the waters first were mov'd.
 Could but such influence reach a worm like me,
 And rouse from torpor, life new life would gain.
 And, like the Eagle springing tow'rd's the sun,
 The soul, on angel-pinions borne, would seek
 Eternal beauty, undecaying truth,
 Wisdom heav'n taught, and virtue strong in faith."

What a discrepancy is there between the affected simplicity of Wordsworth and the sweet sterling poetry of Moore, every verse of which speaks to the feeling and appeals to the heart! But let the reader judge for himself.

MUTE COURTSHIP.

Translated from the Persian.

By T. MOORE, Esq.

"Love hath a language of his own,
 A voice that goes

From heart to heart—whose mystic tone
Love only knows.

The lotus-flow'r, whose leaves I now
Kiss silently,
Far more than words will tell thee how
I worship thee!

The mirror, which to thee I hold—
Which, when imprest
With thy bright looks, I turn and fold
To this fond breast,—

Does it not speak, beyond all spells
Of poet's art,
How deep thine hidden image dwells
In this hush'd heart?"

We shall conclude this notice with a few stanzas from a poem by Mr. Milnes, in imitation of Reboul, the baker-poet of Nismes in France. Having described a Castle, and the infamous reputation attached to the name of its Lord, he proceeds to state how a beggar one evening knocked at the gate, and besought for repose and refuge in vain. The beggar then renews his petition.

"There is no path—I have no strength—
What can I do alone?

Grant shelter, or I lay my length,
And perish on the stone!

I crave not much—I should be blest
In kennel or in barn to rest."

"What matters thy vile head to me?
Dare not to touch the door!"

"—Alas! and shall I never see
Home, wife, and children more?"

"—If thou art still importunate,
My serfs shall chain thee to the gate!"

But when the watchful Seigneur fac'd
The object of his ire,

The beggar rais'd his brow debas'd,
And arm'd his eyes with fire.

"Whatever guise is on me now,
I am a mightier lord than thou!"

"Madman or cheat! announce thy birth!"

"—*That* thou wilt know to-morrow."

"—Where are thy fiefs?"—"The whole wide earth."

"—And what thy title?"—"Sorrow!"

Then opening wide his ragged vest,
He cried, "Thou canst not shun thy guest!"

The beggar's prophecy was fulfilled. Sorrow *did* visit the proud and haughty Lord—his daughter eloped with a common domestic—his son was killed in a drunken riot—and he himself, with all his possessions, was swept away by the "raging Jacquerie."

EDUCATION.

First Grammar of the Latin Language. By the Rev. W. Butler,
M. A. 12mo. Longman.

Any attempt to make an alliance between the old and radically bad plan of
2 M 2

teaching the elements of language and the improved methods which modern inquiry has originated is injudicious and fruitless. We fear, that the little book before us is an attempt to make the old Eton grammar and the grammar-school plan of teaching a little more palatable;—and as we wholly disapprove of the wretched system, that places an unintelligible grammar into a child's hands and makes it a lesson-book for a year or two to the exclusion of every other, we cannot speak favourably of this little work,—which, besides,—independently of the general objection—shews evident signs of having been written by one who has very little studied the capacities of young children. The author is, no doubt, a competent scholar;—but as for a schoolmaster—*c'est tout autre chose*.

Exercises on Orthography and Composition—on an entirely new plan. By HENRY HOPKINS. 18mo. Simpkin and Marshall.

THE author's object—as declared in his preface—is to store the pupil's mind with facts and ideas instead of a jargon of words which are not understood and to explain which no effort is made,—and the plan pursued is to bring together all words having the same sound with a different orthography, and to compose a number of sentences containing these words in their different senses. Now, if any of our readers can discover how such a plan, which teaches words and not things—sounds and not sense, can promote the object above declared, they are more discerning than the writer of this notice. We have always thought that the cabalistic mysteries of a-be, ab, be-a, ba, see-a, ka, &c., might with great propriety be buried in the tomb of oblivion in order that a better system of teaching might take its place. Words and not letters should be taught, and the symbol should always be placed in juxtaposition with the thing meant or its pictorial likeness:—in fact, all reading lessons given to young children should partake of the nature of object-lessons. Teachers at present begin at the wrong end and employ the *synthetical* method, where they ought to use *analysis*. With respect to the difficulties of orthography, we suspect that they will be easily overcome by reading and dictation more than by any artificial plans whatever. Mr. Hopkins's book, however, has considerable merit in its way, and in the hands of a judicious teacher (who cares not for his trouble) cannot fail to be very useful. The author shows his good sense and liberality by recommending Parker's Exercises, which are by far the best works that have ever come under our notice.

LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

Elements of Chemistry. By the late Dr. TURNER. A new edition much enlarged, by WILTON TURNER and Dr. LIEBIG. 8vo. Part I. Inorganic Chemistry. Taylor and Walton.

THE name of Dr. Turner bears with it its own recommendation. "Though dead,—he yet speaketh" to the hearts of all who knew him either as a man of science or in private life. Few, very few ever left behind them a larger number of mourning friends and admirers. Dr. Turner's work on chemistry is too well known to require that we should expatiate on its merits: our object is merely to notice the labours of Mr. Wilton Turner and his coadjutor. The former was educated in his brother's laboratory, and he has evinced a taste for and knowledge of his science that give him just claim to be well considered among the teachers of chemistry;—Dr. Liebig of Giessen in Hesse Darmstadt is the most celebrated analytical chemist in Germany,—and it was Dr. Turner's intention, *even had he lived*, to commit the latter part of the work to him exclusively.

That portion of the work now before the public has been edited by Mr. W.

Turner, and it is only just to remark that the amount and intrinsic value of the additions indicate both talent and industry. We sincerely hope—nay confidently expect that Turner's Chemistry will long continue to be the text book for students in all parts of the empire.

The Science of Geology. By *Χαος*. pp. 78. John Reid, Glasgow.

THIS would have been an exceedingly useful work, were its pages less abundant in technical terms, which rather tend to embarrass than enlighten the mind of the young pupil. It is nevertheless well worthy of becoming a standard school-book.

Lectures on Entomology. By JOHN BARLOW BURTON. pp. 48. Simpkin and Marshall.

THE little pamphlet before us is illustrated by some good drawings connected with the subject, and is written in an intelligible and comprehensive style. The account of the *Vanessa Atalanta* is singular, and would have been extracted as a specimen of the work, had not our limits arbitrarily compelled us thus briefly to notice an useful publication.

The Book of Gems. Edited by S. C. HALL, Esq. Whittaker and Co.

THIS beautiful work comprises "Specimens and Illustrations of the Modern Poets and Artists of Great Britain," and does considerable credit to the talented Editor who superintended its arrangement. In some instances short biographies of a few of the authors are appended; and the illustrations are of the highest order of merit. The principal poets, whose works are noticed, are Moore, Byron, Southey, Scott, Hemans, Shelley, Campbell, T. K. Hervey, Crabbe, Sotheby, &c. But we must not forget to include Wolfe—the talented author of "The Burial of Sir John Moore"—a poem beautifully illustrated in the work under notice by W. Harvey (artist) and J. Brain (engraver). It would be difficult to *extract* from a volume composed of *extracts*: our critical notice on the specimens of the writings of the poets whose names are mentioned in the "Book of Gems" will therefore allude to the only one bad extract of the whole, and that is Leigh Hunt's "Abou Ben Adhem and the Angel."

MISCELLANEOUS.

My Book ; or, The Anatomy of Conduct. By JOHN HENRY SKELTON. One Vol. 8vo. pp. 208. Simpkin and Marshall.

WE have been much pleased with the perusal of this work; especially as it is our opinion that books of an instructive nature, and those which relate to the customs and usages of society, are much more likely to improve the tastes and manners of an entire people than the usually uninteresting novels or laboured tales which now issue in numbers from the teeming press of London. It is almost impossible for any one to read the excellent volume before us, however refined may be his taste, or however exalted his moral character, without gaining some useful hints which will be found exceedingly beneficial to those whose situations in life have not enabled them to mix with the higher orders of society. Thus may he learn by a few hours' perusal of a book *that knowledge* which whole years of experience would scarcely allow him to acquire—and those years having been passed amidst mortifications, consciousness of slighted merit, and disappointment! Let not the public deem it an example of extravagant praise, if we recommend the "Society for the Promotion of Useful Knowledge" to effect an arrangement with the author of "My Book," by which an almost similar work, but one more adapted to the tastes and capacities of the middling classes, may be offered to the world. An extensive circulation of such a work would not only be assured, but also at-

tended with essential benefits to that influential and respectable order to whom it should be particularly—indeed, solely addressed.

We offer the following extract as a specimen of the author's style :—

"Virtue, considered in reference to all the relative duties—and virtue, as understood in common parlance, is as the whole range of duty abstractedly merging in one given quality. The man of fashion smiles if virtue—or virtuous conduct be attributed to him; and the use of the word in the presence of a lady is considered an indelicate allusion :—yet, in that one word 'virtue,' is included—piety to God—justice to man, and chastity to ourselves,—together with the assemblance of all the cardinal virtues, briefly stated in Prudence—Fortitude—Temperance—and Justice. The man blushes as much at the imputation of its possession, as the woman does at its loss. Known in its proper and most comprehensive sense, virtue cannot exist in the breast of those who are in the habitual indulgence of any secret or cherished sin, or in the continued neglect of any duty; active sin and passive neglect being equally criminal. If you have a doubt on your mind as to the propriety of an action, it is sin if it be not withstood. Such is virtue; this divine attribute 'hath its content so absolute,' that the heart being free from self-accusation, it takes the edge from worldly misery, and adds a charm to its passing joys; then, as our career draws to a close, the prospect is cheered by that quiet monitor—by a well-placed hope in another and a better world."

Speaking of authors, page 127, we find the following proper remarks :—

"The manner in which authors disparage each other is not in good taste. In every other profession, calling, or trade, an honour or benefit conferred on one of its members is appreciated by the whole; but in the fraternity of scribes, you find envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness. In these improved and improving times, such things should be amended. Never let us endeavour to elevate ourselves by depressing another—*lout au contraire* : for my part—I only censure to amend."

In conclusion, we cannot too strongly recommend this excellent work to all families and schools, as one eminently calculated to instruct and edify young people.

Heaven Entered ; or, The Spirit in Glory Everlasting. By JOSEPH FREEMAN.

THIS unpretending little volume is the third of a series on the heavenly state.—"The doctrine of another and happier world being universally admitted by the good of every church and denomination,"—the Author's object is to give "something like a definite and consistent form to their meditations upon this delightful theme." And although aware that, in the language of a modern writer, "failure in such an attempt is more or less inevitable," he yet hopes "it may be better to contemplate the great subject, and assist others to contemplate it, even thus imperfectly, than not at all." In the course of the work, the Author has endeavoured to depict the feelings of the righteous man's spirit on the verge of its departure,—to trace its progress through the ethereal regions—and to describe its happy reception on the borders of the blessed.

The benefit likely to result from a careful perusal of such works,—the direct tendency of which is, to familiarize the mind, amidst the absorbing cares of life, with those things which, though unseen, will shortly be realized,—cannot be overrated. The Notes, inserted by way of appendix, will be found to contain many valuable extracts from eminent writers, corroborative of the Author's sentiments. We gladly recommend the whole series to the attention of the serious public.

NOTES OF THE MONTH.

"Nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri,
Quo me cunque rapit tempestas, deferor hospes."—HORACE.

RATHER DISTRESSING IF IT BE TRUE.—A DREADFUL EVIL OF CIVILIZATION.—M. de Boismont, a French physician of eminence, or rather a clever Mad Doctor, communicated on the 9th of October, to the Academy of Sciences of Paris, the result of his researches with regard to the cause of madness, and from the accurate statistic accounts published by the different *mad-houses* of France, proved that *civilization has a great influence in producing madness*. To give to this proposition a degree of evidence, M. de Boismont compared the number of mad persons of the principal towns of Europe with the population of the same towns, and the following is the sad calculation:—

	Inhabitants.	Mad.			
London	1,400,000	7000	or	1 to	200
Paris	890,000	4000	"	1 "	222
St. Petersburg	377,046	120	"	1 "	3,133
Naples	369,000	479	"	1 "	1,759
Cairo	330,000	14	"	1 "	30,714
Madrid	201,000	60	"	1 "	3,350
Rome	154,000	320	"	1 "	481
Turin	114,000	331	"	1 "	344
Milan	150,000	618	"	1 "	242
Florence	80,000	236	"	1 "	338
Dresden	70,000	150	"	1 "	466

This account is truly distressing, but we do not give any opinion on the subject. Some philosopher of the 16th century was decidedly in favour of ignorance, and thought that ignorant persons were always happier than those who possessed knowledge. The defenders of the Inquisition and despotism ought to raise a statue to M. de Boismont for having worked so hard in their behalf. As for us, although madness is a very great misfortune, we thank heaven that we are born in England, free and civilized, and not in Cairo, where despotism and ignorance reign.

THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO BRIGHTON.—The 4th of October was a day of extraordinary rejoicings and merriment for the loyal inhabitants of Brighton. The *élite* of the English and foreign *haut-ton* had assembled there to witness the first triumphal entry of our youthful queen into that fashionable town, where great preparations had been made for her reception. No monarch of Europe can boast of being, or of having ever been, so universally popular and beloved as Queen Victoria. All her subjects, of every political and religious tenet, have hailed with heartfelt transport her accession to the throne, notwithstanding that her predecessor had also justly become a popular king. The festival of Brighton will ever be remembered with pleasurable feelings by those who witnessed the indescribable enthusiasm with which the virgin queen was received. It seemed, in fact, as if the myriads of spectators had been transformed by magical power into a single will and wish, and that the whole of them thought of nothing else, but of welcoming, honouring, and applauding, their favourite sovereign. Triumphal arches, magnificent decorations, numerous bands of music, and other loyal manifestations, had been prepared in order to celebrate the first visit of Victoria. The royal procession was every where received by the cheerings, hurrahs, and deafening applauses of the delighted multitude, and both the queen and her august mother were almost overwhelmed by their feelings. The illuminations were general, and on a splendid scale; and Brighton during that night was transformed into a blaze of light, and afforded to the numerous visitors, and its joyful inhabitants, unparalleled amusements and pleasures. It is worth remarking that on the very day that the queen of England, the head of the protestant church, was idolized by her faithful subjects at Brighton, the pope was celebrating at Rome

the anniversary festival of Francis, of Assisi, one of the famous founders of the Inquisition; and as that bloody tribunal of fanaticism, ignorance, and superstition, has been crushed by the protestants of England, and, through their writings and example, has been either destroyed or paralyzed all over Europe, no better day could have been chosen for feasting the protestant queen. May the young queen continue to be the object of the love of her people, and, by imitating the good qualities and great energy of Elizabeth, and by avoiding the faults by which the character of that glorious sovereign was stained, may she prove a true blessing to her empire, and enjoy a long and prosperous reign.

THE FALL OF CONSTANTINA.—At last our French neighbours have succeeded in making the conquest of Constantina, which on a former occasion cost them an enormous expenditure, a shameful defeat, and great loss of life. On the 6th of October it was invested by the French army under the orders of General Damremont, commander-in-chief, and of General Vallée, commander of the artillery. During the first five days the natives defended themselves with great skill and courage, and caused great loss to the besiegers. On the 11th the breach was effected, and on the 12th they succeeded in killing the commander-in-chief, General Damremont, while he was directing the storming of the town. On the 13th, however, the invading army, under the command of General Vallée, and excited by the loss of their commander-in-chief, and of a great many of their fellow-soldiers, took possession of Constantina, after an obstinate and destructive struggle on both sides. The victory of the French is of very doubtful advantage, and we apprehend, notwithstanding this new conquest, they will not be able to keep in obedience the savage and courageous Arabs of the interior of Africa; nay, they may find it very difficult to maintain for a long time a free communication between Constantina, Bona, and Oran. It appears that the royal sons of Louis Philippe, the dukes of Nemours and of Joinville, have taken good care of themselves, and that neither of them has been honoured by the smallest Arabian scratch.

PARLIAMENTARY FESTIVALS AND DINNERS.—John Bull is very fond of good cheer, and, although naturally enterprising and industrious, he likes to settle the most important projects over a good dinner, and after having been roused in spirits by the delight of jovial company and excellent wines. Consequently, as the meeting for parliamentary business approaches, both the conservatives and the reformers have begun to assemble in order to combine their plans of attack and defence; and if the proverb be true that *in vino veritas*, we are happy to learn that the ensuing session will be prolific of much good to the nation at large. Because the conservatives assert that they are *true reformers*, and that they are willing to forward the destruction of all real abuses both in church and state, the reformers on their side proclaim that they do not intend to destroy any of our national institutions, but wish only to amend what is obsolete and incompatible with the present state of civilization. Both parties, however, are apparently struggling for power and emoluments, which are the only real stimulus of all opposition in parliament. Sir Francis Burdett is an exception to all rules of propriety and consistency, and his present political and religious conduct is truly incomprehensible. He wants neither places nor emoluments; nay, he is incapable of holding any place whatsoever, in consequence both of his ill-health, and of his imbecility. But notwithstanding that, the worthy baronet has of late become the spokesman of the incurables of old torism, and the *discord-sower* amongst the contending parties. A man who changes his principles is always dishonourable, especially when he has for years vigorously and publicly been the advocate and the martyr of opposite tenets. He may, however, be excused, or even pitied, if he does not appear before the public under his new standard. Old Glory of Westminster is of a different opinion; since his apostacy he loves to be continually on the stage, and exposes himself to the ridicule of his new allies, and to the deserved contempt of his former friends.

A SHOWER OF FISH.—On the 16th of October several persons observed on the rail-road near Air a quantity of small and shining fishes alive, and struggling for life. If there had been only a few, it could have been supposed that some sea-fowls had disgorged them; but as they were very numerous, they must have been transported there by some phenomenon, and most probably by a gust of wind. In fact, on that day the wind was very high. This is not a new occurrence, and it has often happened in Scotland, and even in Italy. The fish were very small herrings, and measured about half an inch in length.

THE SALE OF THE ROYAL STUD AT HAMPTON COURT.—One of the two great pillars of the English empire has been at last demolished by the merciless hammer of the fashionable horse-puffer Tattersall. The Royal Stud was sold on the 25th of October at Hampton-Court Paddocks before many noblemen and sporting gentlemen, and its general produce, according to the opinion of the *connoisseurs* of all parties, has surpassed the most sanguine expectations of the Fitz-Clarences.

The brood mares fetched	-	-	9568 guineas.
The colt-foals	-	-	1471 ditto.
The filly-foals	-	-	1112 ditto.
The stallions, and two <i>half-bred</i> colts	-	-	3541 ditto.

Total amount - 15,692 guineas.

Now that this official statement is known, will not our readers justly wonder at the great noise and warfare which the newspapers have carried on against each other about this almost paltry business, and will they not laugh at the worthy baronet who, to save the country from the imminent danger of its ruin, buckled on his Quixotic armour on behalf of the Royal Stud, and, like Sancho-Pansa, attacked Lord Melbourne with all the fierceness that becomes a true champion of horse-flesh, and of the turf? Verily, verily, England has rebounded with the thunders of the *Times* on the subject of the Royal Stud at Hampton Court; but many must now pity the Thunderer for having made so much ado about the paltry sum of 15,692 guineas.

THE LATE IMPROVEMENTS IN DEAL.—The new fashionable watering-place, Deal, has lately undergone considerable improvements, since the duke of Wellington has held his little court at Walmer Castle. On a recent visit to Deal, we were agreeably surprised by the change that has taken place in the exterior and the interior of the principal hotel, which has now become one of the best in Kent. "The Royal Hotel,"—the ancient "Three Kings,"—is now commodiously fitted up, and well conducted; and its spirited proprietors—Messrs Bleaden of the London Tavern—are sparing no expense to complete their alterations and improvements.

MONTHLY SUMMARY OF SCIENCE AND THE SOCIETIES.

ANATOMY and MEDICINE.—The grants of the British Association for the advancement of scientific research in anatomy and medicine for the next year are as follows:—For observations on the absorbent and venous systems, fifty pounds; for observations on the effect of poisons on the animal economy, twenty-five pounds; for the chemical analysis of animal secretions, twenty-five pounds; for observations on the motions and sounds of the heart, fifty pounds; for observations on the pathology of the brain, twenty-five

pounds; for experiments on lung disease in animals, twenty-five pounds. Our medical friends will doubtless read of these grants with satisfaction, as many subjects will thus be elucidated which the calls of professional duty have so long prevented; and as every new discovery in the science of medicine tends not only to elevate the practitioner in public esteem and private respectability, but adds also to his means of assisting the general weal of the great human family, the attempt thus made to stimulate the progress of the healing art must be regarded with general gratification. May the results prove as beneficial as the intention is excellent.

VEGETABLE PHYSIOLOGY.—*Interesting Experiments.*—Mr. Nevan has just detailed some experiments made by him on elms, forty years old, commenced in Feb. 1836. I. The stem of the tree was denuded in a circle of its cortical integument alone, leaving the alburnum beneath uninjured. On the May following the denuded part was filled up by the exudation of bark and wood from the upper surface of the wound, and the tree had not suffered in its growth. II. The bark and *cambium* were removed in the same manner. In August, 1837, this tree sickened, and there was no formation of wood or bark in the wounded part. Two developements, however, took place; one above, the other below; the former having the appearance of roots, the latter were branches with leaves. III. The bark and two layers of alburnum were cut away. The tree was at the time unhealthy; it, however, put forth its leaves in that and the ensuing spring, but shortly after died. No sap was observed above or below the wounded part. Roots were developed from the upper and branches from the lower part of the section. IV. The bark and six layers of alburnum were taken off. The tree became much less vigorous, but did not die, and otherwise presented the same appearance as the last. V. The bark and twelve layers of alburnum were stripped. The consequences were again similar to the last two; the alburnum above and below the cut being dry, but an accidental cut, which penetrated to the heart wood, exuded sap. VI. This was a repetition of the experiment of Palisot de Beauvais, by cutting away a circular ring of bark around a single branch. The branch continued to grow, and roots sprouted from the under surface of the isolated bark and branch. VII. In this the whole of the wood of the tree was cut away, except four pillars composed of bark and sap wood. In this case the sap first appeared from above, descending by the pith, and then from the heart wood, the alburnum being dry. In this case the sap must have passed up the alburnum, and horizontally through the heart wood. From these experiments Mr. Nevan infers, —1. That the life of the tree does not depend on the liber or cambium. 2. That a descent of sap takes place before the developement of leaves. 3. That new matter arises from below, which has not previously been allowed. That there were two distinct principles in the tree,—one the ascending or leaf principle, the other the descending or root principle. These experiments completely confirm the theory of the structure of wood by Du Petit Thouars: the seventh proving the horizontal circulation of the sap.

BOTANY.—*Plants and Ventilation.*—Dr. Daubney has been making a series of experiments on the cultivation of plants under glasses without ventilation, the results of which he has just communicated. In April last he introduced into globular glass vessels, the apertures being covered with bladders, three several sets of plants. In the first were *Sedum*, *Lobelia*, &c.; in the second *Primula*; in the third *Armeria*, &c. At the end of ten days the plants were healthy and had grown. The air in the jars was examined, when the first had four per cent. more oxygen than the atmosphere, the second also four per cent. more, and the third one per cent. more. This was the result of examination during the day, but at night the excess of oxygen had disappeared. On the eleventh day the first jar contained two per cent., the second and third one per cent. excess of oxygen. At night there was less oxygen than in the atmosphere. A Mr. Ward has also made some experiments of a similar character, which are interesting, as they point out a method of bringing foreign

plants to this country which could never otherwise be introduced. His attention was drawn to the subject by the accidental placing of a chrysalis under an inverted jar, which some time after was perceived to have a fern and a few blades of grass growing under it. Taking the hint, he introduced some plants of *Hymenophyllum* under a jar, which grew and flourished in the situation. He then made some experiments on a larger scale. The plants were inclosed in glass cases made air-tight by paint and putty, but, of course, not hermetically sealed, and were watered once in five or six weeks. From his experiments he draws the following conclusions:—First, that confining the air secured a more equable temperature for plants, as its expansion and contraction, by change of external temperature, by its relation to heat in those states, prevented any great or sudden change. This was remarkably exemplified in some plants that were brought from India, which were in the course of three months successively exposed to 20°, 120°, and 40° of Fahrenheit. The enclosed plants were often found surrounded by a temperature higher than the external atmosphere. Secondly, that vascular plants required to be grown in a greater quantity of air than cellular. Thirdly, that light must be freely admitted. Fourthly, that the enclosed air must be kept humid. This can be done by occasional watering, provided any means of escape for the water is allowed, but it is not necessary where the water has no means of escape. Besides the advantage of enabling us to bring plants from abroad, it would also furnish to the physiological botanist the means of observing those operations of nature in his study, for which, before, he had been obliged to resort to the forest and the plain. Might not this mode of preservation be extended from the vegetable to the animal kingdom?

CHEMISTRY.—Brewing.—Mr. Black, in a paper communicated to the British Association “On the Influence of Electricity on the Processes of Brewing,”—states that a thunderstorm not only checks the fermentation of worts, but even raises the gravity of the saccharine fluid, and develops in it an acid. This effect is principally witnessed when the fermenting tun is sunk in soft earth, and may be obviated by placing it on baked wooden bearers, resting upon dry bricks, or wooden piers, so as to effect its insulation. This is a fact worthy the attention of all practically engaged in fermentation. The prevalence of highly electrified clouds during the fabrication of cast-iron, has a considerable and baneful effect upon the metal.—**Alum.**—Mr. Atherton, an African gentleman, has recently discovered on the eastern coast of the African continent, about midway between Graham’s Town and Algoa Bay, a new variety of alum. Similar to asbestos, it occurs in fibrous masses, having a beautiful lustre like satin, and splitting into threads which would appear to be quadrilateral prisms. In taste, solubility in water, and relation to several re-agents, it closely resembles common alum, but is distinguished from it by containing protoxide of manganese, instead of an alkali, and by not assuming the octahedral form.

ANTIQUITIES.—Crimea.—A Dutch journal has recently given the particulars of the discovery of some interesting remains by workmen engaged in excavating in the neighbourhood of Kertsch. They consist of two tombs, one of which, of comparatively modern date, contained a marble sarcophagus, and some other valuable objects; among these a marble slab ornamented with a beautiful relief representing a Bacchannal. A silver sceptre was likewise found, together with a bridle, the bit made of the same metal, and a female mask of gold. The other monument was of more ancient date, and contained an urn filled with bones and ashes. The form of it is described as very elegant, embellished with beautiful drawings, the design being an Amazon on horseback, lance in hand, attacking two warriors, the head of one having a helmet, while the other wears a Phrygian cap. The style of the drawing has given rise to a supposition that it dates about the fourth century before Christ.

MECHANICS.—The Americans have proposed to form a railway in the State of Virginia, 300 miles in length, upon which a novel railway power is

to be introduced. The whole line is to pass through the neighbourhood of a series of water-falls, from which canals must be cut to form heads of water to work wheels; the power thus obtained to be applied in the same manner as the fixed engines at present in use, for moving the railway carriages.—The London and Birmingham line of rail has been opened as far as Tring, and will probably be completed in the autumn of next year. The greatest difficulty yet experienced has been at Kilsby in Northamptonshire, where a considerable tunnel is requisite, and the soil of the most intractable character.

STATISTICS.—Marriages.—Up to the 19th of last month the number of places registered under the New Act, for the solemnization of marriage, was 704. Of these there are in London, Westminster, and Southwark, 47; Liverpool, 18; Manchester, 13; Birmingham, 5.—**Education in York.**—The state of education in York, of which the Manchester Statistical Society has just prepared a report, may be taken as affording a tolerably good sample of the present state of towns of similar size as regards the means of education. The population may be stated at 28,000; of these 2298, or 7.96 per cent., attend day or evening schools only. 2521, or 9.00 per cent., attend both day and Sunday-schools. 842, or 3.01 per cent., attend Sunday-schools only. Total school attendance 5591, or 19.97 per cent. Taking the persons between the ages of five and fifteen as one-fourth of the entire population, it would appear that 67.0 per cent. are under nominal instruction, while 2300 or 33.0 per cent. were receiving no instruction whatever. The average remuneration which the teachers receive is 9s. 6d. a week in boys' schools, and 8s. in girls' schools.

THEATRICAL REPORT FOR OCTOBER.

WHEN our last remarks were consigned to the hands of our printer, the winter houses had not opened their doors to the expectant public. The busy hammer of preparation was loudly echoing to the empty walls and the glaring placards announced the arrangements of the coming season:—the time was full of promise which we were content to receive in silence, lest perchance we might be disappointed. What a change has taken place in less than a short month! The two winter houses are both open, Madame Vestris has again curtsied to her laughter-loving friends, Yates has made his best bow to the fish in "the frying-pan," and Braham has commenced a campaign in the West, while Mrs. Honey and her loving partner (*not* Mr. Cockerton) are carrying all before them in the East. The town—that section of it, at least, which cares for things theatrical—is quite in a ferment of agitation with the bustling changes and revolutions in the management and entertainments of the play-houses. At such a time, little as we can spare the room, we feel obliged to be at any rate "*brief* chroniclers" of the passing scenes of mimic life.

First and foremost comes COVENT GARDEN, opened under the auspices of Macready, whose object seems to restore the legitimate drama to its proper station as compared with the noisy and nonsensical pieces which have lately been permitted to usurp the place of tragedy and comedy. The manager has already done something to prove that good *words* and handsome professions are occasionally followed by good *deeds*. Shakspeare has been acted, and well acted, with all the scenic aids and appliances calculated to show his works to the best advantage, and when other plays have been enacted they have been invariably selected from those which justly occupy the first rank in our national dramas. Since the opening we have had "*Winter's Tale*," "*Hamlet*," "*Othello*," and "*Taming the Shrew*," well acted and appointed in every respect; indeed, it is quite a treat to see Shakspeare's plays acted at Covent Garden. Besides these, however, the manager has produced Sheridan Knowles's "*Virginius*" and "*Bridal*," Byron's "*Werner*," and many other

plays which to mention is to praise. The new pieces yeleft "The Novice" and "The Afrancesado" have both—and deservedly—failed, it is true; but the manager has much still in store for those who would gape at novelty rather than support the sterling productions of the older dramatists. We wish Mr. Macready every possible success, for we know that he is sincerely and earnestly working for the regeneration of the drama and the respectability of the profession to which he does such honour.

TO DRURY LANE let us now turn;—and first of all, we must be permitted to record our disgust and pity at Mr. Bunn's impudent denunciations of the legitimate drama as contained in his placard announcing the opening. It is to be hoped, however, that he has repented of his folly; for, on a review of the representations during the last fortnight, we discover undeniable proofs of a desire to follow in the steps of his more worthy rival. Opposition ever does good, and to this alone are we to attribute the production of such pieces as "The Merry Wives of Windsor," "Macbeth," "The Merchant of Venice," "Henry the Fourth," "She Stoops to Conquer" &c., &c. If Mr. Bunn be content with *spectacle* for afterpieces we are willing so far to humour his whims—no farther.

The chief novelty at Drury Lane is "The Child of the Wreck," a spectacle after Mr. Bunn's own heart. Its success is wholly owing to the pantomimic talents of Mademlle. Celeste, whose character as a dancer deserves scarcely less praise than those of Taglioni and Duvernay.

Having thus briefly noticed the large houses, we proceed to those which, though of more confined dimensions, often display dramatic talent not a whit inferior to that of the prouder edifices near Covent Garden. We begin with our old friend Braham.

ST. JAMES'S Theatre is perhaps the most elegant in the metropolis, and located, as it is, in the vicinity of patrician life, ought not to be deserted by the noble denizens of that fashionable neighbourhood. "The Assignment; or What will my Wife Say?" is a very amusing trifle; and although destitute of any thing which will bear criticism is sufficient to keep the critic in good humour. Mr. Wright, from the Birmingham Theatre, has made his debut in town in the burletta of the "Young Widow." Genius and tact may be identified with the attributes of this gentleman as an actor. He was altogether well received, and at the close was loudly called for, to make his appearance before the curtain. Mrs. Stirling is a lovely young widow, and both looks and acts as if a second marriage would make her "as brisk as a lark." Braham has been emulating his rivals in procuring an efficient company. Several new productions we hear are progressing through a course of rehearsals; but if the forthcoming pieces are to be like the *King John* travestied, —which on principle as well as for other reasons we cannot praise, inasmuch as the system of throwing ridicule on the immortal Shakspeare deserves unmitigated condemnation,—there seems to be little promise as respects the novelties. Guibilei and Miss Rainsforth take the chief operatic business between them;—the latter would be an honour to any *corps dramatique*. Hall, of the Strand, is a decided acquisition; but we never wish to see him again in the sickly witless travesty of *King John*.

OLYMPIC.—This delightful little repository of elegance and fancy, has been nightly filled by overflowing audiences. The "Country Squire" has been revived, with a view to the introduction of Farren, in a character exactly suited to his bent. He is an astonishing fellow this same Farren, and, although always the same, he is still racy and full of flavour, and his richness increases as he grows older. Mr. and Mrs. Keeley have appeared in a new burletta entitled, "The New Servant." The former, though grown bulky after his transatlantic excursion, has lost nothing of his originality and simplicity; neither has Mrs. Keeley any of her *saute* and cheerfulness. Madame, as usual, is mercurial and *debonaire*, and Charles Matthews acts up to her with corresponding vivacity.

THE ADELPHI campaign has commenced its winter under the most favourable auspices. The house has been nightly overflowed, and all orders have been stopped until Power has cooled down to a 'half price' consideration. Louis's dramatic version of his "Rory O'Moore" is ill-constructed for the talents at this theatre. It is true that Power is as he should be, thrown into alto relievo, but Mr. Yates is left in the shade, and the whole is inferior to Buckstone's in regard to interest. The scenery throughout is beautiful, but the effect of the rising of the waters, in the second act, is hacknied compared with the clever mechanical changes we have seen exhibited at this establishment. The nautical pieces at this house have been so admirably got up in point of scenery, that Mr. Yates's audiences will not consent to any thing less than perfection. Miss Agnes Taylor is a novice; she is nevertheless a very sweet vocalist, and will no doubt, in due time, become an efficient actress. The "Pocket-Book" is a very serious and interesting drama, and the author is well supported by the excellent performances of Mr. Yates, O'Smith, and Lyon. We regret to hear that John Reeve is yet in a state that makes it doubtful how soon, if ever, he will resume his post by the side of his old friend Yates.

NORTON FALGATE.—Mrs. Honey has returned to town from Newmarket, and is good-natured enough to manage for Mr. Cockerton. This elegant little theatre opened on the 16th of October under the auspices of herself and her noble *is-amorato*. Of what malady the fair manageress was indisposed, we know not. At all events the pieces first announced were deferred until her recovery on the 23rd,—from which we date the beginning of the season. Byron's "Don Juan" dramatised by Milner and Stirling is the chief lion here, and a very good one too. Mrs. Honey displays her charms to advantage and her voice to disadvantage, as the rakish boy, and she is well supported by Vale and other subordinates of her establishment. Of the other pieces we know none that rises above insignificance.—But, most probably, they suit the confined capacities of the *Shoreditchians*,—and, if so, why should we grumble?

After thus, in as brief a space as possible, describing the merits and demerits of the theatrical establishments that have just opened to the public, we might, perhaps, close the subject, if by so doing a great injustice were not done to Mr. Sheridan Knowles, who, at the Haymarket, has produced the best piece that has graced the stage for many a long year. The first representation of "The Love Chase," was on Monday the 9th of October. Difficult as it is to sustain a great reputation at its height, the author of the "Hunchback" and the "Beggar's Daughter," has not disappointed us in this fresh effort of his mind. His delineations have lost nothing of their power, delicacy, or truth; there are the same fancy with invention and romantic grace, the same traces of deep feeling with the same frankness, strength, and simplicity, which bespeak how much he is at home and in earnest. The plot is exceedingly simple. *Sir William Fondlove* (Mr. Strickland) an old baronet comes to town with his daughter *Constance* (Mrs. Nisbett) a gay, volatile, and somewhat self-willed *Beatrice*, and here they are joined by *Wildrake* (Mr. Webster) an unsophisticated, downright, out-spoken country squire, who is so teased with the mischievous fun of the young lady his playmate from childhood, that he resolves to return at once into Lincolnshire. His friend *Truworth* (Mr. Hemans), however, detects the true state of their feelings, and draws them out by pretending a passion for *Constance* and begging *Wildrake* to intercede for him, while a hint is given to the other party concerning the dangerous influence of a certain *Widow Green* (Mrs. Glover) to whom *Sir William* has made up his mind to propose marriage. The raillery of *Constance* at the attempts of her swain to metamorphose himself into a town gentleman, and her sudden repentance and misgivings for her wicked jokes are admirably managed. The dialogue is brilliant and lively, but withal high-toned, affecting, and natural. Perhaps the style is not always entirely free from an affectation of quaintness, and forced inversions of language, and occasionally a redundancy of expletives;

but where the spirit and general treatment are so good it would be fastidious indeed to dwell upon these. We would rather fill up our small space with a specimen of the beauties, and there is scarcely any more to our fancy than the following in which the racketty neighbour *Constance* describes to neighbour *Wildrake* the pleasures of the chase.

Constance. What delight
To back the flying steed, that challenges
The wind for speed!—seems native more of air
Than earth!—whose burden only lends him fire!
Whose soul, in his task, turns labour into sport!
Who makes your pastime his! I sit him now!
He takes away my breath! He makes me reel!
I touch not earth—I see not—hear not—All
Is ecstasy of motion!

Wildrake. You are used,
I see, to the chase.

Constance. I am, Sir! Then the leap,
To see the saucy barrier, and know
The mettle that can clear it! Then your time
To prove you master of the manage. Now
You keep him well together for a space,
Both horse and rider braced as you were one,
Scanning the distance—then you give him rein,
And let him fly at it, and o'er he goes
Light as a bird on wing.

Wildrake. 'Twere a bold leap,
I see, that turned you, Madam.

Constance. And then the hounds, Sir! Nothing I admire
Beyond the running of the well-train'd pack.
The training's every thing! keep on the scent!
At fault none losing heart! but all at work!
None leaving his task to another! answering
The watchful huntsman's caution, check, or cheer,
As steed his rider's rein! Away they go!
How close they keep together! what a pack!
Nor turn nor ditch nor stream divides them—as
They move with one intelligence, act, will!
And then the concert they keep up! enough
To make one tenant of the merry wood,
To list their jocund music!"

Wildrake. You describe
The huntsman's pastime to the life!

Constance. I love it!
To wood and glen, hamlet and town, it is
A laughing holiday! Not a hill-top
But's then alive! Footmen with horsemen vie,
All earth's astir, roused with the revelry
Of vigour, health, and joy!—Cheer awakes cheer,
While Echo's mimic tongue, that never tires,
Keeps up the hearty din! Each face is then
Its neighbour's glass—where gladness sees itself,
And, at the bright reflection, grows more glad!
Breaks into tenfold mirth! laughs like a child!
Would make a gift of its heart, it is so free!
Would scarce accept a kingdom, 'tis so rich!
Shakes hands with all, and vows it never knew
That life was life before!"

But what profits it to extract from a play every part of which testifies
a genius of which the literary world may well be proud?

We proceed with our description of the comedy, and that part of it which, according to our notion, has more truly poetic talents than any other. Interwoven with the main plot, is another in which *Master Waller* (Mr. Elton) is in love with the *Widow Green's* sewing-maid *Lydia* (Miss Vandenhoff), and we may be allowed to say, that it is a truly Shaksperian character, of impassioned feeling, and most delicate purity. Her low condition subjects her to an unworthy proposal from her lover, which she resents by taking leave of him for ever, at the same time that she admits her affection. Wallis's compunction for his ungenerous treatment of her is well expressed.

"She is in virtue resolute,
As she is bland and tender in affection.
She is a miracle, beholding which
Wonder doth grow on wonder!—What a maid!
No mood but doth become her—yea adorn her.
She turns unsightly anger into beauty!
Sour scorn grows sweetness, touching her sweet lips!
And indignation, lighting on her brow,
Transforms to brightness, as the cloud to gold
That overhangs the sun! I love her—Ay!
And all the throes of serious passion feel
At thought of losing her!—so my light love,
Which but her person did at first affect,
Her soul has metamorphos'd—made a thing
Of solid thoughts and wishes—I must have her!"

At the close we are treated with three weddings; *Constance* and *Wildrake* of course are the most interesting personages in one; Waller and Lydia figure in another; and in the third the old baronet and the *Widow Green* are most ludicrously brought together. The lady, fancying that the visits of Waller to her house were the natural consequence of her own charms, had arrayed her matron-graces in bridal trim at the time appointed by him in a letter without a direction, intended for Lydia, but unhesitatingly appropriated to herself by the vanity of her mistress, into whose hands it had fallen. Finding a most unexpected and unwelcome reception from Waller, she seeks consolation in the proffered love of *Sir William*, who makes his appearance as a bridegroom, owing to an ingenious trick by which he had been cajoled into a belief that all the preparations had been made on his account, and required corresponding advances on his part only to effect the consummation he so devoutly wished.

Strickland played Fondlove with a degree of talent that induces the expectation of his becoming one day a first-rate *old man* actor. Mrs. Nisbett represented Constance with considerably more than her usual ability, and even Miss Vandenhoff, as if inspired by her author, strove to throw off the torpor and tameness which is her characteristic. The comedy was completely successful, and will no doubt become a first-rate stock play.

LITERARY NOTICES.

¹ A periodical work devoted to the Picturesque and Romantic Scenery of the London and Birmingham Railway, has been some time in preparation, and will shortly appear. Each number will be illustrated by highly finished engravings on steel, similar to those in Roscoe's "*Wanderings in Wales*."

Miss Agnes Strickland is engaged in preparing for the press, under the royal patronage of her Majesty Queen Victoria, "*The Historical Memoirs of the Queens of England from the Norman Conquest*." This work, which is one of deep research, comprises the domestic history of royalty, for a period of nearly eight centuries, and will contain much new and important information relating to the manners, customs, and events, of the most interesting ages of English History.



Mr. Craschem introducing himself to Mr. Pickwick



Mr. Pickwick's triumphal Entry into Calais.



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PICKWICK ABROAD;

OR THE TOUR IN FRANCE:

A SERIES OF PAPERS COMPILED FROM THE PRIVATE NOTES AND
MEMORANDA OF SAMUEL PICKWICK, ESQ.

TO THE READER.

THE immortal "Bos" has done so much to render the public familiar with the characters and adventures of some of the most remarkable men of the present day—viz., Mr. Pickwick and his followers—that it is only with extreme diffidence a new historian has ventured to continue the lives of those extraordinary individuals. But short and to the purpose be the introduction to these Memoirs.

A few months ago I called upon Mr. PICKWICK at his house in Dulwich; and from certain circumstances—such as the appearance of a number of trunks and parcels in the hall, each bearing a label with the following words marked upon it, "*Monsieur Monsieur PICKWICK, Voyageur de Paris à Londres*"—I immediately inferred that the object of my visit was just returned from a continental tour. Nor was I mistaken in my supposition. The founder of the "Pickwick Club," which now exists no longer, had violated the promise he had some time since made to himself, and had voluntarily deviated from that tranquil mode of life it was his intention to adopt when his first biographer, "Bos," took leave of him. In fact he had, with that noble disregard for danger and difficulty, and that spirit of enterprise and perseverance, which formed such prominent traits in the character of this extraordinary man, undertaken a journey to Paris—had actually resided some time in the sovereign city of France—and, reckless of fatigue, had retraced his steps at the termination of a certain period, by means of diligence, steam-packet, and coach, to his classic abode at Dulwich.

Without fatiguing the reader with an elaborate description of the astonishment I naturally experienced at the boldness of the idea, the certainty that it had been followed up, and the uncompromising courage of him who had carried it into effect—an idea that prompted him to leave his own fire-side, and risk the perils of the ocean, the chance of being overturned in a diligence, and the probability of finding himself amongst a nation of anthropophagi in the guise of human beings—without dwelling on this subject, fearful lest the eulogies I offer to my friend might be deemed the dictates of partiality and blind adoration—I shall merely state that the note-book and the memoranda of the illustrious Pickwick were placed at my disposal, and that it has become my happy fate to succeed the no less immortal

"Boz" as the biographer of one of the most extraordinary men the present or any other age has produced.

In order to do meet justice to the memory of the individual whose adventures I am called upon to relate, I have associated with me in the delightful, though somewhat difficult task, my friend ALFRED CROWQUILL. It is mine to edit, and his to illustrate, the biographical memoirs of which I now present the First Part to the reader, and which, according to minutest calculation, will afford sufficient materials to enable me to continue the sketches through twenty numbers of the *Monthly Magazine*.

In conclusion, gentle reader, allow me to remark that if the talented "Boz" have not chosen to enact the part of Mr. Pickwick's biographer in his continental tour, it is not my fault. The field was open to him who had so well and so successfully traced the progress of that great man during his travels in England; and as it is now my destiny to compile and put in order the notes taken by him abroad, and reduce them to a systematic narrative, I cannot do otherwise than pledge myself for the sincerity and impartiality with which I shall present each Number of that important work to the public.

CHAPTER I.

A CONSIDERABLE SENSATION ON THE QUAY AT CALAIS; ITS CAUSE;
AND OTHER PARTICULARS INTIMATELY CONNECTED WITH CERTAIN
ILLUSTRIOUS CHARACTERS.

AT an unusual hour in the morning of a very foggy and disagreeable day in the month of November, 1834, a crowd of washed and unwashed—English and French—male and female—residents in, or visitors to, the eminently respectable town of Calais, was assembled upon the quay where the steam-vessels generally land their passengers. Had the motley group met on the Grande Place, one might have fancied that the cause of congregation was a political ebullition, or the arrival of an itinerant juggler—either of which occurrences is understood to afford an essential interest to the French in general. But on this occasion the quay was the point of *rendezvous*; and as two or three hundred people seldom meet together for the purpose of gazing upon the sea, which is almost the same as gazing upon nothing, when there are no ships to attract attention, we must suppose that a more important object called them thither.

The fact of the matter was, that a king's messenger, on his way to Paris, in the company of a bag full of sheets of writing-paper, with much profound diplomatic lore scribbled thereon, had informed the waiter of Dessin's Hotel the day before the one on which these memoirs commence, that an illustrious personage, accompanied by his servant and two friends, intended to cross the water on the following morning; for which purpose he had already arrived as far as Dover, his habitual residence having lately been in the neighbourhood of London. M. Dessin's waiter, being gifted with just so much curiosity as to originate the question, enquired who the illustrious traveller might be; and when the magic name of PICKWICK was breathed in his ear by the important king's messenger, he immediately communicated the intelligence to his comrades in the kitchen, whence the news

forthwith spread like wildfire through the town, and inspired the *conducteur* of a diligence with the notable resolution of performing his journey to Paris in one hour less time than usual, in order to carry the joyful tidings to the French metropolis as early as possible.

At about ten o'clock A. M., a small boat, rowed by two stout sailors, and containing two or three other individuals seated at the stern, was seen slowly moving up the harbour against a strong tide. A great and visible agitation immediately pervaded the crowd assembled upon the port, and a few respectably dressed Englishmen, in dirty shooting-jackets and battered hats, immediately exclaimed, "Here is the immortal Pickwick!" But as the bark drew nearer to the quay, it was ascertained that it was merely a fishing-boat filled with herrings, and the crew, and curiosity thus remained ungratified for a short space longer.

No sooner had the excitement caused by this false alarm subsided, than it was rumoured that a courier had only a few moments back galloped into the town at a tremendous rate, his horse foaming at the mouth, and himself covered with mud; and report moreover declared that the said courier had been despatched from Boulogne to assure the mayor and worthy inhabitants of Calais that Mr. Pickwick and his followers had landed at the port of the former town. This was, however, speedily contradicted, it being satisfactorily ascertained that the swift horseman was merely a master-butcher of Boulogne in search of a runaway apprentice.

It cannot be wondered at if these disappointments created a painful suspense, and gave a keener edge to the curiosity of the assembled multitude. It has indeed been subsequently whispered that the opportunities were eagerly sought and turned to advantage by two or three individuals, who, without being actually on the list of conveyancers, proved themselves to be very skilful ones, in the removal of sundry pocket-handkerchiefs, &c.; and it is no less a fact calculated to startle and shame London practitioners in the inns of court, that the business was most effectually done without deed or document, and in such perfect tranquillity and secrecy, that the property was duly conveyed from one individual to another unknown at the moment to the principal party concerned.

When suspense and anxiety were at their utmost, the smoke of a steam-packet was perceived in the distance, sea-ward, and beyond the long range of sand-hills that skirts the coast. A momentary feeling of indescribable awe seized upon the crowd, and then a long and simultaneous shout expressed the fondness of the anticipation that was to be found in every breast. At the same moment the hats of several private individuals stationed amongst the multitude were propelled with violence over their eyes; and this facetious display of a generally prevalent good feeling on the occasion, was considered the most beautiful and affecting portion of the welcome awaiting the arrival of him who had filled worlds with his fame. These instances of extreme hilarity were, however, objected to by certain selfish and discontented persons—a circumstance admirably calculated to illustrate the ingratitude of the world, and the jealousy existing between all truly great men.

The steam-vessel shortly hove in sight, and glided rapidly over the

still waters of the harbour "jist like a hanimal of real life," as an English gentleman, quoting Byron, and taking a short black pipe from his mouth, remarked to a friend on the occasion. The packet at length came along-side the quay, and every neck was elongated, and every eye was dilated, and every elbow was exactly fitted into the *vacuum* between the ribs of a neighbour, in the general excitement caused by the desire to ascertain if Mr. Pickwick were really on board the vessel.

Unconscious of the honours awaiting him—calm and reflective, as was his wont—clad in the usual way—with the well-known black gaiters—the low hat—the spectacles—and the eye-glass—and near the helm—stood the great man whom hundreds had assembled to gaze upon. On his right was the sleek and well-conditioned Tracy Tupman, whose eye still loved to wander over the handsome features of the fair sex, and whose gold chain had almost entirely disappeared from the sphere of his visual rays, beneath the extensive silk waist-coat. On Mr. Pickwick's left hand was the young friend who had partaken of all that illustrious man's former dangers, difficulties, and perils, and who had equally shared in the renown that had attended success. But time and matrimony had done much for Nathaniel Winkle. The sporting dress was discarded, and a black coat, somewhat loose at the waist, with black trousers and a striped silk stock, replaced the conspicuous habiliments he once had delighted in. Behind this interesting group was stationed Mr. Samuel Weller, with an open great-coat and several capes over a new suit of livery, and the same cunning smile, and air of indifference, that were the characteristics of Tony Weller's son.

No sooner did the vessel touch the quay than the captain, who was mounted on one of the paddle-boxes, cried out something to the man at the helm—and a sailor on board cried out something to a sailor on shore—and ropes were thrown in all directions—and the captain insisted upon turning the vessel before any one could be permitted to land—and the valve opened with a terrific noise—and a tremendous shout arose amongst the crowd—and the name of "Pickwick" was echoed far and wide, to the astonishment of a couple of gendarmes and two or three custom-house officers, who were so barbarously ignorant of civilized matters as to be entirely unacquainted with the nomenclature of one whose scientific researches and philanthropic feelings had materially benefitted mankind.

"Dear me," said Mr. Pickwick, in a species of trepidation; "one would really have thought they mentioned my name!"

"No—did they, though?" cried Mr. Winkle, turning very pale.

"I think so," returned Mr. Pickwick, casting an anxious glance at the motley crowd.

"And so they did, Sir," said Sam Weller, touching his hat; "and a preshush queer set they appears to be, if von may judge by foot appearances, as the vite man said to his-self ven he got among the selvidges vich made a fire to eat him. That 'ere gen'l'man in the spatterdashes and lily benjamin, with a 'ansome castor and a crown, is a crying his-self hoorse."

"This is very singular—very singular, indeed!" said Mr. Pickwick.

"The French is wery notorious for their vay o' takin' leave, Sir," said Mr. Weller, again joining in the conversation, and touching his hat periodically; "and p'rhaps they isn't more partickler, as the saying is, in the vay in vich they velcomes a forinners to Frogland."

"But I think—indeed, I am almost sure," suggested Mr. Pickwick, hazarding an opinion with all his native diffidence and modesty, "that there are a great many English amongst the crowd here assembled."

"Singular costumes the fish-girls have!" observed Mr. Tupman—"or else they would not be bad-looking."

"Tupman, my dear fellow," said Mr. Pickwick, sternly, "let us think of our safety for the present, and talk of—but, Winkle, my good friend, what is the matter with you—are you unwell?"

"Oh! no—not at all," returned Mr. Winkle, casting a glance of extreme horror and suspicion at the gendarmes who stood in front of the crowd.

"Beg pardon, Sir," said Sam, stepping forward and addressing himself to Mr. Pickwick, "but don't you think 'twould be advisable to order the skipper o' this 'ere wessel to putt us down on t'other side o' the vay?"

"Oh, do!" cried Mr. Winkle, imploringly.

"Why, Sam," said Mr. Pickwick, in a tone of bland appeal, "do you really think there is any danger?"

"Do you see them 'ere Johnny Darmies, with their cock-hats and black mustashes?" demanded Mr. Weller; "an' if so be your wusual rays does appen to en-counter them gen'lemen, p'rhaps you'd also con-sider that mob, and then assure me if there isn't mischief meant, as the Hindians remarked to his friend ven they met the halligator."

"Are those soldiers French police officers, then?" enquired Mr. Pickwick, in a hurried tone of voice.

"They air, Sir," returned Mr. Weller, seriously; "the man at the hel-em insured me that sich vos the fact; and a French Johnny Darmy 'ould think as much o' spitting a fellow-Christian through the guts as a French sugger 'ould care about running another through with his bagginet."

"You don't say so, Sam!" exclaimed Mr. Winkle, edging behind Mr. Tupman, and trembling violently—with the cold, as he subsequently informed his companions.

"Dear me, how they shout!" cried Mr. Pickwick, alluding to the assembled crowd, whose combined hundreds of lungs sent forth most vehement tokens of applause, to the utter astonishment of Mr. Pickwick and his followers. Their terror was, however, speedily dissipated by the assurances of the captain, to whom Mr. Pickwick thought it right to appeal for protection.

"Sir," said the captain respectfully, "that crowd has assembled to welcome the landing of Mr. Pickwick; and as such is your name—"

"But for vonce, old feller," interrupted Mr. Weller. "Samivel Esk-vire, o' Dulwich Lodge."

"Proceed, Sam," said Mr. Pickwick. "Pray proceed, Sir."

"I have vey little to say, Sir," continued the captain, casting a look of angry defiance at the imperturbable Mr. Weller; "merely that all this row is to honour your arrival in Calais; and those gen-

when he passed through Calais a few days ago—I am not vain—I am no egotist, Mr. Pickwick;—but ever since the times when

‘arma virumque cano—’”

“No—no, my dear fellow,” said a voice from behind, and which emanated from the sporting character’s prompter,—“say, ‘since the times when

‘Inclytus Albertus, doctissimus atque disertus—.’”

“Ah! true!” ejaculated the sporting character; and he was about to continue his very edifying oration, when Mr. Weller, who strongly suspected “the sporting character to be a downright humbug,”—as he expressed himself to Mr. Winkle, with a peculiar *naïveté*—interrupted the importance of the proceeding by stepping up to Mr. Pickwick, touching his hat, and saying, “Beg pardon, Sir, but the ekpage is a-vaiting; and if ve stand ’ere all day a-listening to that chap in the seedy black coat, with his prompter behind him, ve shall never get to our journey’s end, as the convict said, ven the pop’lace circumvented the cart, as he vos a-going to be hanged.”

When Mr. Weller had delivered himself of this peculiarly long string of observations, he gently eased Mr. Pickwick into the vehicle that was waiting for his reception, thrust Mr. Winkle after Mr. Pickwick, and pushed Mr. Tracy Tupman lightly upon the other two; having performed which feat, he himself mounted the dickey, seated himself next to the coachman, and the horses having been duly whipped and anathematised by both parties, the carriage was borne away to the little wooden house indicated by the captain, amidst the shouts, screams, yells, and applause of the heterogeneous mob, every individual of which fancied that the most satisfactory note of applause was the highest note his voice could reach. The examination was brief and speedily accomplished at the little wooden house, and was only interrupted for a moment by the civilities which Mr. Weller thought necessary to heap upon the custom-house officer who investigated the pockets of Mr. Pickwick’s functionary. The custom-house officer did not, however, exactly comprehend the nature of Mr. Weller’s apostrophe, and the party was about to resume their places in or out of the carriage as before, when the partially suppressed enthusiasm of the mob broke forth, and the respect that the assembled French and English jointly and individually entertained for the illustrious name of Pickwick, was immediately demonstrated by that gentleman being lightly flung upon the shoulders of some half-dozen of the strongest and stoutest present; and in this manner was he borne to Meurice’s hotel, Mr. Nathaniel Winkle, Mr. Tracy Tupman, and Mr. Samuel Weller following in the rear.

CHAPTER II.

MR. SAMUEL WELLER’S OPINIONS ON DIVERS MATTERS CONNECTED WITH THE FRENCH, AND THE PARTICULARS OF A FRENCH LUNCHEON, OR DEJEUNER-A-LA-FOURCHETTE.

It was a most interesting spectacle to see Mr. Pickwick mounted on the shoulders of his supporters, endeavouring to sit easily in one of

the very worst of positions, and his expressive countenance lighted up with smiles of "pleasing pain." His eyes beamed with philanthropy and kindness on the respectable multitude around him; and an occasional sigh escaped his mighty breast, when the sight of some tatterdemalion awakened feelings of commiseration and pity in his bosom. He was not, however, doomed to be very grievously afflicted on this occasion; for we are confidently assured that out of three hundred people, twenty-seven were dressed in decent coats, and upwards of forty in fustian shooting jackets. There was, moreover, a brilliant display of gaberdines, aprons, and shirt-sleeves.

A deputation, volunteered and self-elected, of about two dozen small boys, having prepared the inmates of the Hotel Meurice, for the arrival of the illustrious visitors, the whole house was immediately involved in confusion and riot: and when the procession reached the entrance of the hotel, and precipitated Mr. Pickwick on his legs; amidst thunders of applause, an army of domestics,—cooks, waiters, chambermaids, ostlers, &c.—was drawn up to welcome the great man and his illustrious followers. Mr. Pickwick would have addressed the multitude, had not two reasons—the first of which was suggested by circumstances, and the latter by Mr. Winkle—prevented him.

"You are right, my dear friend," said Mr. Pickwick to Mr. Winkle, without a moment's reflection: "the crowd is so noisy that I should not be heard—and, as you very properly observed, the half of it is composed of Frenchmen, who would not understand me."

"Thank God, Arabella is not with us!" said Mr. Winkle, hastily, and turning up his eyes to heaven with an extraordinary air of piety.

"Why so?" demanded Mr. Pickwick, looking sternly for a moment at his young friend.

"Because Tupman is really indecent in his conduct," responded Mr. Winkle. "He has already entered into conversation with the pretty chambermaid in the yard of a public hotel."

"Sam!" said Mr. Pickwick, abruptly, so soon as he had satisfied himself of the truth of Mr. Winkle's statement.

"Sir!" said Mr. Weller, touching his hat.

"Tell Mr. Tupman to follow us immediately into the coffee-room: the eyes of the whole town are upon us.—Waiter, show us to the Coffee-room."

The waiter, who had been lurking about the new-comers ever since the first moment Mr. Pickwick alighted in the yard from the shoulders of his bearers, and who happened to speak very good English, instantly obeyed the command, and ushered Mr. Pickwick and Mr. Winkle to the coffee-room, whither they were shortly followed by Mr. Tupman, who wore a cunning smile upon his countenance, and Mr. Samuel Weller. It is almost needless to remark that the illustrious party took off their hats to the crowd that thronged the entrance of the hotel, as they withdrew from the presence of that respectable congregation; and it may also be perfectly well understood that the members of the said congregation were peculiarly delighted with their morning's amusement, and separated for the purpose of repairing each to the *café* or English pot-house he was in the habit of frequenting. The sporting character in vain looked for an invitation to dinner with Mr. Pickwick and his friends, as a reward for his eloquent oration; and at

length withdrew in disgust, accompanied by a broken-down parson, who boasted of being the illegitimate son of some lord, and two or three other seedy-looking representatives of the great English nation, to a low tavern, where his egotism made him an important person for the remainder of the day.

"Well, after all," said Mr. Winkle, as the travellers seated themselves opposite a cheerful fire in the coffee-room, "there is not so much difference between an English and a French town."

"Bricks is bricks, Sir, all the world over," observed Mr. Weller, relapsing a moment from his occupation of hanging up great-coats, hats, &c., on the pegs attached to the walls.

"You will find the manners and customs somewhat different, Winkle," said Mr. Pickwick, "before you have been here long."

"'Tis a lost country, Sir," said Mr. Weller, with a doleful shake of the head.

"A lost country, Sam!" cried Mr. Pickwick, in astonishment.

"Yes, Sir—a lost country—a nation without principle, Sir," replied Mr. Weller, earnestly: "since a period vich they calls the evolution, Sir, there has n't been no manners in France; there 's no sich thing as a gen'leman known—a servant is as good as his mas'er, Sir,—for they air all equal, as the nobleman said, ven he give the chimbly-sweep a cheer (chair), and told him to make his-self at home."

"I am afraid, Sam," suggested Mr. Pickwick, mildly, "that your account is rather exaggerated."

"Quite impossible to be disincorrect, Sir," returned Sam, "ven it vos the skipper o' that 'ere wessel in vich ve come, as took the trouble o' hedificating me on that 'ead. 'The French is greatly to be pitied, Sir,' says I, 'if there isn't no gen'lemen among 'em'.—'They don't know the walley o' liberty,' says the captain, mournfully.—'No more they does, Sir,' says I, 'since they've a-made their-selves all equal.'—'Werry common to see a private sugger arm-in-arm with a officer,' says the captain, 'and that isn't discipline. But it's no vonder,' continues he more sorrow'fly than afore, 'as they've a-bolished flogging in the army.'—He vould a-gone on vith his argiments, but his okkipation obleeged him to go into a hole beneath the biler for a moment, and Mr. Vinkle wanted a glass o' brandy-an'-vater, vich unforeseen accidents caused us to separate, as the scientific gen'leman said ven he fell from the parishoot."

"Well, we shall see," observed Mr. Pickwick, doubtfully, when his domestic had made an end of speaking; and at that moment the waiter entered to lay the cloth for luncheon.

"What wine will you take, Sir?" inquired the waiter, addressing Mr. Pickwick.

"Madeira, by all means," cried Mr. Tupman, who had hitherto remained silent, his imagination wandering to the pretty chamber-maid.

"I cannot recommend the Madeira, Sir," said the waiter, for the very simple reason that there was none in the cellar.

"Well, let us have some Sherry, then," returned Mr. Tupman.

"Nor the Sherry, Sir," responded the waiter.

"In that case we must put up with Port," observed Mr. Pickwick.

"You will find the Port *very* thick, Sir, I'm afraid," remonstrated the waiter.

"What *can* we have, then?" demanded Mr. Pickwick, opening his eyes behind his spectacles in undisguised astonishment.

"Here is the card, Sir," returned the waiter, placing a long list of long names into Mr. Pickwick's hands.

"I do not understand French," said that gentleman; "but you, Tupman, I fancy, can do a little in this way."

"I understand—that is, when at school—oh! yes," stammered Mr. Tracy Tupman, "I am far from ignorant—but these names, waiter, are new ones, I fancy."

"Not many centuries old, Sir," observed the waiter.

"The French use the word *centuries* for *weeks*," said Mr. Tupman in a whisper to his leader.

"Oh, indeed!" murmured Mr. Pickwick, poking the fire. "After all, I think it would be better to leave it to the waiter."

"Thank you, Sir," said the waiter, gliding almost imperceptibly away from the room, and resolved in his own mind to furnish the most expensive wine in the cellar.

Mr. Weller, who had disappeared on the entrance of the waiter, now returned to the coffee-room where his masters were seated, and shuffled uneasily round the table, as if he were desirous of unburdening his mind of some oppressive weight.

"What is the matter, Sam?" said Mr. Pickwick, at length, pitying the embarrassed situation of his domestic: "has any thing new occurred?"

"Beg pardon, Sir," returned Sam, "but I'm just a-come from the kitchen—and a more curioser place I never see."

"Indeed, Sam," said Mr. Pickwick; "what is there so remarkable?"

"In that 'ere kitchen, Sir," said Sam, seriously, "theres nothink that's kimmmon to a kitchen in England. Fust, Sir, there are half-a-dozen man-cooks, vith vite night-caps and aporns; and each appears to be the captain o' ten or twelve different sarsepans—all of bright kipper—ranged, soldier-vise, on a large stove: and then the contents o' them 'ere sarsepans, gen'lemen, is 'stonishing to a degree. I opened the lid o' von, unbeknown to the cook as vos the presiding diwinity o' that quarter, and sure enough, I sees a patridge a-stooing vith weggitables and sassage. Says I to myself, 'This is rayther queer,' as the banker observed, ven he looked at the cheque as vos forged. —' P'rhaps you'd like to larn French cookery, young man?' said von o' the waiters, vith a vink o' slyness to von o' the warming-pans."

"To one of the warming-pans!" exclaimed Mr. Pickwick, somewhat angry, for he recollected that the unfortunate subject of warming-pans had served as material evidence against him, in the mouth of Serjeant Buz-fuz on the occasion of his memorable trial.

"Hallegorical, Sir—purely hallegorical, Sir," returned Mr. Weller, "as the critic said to the author, ven he cut up his writings."

"Well—to return to the kitchen, Sam," said Mr. Pickwick, whose momentary anger was speedily subsided, and who entertained some vague idea that his domestic alluded to a chambermaid, although the synonyme was at first rather obscure.

"If it suit your con-wenience, Sir," continued Sam, "to listen to my wagaries, I don't know no hobjection to my communicating of them. So to continue. 'P'rhaps you 'ud like to larn French cookery?' said

the waiter.—‘Wery much obleeged, young lily-vite,’ said I; ‘but had rayther let it alone, as the monkey said of the hot poker.’—‘Would you like jist for to taste o’ this ’ere dish, Mr. Veller?’ perused the waiter, for he’d larnt my name from the top of my band-box; and, taking the kiver off von o’ the sarsepans, he showed me a piece o’ billed beef done to rags. ‘Time to take that off,’ says I.—‘No sich thing,’ said he, looking at the clock: ‘must stew till six.’—‘And vet’s in that ’ere large kaldron?’ said I, not wenturing on a look of astonishment, as I vos afeard of ‘traying my ignorance.’—‘Stewed weal,’ said the waiter; and thereupon he took off the lid of the kipper sarsepan, and showed me a piece o’ meat vith bits o’ fat hanging about it on all sides. This he called a flich-and-go: but I ’pose ’twas ’is impudence.—‘Pray do you use pertaties in France?’ said I.—‘Certainly,’ said my friend the waiter; ‘here is some prime uns,’ and sure enow I seed some pertaties cut into slices, and kivered over with butter and persely, jist ready to sarve up.”

“Singular!” said Mr. Pickwick, who had listened with deep attention to Mr. Weller’s recital;—“very singular! But what did I tell you just now, Winkle?”

Mr. Winkle was about to reply, when the entrance of the waiter and the luncheon attracted the attention of the three gentlemen to the repast which was now brought in—and which was to be the first that either had ever yet eaten of in France.

“Dear me,” said Mr. Pickwick, “why—this is a dinner!”

“*Dejeuner à la fourchette*,” cried the waiter; and having ranged half-a-dozen dishes upon the table, he proceeded to draw the corks of three bottles of wine, and place them (the bottles, not the corks) upon the same convivial board.

“Meat-pie,” said Mr. Pickwick, uncovering the dish opposite to him, and glancing curiously at a little fabric of paste standing in a very little piece of crockery-ware.

“*Vol-au-vent aux grenouilles*!” observed the waiter.

“Mutton-chops and vegetables,” cried Mr. Tupman, disencumbering his dish of its tegument.

“*Cotelettes à la jardiniere*,” said the waiter.

“Hash and young lobsters,” exclaimed Mr. Winkle.

“*Tête de veau à la tortue, et des crevissées*,” chaunted the waiter in a sing-song tone of voice.”

“Chopped cabbages,” said Mr. Weller, as he lifted up the cover of a dish containing spinage. “And some o’ them identical pertaties,” continued Sam, disclosing the contents of another plate, “consarnin vich I vos hedificated just now. Kolliflour and melted butter is the third—and a’ admirable display they air too. Good appetite, gentlemen, as the skipper said to the sailors ven they vos short of perwisions, and he give ’em each a ounce o’ salt-pork.”

“This chicken-pie is excellent,” said Mr. Pickwick, helping himself a second time to the attractive dish before him:—“I never tasted any thing so tender. You really can eat the very bones!”

“Indeed!” observed Mr. Winkle; “I’ll trouble you for a piece, then.”

“With pleasure,” returned Mr. Pickwick. “Tupman—try this dish of mine?”

“I don’t care if I do,” said Mr. Tupman; and having been copiously

helped, he as liberally indulged himself in the consumption of the delicate food.

"Winkle, a glass of wine," said Mr. Pickwick.

"With pleasure," said Mr. Winkle; and the Burgundy was accordingly poured out and drank.

"Elder-wine—is it not?" enquired Mr. Pickwick, emptying his glass, and smacking his lips with a peculiar relish.

"Burgundy, Sir," said the waiter—"best Burgundy."

"I was just going to tell you so," observed Mr. Winkle; "and a very excellent glass of wine it is."

In the meantime Mr. Pickwick had helped himself a third time to the pie before him, and was about to commence a vigorous attack thereon, when his attention was suddenly attracted to Mr. Tupman, whose features were screwed up in a most extraordinary manner, and seemed to indicate every appearance of a desire to vomit on the part of that gentleman.

"Tupman—are you ill?" exclaimed Mr. Pickwick, laying down his knife and fork, and helping himself to a glass of wine in a momentary fit of absence caused by the alarming situation of his friend.

"Pray, don't be sick, Tupman—now, don't, there's a good fellow," cried Mr. Winkle, in amiable commiseration of that gentleman's indisposition.

"Oh, that pie!" groaned Mr. Tupman, retching most frightfully, while the tears ran down his cheeks.

"Waiter!" said Mr. Pickwick in an angry tone of voice: then, fearful that his rising choler might overcome the equanimity of his temper, he tossed off the wine he had poured out in order to allow himself time for reflection.

"Yes—Sir," said the waiter, stepping forward from the side-table where he was stationed.

"What is in that pie, waiter?" enquired Mr. Pickwick.

"Yes—what is in it?" demanded Mr. Winkle, menacingly.

"In mercy, waiter—what was it made of?" murmured Mr. Tupman, whose face was now ghastly pale.

"Made of, Sir?" repeated the waiter.

"Yes—made of," cried Mr. Winkle, very angrily, and in a tone which seemed to assure the waiter that he would not be trifled with.

"Young frogs' legs, I fancy, Sir," said the waiter, with the utmost coolness; and having assured himself of the truth of his statement by a glance at the dish, he added, "Yes, Sir—they *are* frogs' legs."

In one moment Mr. Pickwick's lap received the contents of Mr. Tupman's stomach, and Mr. Winkle rushed towards the bell, and pulled it with all his might, although the waiter was in the room. As for Mr. Pickwick, he was so bewildered by the communication made by the waiter, the idea of having eaten frogs' legs, and the certainty of having been made a hand-bason of by Mr. Tupman, that, in a moment of venial desperation, he seized the nearest bottle upon the table, and having poured out a tumbler of its contents, drank it at a draught.

Mr. Weller, who had left the apartment only a few minutes before the commencement of this extraordinary scene to look after his own luncheon, hastened to the coffee-room the moment he heard the bell ringing with all the violence that Mr. Winkle's arms could impart to

the wire. When he beheld the confusion that prevailed, and heard Mr. Winkle vituperating the waiter as a sort of accompaniment to the music he was making with the bell, it immediately occurred to Mr. Weller's mind that the said waiter had been abusing his revered master; and, without any more ado, he communicated to the unoffending waiter's nose so fierce a blow, and followed it up by another on the chest to such purpose, that the unfortunate waiter fell over the table, and scattered the remnants of the luncheon on the floor. The other domestics of the hotel rushed into the coffee-room in a body, just at the moment when their fellow-servant kissed the ground, and were about to inflict summary and condign punishment on Mr. Weller. But their pugnacious determinations were stopped by the interference of Mr. Pickwick, who, with extraordinary promptitude, rose from his chair like a doll leaping out of a child's box by means of a spring; and holding back Mr. Winkle with one hand, while he waved the other over his head, he proceeded to address the servile crew. His eloquence produced an immediate effect—the matter was explained to the satisfaction of all parties—and the waiter undertook to pardon Mr. Weller, on a small *douceur* being slipped into his hand, but not before Mr. Winkle had informed the domestics that it was very lucky they were thus pacifically inclined, or they would have known the reason why. Peace being thus restored, Mr. Tupman hastened to bed, having only just strength enough remaining to desire the pretty chambermaid to follow him with the warming-pan.

The domestics retired to the kitchen—Mr. Pickwick changed his trousers and washed himself—which ceremony being performed, he and Mr. Winkle, having declined to eat any more luncheon, indemaified themselves with a hot glass of excellent brandy-and-water, by the coffee-room fire. The waiter was summoned, after Mr. Pickwick and Mr. Winkle had held a consultation, at which Mr. Pickwick presided in due form, relative to the dinner; and it being thoroughly understood that no anti-Anglican meats were to be served up, the waiter was desired to have that repast on table at six o'clock, and to call Mr. Tupman at five.

CHAPTER III.

MR. WELLER'S LETTER TO HIS WIFE.—THE READER IS INTRODUCED TO A YOUNG GENTLEMAN WHO IS WELL ACQUAINTED WITH THE WORLD.—MR. WELLER'S ADVENTURE AT THE THEATRE.

WHEN Mr. Samuel Weller had partaken of a copious repast in the kitchen of Meurice's hotel, he repaired to the bed-room which was destined for his reception. Being armed with writing materials and a glass of brandy-and-water, he took a seat at the table, and prepared himself to compose an epistle to his beloved spouse, whom he had left behind him at Dulwich Lodge.

"Wery particklerly good you air," observed Sam, apostrophising the brandy-and-water, and smacking his lips after a long draught of the tempting beverage; "and may ve meet as frequently as con-wenient, as the gen'lman said to the pus vich he foun' in the street. An' now for this 'ere little *he*-pistle of mine," continued Sam—"and mind ve

put in as much—or p'rhaps rayther more than the waiter's informed us of—not forgetting about the vine and the sugger's trowsers."

With these words Mr. Weller applied himself manfully to the task, and never left off till he had accomplished the following letter.

"Kallis, france. november 12.

"Mi dear mari,

"Ve got safe to france, and a nation quere place it is. the ouses alone is like inglish ouses. but the metes is quite other. so is the vimen. they givd us frogg's leggs for lunshun. and Mister tuppman womitted is shair in the guverner's lapp and over is unmenshunables, without sain bye or vith yer leve. the guverner maid a speche on the okkashun vich vos unannymusly applorded by all the servints as vos prezint. and wery much to is credit it vos tu.

"As ve cum along the rode to dover ve stopp'd at shuter's ill and see the old genelman vich vos in good elth and sperets, he vos a smoakin and drinkin brandi-and-vater. he arsk'd wery kind arter you, mari, and the babbies. he hadnt sene nothink of the red-nosd man since he left dorkin, an dusn't vont for to see him agin nayther, as the schule-boy said o' the goast.

"you must ekkuse this bad ritin. but french penns von't spel inglish like inglish vons, and the paper is so thin you dropp sum o' the letters threw on t'other side vich gets on the blottin-paper and is lost in consek-vence. i dus'nt get sich good bakker in france as i does in ingland. and the peple ere alwys drinks vine, cos there's no strong bere. clarit is wery plentifull in this cuntry. and the suggers vears redd briches. the servint gals all vears vite capps an gouns that dus'nt cum lower than their vaistis.

"now, mi dere mari, take cair o' the babbies an o' yerself as is more preshuser still if possible: i don't now ven ve shall be back. butt you now Mister Vinkle tolde his wife that he would'nt be long away. and as he's a goin to parris on his father's agency bisness, an the guverner vent vith him under pretense o' takin care of him tho raly as an ekkuse for sein parris his-self, it is all rite as the ekkushoner said ven he ajusted the corde round the genelman's neck at the old baly.

"take cair o' yerself, mari, and so no more now from yer ever effeshonate usban,

"SAMIVEL VELLER.

"P. s. i forgot to sai that the servint gals vears petticoates altho' their gouns don't cum lower than their vaistises.

"To Missus mari veller. ousekeper. Dullich

"lodge. rezzidents o' Samivell pickvick esk-vire.

"Dullich, nere lundun. by vay o' dover."

"And a wery elegant little he-pistle it is," said Sam, complacently eyeing the effort of his imagination and mental capacity, which will for ever remain a monument of the genius of the Weller family. "Now for a vafer, and to the post, as the vinning orse said at the races."

Having discussed his brandy-and-water, wafered his letter, and made some little arrangements of a domestic nature in his bed-room, Mr. Weller hastened down stairs, and requested the waiter to show him the way to the post-office—a demand that was immediately complied with by that individual, who had forgotten the black eye, inflicted by Mr. Wel-

ler, in the contemplation of an English sovereign which Mr. Pickwick had administered to his especial comfort.

In the meantime Mr. Pickwick and Mr. Winkle had finished their brandy-and-water, and had looked at their watches to ascertain the hour, and had come to the unanimous conclusion that it was three o'clock; p. m., after a shrewd suspicion, on the part of Mr. Winkle, that there was a difference of at least eight minutes between French and English time. They then discussed their plans as deliberately and business-like as they had before done their brandy-and-water, and resolved, with the conditional consent of Mr. Tupman, to depart for Paris early the following morning by the diligence. The causes of their visit to the French capital—and, indeed, the motives which induced them to leave England after a state of quiescence that had lasted about four years—will be duly unfolded in the progress of these memoirs.

The question now arose, How were they to dispose of their time till six o'clock, the hour at which dinner was ordered? Mr. Pickwick was averse to taking a little walk, a plan of diversion which Mr. Winkle had suggested, as he was in no way anxious to be paraded through the town on the shoulders of a mob; and, despite of his native modesty, he was well aware of the excitement his presence in the streets was calculated to produce. Mr. Winkle then proposed a game of chess or backgammon; but this suggestion was also declined by Mr. Pickwick, who fancied, as he beautifully expressed himself, that it was indecent to have even the appearance of gambling in a public coffee-room. Mr. Winkle, therefore, relapsed into silence, and looked at the fire, and then at the ceiling, and at length hit upon the happy expedient, by way of pass-time, of burning several slips of paper that he found on the mantel. Mr. Pickwick watched Mr. Winkle's motions with a smile; and while the world without fondly deemed those great men to be debating on weighty matters, the great men themselves did nothing more nor less important than divert themselves in a manner at once cheap, innocent, and far from uncommon, thus affording an example eminently calculated to illustrate the folly of speculation with regard to the proceedings of her majesty's ministers in cabinet-council.

A quarter of an hour had elapsed since Mr. Pickwick and Mr. Winkle had looked at their watches as above-mentioned, when the door of the coffee-room was suddenly thrown open, and a young gentleman of about two or three and twenty bounced into the apartment. He was dressed in clothes somewhat the worse for wear; and his closely-buttoned double-waistcoat suffered not a vestige of linen to be seen, probably on account of the chilly weather, against the inclemency of which his head was protected by an old black velvet cap.

Without condescending to shut the door behind him, the stranger walked straight up to the fire-place, pulled the bell with extreme violence, and then, turning his back to the fire, he put his hands behind him, pulled asunder his coat-tails, and whistled an opera air, apparently not having noticed the presence of Mr. Pickwick and Mr. Winkle. The waiter answered the bell with the utmost alacrity; but when he saw that he was summoned by the young gentleman in question, he made a slight grimace, which was not unnoticed by Mr. Pickwick, whose closely observing faculties nothing, however trivial, was known to escape.

"Waiter," said the young gentleman, in a loud authoritative tone of voice, "I dine at home to-day."

"Very good, Sir," observed the waiter, with extreme indifference.

"At six o'clock, waiter—do your hear?" cried the young gentleman.

"Yes, Sir," returned the waiter. "I will inform master of it, Sir."

"And let me have some game, waiter," continued the young gentleman, rendering his voice as commanding as he could, in order to conquer the indifference of the waiter, a task he found by no means easy.

"I'll ask missis, Sir," said the waiter, preparing to leave the room.

"Perhaps these gentlemen dine here too," observed the young man, now, for the first time, affecting to notice Mr. Pickwick and Mr. Winkle.

"We do so—and at the same hour," said Mr. Pickwick mildly.

"Then we'll dine together," exclaimed the young gentleman, without once reflecting that his proposition might not be agreeable.

"Perhaps these gentlemen," began the waiter, "would rather—"

"Oh! with much pleasure," said Mr. Pickwick, interrupting the waiter, and addressing himself to the stranger in allusion to the proposed plan of dining together. The waiter made no farther remark, but walked twice round the room, pretending to dust a couple of chairs on which no one had been seated that day, and to arrange a curtain which had not been touched since he last disposed it in its proper folds; having done which, he glided out of the room.

"You are strangers, gentlemen?" said the young man the moment the waiter had left the apartment.

"We only arrived in France this morning," returned Mr. Pickwick.

"And I have been here six weeks," exclaimed the young gentleman.

"Damned bore! but have been detained here against my will."

"Bad roads, I suppose," said Mr. Pickwick, "and you did not like to venture upon them."

"No—damn the roads," replied the stranger. "The fact is, my bankers are in Ireland—the north of Ireland—and I have been kept here waiting for my remittances."

"How very provoking!" ejaculated the kind-hearted Mr. Pickwick.

"Damned nuisance," said the young gentleman; "particularly when one has several thousands in his banker's hands."

"Very annoying indeed!" chimed in the equally sympathetic Winkle; "is it not, Pickwick?" he added in a manner requiring corroboration of his assertion.

"Pickwick!" exclaimed the young gentleman, as if he did not already very well know that such was the name of the illustrious individual in whose august presence he stood,—*"No!"*

"Yes, indeed," said Mr. Pickwick mildly; "my name is Pickwick!"

"Damnation! who *would* have thought it?" cried the young gentleman in an ecstasy of joy; and flinging himself upon Mr. Pickwick, he embraced him cordially.

"Dear me—Sir—my dear Sir"—exclaimed Mr. Pickwick, almost smothered, and unable to sustain the entire weight of the enthusiastic stranger—"really, I have not the pleasure—I don't know—"

"A thousand pardons, my dear Sir!" said the young gentleman, at length relinquishing his hold. "I am indeed very imprudent—"

damned if I ain't; but this honour was so unexpected—so unlooked for—taking one so infernally by surprise—”

“No apology, my dear Sir,” said Mr. Pickwick with a benignant smile. “And now that you are acquainted with my name—allow me to introduce you to my friend and companion, Mr. Nathaniel Winkle!”

“Winkle!” exclaimed the young gentleman, turning suddenly to that individual, who winced a little, and sat uneasily on his chair, afraid of undergoing a similar series of embracings and huggings to the one already experienced by his great leader; “most happy to know you also, Mr. Winkle. My name is Crashem, gentlemen—Adolphus Crashem—son of the general of that name.”

“Ah! indeed,” said Mr. Pickwick, with a half-bow and placid smile.

“The name must be familiar to you,” observed Mr. Adolphus Crashem, with peculiar emphasis on the pronoun.

“Not very familiar,” rejoined Mr. Pickwick, with an appealing glance at Mr. Winkle. Indeed it would have been very singular if it were; for in the several editions of the army list, Mr. Murray has unaccountably forgotten to mention General Crashem’s name.

“Not on very good terms with my father, though—damn me,” said the young gentleman. “The old boy has a will of his own, Mr. Pickwick—like all very old men—he is past ninety—and I am his only son. Forty thousand pounds a-year sure—all entailed, and no damned mistake.”

“That is very lucky,” observed Mr. Pickwick, alluding to the absence of any irregularity in the nature of the entail.

“No—no—all right in that quarter, thank God,” continued Mr. Adolphus Crashem—“right as the mail, my boy. But this old father of mine must needs interfere in my matrimonial intentions—and a very lovely girl—daughter of an illustrious baronet—pines after me at this moment. Don’t dare offend the old boy—else quarterly supplies damned soon cut off, you know;”—and Mr. Crashem smiled in a peculiarly cunning manner.

“Ah! that’s it, is it?” said Mr. Winkle, with an equally cunning smile and chuckle, probably occasioned by certain reminiscences, the nature of which the reader is already acquainted with.

“Sir William Grinwell, of Grinwell Park, Somersetshire, is the father of my intended,” said Mr. Crashem; “and a devilish good fellow he is too. Was arrested six months ago for a cool fifty thousand—lost at play—on a bill, mind—and he stumped down in a jiffy to prevent my father from knowing it. Will give his daughter four times as much on her wedding-day—without settlement, too—that’s the best of it, ha! ha! ha!”

At this moment the waiter entered the room, and informed Mr. Adolphus Crashem that the landlord of the hotel would be glad to say two words to him in the passage. Mr. Adolphus Crashem made a wry face at this communication, which private reasons, however, did not allow him to neglect. He accordingly went to meet the landlord in the passage, as he was desired.

“Nice young man, that,” said Mr. Pickwick, when he and Mr. Winkle were again alone.

"And devilish well connected, too," observed Mr. Winkle.

"Brilliant prospects he appears to have," continued Mr. Pickwick.

"I should like to be only half as well off," returned Mr. Winkle, suppressing a sigh of envy.

"Dear me, how loud they are talking in the passage," cried Mr. Pickwick; "I can almost hear what they say!"

"He is most likely blowing the landlord up for something," suggested Mr. Winkle.

"How foolish of hotel-keepers not to know their own interests, and try to keep a good customer!" said Mr. Pickwick.

"Well, then—for to-day only—and recollect it is the last!" exclaimed a loud voice in the passage, which was not the voice of Mr. Adolphus Crashem; upon which the door again opened, and that gentleman entered the room, having concluded his *tête-à-tête* with the landlord.

"Damned bad they build their wainscots in France," said Mr. Crashem, when he had once more settled himself before the fire.

"Do they indeed?" inquired Mr. Pickwick, glancing at the wall.

"Yes;—why, couldn't you hear what passed between us in the passage?" demanded the young gentleman, somewhat anxiously.

"Oh! no," replied Mr. Winkle; "not in the least."

"Well, then, they ain't so *very* bad," remarked Mr. Adolphus Crashem, brightening up, and wondering in his own mind how the landlord's voice did not penetrate through the wainscot which was a couple of inches thick. "Talking of wainscots," continued Mr. Crashem, "puts me in mind of a singular story connected with a wainscot. When I was *attaché* to the English ambassador at Constantinople, I lodged and boarded with a Turkish family, and fell desperately in love with the old Turk's fifteenth daughter, Amima. One day I was in my private study, writing some letters to the ministers of foreign affairs of France and Spain—and damned tedious work it was, by the bye—when I heard a female voice talking in the next room. I listened—I am horribly jealous, gentlemen—and I soon discovered that my adored Amima was hearkening to the love-*tales* of a favoured rival. Damn me, if I knew what to do! I seized a pistol, and pointing it against the wainscot that divided my room from the one where this pleasant scene was being enacted—guided only by the sound of my rival's voice—I fired! A heavy thing tumbled to the ground, and a loud shriek rent the air. I rushed into the room, and found my rival a corpse on the floor!"

"Gracious!" exclaimed Mr. Pickwick; "how horrible! But what became of the young lady?"

"Her father turned her out of doors, and she became a dancing-girl," replied Mr. Adolphus Crashem. "She afterwards renounced her creed, and married a Jew."

"Singular episode in Turkish life," remarked Mr. Winkle.

"And highly illustrative of their manners, too," exclaimed Mr. Crashem.

"So I should imagine," observed Mr. Pickwick, whose kindness of disposition led him to concur in that which any less illustrious man would have instantly rejected as a palpable falsehood.

"The Turks are a damned singular people—damned singular!"

continued Mr. Crashem, energetically; "and a deuced difficult thing it is to get a bit of stiff done amongst them, too. But talking of discounting," added Mr. Adolphus Crashem, "puts me in mind of an extraordinary manner in which I did a bill about six months ago. Only conceive, Mr. Pickwick, my dear Sir—for a good bill I got but fifty pounds in ready money—the bill was for 200*l.*—fifty pounds' worth of squirts, and a hundred pounds in patent water-closets."

"Patent water-closets!" ejaculated Mr. Pickwick, starting in his chair.

"Patent water-closets!" ejaculated Mr. Winkle.

"Yes—patent water-closets and squirts," reiterated Mr. Adolphus Crashem; "which I immediately exchanged for the small, but more convenient commodity, of 35*l.* sterling."

"At such an enormous loss!" cried Mr. Pickwick.

"Oh! that is nothing, my dear Sir," returned the young gentleman, with a knowing wink at Mr. Winkle. "On another occasion I got a very respectable discounter—in the city, too—to do me a bill of 1000*l.*—one thousand, mind, or I'm damned—and what do you think he gave me?"

"Really I cannot say," returned Mr. Pickwick; "perhaps nine hundred and ninety pounds."

"Nine hundred and ninety fiddlesticks!" cried Mr. Adolphus Crashem, contemptuously. "I just received two hundred pounds in ready money—three hundred in Chinese turnpike bonds—four hundred in Persian scrip—and another hundred in Newcastle coals."

Mr. Pickwick looked at Mr. Winkle—and Mr. Winkle looked at Mr. Pickwick—and then they both looked at Mr. Adolphus Crashem in silent astonishment, satisfied in their own minds that they were in the presence of a very extraordinary young man, who had seen a great deal of the world, and had turned his knowledge of that world to a very singular account.

Mr. Adolphus Crashem would probably have amused Mr. Pickwick and Mr. Winkle with other and more interesting stories still, had not the door of the coffee-room suddenly opened, and Mr. Tupman appeared before his friends, who made many anxious inquiries concerning his health. A smile of triumph curled Mr. Tupman's lips, but a long and palpable scratch was depicted upon his countenance; and when he requested to be informed if dinner were nearly ready, he forgot the agonies he had endured at his morning's repast.

When Mr. Winkle had duly satisfied Mr. Tupman's curiosity relative to the proximity of the dinner-hour, the latter gentleman was introduced in due form to Mr. Adolphus Crashem; and a great many new compliments were invented and exchanged upon the occasion. Precisely at six o'clock a large tray, behind which walked a waiter, entered the coffee-room, and Mr. Pickwick, Mr. Tupman, Mr. Winkle, and Mr. Adolphus Crashem, sate down to a most succulent dinner, Mr. Adolphus Crashem having voted Mr. Pickwick into the chair, and advised him, at the same time, to use his own discretion, and follow the dictates of his own taste in issuing his orders for wine, &c., as the amount of the bill might easily be divided amongst them on the following morning. To this delicate and polite arrangement, Mr. Pickwick, with the humility which formed so remarkable a trait in the

character of that truly great man, for some time objected; but Mr. Adolphus Crashem persisted in his determination that Mr. Pickwick should preside, and as president should order what he chose; so the matter was not argued any farther—and Mr. Crashem's proposition was unanimously agreed to.

"Wonderful fellow that Mr. Pickwick!" said Mr. Adolphus Crashem to Mr. Winkle, in a whisper evidently intended to be heard by the great man himself. "How admirably he serves the soup!—a regular trump, eh?"

"Excellent!" exclaimed Mr. Winkle, totally ignorant whether his new acquaintance alluded to Mr. Pickwick or the soup.

"Tell him to order Bordeaux-Laffitte, my dear fellow," added Mr. Crashem, in a low whisper this time, that was *not* intended to be heard. "'Tis the best wine in this hotel. I have not drank less than four bottles every day since I have been here; and, by the bye, there is a French count living in the hotel, who not only drinks it instead of water, but actually bathes in it every morning. Excellent bath—hot claret with spices!"

"So I should suppose," observed Mr. Winkle, who did not choose to appear ignorant of such matters, which Mr. Crashem seemed to regard as quite common-place.

"The devil you would!" thought Mr. Crashem; and while this gentleman was occupied in that and similar satisfactory reflections, Mr. Winkle whispered to Mr. Tupman, and Mr. Tupman whispered to Mr. Pickwick, and Mr. Pickwick hinted something to the waiter; and the upshot of the whispering and the hinting was the disappearance of the waiter for a few minutes, and then his return with several bottles of the wine so especially recommended by Mr. Adolphus Crashem.

"Fine girl, that chambermaid!" said Mr. Tracy Tupman, when he had imbibed a couple of glasses of the Laffitte with peculiar relish.

"Excellent wine!" observed Mr. Pickwick; and in the absence of a moment, during which he vainly endeavoured to recollect its name, he poured out and drank three glasses of the inviting beverage.

"Why, this is just like claret!" exclaimed Mr. Winkle; "I thought I couldn't be deceived!"

"Damned good stuff it is too," remarked Mr. Crashem, who scorned the circumscribed scope of a wine-glass, and drank the Laffitte in a tumbler. "Now then, waiter—clear away the soup—and, with all due deference to the president, let us have a glass of the best champagne."

The waiter, through some idiosyncrasy or another, did not appear to have that faith in Mr. Adolphus Crashem which could remove mountains; he accordingly cast a glance of respectful appeal to Mr. Pickwick, and perceiving assent in the expressive countenance of that gentleman, he resolved upon executing the order forthwith.

"Waiter!" cried Mr. Crashem, in an authoritative tone of voice, as that functionary was about to leave the room.

"Well, Sir," said the waiter, somewhat discontentedly.

"Let it be Moett's—Moett's best, do you hear, waiter?" added Mr. Adolphus Crashem, contracting his brows, and striking the table

violently, as if he were determined to be obeyed; "none of your damned gooseberry mixture, mind."

"You appear to be acquainted with the ways of the French, Sir," suggested Mr. Pickwick mildly, when the waiter had left the room.

"Oh! damn them, they can't take me in," returned Mr. Crashem, fiercely. "The first day I arrived they brought me a bottle of ink and water—the second, vinegar with a blue-bag steeped in it—the third, cider and log-wood—and all this they were pleased to call claret. But I deuced soon discovered their tricks, and shan't suffer you to be taken in as I was, damn me if I do."

"I am sure we are very much obliged to you, Sir," observed Mr. Pickwick; "and I am only sorry that we cannot have the pleasure of travelling to Paris together."

"And why not?" enquired Mr. Crashem, throwing himself back in his chair, and beckoning Mr. Tupman to take wine with him; "and why not?" he added, with a nod to Mr. Winkle, which that gentleman did not know whether to acknowledge through the medium of a smile, or a similar telegraphic despatch.

"I thought—that is, I merely fancied," said Mr. Pickwick, "that your bankers—"

"Oh! they be damned!" cried Mr. Crashem, with admirable emphasis. "You start to-morrow morning, you say?"

Mr. Pickwick replied in the affirmative.

"Well, then—send and take your places to-night, and I will secure mine. Or stay—we might fall upon different coaches; so how shall we remedy it? Oh! I see," cried Mr. Adolphus Crashem, after a momentary pause—"you may as well take all the places, and we can settle afterwards."

"With much pleasure," said Mr. Pickwick; and this matter having been arranged to the satisfaction of all parties, they betook themselves to discuss the second course of edibles, and the reinforcement of potables, which the intelligent waiter spread upon the table in handsome array; and what with the wine, and the *entrées de poison*, and the *hors d'œuvres*, and the *fricandeau*, and the *volaille*, and the *douceurs*, they managed to make a very tolerable dinner; Mr. Adolphus Crashem assuring Mr. Winkle that Mr. Pickwick was an excellent carver; Mr. Tupman pondering on the charms of the chambermaid; Mr. Winkle thinking of Arabella; and Mr. Pickwick himself essaying sundry glasses of champagne, for the purpose of ascertaining the discrepancy that existed between it and gooseberry-wine.

The party did not break up till a late hour; but Mr. Pickwick had taken the precaution of ordering the waiter to secure their places by the diligence for the following morning at nine o'clock, and to call them at half-past seven—a measure which not a little excited the admiration of the young man of the world who had so kindly volunteered his services to the heroes of these memoirs, and who had so liberally expressed his determination of seeing that they were not imposed upon.

In the mean time, while his illustrious masters were employed in digesting their dinners and the extraordinary anecdotes related by Adolphus Crashem, Esq., Mr. Samuel Weller had taken especial care of himself in the gastronomic way, and had hinted to the waiter,

with whom he had previously conversed, the propriety of seeing the "lions" of Calais, as his masters intended to start for Paris early on the following morning.

"Ain't there no kinds of amusements in this 'ere town in vich von might indulge without bodily or mental harm to his-self?" enquired Mr. Weller, as he tossed off a glass of bottled porter.

"There's the theatre—and the café—and—in fact, every kind o' pastime," was the reply.

"Hooray for the theayter, then!" cried Sam; "and as the hemperor von't vant my services again this evening, I don't care if so be as I indulges in a little innocent diwersion, as the boy said ven he run the cockcharfer through vith a brass pin."

"I shall be most happy to accompany you," said the obliging waiter; and in a moment he had divested himself of his apron and jacket, and endorsed a handsome black coat which an English nobleman had given him a few days before.

"Adoo for the present, ladies," said Mr. Weller, making a low bow to the female portion of the domestic community of Meurice's hotel, "and keep up yer sperets for my sake during my absence. Kim along, old stick-in-the-mud, and look alive, or ve shan't get good places, as the father said to his son ven they vos a-going to see the chap hanged for the murder of his five babbies."

To the theatre Mr. Weller and the waiter accordingly repaired, and obtained two front seats in the gallery, whence their eyes commanded a view of the whole house. The first piece had already commenced; and as it was a Comic Opera, the orchestra was playing, and the actors and the actresses were singing with all their might.

"Nothink wery partickler, this 'ouse ain't," said Mr. Weller, in a tone of voice something louder than a whisper, to his companion.

"Very good for a provincial town," returned the waiter.

"Don't them chaps mean to talk at all, old feller?" enquired Sam, alluding to the actors—"or is it all caterwauling and screeching?"

"It is nearly all singing," answered the waiter, in a tone that bore strong evidence to the wound his feelings had received by Mr. Weller's remarks.

"Vy, von might sing a song von's self, with all this 'ere clatter," observed Mr. Weller, after a moment's pause; and, suiting the deed to the word, he commenced the following remarkably simple and affecting air for the express behoof of his companion:—

"There vos a young 'ooman vich kep' a tripe shop,
In a alley o' great Lunnun town;
She'd fry ye a sassage, or grill ye a chop,
And sell, unbeknown to the gagers, a drop
O' blue-ruin to vash the grub down

She never bought dogs as vos drown'd in the river,
And the cat's-meat she couldn't a-bear;
But she had the best pork as the eye could diskiver,
And her shop was the cleanest——"

At this part of the above truly beautiful effusion the music suddenly left off, the singing of the actors ceased simultaneously, and a

part of Mr. Weller's melody distinctly met the ear of every one present.

"*A la porte, le tapageur !*" cried several voices ; and a few individuals in Sam's immediate vicinity commenced a series of hissing, hooting, and ejaculation, which for a moment disturbed the usually imperturbable disposition of the cause of the confusion. In the midst of the disturbance two grim-looking figures, whose heads were surmounted each by a large cock-hat, made their appearance at the entrance of the gallery, and enquired in a terrible voice which was the rebellious personage whose untimely melody had created the noise that prevailed in the house. A dozen accusing tongues, and as many extended fingers, indicated Mr. Samuel Weller to be the culprit, and in a moment the two *sergents-de-ville* precipitated themselves upon him, and made every preparation to eject him from the theatre.

"Brayvo ! here's a rig !" cried Sam ; and by a desperate effort he freed himself from the grasp of the policemen, knocked the cocked hat of one without any ceremony into the pit, and banged the other over the eyes of its proprietor.

"Go it, my covey !" cried an Englishman from the boxes.

"*Sacré Anglais !*" muttered a Frenchman who stood near Sam, and who immediately stepped forward to aid the functionaries of the law, while those individuals, having recovered from the momentary surprise into which Mr. Weller's pugilistic behaviour had thrown them, prepared once more to secure the offender—an object which, despite of the manly resistance they experienced, was speedily accomplished by dint of superior strength. Sam looked around in vain for his friend the waiter—that gentleman had deemed it prudent to retire at the commencement of the uproar.

"This is all very well, gen'lemen," said Mr. Weller, having now recovered his usual equanimity and coolness ; "but you're a damned unconstitutional force—and I'm a free-born Englishman, vich von't submit to none o' yer Johnny Darmies."

The town-serjeants did not pay the slightest attention to—even if they understood—this manly assertion of political right and privilege ; but bore Mr. Weller away from the theatre, and conducted him through the streets to the main guard-house, on the Grande-Place, a crowd of French and English following in the rear, and rendering the air with their shouts and exclamations. The commissary of police was immediately sent for ; but a quarter of an hour elapsed ere his arrival, as he was engaged in a game of dominoes at a neighbouring café, and could not attend to business till he had done it.

When the great functionary did, however, make his appearance at the guard-house, he examined into the matter with the greatest impartiality and justice, allowing Mr. Weller the benefit of an interpreter, and listening to his tale, through the medium of the said interpreter, with extraordinary patience. The case being thoroughly understood, the commissary, who was not overawed, as Mr. Weller fondly fancied he would have been, at the magic name of Pickwick, declined pronouncing judgment till the following morning ; and in the mean time Mr. Weller was consigned to the quiet seclusion of a little cell of about four feet square, in the Light-house, called the *Violon*.

(To be continued in our next.)

PRIVATE AND PUBLIC LIFE OF CHARLES MAURICE DE PERIGORD, PRINCE OF TALLEYRAND.

"Me tradente dolos, gestus, artemque nocendi
Edidicit simulare fidem, sensusque minaces
Protegere, et blando fraudem prætexere risu.
Plenus sævitæ, lucrique cupidinæ fervens,
Instat terribilis vivis, morientibus hæres,
Virginibus raptor, thalamis obscœnus adulter."

CLAUDIANUS.

"Myself instructed him in every art,
How best to dupe, or poignant pain impart;
His crimes conceal, his sentiments disguise.
And, smiles displaying, vilest plots devise.
The love of gain and cruelty unite
To fill his breast with vehement delight.
His fell pursuits the living fly with dread,
He claims as heir whatever leave the dead;
The virgin forcibly the monster takes,
And, foul adulterer, wretched couples makes."

HAWKING'S TRANSLATION.

AMONGST the most renowned Statesmen, Politicians, and Diplomats, who, during the last sixty years, have figured with éclat upon the political and governmental stage of Europe, not one can be found who has performed a greater variety of characters and parts, and who, notwithstanding the extraordinary events and popular convulsions which have shaken to the very centre both the institutions and the thrones of several countries, has almost uninterruptedly enjoyed a greater share of worldly grandeur and happiness, than the subject of this memoir. It seems as if Providence had predestined him to be, what is commonly considered, a truly fortunate man; for having attained an advanced age, he possesses all his mental faculties unimpaired, and has great influence over all the diplomacy of Europe, with the highest honours and immense wealth.

Charles Maurice de Perigord was born in Paris, the 2nd of March, 1754, of very noble but not wealthy parents. Being unfortunately club-footed, he became in his infancy the object of his father's dislike, by whom he was not only deprived of his birth-right, but compelled also to follow the ecclesiastical career, against his will and inclination. At the age of thirteen, young Perigord had already manifested both his early genius and his early depravity; since in 1767 he obtained the first prize for learning in his class, but was, at the same time, publicly reprimanded for his irregularities and libertine propensities. As his age and knowledge increased, his vicious habits augmented also; and at seventeen he was so well known in the metropolis of France, that when any individual was considered clever, cunning, and depraved, it was said that he resembled the *Abbé Boiteux de Perigord*.

who at that epoch had already been imprisoned, both in the Bastille and at Vincennes, in consequence of his amorous intrigues. While young Talleyrand was confined in the latter fortress, through his hypocritical religious conduct, apparent repentance, and studious habits, he succeeded in winning both the affection and protection of the chaplain, by whose entreaties and recommendation he was sent to finish his ecclesiastical education at the college of the Jesuits at Toulouse, where, having greatly distinguished himself, in 1773 he took holy orders.

Young Talleyrand being now released from the restrictions of the college discipline, and that of his relations, began freely to indulge his natural inclinations in Paris, where, by his insinuating manners, witticism, and gay conversation, he soon became the favourite *Abbé Boiteux* of the *haut-ton*, and of all the literati of that modern Babylon. A similarity of taste, political principles, habits, and propensities, soon cemented a great intimacy between him and the renowned count de Mirabeau, who introduced his friend to the duke of Orleans, and to Voltaire, of whose political principles and philosophical works young Talleyrand became both an open admirer, and a secret follower and promoter. Having gained the friendship of D'Alembert and Diderot, by them he was presented to the famous mistress of Louis XV., Madame du Barri, by whom, notwithstanding his deformity, the young, witty, and intriguing Abbé was not only esteemed and protected, but, as his contemporaries assert, even *much loved*. The fact is, that young Talleyrand paid great attention to that immoral goddess of the most immoral king of France, and through her powerful, courtly, and worldly influence, supported by the interest and recommendation of the Bishop Lemonie de Brienne, at the age of twenty-six was appointed general agent of the clergy of France, in which post De Perigord displayed great address and talent, and acquired the reputation of an extraordinary man of business.

As nature had bestowed on Talleyrand a first-rate genius, his early entrance into the highest society procured him an early knowledge of the world, and of the means by which men may be influenced, directed, duped, and carried both to excitement and submission. From his infancy he assiduously studied to overcome his bodily deformity by insinuating manners, obliging attentions, and an agreeable conversation. Infected with the most vicious propensities, he became a hypocrite by necessity; to which he added duplicity and treachery during the whole of his life.

Were we to mention only one-tenth of what has been published and reported of the vicious life of the Abbé de Perigord by his contemporaries, we should first be too prolix, and then make our readers shudder at the relation of the almost incredible crimes with which he was charged. Be it, however, as it may, certain it is, that young Talleyrand was not only depraved in his private conduct, but publicly immoral; being addicted to sensual pleasures, and gambling, and possessing a precarious income wholly inadequate to his wants, he was obliged to resort to all kinds of baseness and dishonourable stratagems, to obtain the means for carrying on his establishment and immorality; but as he lived under Louis XV., and was allowed to enjoy

the immunities of a priest and a noble, we do not wonder that he experienced no impediment in his unworthy career.

In 1784, when the virtuous but unfortunate Louis XVI. became the sovereign of a kingdom which his predecessor had entirely ruined by his despotism and extravagant expenditure, the Abbé de Périgord was not well received at court in consequence of his scandalous conduct. In course of time, however, young Talleyrand having gained the friendship of the ministers Turgot and Necker, by their means obtained the protection of the lovely but too imprudent Marie Antoinette of Austria, who, being naturally very generous and obliging, united her entreaties to the solicitations of the cardinal de Brienne, in order to dispel from the mind of the king the unfavourable impression which he had at first conceived against the Abbé Boiteux; and at last, in 1788, that monarch bestowed upon him the bishopric of Autun, the presentation of which Talleyrand had already obtained from Louis XV. at the request of his powerful protectress Madame du Barri. As his character was rather anti-religious and unprincipled, when the new bishop took possession of his see, the clergy of his diocese did not receive him with warm marks of respect, and not a few protested against his installation. But it must be allowed that in the very beginning of his administration Talleyrand introduced many ameliorations amongst the flock, and reformed several glaring ecclesiastical abuses.

When the revolution of the 14th of July, 1789, crushed the despotism of both church and state in France, the bishop of Autun figured prominently on the stage of that disastrous and eventful crisis, and having been chosen from the bailiwick of Autun a member of the states-general, without being an eloquent orator, he became in that assembly the spokesman of the sentiments of his bosom-friend Mirabeau, and took an active part both on religious and financial questions. At the anniversary of the federation in 1790, the bishop of Autun officiated on the national altar of the Champs de Mars, and there in the presence of the court, and of all the dignitaries of the state, blessed the constitutional standards of France. In the same year he was elected president of the legislative assembly, but having dared to consecrate the new constitutional bishops contrary to the orders of Pius VI., and being excommunicated by that pontiff, he resigned the bishopric of Autun; and as Citizen Talleyrand, in 1791 was elected, by the city of Paris, a member of the committee of the constitution, in which capacity, both as a legislator and a republican reformer, he manifested great tact and ability.

In 1792 Citizen Talleyrand, being in possession of the intrigues and sinister projects of the duke of Orleans, and of his creatures Pethon, Robespierre, Danton, and Marat, perceiving that the *reign of terror* was fast approaching, and not wishing to place his life in jeopardy by remaining in France, contrived to be appointed on a secret mission to the court of England, where, with M. Chauvelin, he was in 1792 discharging his duties. This mission, however, was the cause of his disgrace both with the most popular Jacobins, his former friends and colleagues, who denounced him as a traitor to the republican party, and a secret agent of the royalists of France, and with

the British cabinet, who considered him a spy of the Jacobins. Thus Talleyrand was at the same time ordered to leave England by Pitt, and declared a traitor and proscribed by the French convention.

Not having succeeded in exculpating himself with the Jacobins, Talleyrand sought an asylum in the United States of America, and there engaged in speculations and commercial business, witnessing from the new world the struggles of the *Montagnards* and *Girondins* of the convention, who, after having sacrificed on the scaffold Louis XVI., his queen, and the greatest part of the chief royalists of France, like ravenous wolves began to destroy each other, until Robespierre having become the all-powerful dictator of the bloody committee of public safety, supported by Marat, Saint Just, Danton, and Tallien, rendered their country a theatre of pillage, spoliation, cruelty, and assassination, and, in less than a year, murdered above 300,000 of their political opponents, and not a few of their friends, for the sake of possessing themselves of their treasures and domains.

Robespierre having at last fallen a victim to his own cruelty and despotic power, and Barras having become the leader of the surviving members of the convention, the reign of terror ceased in some degree; the French republicans began to show some moderation, and less oppression with regard to their domestic policy, and individual liberty and property were somewhat restored to the French nation. Notwithstanding his absence from France, Talleyrand had not discontinued his correspondence with his faithful friends in Paris, and being now informed of the new turn that the republican affairs had taken through the medium of Madames de Stael, Barras, and Tallien, demanded to return to France; and by their powerful influence, his name having been erased from the list of emigrants, he returned to Paris towards the beginning of 1797.

Barras was at first unwilling to confide to the ex-bishop of Autun any branch of the administration, because he knew the man; but afterwards, taking into consideration the extraordinary diplomatical shrewdness and duplicity of Talleyrand, and his insinuating manners and deceitful habits, at the solicitation of the same fair protectresses, appointed him minister for foreign affairs to the directory; and certainly no other individual could have been found in Europe, who, in the precarious situation of France at that epoch, could have discharged the duties of that department with the address and ability which this diplomatist displayed.

However, the ministry of foreign affairs was not a bed of roses for Talleyrand, because, besides his being obliged to be continually in the midst of political and diplomatical spies and intriguers, he was soon assailed on all sides by denunciations and complaints. Le Marchant, a renowned Jacobin, accused him through the press, first, of having sold the secrets of France, instead of buying those of other nations; and of having at the same time pocketed the money assigned for that use: secondly, of having extorted 2,500,000 francs from the Swiss republicans: thirdly, of having extorted from the king of Spain 200,000 dollars: fourthly, of having extorted, under false pretences, 10,000,000 francs from neutral nations: fifthly, of having endeavoured to extort 1,200,000 francs from the envoys of the

United States: and, lastly, of having, through his immorality and unparalleled rapacity, injured the character and undermined the morals of the republicans. Charles Lacroix, who had been his predecessor at the foreign affairs, exposed Talleyrand's turpitude with regard to his selling by *secret auction* diplomatical places and embassies. Briot and Lucien Bonaparte denounced Talleyrand at the national tribune as the most rapacious minister of France. Mouquet also traduced at the tribune of the Jacobins the ex-bishop citizen, and described both the baseness and depravity of his private and public life with so much eloquence and truth that the best friends of Talleyrand advised him to resign, and he did so in July 1799.

In his retreat, the denounced and disgraced minister did not remain a stranger to the convulsions of the different parties which were then struggling for power; and as Barras had concurred with his open enemies in accomplishing his downfall, Talleyrand secretly intrigued against him, and prepared the way for the revolution of the 18th Brumaire, (the 9th of November). At the sudden and unexpected return of Bonaparte from Egypt, he not only advised that young ambitious warrior to crush the directory, and to place himself at the head of the consular government, but in conjunction with the apostate Seyes rendered that attempt less dangerous and less difficult to the military chiefs who were to accomplish it. Bonaparte having become first consul of France, immediately recalled to the ministry of foreign affairs the ambitious citizen Talleyrand; who, although the ablest diplomatist of Europe, owing to his insincerity was placed under the surveillance of Fouché, the chief of spies in France, but was at the same time allowed to amass wealth by any means.

It is from this epoch that the most important period of the political and diplomatical career of Talleyrand begins; because, if Bonaparte spread terror all over Europe by his military talents and achievements, his minister of foreign affairs supported all his projects, and contributed to all his trophies and glory, by his diplomatical foresight, by his extraordinary tact in discovering the secrets of foreign cabinets, and by his unrivalled shrewdness and duplicity in the discharge of his difficult official duties. In fact, Talleyrand conducted with great address the negotiations of the treaties of Luneville and Amiens, by which France obtained not only a peace with Austria and the German Empire, but also the acknowledgment and possession of the conquests of her republican armies; and from England peace, the restoration of her colonies, and other concessions. He concluded also treaties of neutrality and peace with almost all the other kingdoms and republics of Europe; and having been released from his clerical vows by Pope Pius VII., he married his former mistress Madame Grant; but as Josephine Bonaparte would not allow her introduction at the consular court, the first consul and Talleyrand nearly quarrelled, and a shower of gold alone rendered Madame Talleyrand unwilling to appear at court, and thus all was settled.

In 1803, Fouché discovered that a conspiracy had been formed to assassinate Bonaparte, and in February 1804 Georges Cadoual and Pichegru fell into the hands of the police, as well as fifty other

Parisian conspirators, amongst whom figured Armand and Julius Polignac (the renowned last prime minister of Charles X.) A council of state was convened for the investigation of this discovery, and Regnier and Talleyrand were the reporters. Talleyrand closed his report by proposing the immediate arrest of the duke of Enghien, who was then residing with his consort at Ettenheim in Baden. This proposition was warmly opposed by Cambacérès, the second consul, under the just plea that a neutral territory was not to be violated. Talleyrand, however, succeeded in his project, and accomplished the ruin of that unfortunate prince, who, on the evening of the 20th of March, was confined in the fortress of Vincennes, where a court-martial was waiting for his arrival; and, after a mock accusation, the duke was condemned to be shot. When this brutal and unjust sentence was announced to him, the prince wrote a letter to the first consul, requesting an interview; but, as Bonaparte did not answer by six o'clock of the following morning, the execution was carried into effect. This horrible assassination has been wrongly ascribed to Napoleon. We do not deny that he contributed to its perpetration; but it was Talleyrand that projected and finally executed it, by his preventing the first consul from receiving in time the letter of the duke. When Napoleon was informed of the death of the duke of Enghien, he found also the missive of the murdered prince, and expressed his dissatisfaction both to M. Real and to Savary for not letting him have the letter in time. We have stated this, not to palliate either the political injustice or the ambition of Napoleon, but to give his due to whom it belongs.

When Bonaparte, encouraged by his extraordinary popularity as a French warrior and conqueror, and blinded by his unrivalled thirst of grandeur, determined to exchange the title of first consul for that of emperor of France, Talleyrand was one of the most active advocates and promoters in his behalf; and consequently Napoleon, on assuming the imperial crown, rewarded his minister with honours and treasures, and appointed him great chamberlain of the empire. Having afterwards declared himself king of Italy, and having been crowned at Milan, Napoleon gave to Talleyrand a little bit of the Italian spoils, and raised him to the dignity of sovereign prince of Benevento.

Talleyrand and Fouché, being both ambitious, crafty, and envious of each other, were continually and secretly plotting against one another; but the ex-bishop always outwitted his cunning rival, by remaining uninterruptedly the most influential personage of the empire next to Napoleon. In 1805, Fouché, profiting by the misfortune of M. D'Ossolin, who had been for years the confidential agent and secretary of Talleyrand, obtained from him a minute account of all the treasures which his rival had acquired by *fool means* during his ministry from 1797 to midsummer 1802, by which it appeared, that during that period the ex-bishop of Autun had extorted nearly 200,000,000 francs (8,000,000*l.* sterling) from princes and subjects; from sovereigns and their ministers; from hereditary chiefs of monarchies, and from elective magistrates of commonwealths; from national contractors, and from foreign merchants;

from allied and neutral states, and even from hostile nations; and that, by taking advantage of the information which his official station procured him, he had laid all people and all classes under an indirect contribution, by speculating with certainty in the public funds. This scandalous document was published and widely circulated, and having fallen into the hands of Napoleon, he of course showed it to Talleyrand, saying, "Should this account be correct, Prince, your private property is greater than what I and all the members of my family possess together." "My enemies," answered the shrewd minister, "are more malicious than dexterous, Sire. Why, they might as well have added a couple of cyphers more to each article, and thus made me at once richer than all the sovereigns of Europe together." But, as the ex-bishop knew that this exposure was the secret work of Fouché, a few days after this he reported to Napoleon that Fouché, as minister of police, had extorted from the emigrants 40,000,000 francs (1,600,000*l.* sterling), and 32,000,000 more (1,280,000*l.* sterling) from the secret service money. "Permit me, Sire," added the minister, "to deposit with you these documents, signed by my secret agents, who have no objection to be confronted with Fouché." The emperor, after casting his eyes over the papers, tore them to pieces, and said, "*Allez, vous êtes tous deux des coquins*"—"Begone, you are both ragues together." Rapp and Duroc were in attendance as aides-de-camp during this conversation, and both of them have often spoken of it without reserve. However, both the greatest diplomatist of Europe, and the greatest spy of France, continued in their career under Napoleon, notwithstanding their private animosity, and their public immoral notoriety.

It is supposed that, towards the end of 1806, Fouché succeeded at last in persuading Napoleon that Talleyrand was not his *faithful* minister of foreign affairs, and thus little by little the emperor found the means of depriving him of the ministry under the plea of promotion; and on the 9th of August, 1807, the prince of Benevento was raised to the dignity of vice-grand-elect of the empire, and M. de Champigny, one of the most devoted creatures of Napoleon, was entrusted with the *nominal portfolio* of foreign affairs.

From what our readers have already learnt of the character of the ecclesiastical, republican, conventional, directorial, consular, and imperial subject of this historical sketch, they may easily believe that from this period Talleyrand did all in his power secretly to undermine the throne of Napoleon; and as he was acquainted with the projects and intentions both of the emperor and of all the cabinets of Europe, his task of the demolition of the French empire became to him much easier than that of its erection. Of his having conspired against Napoleon, and of his having promoted the interests of the royal exiled Bourbons, then inhabitants of Hartwell, there is not the least doubt. It is also confidently asserted that, during the disastrous campaign of Russia, and the campaigns of 1813 and 1814, Talleyrand carried on secret correspondence with all the belligerent cabinets, and that Louis XVIII. had already appointed him *his future minister for foreign affairs*. It is however historical, that, when Napoleon was conquered by the united armies of the allied powers

of Europe, Talleyrand was placed at the head of the provincial government of France, in compliance with the wish of Louis XVIII. and the allied powers,—that the emperor of Russia took his abode at the palace of Talleyrand, and lived with him on the most friendly terms; and that on the 12th of June, 1814, Louis XVIII. appointed him once more minister of foreign affairs; and soon after, having raised him to the peerage under the title of Prince de Talleyrand, sent him as his plenipotentiary to the congress of Vienna. It is also a fact that, when Napoleon attempted in 1815 to re-assume the imperial crown of France, Talleyrand not only warmly supported, but even signed, the declaration against Napoleon, by which *his assassination was deemed a national duty*.

After the defeat of Napoleon at Waterloo, Prince Talleyrand returned to Paris with Louis XVIII., was again entrusted with the portfolio of foreign affairs, and appointed also prime minister of France, and greatly contributed to the confinement of his former master and benefactor on the unhealthy island of St. Helena. During his premiership, Talleyrand did not oppose the vexatious and anti-constitutional measures which were adopted in France against the partisans of conquered Napoleon, and Marshal Ney, Labbedoyre, and other political offenders, were executed with his sanction.

In 1817, through the influence of the duchess of Angouleme and of the comte d'Artois, the duke of Richelieu succeeded in supplanting Talleyrand, and became both premier and minister of foreign affairs. From that period till 1830, the ex-bishop of Autun publicly took no active part in the government of France, although he remained a minister of state, and a member of the council. Secretly, however, he was preparing the overthrow of the ancient branch of the Bourbons, as he had formerly preconcerted the downfall of Napoleon. In the Chamber of Peers he militated under the standard of the constitutional opposition, and was on the most intimate terms with the present king of the French.

The revolution of the “three glorious days” having expelled from the throne and soil of France Charles X. and his dynasty, and Lafayette having raised Louis Philippe to the dignity of king of the French, Talleyrand, notwithstanding the violent declamations of the press, and the opposition of the best patriots of France, was appointed to represent the monarchy of July to the court of St. James’s, where he discharged his duty until 1836. During his stay in London, Prince Talleyrand was the promoter and concoctor of the quadruple treaty of alliance between England, France, Portugal, and Spain,—which, however, until now not only has not worked well, but has also been the source of great evils,—and from London influenced all the acts which Louis Philippe has accomplished in Paris under the constitutional sanction of his nominal ministers. Having at last resigned his embassy, Talleyrand has retired into private life, in consequence of his advanced age and concomitant infirmities, still retaining a great influence over the king of the French, and in all the cabinets of Europe.

As a statesman and a politician, Talleyrand cannot be compared to any of the great statesmen and politicians of his country; because if

he has surpassed Sully by his political and financial tact, he has had neither the honesty, nor the constancy of principles, of the minister of Henry IV. Being as ambitious, and more talented, than Cardinal Richelieu, he has not shown either the frankness nor the courage and magnanimity of that statesman. More cunning, more covetous, and more immoral than Cardinal Mazarin, he has not been either so generous or so impartial as that ecclesiastical premier; and if he has resembled Colbert in his financial capacity, and in his administrative knowledge, he has been infinitely inferior to that great man in sincerity and honesty. As a diplomatist, Talleyrand is unrivalled, and Capo d'Istrias, Kounitz, Nesselrode, Pozzo di Borgo, and Ancillon, with all their shrewdness and intriguing duplicity, have no claim to be placed on a par with him, for the ex-bishop of Autun would probably deceive the devil himself, if Old Nick were to become a member of the diplomatical body. As an author, Talleyrand does not deserve much praise. His essays, which were published in 1797-8, are well written, but do not possess any sterling merit. As a learned and scientific man, Talleyrand is very superficial; but, as a man of the world, a wit, and a convivial guest, he is truly wonderful. Prince Talleyrand is the only man who could write the history of his life, and raise an immortal monument to his memory, by proving to the world how he could swear fidelity to thirteen different governments, and then become apparently hostile to all of them; remaining, however, always faithful to his own private interest and welfare, and to the ruling power.

Talleyrand having no legitimate issue, his title and domains will devolve to the legitimate descendants of Talleyrand d'Archambeau; but the great bulk of his immense personal wealth will be inherited by the present duke of Valençay, son of the duchess of Dino.

TEARFUL BEAUTY.

When melancholy sits in Woman's eye,
And from her bosom wakes the heart-wrung sigh—
When o'er her damask cheek the salt tear strays,
And when each ringlet to the zephyr plays,
Falling dishevell'd on a neck of snow,
That sinks and rises anxiously below—
Is she more lovely in her hour of bliss,
More witching at another time than this?—
Oh! no—for there be beauties, when her mind
Is troubled, as the aspen to the wind,
Unmark'd before—for sympathy inspires
Soft pity for her grief, and soft desires!

PLACIDUS PLIANT, WHO WAS ALL FOR A QUIET LIFE.

—
 "As far as I can see, the life of a man consists in getting into scrapes, and getting out of them."—PETER SIMPLE.
 —

THE most preposterous principle upon which philosophers have ever stumbled is that which asserts, that every individual is possessed of the power to shape his own destiny. So far from it, that is precisely the particular ill that flesh is heir to wherein a man is utterly without help from himself or aid from others. Though he wriggle into the wicked world with a spine as circumvolved as a corkscrew, art can untwist his backbone and leave him straight as the "herald Mercury." Is the new-born a suckling of ill favour? have we not the Rowland, that mighty wizard, whose Genii Macassar and Kalydor straightway transform a Gorgon into a Grace! marvels indeed can science achieve for us in most things moral and physical—but for our destinies "merely we are Fate's fools." Let such as doubt the truth of my position, and ask for authorities, begin with Moses, and they will find it supported by every historian up to the date of their search inclusive, crowning the conviction with the following narrative, "one modern instance more."

The stock of the Pliants of which I am so unworthy a shoot, was planted on the banks of the Severn about a couple of centuries ago, my ancestor, who took up his abode there, being fond of ease and angling, and having had a consideration offered him in those parts, upon the condition of accommodating himself to a republic shortly after the battle of Worcester. This he did without any difficulty, observing that "his name was Easy, and although monarchy was a good thing enough, salmon fishing was a better." There all my lineage appear to have made themselves content up to the year 1798, when my father, accompanied by his helpmate, paid a visit to Ireland, for no reason that I could ever gather, save that I might be frightened into existence by the events then and there being enacted. In such an introduction to life there was ample augury of a future "out of joint." My natural characteristics were timidity, meekness, and remarkable bashfulness; wherefore (that the finger of Misrule might be put betimes into my mortal *vol-au-vent*) I was at four years old turned adrift amid the civil dudgeon of a public school, where the small sweet courtesies are laughed to scorn, and the rule of society is what Scott calls

"The simple plan—
 That they may take who have the power,
 And they may keep who can."

I pass over the days which it is the custom to call the happiest of our lives (by the figure "wise warse" probably of the immortal Linton), but in which my pleasures were rather confined, the intellectual

consisting entirely of the flowers of speech addressed to me in the capacity of "fag," and the carnal, of a cookery, whose principal ingredient was *rib-roasting*. Well, I grew towards man's estate, with a disposition for the bye-ways of life, but Fate had ordained that I should begin my journey by a far different route. By the fair banks of Cam or Isis I would wander "Fancy led," and sigh that for me some god had designed "*hæc otia*." I was not however long permitted to indulge in such gentle musings; it was announced to me that a commission in a dragoon regiment had been placed at my father's disposal. I hesitated; he teased; so my motto being "Any thing for a quiet life," forthwith there appeared in the Gazette, "Placidus Pliant, Gent., to be cornet without purchase," under the head of "Promotions in the — corps of Lancers." My first appearance with "long sword, saddle, bridle," was at Manchester, and a shocking effect the *debut* had upon my nervous organization. Conceive a fellow-creature, with a system as susceptible as one complete and perfect "*tic*," constrained to clatter himself about a manufacturing district as populous as a bee-hive, awaking the echoes with a scimitar that swept the earth, and striking fire out of the flag-way with cold iron protruding from his heels! But use lessens marvel, and I learnt to brazen it out in public better than I could manage affairs in their more domestic character. King Jamie himself never abhorred the "infernal mundungus," as he was wont to call it, more than by nature I loathed tobacco. Not to smoke would have been equivalent to a personal insult to every member of the corps, and a mutiny against Lancer-etiquette. Consequently I was never to be seen without a cigar under my nose, the effect of which, for the first year or so, was precisely that experienced in a good ground swell between Dover and Calais by a patient of a decidedly bilious habit of stomach.

Your Dane, according to Shakspeare, is of renown as a drinker, but I do not think that mortal clay ever dipped moustache into wine cup that could compare with some of our old stagers. It would be invidious to select any for individual eulogy where all were of unimpeachable prowess and unflinching game. I am satisfied there was not a man who bore a commission among us (indeed without any risk I may include every non-commissioned officer and private) who, had you but hinted your wish, would have refused to hob-nob with you in a gallon of brandy. At first a bottle of Madeira at dinner, and a couple of something else after the cloth was drawn, used to mystify me a good deal—a fact not much to be wondered at, seeing that before I joined, I had never drank three glasses of wine in any one day of my life. Our major, who was an Irish gentleman of a most compassionate disposition, observing my melancholy deficiency, very kindly, as he said, "took me in tow;" but as his pilotage in the *red sea* was attended with a shipwreck and other casualties, I think the episode is worthy of a paragraph.

When the course of probation had been pursued long enough to warrant an opinion that I was fit for a "big drink," my excellent tutor took occasion to enquire one evening, when the mess was rather select, "what I should think of trying my hand on half a dozen of claret?" I would sooner have attempted half a hog'shead than be

bored about it, so the wine was ordered ; the black bottle and a glass that held the better part of a pint were put before me, and to it I went like a French falconer. I sat at the foot of the table, and about the middle of the fourth bottle a singular change seemed to be effecting the position of the president who was my *vis-a-vis*. Slowly the end of the room which he occupied appeared to descend—while that in which I was seated became elevated in an equal proportion. The movement was a gradual one, but its effect would not be the less decisive—in a few more minutes the Cornet on trial, together with what remained of his fourth bottle of Bordeaux, and the glass that held the better part of a pint, would slide down the inclined plane, and be quietly lodged in the president's bosom. There was no help for it—the thing was inevitable—so, setting my nerves in order, and holding on bodily by the sides of the chair, I prepared to meet the catastrophe like a man. Although the phenomenon and its approaching consequences disturbed me a good deal, still I was collected enough to observe, not with ut surprise, that no one else at table paid the least attention to it—but, on the contrary, that I was the cynosure of all eyes. At length the crisis arrived, the chair slid from under me, and I felt myself being projected towards the pit of the president's stomach, when the hand of the major arrested my flight, and his voice called back my scattered senses. "Placide puer," said he, "thou art inebriated : like a sensible youth, go to bed, if you can, or shall I tow you to your cubile ?" But the spirit of yielding was become inflexible as double brass. I snapped my fingers in his face, swore I was more sober then ever was Solomon on the judgment-seat, emptied my claret, called for another bottle, and roared out, in a voice of thunder,

"Bring burnt toast and pepper'd devils,
Dry provocatives to drink ;
Smile, Aurora, on our revels ;
Fill your glasses to the brink !"

A mighty chorus succeeded, upon the Dutch principle, "Every man to his own tune ;" and then all was still ; the atmosphere grew intolerably close, I gasped for breath ; anon the cold was intense, my teeth chattered, my jaws smote each other, there was a rushing sound as of some vast cataract in my ears—a plunge as from a precipice—and all was over.

If ever there was a pair of eyes made expressly to ruin a Lancer's peace, it was that particular couple which, in 182—, looked over the counter of a "divan," opposite the Bridgewater Arms, in the town of Manchester. Long before the date of which I write, they had found their way to my heart of hearts. Independent, moreover, of their intrinsic claims (which Heaven knows were irresistible enough), I owed their lovely mistress a large account of gratitude, forasmuch as I must have been smothered in my noviciate of Jose Caballos, had her beauty not dawned through the mists "and smiled the clouds away." Things of this sort are not long kept quiet in country quarters, and I was aware that my affair with Annette had already begun to be *smoked*. A few of our youngsters took the liberty of occasional

allusions; but my bibulous Mæcenas was particularly troublesome. He never, by any chance, could pass the shop without staring into it like the Saracen's Head. This I was disposed to overlook, seeing that he was an Irishman, and most probably could not help himself. But latterly, whenever he saw I had established a *tête à-tête*, he made it a practice to volunteer a bodkin. He was a pleasant fellow, notwithstanding. His jokes would have thawed the bile of Heraclitus himself, and his "Groves of Blarney" were as tuneable as if he had been born with a nest of nightingales under his midriff—I called him, in short, my "fidus Achates" one moment, and in the next meditated cutting his throat. Thus were matters situated when, with a malice unknown to Christian men, he undertook ostensibly a kindly office, while his real object was to blight the hope of my first affections—to ruin me with the lady of my love! Let me be brief. It has been seen how the experiment of the half-dozen of claret turned out; but where it finished, as far as I was an active party to it, began its purpose in that wherein I was destined to exhibit as a passive agent. I was carried and placed in my camp-bed; and, that accomplished, a note was written and despatched, requesting that at an early hour on the next morning my account for cigars and tobaccos might be brought up to the barracks, "as Mr. Pliant was about to go on leave." The sun was beaming in at my window as I awoke from a horrid sleep of nightmare and fever. The first attempt to move proved that my couch had more tenants than one. I turned, and there, at my side, in a lace cap and pink ribbons, lay (oh! horror of horrors!) a hirsute monster (how can I write it?)—the foal of an ass—an actual donkey, with one arm under my head, and the other reposing upon the counterpane! In my frenzy I kicked the brute—it was bound to the bedstead and could not escape—it struggled, and, finding all efforts ineffectual,—holy saints!—discharged, actually into my ears, its plaint, more dismal than the wailing of souls in purgatory. With a furious rush I attempted to escape. I looked up as I tore back the bed-clothes, and there, at the open chamber-door, stood the brightest pair of eyes that ever looked upon a havannah; the adjutant, with the orderly book in his hand; my servant with soda-water and brandy; and *the major*—I thirsted for that man's blood—lucky for him that I was "all for a quiet life." * * *

While civilians open their almanacks to learn the increase or decrease of the day, to the gentleman soldier, at out-quarters, each revolution of the earth brings the 21st of June. To such, the day is like one "living on annuity," apparently immortal. It may sound oddly to the majority who look upon this page, but it is not the less a fact, that I have known men actually pine into sickness from sheer ennui;—it will read *with a brogue*, but I have seen examples of those *who have been almost brought to an untimely end by the length of their days*. Fond as I was of a quiet life, I almost began to weary of so much unwelcome ease as a country town affords the warrior in "piping times of peace," when fortunately it was announced that Mr. Sadler was about to astonish the cotton-spinners. Aerostation in those days was not quite the style of thing it is now, when omnibuses and balloons run and fly upon a similar principle as to fares,

though they differ in the regularity of their distances. I confess I was pleased at the prospect of such a quiet sort of excitement. I was tired, not of having nothing to do, but of being obliged to do one particular kind of nothing for too long a time. To stand, with a cigar gently exhaling itself, apart from all interruption, and there contemplate the progress of a heavenward journey, performed as noiselessly as the dew of evening falls upon the rose-leaf, was certainly adapted to their taste who love a quiet life.

It was the afternoon of a cloudless summer day, that all the disposable population had assembled to witness the ascent of the venerable Sadler, which had the additional attraction of being the first appearance in the sky of a scientific gentleman belonging to the town. Crowds had been collecting from an early hour, and as the time drew near announced for the departure of the intrepid voyagers, half the county of Lancaster was gathered together. Our band had been engaged for the occasion. This was placed in the inner circle, an enclosure preserved for the privileged, the middle occupied by the great object of attraction—the balloon itself. Into this circle, mingled with the beauty and fashion of the place, strolled, as the hour approached, every commissioned idler of the ———— Lancasters—(that is to say, every man of the corps at or near head-quarters). As my habit was, I had taken possession of a remote nook, occupied alternately with the professional doings of the aeronaut, and the no less professional sweethearting of my brethren in arms. From time to time, Sadler would cast an anxious look towards the entrance of the circle; presently came whisperings—enquiries for the “scientific gentleman”—surprise—doubt—and, as the populace became clamorous for the ascent (the hour being already past), the fatal news that the philosopher had already gone off—in a syncope, and was at that moment lying in a comfortable swoon at a neighbouring public-house. This was like a thunderbolt to the luckless professor of aerostatics. Full well he knew that all the liberal patronage with which he was surrounded would never have been lavished for the gratification of witnessing *one* man jeopardy his life—and particularly one in a manner used to it, as eels are to be flayed. Dismay was in his looks—he turned colour as fast as a chameleon, and appeared in a fair way for following the example of the syncopistic man of science. The fatal intelligence was as yet confined to those immediately about himself. Could he persuade any of the gentlemen upon the spot to accompany him? This seemed a forlorn hope; but what else was there for it. I don’t see, at this moment, what there appertained to the dilemma, of which chance had made me a spectator, that should have caused me to feel more about it than another; but I *did* experience an emotion for which I could not account. Something, I suppose, must have given a hint to my presentiments, for I not only wished myself out of the way, but began to make preparation for a removal. At that critical juncture my eye encountered the major; he was in earnest discourse with the aeronaut; he was speaking of me; I *saw* my name issue from the caitiff’s lips. Straightway Sadler drew near, and, touching his little velvet *sky scraper*, hoped I would pardon the liberty, but Major ———

had informed him that I had a taste for aerostatics, and if I *would* condescend to accept the vacant seat in the car—" Before he could finish, or I had time to take in the breath that the bare idea had stopped on the threshold of my lungs, a hundred Lancashire witches had enveloped me. Their incantations were more dreadful to my ears than were those of the weird sisters to the wanderer of the blasted heath. "Oh! would Mr. Pliant be so *very* kind?" "There would be no ascent unless he did." "Poor old Sadler, it would be the salvation of him." "The mob, if disappointed, might force in, tear the balloon to pieces, and murder every one that was found near it." "No! he *could not* be so cruel as refuse."

There was no hope that the ground would open and swallow me: what was to be done must be done quickly. *There* was the balloon, like the wild horse in Mazeppa, only withheld from plunging headlong on its dreadful errand by a set of fierce-looking men—and they were my own troopers! As to remonstrance, I never dreamed of it; all I thought of was how to get away from where I was—*quietly*. To this end there was but one appliance, and I was absolutely eager to clutch it. But time was precious; my hair had almost dislodged my shako; my limbs were about refusing their office; one desperate effort and I was in the car. I knew that I was seated within a small clothes-basket covered with blue and white paper; that opposite to me there was a little old man in a velvet *sky-scraper*; that we held and (both, I believe in my soul, unconsciously) waved a pair of flags of the dimensions of a child's pocket-handkerchief; and this was about the amount of my capability of sensation. There was indeed a shocking shout, a fiendish acclamation and applause that accompanied us as we flew upwards; but what was that to me? I wanted a quiet life, and I expected it when I reached the other side of the clouds. Vain hope! the thunder of heaven's artillery never equalled the awful sounds that seemed to have become an atmosphere around me. The balloon was an impersonated hurricane! The roaring, crashing, shrieking, hissing, in my inmost sense of hearing,—Oh, they will never be forgot! The pen of Milton could convey no idea of it. Once, indeed, something that bore a faint resemblance was described to me, as his sensations *in extremis*, by a friend who was drowned in the Serpentine, and unsuffocated, at the end of an hour and forty-five minutes, by the Humane Society's people; but then his case is not a common one, and few will volunteer the experiment for sake of learning the sensation. Is ballooning what it was?—If so, Messrs. Monck Mason, Holland, Polhill, and ye elderly gentlemen who come up from Norwich and pay the piper (*the gas-piper*) so handsomely for your *whistles*, what a pretty value ye must set upon a quiet life!

I was not sorry, when soon after this bit of practical Dædalus, we received the route for Ireland. It was no joke for a man of my temperament to have a crowd at his heels whenever he ventured beyond the barrack gates,—"That's the gentleman that went up." The words used to haunt me in my dreams. At first I had some scurvy allusions to bear at mess—an irreverent *soubriquet*, derived from my ascension, stuck to me for a while—but presently matters returned to their old footing. The object of our being sent to Ireland was to relieve a corps of heavies, whose headquarters was Gort, in the west country. For a time I was on detachment

at Longford, a place that suited me admirably. There was good fishing in the Shannon, and no one to bore—indeed rarely during my sojourn there did I open my lips, save as recipients. About Christmas I was ordered in, and I found all Gort on the *qui vive*, a ball being on the *tapis*, to be given by the officers of the — Lancers. I wished they had contrived to get over it before my arrival, but there was little use in that. I don't believe I have particularized any of my associates in arms, except the renegado old major. That indeed would be no loss were it altogether neglected; but for the sake of perspicuity I am compelled to notice more distinctly two, as directly connected with a very important feature in my history. These worthies both rejoiced in the name of Smith—both had the same Christian prefixure, Robert; but, as descriptive of their respective qualities, the one was known as “booby,” the other as “bitter” Bob. The pair had the reputation of being purchased by Satan for his particular purposes—apparently a well-founded opinion, although the agents were, in their natures, as opposite as the poles. One did his master's business accidentally, the other by design. “Booby Bob” was far from a bad fellow—he would do a good turn if he could; but in nineteen cases out of twenty he made a failure of his kind office, if a worse consequence did not attend it. “Bitter” must have imbibed nightshade from his nurse's breast: to say the devil bodily possessed him conveys nothing. He was the rendezvous of a legion.

At length the eventful day arrived, and Galway and Mayo poured in their dames and cavaliers by the clan. Some of the “Blazers” dined at the mess and got fresh: the Mayo men were by no means tee-totalers, and we were more than once on the verge of civil war. However, things were compromised, and at ten o'clock the ball opened with a splendour and *eclat* for which the natives were not at all prepared. Our noble band pealed its brazen harmonies from a temporary orchestra elegantly fitted up: the room was chalked and bannered *a merveille*, and the prettiest of the soldiers' wives, arrayed in white, waited behind bars loaded with luxuries, and glittering with gold and silver plate. The spirit that attaches to a military ball is different from that found at any similar merry-making. Dryden says, “None but the brave deserve the fair:” be that good logic, or otherwise, certainly the ladies seem to be of the same way of thinking, bestowing upon those who are considered so by courtesy by much the larger portion of their flattering regard. Never shone Lancers to better effect than the particular body, located at Gort, did upon the occasion in question. They quadrilled, waltzed, flirted, or made downright love, as the case might require, in a manner to immortalize the service. It was pitiful to see the havoc of a few hours. Vows given to the winds—family compacts melting into thin air before a whiskered smile, or laughed out of recollection by the twitch of a mustache. It is not to be supposed these proceedings were carried on upon velvet. There was no actual eruption, but the internal fires of the Connaught men grumbled awfully, and occasionally sent up most ominous flashes. After all, Paddy is the very best natured, and, upon almost all points, the very best humoured fellow in existence. This is easily accounted for. A man who is on good terms with himself is generally disposed to regard other people favourably. The innate courage, too, which is peculiarly his characteristic, lifts him above that prying suspicion which causes less

generous natures to imagine offence intended from the very anxiety with which they apprehend it.

If Irishmen had not been good-tempered in general, and Connaught men in particular, there must have been business for the coroner before the party of which we treat assembled round the supper table. If the truth must be told, we were as arrant a set of coxcombs as ever encased nether end in scarlet. Without the shadow of apology, partners were separated, places usurped, and insufferable impertinencies perpetrated as matters of course. Supper, however, was announced without bloodshed; the *salon a manger* reached, every man (that is, every man of us) set about consulting his own ease and satisfaction, much after the style of Jonathan *apud* Mrs. Trollope. Up to this period I had merely been a spectator of the evening's gaieties. Capering about a room with a rollicking girl round my neck, or sliding sentiment in a quadrille, were things, of course, that did not belong to my philosophy! As, however, good taste made it imperative that I should offer escort to some lady fair when summoned to the supper table, I had cast my eyes upon a dreamy-looking pretty *blonde* who had not danced, and, occupying a corner of the ball-room, silent and solitary, had struck me as just the sort of person to associate with woodcock and Madeira bishop. While I was reconnoitring I was aware that the two Smiths had their eyes upon me. Once or twice, also, I observed "Bitter" in conversation with a tall, round-shouldered young Milesian, and that I was the subject of their discourse; but I was too fond of quiet to trouble myself beyond the mere notice of that which I could not avoid without on effort. When the move commenced I offered my arm to the tranquil stranger, who received the attention with a smile of polite acknowledgment, and I placed her at my side in the most retired situation the table afforded.

As soon as the turmoil of being seated and the first necessity of refreshment had subsided, I observed "Booby Bob" had planted himself on my other hand, and beyond him that the stalworth man of the round shoulders had also brought up. I have since called to mind, that this latter copious figure was wont to lean itself forward towards the place of retreat I had chosen somewhat equivocally, and that upon those occasions my friend "Booby" would cover me as it were from such attempted *espionage*; but at the time, if I observed it at all, it gave me no further concern. When I addressed my fair neighbour, she merely bowed with well-bred courtesy to my observations; but she ate heartily—took her wine with all the cheerful *gout* of an Irish girl, and I was quite content to see that she was so easily pleased. During the repast Bob whispered to me, "I say, Pliant, you quiet fellows always pick up the nicest girls in the room. Johanna Lynch is the flower of the flock within twenty miles of Gort; what a pity it is she is so very—" Just then the ladies rose to go, and I lost the "pity," whatever it might be. I handed the fair Johanna to the door, and as I parted with her soft hand (which I *believe* I squeezed, at all events I am sure she blushed), Bob Smith, the "Bitter," called the attention of the large Connaught squire to the civility, by placing his thumb to his nose, and using the corresponding little finger in the capacity of index.

Very shortly, all the dancing men followed to the ball-room; a few old stagers (among whom I enrolled myself), alone maintaining the

sederunt, having ordered in a reinforcement consisting of Lisadill oysters and Guinness's stout. "And now, gentlemen," said the old major, who was our master of the ceremonies, "I don't think I need offer an apology for the introduction of poteen and tumblers, but should any be fastidious and require it, I beg to say, that there is six feet of snow outside the door, and plenty more to fall: that it has been arranged by our ladies, that the bachelors vacate their beds to-night in favour of our fair guests, who cannot be allowed to attempt returning to their country homes in such weather; and, as we must make our chairs our couches, there cannot be a more appropriate nightcap than a tumbler of whiskey punch." Much applause followed this speech: punch was brewed, cigars lit, toasts were drunk—and (I fear it must be written) presently, so were they who pledged them.

The sun was shining brightly into my chamber (the sun makes it a point to shine upon my scrapes) as, awakened by a dreadful outcry, I started up in my bed. Was I still sleeping, and all I saw but "a horrible phantasma and a dream?"—I smote myself on the head, pulled my ears, tore my hair; alas! all was waking reality. On the ground, by the bed-side, lay one elderly lady in a swoon, and, on an adjacent chair, another aged gentlewoman reclined in hysterics. At the door stood the two Smiths, scarce able to stand with uncontrollable laughter, and the man with the brawny shoulders in a similar condition, but from a very different cause. I turned for an explanation, and found one but too eloquent. At my side, "calm as a child's repose," slumbered the fair blonde, as unconscious of the terrible din, as I had been up to that minute that I had had as partner at bed, as well as board, the pretty Johanna Lynch! With a spring I cleared my chamber, and reached the mess-room—there all rushed in an instant to my brain. The unremoved relics of the night's debauch, and my own full dress costume, told too well that the hospitable arrangements for the storm-stayed guests had been buried in an oblivion of *poteen*, and that, an innocent Tarquin, I had sought my proper couch, unmindful of its pre-occupancy. Scarcely had I thrown myself upon a chair to meditate upon what *was* to be done, when Bob Smith the Bitter entered to me, bearing a billet to this import:—

"Sir,—Having the honour to stand in the relationship of second cousin to Miss Johanna Lynch's sister's husband's aunt, I lose not an instant in demanding satisfaction for the gross outrage offered by you to our family. Though I could not but observe how particular you were in your manners towards that lady last night, and the impertinent assistance afforded you by your friend (alas! poor Booby Bob!) I never could suppose that you contemplated any thing so vile as that which you have perpetrated, rendered, as it is, a refinement upon villainy by the peculiar situation of the unfortunate young person. The bearer will name time and place.

"Your obedient servant,

"Malachi Lynch O' Daly."

This was a scrape in earnest—to be met as a man of honour, should face such a difficulty, not merely according to the code Galwegian. It did not require an instant's deliberation as to the course I should pursue; "I will settle this matter with your principal, Mr. Smith," said I, bow-

ing and passing out of the room. "Mr. O'Daly," I began, as we walked together across the barrack-yard, knee-deep in the snow, "on the word of a soldier, I neither meant, nor have done your family wrong. Still, I am aware of the consequences of this mischance: all the reparation in my power I am anxious to make through you, her kinsman; I offer Miss Lynch my hand, unless that be incompatible with my honour from the *peculiar situation* you speak of."—"Sir," replied the lusty cousin, "there is not a better girl in Connaught than Johanna Lynch; she is without a fault, though she has the misfortune to be *rather deaf*!" "O'Daly, what can't be cured must be endured," was my philosophic rejoinder; "and now that we are friends, I have a favour to ask of you in that capacity. Should the young lady honour me by accepting my proposal, will you, on the occasion of my formal introduction, use your efforts to prevail upon her to carry a trumpet? Assure her that I am above the vulgar weakness of being influenced by appearances: do not let her restrict herself to a foolish gew-gaw six inches long, a mere mockery of the lungs. If it save the inconvenience inseparable from *loud speaking*, I am content that she use an instrument of the size of the Thames Tunnel.—*I am all for a quiet life.*"

J. W. C.

 LINES.

It is the breeze that blows above us,
 It is the solitary hour,
 Which bring to mem'ry them that love us,
 E'en with a soul-subduing power!
 Again, the moon so sweetly shining.
 Again, the turtle in the grove,
 Recal to mind the times beguiling—
 Times that we pass'd with those we love—
 And how in happier days we wander'd
 Beneath Diana's beauteous beam;
 And how in brighter days we ponder'd
 Ever on the delightful theme—
 Hours that have vanish'd as a dream,
 Borne upon time's ne'er-ebbing stream,
 Which, always flowing to the last,
 Leaves but the mem'ry of the past,
 Without the pow'r to call once more
 Those ages that were blest before.

PORTRAITS FROM THE PEERAGE:

LITERARY, POLITICAL, AND DOMESTIC.

BY THOMAS HARRAL.

THE EARL OF MUNSTER.

Nec temere nec timide.

"The genius of England is not republican; on the contrary, it is essentially monarchical; it worships at the altar, it bows to the throne, it flourishes under the sway of a favourite sovereign. Wherever there is a king, there must be an aristocracy; wherever there is an aristocracy—a generous high-minded aristocracy, and it is of the nature of an aristocracy to be generous and high-minded—literature, science, and the arts must flourish, and the people will be happy."

NEVER, since England became a great and independent state, has her people had such serious cause for exclaiming, "Thank God that we have a House of Lords," as within the last three or four years. We are not about to weary the reader with a dissertation upon the nature and importance of a hereditary peerage; but we entreat that it may be ever borne in mind, that it was to the nobles of our land, whatever may have been their private or personal views on the subject, to whom we were indebted for our Great Charter; and that the peerage of England is, at all times, the surest protection against the encroachments of despotic power on one hand, and against the yet more oppressive tyranny of a democracy on the other. It is our firm belief, that if ever the aristocracy of an empire were entitled to the homage, the respect, and the love of the people, the aristocracy of Britain is pre-eminently so. The aristocracy exercises a lofty influence over the mind, character, and conduct of the people; but that influence is not the result of power unduly exercised, for its actual judicial power, unlike that of the aristocracy of less free and less enlightened countries, is extremely slight. It is sensibly and truly observed, in the Introduction to Burke's "Peerage and Baronetage," that "in no one instance can the proudest peer transgress, with impunity, the laws of the land; in no one instance can the haughtiest lord invade the rights of the humblest commoner; and in no one instance (in matters of moment) can a noble exercise authority which a commoner dare not assume. Thus, then, the aristocracy of the British empire, like its other inimitable institutions, exists but as a link in the great chain which connects the community at large—a link more polished, perhaps, than any of the others—hardly more powerful."

It is partly in this view, and partly from our conviction that, with few exceptions, there is at this time to be found more literary talent—more great and statesman-like views—more intellect of a lofty and commanding order, in the Upper than in the Lower House of the legislature, that we have determined on bringing forward a series of "PORTRAITS FROM THE PEERAGE." Anxiously eschewing the port

and coxcombical flippancy of Lord Orford, in his "Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors," a work which was hardly worth the pains that were bestowed on it some years ago by the late Mr. Park, our characters—drawn from literary, political, or domestic life, as opportunity may serve—shall at least have truth for their basis; and, though generous in principle, they shall be sketched with a firm and fearless hand.

On the advantages of contemporary biography it would be superfluous to expatiate. Let it be premised, however, that, in presenting sketches of the memoirs of living personages, it will be sketches *only* that we shall offer. Never will we intentionally offend the ingenuous modesty of the subject by a fuller detail of interesting matter than a sense of propriety may dictate, or the independent spirit of a biographer, shrinking from a possible charge of flattery, may justify.

Hence we introduce the Earl of Munster to our readers, with the simply established fact of his being a nobleman worthy of the rank in which he stands; indeed, a sound Englishman in principles, and a man of varied talents for arts and arms—

"A plume of war with early laurels crowned!"

united with—

"The scholar's olive and the traveller's palm,
Gathered in eastern climes, where sages trod,
Or holy footsteps marked the sacred strand."

The paternal descent of the Right Honourable George Fitzclarence, Earl of Munster, Viscount Fitzclarence, and Baron Tewkesbury, born on the 29th of January, 1794, must be traced in the history of the royal and illustrious family of Guelph. His lordship is known as the eldest son of his late majesty William the Fourth, by Mrs. Dorothy Jordan, a lady celebrated in the dramatic sphere, and whose star was in the ascendant during the brilliant career of Siddons and Farren. Ah! well do we remember her exalted comic powers—her clear, full, rich, deep-toned voice—a voice once heard never to be forgotten. Dr. Burney, in his "History of Music," remarked, that "the melody of Mrs. Jordan's voice, as an actress, was superior to all instrumental power." And Sir Jonah Barrington, in his wild rambling "Personal Sketches of his Own Times," portrays a likeness of this extraordinary woman, true as the pencil of truth could paint. After mentioning that he witnessed her *début*, at the Dublin theatre, when she was not more than sixteen years of age, he observes, "Nature was her sole instructress. Youthful, joyous, animated, and droll, her laugh bubbled up from her heart, and her tears welled out ingenuously from the deep spring of feeling. Her countenance was all expression, without being all beauty; her form, then light and elastic—her flexible limbs—the juvenile but indescribable graces of her every movement, impressed themselves, as I perceived, indelibly upon all who attended even her earliest performances. Her expressive features and eloquent action at all periods harmonised blandly with each other—not by artifice, however skilful, but by intellectual *sympathy*; and when her figure was adapted

to the part she assumed, she had only to speak the words of an author to become the very person he delineated. Her voice was clear and distinct, modulating itself with natural and winning ease; and, when exerted in song, its gentle flute-like melody formed the most captivating contrast to the convulsed and thundering bravura. She was, throughout, the untutored child of Nature; she sang without effort, and generally without the accompaniment of instruments; and whoever heard her "Dead of the Night," and her "Sweet Bird," either in public or private, if they had any soul, must have surrendered at discretion." To all this may be added, what is of far higher importance, that the excellence—the benevolence—of her disposition was in harmony with her voice.

His late majesty, William the Fourth, is known to have been, through life, a man of plain, simple, domestic habits. It must be now some thirty years ago—the subject of this little sketch was a youngster then—that we remember a certain nursery establishment on Twickenham Common. One evening, in the summer, there was a juvenile *fête*, to which most of the respectable families in the immediate neighbourhood were admitted. And there, in the house and in the grounds, in all the unpretending quietude of a private country gentleman, was to be seen the duke of Clarence, with the mother of his children, participating in the innocent festivities of the scene.

Though the son of a prince, and brought up by his royal father's protection under his own roof, he was nurtured, from his boyhood, with all the hardiness that might befit the future soldier. Thence he was transferred to a similar tuition in the military college at Merton; and subsequently, in due time, he was presented with a commission in the Tenth Light Dragoons. That regiment, having been commanded by his majesty George the Fourth, when Prince of Wales, was regarded as the "glass of fashion;" and its character for gallantry in the field has not been less marked. Lord Munster, when Captain Fitzclarence, distinguished himself under its banners in the Peninsula; and, of his first campaign—that of 1809—he has published a historic sketch, which, in point of fidelity and spirit, yields to no existing record of the events to which it refers. Let us turn to this modest yet soldier-like narrative, in which the writer is never once prominently brought forward.

Captain Fitzclarence commences with the remark, that, "on the 18th of January, 1809, when the last transport, containing the rear-guard of Sir J. Moore's army, sailed from the harbour of Corunna, the British little foresaw that the Peninsula was still to be the arena for their conquests and renown. None were so sanguine as to hope that their splendid successes and example should yet cause Europe to regain the moral feelings she had lost under the long victorious career of France, or that the latter country was finally to sink under their exertions." Such, however, proved to be the fact. It was on the 16th of April that Captain Fitzclarence, accompanying Sir Arthur Wellesley, sailed from Portsmouth, on board the *Surveillant*, commanded by Sir George Collier. The same night the frigate was nearly lost off St. Catherine's Head, in the Isle of Wight. On the 22nd, however, she arrived at Lisbon; and, soon afterwards, Captain

F. proceeded with Sir Arthur to Coimbra. The whole of this narrative tends to place the military character of the duke of Wellington in a very striking and interesting light; his coolness, firmness, endurance of privation, &c., contrasting most forcibly with the mental and physical debility of the Spanish general, Cuesta, cushioned, and propped, and rolling about in his square-cornered rumbling old coach drawn by nine mules!

Previously to the battle of Talavera, Captain Fitzclarence judiciously draws a parallel between the French and the English soldier, morally and physically:—"We could not but feel that here was to be another trial of the ancient military rivalry of France; that the cool, constitutional, persevering courage of the former was again to be pitted against the more artificial, however chivalrous, though not less praiseworthy, bravery of the latter. This view of the relative valour of the two nations cannot be questioned, if we consider that the reminding the British of this moral quality is wholly unnecessary, and instead of language of excitement being constantly applied to our soldiery, that of contrast, obedience, and composure is solely recommended; while our ancient opponents are obliged incessantly to drive into the ears of their men, that they are nationally and individually the bravest of the human race. Hearing nothing else so flattering to their unbounded vanity, they become so puffed up by this eternal stimulant, as to be fully convinced of its truth, which, in consequence, makes their first attack tremendous." * * *

"But this sort of created courage is not capable of standing a severe test, and the French have always been in their military character more Gauls than Franks; and what Cæsar said of the former eighteen centuries ago, is still applicable to the races now occupying their fine country. If stoutly opposed at first, this kind of courage not only diminishes, but evaporates, and has, does, and will, ever fail before that of the British. As soldiers, taking the expression in the widest sense, they are equal, if not superior, to us in many points; but on one, that of individual constitutional courage, we rise far superior to them." The battle of Talavera—the battle which gave character to the subsequent actions in the Peninsula—afforded abundant proof of the correctness of this estimate. All the engagements afterwards were "almost entirely of infantry and artillery, while the cavalry, which acted with much effect on the Continent, did not assert its power. However brilliant Vimiera and Corunna, still Talavera must be considered as the place where the military character of the two nations was fairly brought to trial and proved. This battle proved the total want of firmness of the enemy in meeting our troops with the bayonet, and offered an example, followed by others on every occasion, of their best troops flying like chaff before the wind, on the hostile troops arriving within charging distance." * * * "Indeed, our bayonets might as well have been of pasteboard, from their temper being so seldom tried, for the dread of them alone was sufficient to scatter the best troops of France."

It must be allowed that Captain Fitzclarence commenced his military career in an admirable school. With the highest credit to himself, he served throughout the whole of the Peninsular campaigns

with the exception of that of 1812, when he returned to England on promotion.

Though somewhat anticipating the order of time, let us now, to prevent a future interruption of our narrative, advert to an event which long saddened the minds and hearts of an extensive circle. It can hardly be necessary to say, that our allusion is to the decease of the lady who has been mentioned in a preceding page. Mrs. Jordan died at St. Cloud, in a state of seclusion, and under very painful circumstances, in the year of 1816. Much that was wrong, much that was false, much that was cruelly unjust, was said upon the occasion; but it has been shown, upon authority which cannot be questioned, that never for a single day, a single hour, was the munificence of her royal friend and protector withheld. Mrs. Jordan died, as we have said, at St. Cloud; and, soon afterwards, a monument, rather plain than splendid or ostentatious, was erected to her memory in the cemetery of *Pere Lachaise* at Paris. It was in the month of June, 1827, that the writer of this sketch, accompanied by the dearest of dear friends, paid a visit to that far-famed city of the dead. Our guide brought us suddenly and unexpectedly upon the simple monument we have mentioned. It was surrounded by a profusion of the *bella-donna* rose, in full blossom. We plucked a few of the flowers; and—have they not been preserved? Yes! for many, many, reasons; for reasons that the world could not estimate—for reasons that the world is not worthy of. This affecting little incident drew forth the following lines from an elegant and accomplished pen:—

“ Beautiful rose! In thy snowy pride
Thou look’st like the emblem of some fair bride—
Fit to twine with the dark and glossy tress
That Love’s own ambrosial lip may press!
But thine is another—a sadder doom—
Thy lot is, to deck the sullen tomb—
To distil all thy sweetness o’er the bed
Where slumbers the cold, the unconscious dead.

Oh! mockery senseless—vile and vain—
O’er the field where Death holds his gloomy reign,
To fling wreaths that freshly and brightly blow,
As in scorn of the ruin that frowns below!
Ah! purer the feeling—the taste of *THINE*,
Mine own dear land, where the funeral tree,*
Like a mourner, its faithful station keeps,
At the grave where widowed fondness weeps:
True type of a grief that will brighten never—
And of holy hopes that will live for ever!”

L. S. S.

We return to Captain, now Colonel, Fitzclarence. When the momentous affair of the Peninsula was over, his next destination was India; and his studies there, not confined to those of his warrior profession only, were directed to every object that could interest a mind eager after historical research, ancient and modern. He made himself master of Indian history; of that wide continent’s local in-

* The yew.

terests, both with regard to its native powers, and to those of his own country connected with that empire; and by his open, manly, and kind manners, he conciliated the esteem and the lively regard of every order of people with whom he conversed.

From India Colonel Fitzclarence travelled over land towards England; where, all the way as he proceeded, the same spirit of enquiry accompanying him, he made those many valuable observations along his route, and particularly in Egypt, which have since called forth the public suffrages of various writers, foreign and native, complimenting his zeal, as a searcher into the most precious monuments of antiquity; and full of praise of the candour and good judgment with which his remarks were compared with those of others, and then convincingly set forth accordingly. Faber, the celebrated writer on the Prophecies, and on the Mythology of the Ancients, most eminently pays this tribute to the young traveller. Colonel Fitzclarence, however, brought home with him even a higher character than this; he was called "the friend of all whom he had the power to serve!" And amongst those persons whom his respect for merit, and feeling for the oppressed, excited him to serve, was the great explorer Belzoni, whom he met in Egypt under circumstances of injustice too wide and intricate to be detailed here, but in behalf of whom he immediately exerted all his influence over the minds of the persons hostile to that great but unfortunate man, and so protected him from a threatened most cruel spoliation. Of Belzoni (who died at Gato, on his way to Housa and Timbuctoo, in December, 1823, and whose estimable wife was recently living in obscurity and poverty on the Continent) it may be added, that another great explorer—one whom we have also to lament—the late Colonel Denham, styled him the *Prince of Travellers*.

But, in further illustration of our remarks, we must turn, for a few moments, to Colonel Fitzclarence's own "Journal of a Route across India, through Egypt, to England, in the latter end of the year 1817 and the beginning of 1818;" a handsome quarto volume, "dedicated, by permission, to the His Royal Highness the Prince Regent, as a humble token of the gratitude and attachment of the Author." The identical copy of the work now before us in the British Museum, was presented by the colonel to Sir Joseph Banks, the president of the Royal Society of London.

After the signature of the treaty between the governor-general of India and Scindiah, his lordship determined to send home, as bearers of the despatches, two of his aides-de-camp; one to proceed by the usual sea-voyage, round the Cape, and the other over land with the duplicate, to ensure the early arrival of the news in England. The senior aide-de-camp of the governor-general was appointed to the first of those duties, and his lordship fixed upon Colonel Fitzclarence for the latter. After some difficulty, it was determined that the colonel should take the route from Sajapoor by Nagpoor, crossing the Nizam's dominions; and thence through those of the Peishwah, by Poonah to Bombay, where orders had been sent to prepare one of the company's cruisers to take him up the Red Sea to Suez. Circumstances compelled him to deviate considerably from this proposed

route. At the town of Brij the cholera morbus was making the most frightful ravages. The colonel's tents were crowded with the sick, dying, and dead. He had under his own hands, during the course of the malady, twenty-nine patients, of whom twenty-three recovered; and he never quitted them till compelled by its attacking himself. It is remarkable that, excepting in two instances which came to his knowledge, every idea of caste, prejudice of religion, and impurity, yielded to the violence of the disease; and not one of those under his charge refused to take medicine out of a wine-glass from his hand.

At Cheeparah, on the evening of the 26th of December, a serious accident befel the colonel. It had been determined to destroy some guns taken from the enemy; and, at the hour appointed, he went to see the order executed: an unlucky spark set fire to a considerable quantity of powder near the spot where he was standing, and the explosion burnt him severely in the legs, hands, and face. The whole of his clothes were either burnt or torn off him by the artillerymen; and, for several days, he was unable to ride, and was obliged to be carried in his palanquin.

At Nagpoor, Colonel Fitzclarence formed an intimate acquaintance with that extraordinary character, Rammohun Roy, who subsequently excited a most lively interest in this country, and whose son, a remarkably intelligent and accomplished youth, has now been several years in England.

In his progress, Colonel Fitzclarence did not fail to visit the celebrated caves of Ellora. The effect which the sight of these stupendous excavations, of the origin of which history bears no record, may to some extent be estimated by his remarks immediately after his return:—"My eyes and mind," says he, "are absolutely satiated with the wonders I have seen; the first are weary with contemplating objects so gigantic and extraordinary, to which they were totally unaccustomed; and the latter has been so much on the stretch, being crowded and overwhelmed with ideas so overpowering and various, that I despair of ever forming any calm judgment upon them."*

It was at Cairo, in the month of March, 1818, at the residence of Mr. Salt, that Colonel Fitzclarence first met with Belzoni, with whose fine person, in Turkish costume, he was greatly struck. "He was the handsomest man," he observes, "I ever saw; was above six feet high, and his commanding figure set off by a long beard. He spoke English perfectly, and the subject which had engrossed his thoughts so long, that of opening the second pyramid, was brought on the tapis." Both Belzoni and Mr. Salt were at that time enrap-

* Though foreign from the present subject, we cannot allow the opportunity to pass without remarking, that we have frequently seen it insisted upon, that the construction of the arch was unknown in ancient Egypt, and that what is termed the Gothic arch is of modern origin. The proof of the first of these positions was negatived by the exhibition, some years ago, of Belzoni's models of Egyptian architecture; and that of the second, by one of the interior views of the caves of Ellora, published in a work by an English officer, whose name we cannot at the moment recollect. In the plate referred to, is a Gothic arch as distinct as any that may be found in any work of our time.

tured with the celebrated alabaster sarcophagus which they had discovered, and which (its purchase having been, from some unaccountable cause, declined by the British Museum) is now to be seen in the collection of the late Sir John Soane, presented to the nation, in Lincoln's Inn Fields. It was found in what Belzoni supposed to be the tomb of the god Apis.

Two days after his first interview with Belzoni, Colonel Fitzclarence accompanied that gentleman and Mr. Salt in their enterprise of opening the second pyramid, some views of which are given in the volume before us. In the true English spirit, our young traveller carved his name on the summit of the pyramid, selecting the same stone on which Lord Belmore had inscribed his, that of his lady, and that of his lordship's brother, Captain Corry. Finding also the name of Rosa upon the stone, he concluded it to be that of some enterprising damsel, and gave her due credit for her successful attempt; but he afterwards found that it was the name of Lady Belmore's lap-dog! The name of Chateaubriand, too, was there, and beneath it the words—"il n'était pas ici"—which Colonel Fitzclarence says he was assured was the fact! Query?—had some wag been taking liberties with the worthy *savant*, or was the inscription the result of pitiful ambition, at the expense of veracity, on his own part?

At length, after a variety of interesting adventures, Colonel Fitzclarence proceeded to Alexandria, whence he embarked in his majesty's ship, *Tagus*, Captain Dundas. Having been refused permission to land on the coast of Spain, and also at Gibraltar, lest the crew should have the plague amongst them, he got on board the packet at Gibraltar, for Falmouth, and arrived at London on the 16th of June, where he found that Captain M^cRa had outstript him by fourteen days.

On Colonel Fitzclarence's return to England, he married Mary, a beautiful and accomplished daughter of the earl of Egremont; a lady of retired and most amiable domestic habits, by whom he has a family of five children.

On the 12th of May, 1831, Colonel Fitzclarence was elevated to the peerage, by the title of Earl Munster, a title which his royal father had formerly borne; and, in the same year, the precedence of the sons and daughters of a marquis was granted to the brothers and sisters of the earl, with the exception of Elizabeth, countess of Errol, and Amelia, viscountess Falkland, who, by their marriages, had previously obtained higher rank. Lord Munster has three surviving brothers, who are in remainder to the earldom; and four sisters.

Lord Munster's pursuits in the bosom of his family were, and are, the same as those which had been his companions during his travels:—science, military and literary; and that benevolence to his fellow-creatures which seems the spring of his life. The simple appellation of *fellow-creature* is here given to the extensive object of that benevolence, because in him it never knew exception of persons. As Colonel Fitzclarence, or as earl of Munster, he felt the same for all men, whether of his own country or of others. Whatever were

their ranks, or their colours, he regarded all in the one character of the same species with himself; and accordingly, as they deserved his confidence, or required his assistance, he was ready to dispense to them either, and sometimes both.

Such is the illustrious character, still comparatively young in years, but mature in manly worth, on whom our late gracious sovereign, William the Fourth, bestowed a high charge near his own royal person at Windsor Castle.* And if a noble example of conduct in youth, and in manhood, be any standard—any cynosure for growing youthful eyes—we would say to the talented of our rising generation,—“There is a model to respect, to love, and to imitate.”

Since the preceding sketch was written, the venerable George O'Brien Wyndham, earl of Egremont, Baron Cockermouth, lord lieutenant of the county of Sussex, &c., father-in-law of the earl of Munster, is no more. It is probable that his lordship's demise will materially and favourably affect the fortunes of the surviving nobleman.

As the descendant of Ailwardus de Wymondham, possessed of lands at Wymondham, now Wyndham, in the county of Norfolk, soon after the Norman Conquest, the earl of Egremont was the representative of a family of Saxon origin. Many celebrated men have been of this family; amongst others, Sir Thomas Wyndham, who, in the troublous times of Charles the First, called his five sons together, and emphatically addressed them:—“I command you to honour and obey our gracious sovereign, and in all times to adhere to the crown; and though the crown should hang upon a bush, I charge you, forsake it not.” Sir William Wyndham, Bart., who married a daughter of Charles Seymour, “the proud duke of Somerset,” was created earl of Egremont in 1749. The late and third earl was born on the 18th of December, 1751; he died at his noble mansion at Petworth, in Sussex, on the 11th of November, 1837; and is succeeded in his honours by his nephew, George Francis Percy, Captain in the Royal Navy.

As a friend of the poor, a reliever of distressed merit in whatever rank, a patron of literature and the arts, the late earl was a man of unbounded charity, benevolence, and munificence. At Petworth, where he chiefly resided, he was universally regarded as the friend, the patron, and the father of the parish. In building a new tower and spire to the church, in generally renovating the sacred edifice, and in embellishing it with windows of costly painted glass by the first artists of the age, his Lordship expended, within the last ten or twelve years, more than £80,000.

At Petworth, which the writer of these few and inadequate lines had recently the honour of visiting, is one of the noblest collections of painting, sculpture, and carving, by ancient as well as by modern artists, in the kingdom. The paintings of Holbein, the sculpture of Flaxman and Carew, and the unrivalled carving of Gibbons, are alone worth making a pilgrimage to see.

* Earl Munster was one of the aides-de-camp to the late king, lieutenant of the Tower, and governor of Windsor Castle. The two last of these appointments he retains, we believe, under the reign of her majesty, Queen Victoria.

THE SISTERS.—A TALE.

I.

It was on Midsummer's-day in the year 1817, that, at about six o'clock in the morning, the sudden din of a cannon, issuing from the guard-ship at Brest, alarmed the peaceful fishermen who were preparing their nets on the shore, the busy watermen occupied in cleaning their wherries, the ruminating sentry at the gun-wharf, and the crews of the various vessels stationed about. That single cannon's explosion, at so early and unusual an hour, appeared to afford scope for conjecture amongst those whose ears it met, and who were aware that some strange occurrence, unless it were an accident, must have caused the guard-ship to give that warning. Many an eye was cast towards the mighty mass which lay motionless on the water, scorning the slight ripples that broke against its side; but the ship offered no farther token of the event that had thus demanded the single warning gun, whose roar was soon lost in a pervasive stillness all around, resembling that which succeeds the explosion of heaven's high artillery.

And the thunder of that cannon was heard at a considerable distance from one of the great naval arsenals of France, and it startled a lovely girl who even thus early was watering her flowers, and attending to her garden, that adorned a neat house in which she dwelt with her father. The beautiful creature listened for a moment; and in another ran to question her parent, an old *capitaine de vaisseau*,* as to the cause of the warning thus given by the guard-ship.

Captain Darbois was already dressed, and occupied with a book in his study, waiting for the announcement of breakfast. Lucie—such was the young lady's name—was kindly welcomed by her venerable parent; and he laughed at her alarm, as she suggested the probability of a commencement of fresh hostilities on the part of the English.

"No, my love," said the officer; "the English will maintain a truce. And even if they *did* venture to go to war with us again, we should hear the news of their intentions long before a single vessel of their's could have passed by Havre-de-grace."

"What then could have been the object of firing thus early?" enquired Lucie, a portion of the roses, that had ere now faded from her cheeks, returning with the assurance of her father.

"I recollect a similar warning many years ago, Lucie; and, if I mistake not, 'tis for the escape of a galley-slave!"

"A galley-slave!" exclaimed Lucie.

"Yes; a convict has doubtless escaped; and the moment he was missed from the prison, the guard-ship was informed of the evasion."

At this instant a loud knock was heard at the front door; the servant hastened to answer it, and in another moment an individual, pale,

* Post Captain in the Navy.

dirty, and weary, rushed into the apartment, and threw himself upon a chair, crying, "Save me, Oh! save me!"

"From what—from whom?" enquired the captain hastily; for he had formed no good opinion of the stranger that thus intruded himself upon his notice.

"Save me, I repeat. Oh! save me!"

"Tranquillize yourself, and in a few moments reply to my questions. I cannot undertake to give shelter to a criminal; but if your claim be just, and do not compromise my safety—"

"No, no: keep me secretly here till to-night, and all will be well," exclaimed the stranger, recovering some assurance from the language of Captain Darbois, whose charitable door was never closed against the indigent and helpless.

The breakfast was now served. Lucie maintained a strict silence: unaccountable emotions—fear, alarm, compassion, and curiosity—agitated her bosom and sealed her lips. She nevertheless occasionally cast a furtive glance at the intruder, and the idea she formed of him was far from flattering. He was a man who had probably seen some thirty summers; his features were regular, his teeth remarkably white, his eyes brilliant, and his figure well formed. But his garb was of the most wretched description, his hair disordered, his garments filthy and torn, and his hands soiled and discoloured with hard labour. He refused to take any substantial food; a little milk he greedily swallowed, and appeared to be intent on schemes or reflections carefully concealed. Whenever the servant entered the room he started and trembled violently; and now and then threw a timid glance at Captain Darbois, who was also wrapped up in thought, and lost in conjecture. The meal was speedily finished; Lucie obeyed a signal her father gave her, and withdrew. As the door closed behind her, the stranger started up, seemed uncertain how to act, and in another moment fell at the feet of the gallant officer, who had thus granted shelter to an individual that claimed it under the most suspicious circumstances.

"Monsieur," cried the wretched man, "Providence led me hither. I was pursued; I saw no other dwelling near; I was desperate; I was driven to seek for shelter somewhere—ignorant of to whom this house belongs, I knocked, and you have deigned to receive me; but do not the generous deed by halves. Save, save, Oh! save an unfortunate being!"

"Your language, monsieur, assures me that you were not born to poverty, nor meanly educated in your youth. Your manners are above your present predicament. Speak candidly then; and I will act as a man towards you; but I could not harbour you, if—"

"But wherefore press the matter? all I require of you is, to suffer me to remain here till the night's dark wing shall aid my escape; and should my pursuers trace me hither, or think they have—do you deny me."

"Impossible!" cried Darbois, a sudden idea flitting across his brain. "Has nought extraordinary happened this morning?"

"How? what?"

"The warning gun—"

"Oh! save me, save me!" cried the poor wretch in agony—

"From the guard-ship; and only a single gun—"

"In mercy, spare me!"

"Was for a convict, who has broken his chains."

"And that convict is myself!" ejaculated the other, now rising from his knees, folding his arms, and standing calmly in front of the officer. "*Monsieur le capitaine*, you may proceed; speak my doom, or act as a man of feeling, of compassion, and of generosity."

"I have decided," said the Captain in a firm tone of voice, after a moment's deliberation. "I am in the service of his majesty; I am unacquainted with the reason for which you were condemned as a malefactor to expiate the amount of your crime at the galleys. You appear desirous of avoiding any communication on those heads; I therefore feel it my duty to abandon you to the *gendarmes*. But mark me, and understand my meaning. If you quit my house this moment, I shall behave as if I had never known, seen, nor heard of you; if you persist in tarrying here, I shall not seek your pursuers to deliver you up, but I shall certainly answer truly any question that may be put to me, should they visit my dwelling. This is the decision humanity on the one hand, and justice on the other, command me to adopt."

"If there be but those two alternatives—"

"There are no others," said the captain, in a firm tone of voice.

"I depart, and neither thank nor blame you," returned the convict as he hastened towards the door. "One thing, however, you cannot refuse me."

"Name your request."

"Some money to prevent me from starving."

A long pause ensued; the deliberation of Darbois terminated, at length, in the delinquent's favour. He cast his purse upon the table; it was heavy; it was filled with gold and silver; and the gallant officer wiped a tear from his eye—for he commiserated the woes of a fellow-creature; and although he himself was far from rich, yet did he not grudge the mendicant a portion of his all.

"Your name," said the convict, "that I may the better remember my benefactor?"

But he had no sooner uttered these words, than the noise of approaching footsteps, and the clatter of the garden gate, fell upon his ears.

"Great God! I am lost," ejaculated the unfortunate man whose re-capture now appeared certain.

"No, no," said Darbois, opening a side door, through which he conducted the galley-slave.

He led him to the back of the house. A thundering knock at the front door compelled them to hasten; and the malefactor made his escape from the premises, as his pursuers entered the apartment he had just left.

II.

Six months had elapsed since the date of the event ere now related, and nothing more of the convict had been heard of at the house of

Captain Darbois, save that he never was retaken; when the following letter, from Lucie's sister in Paris, not a little excited the mingled joy, the partial envy, and the astonishment of the beautiful girl to whom it was addressed. Lucie read it to her father; its contents ran as follows:—

Paris, December 27, 1817.

"My dear Sister.

"My last three or four letters, as you justly complain, have been unusually short and void of interest. But the communication I am about to make to you, Lucie, will entirely settle your doubts as to my continued affection for you, and the permanency of the place you ever retain in my memory.

"You know that till lately my aunt saw and entertained a great deal of company, and mixed much in society. I also informed you in my last letter that she had now become so feeble that she is obliged to renounce all former gaiety, and content herself with a few friends whom she receives from time to time. Three months ago I danced with Count de Bellois at Madame de Beaubarnais' magnificent ball, a description of which I gave you. I did not like him at first—but, on a farther acquaintance, he improved greatly in my estimation. He soon became a constant visitor at the house—and my aunt rather encouraged him than otherwise; for she constantly pronounced him to be a genteel, gentlemanly, and correct young man. And certainly, dear Lucie, he is very handsome; you cannot therefore be astonished if I have been foolish enough to accept his addresses; and, to tell the truth, you will either laugh at or blame me—love him in return.

"Yes, dear Lucie; I feel that I love him, that he is necessary to my happiness; and that you must break this as well as you can to our father. I am sure he would be pleased with the count, were he acquainted with him. M. de Bellois is tolerably well off, and has no few literary talents to assist his income, for between ourselves, Lucie, he is the author of the new *roman* that is now making such a noise in Paris. This he told me in confidence; and he does not wish the world to know it, for every body is wondering who could have written so splendid a work.

"Do, dear Lucie, do speak to papa and tell me what he says. My aunt suspects our attachment, and invariably praises the Count, who is, by the bye, very attentive to her, and is even so condescending as to play *picquet* with her of an evening.

"Write by return of post, if possible, and tell me what my father says of the match. M. de Bellois has caught me writing this—and he insisted upon reading it. I refused, and he would make me add a few words, to desire his respects to you, as he says he hopes soon to be your brother-in-law. Is not all this agreeable? Write, dear Lucie, and send me good news, if possible.

"Your affectionate sister,

"AGATHE DARBOIS."

"Your sister is a fortunate girl, Lucie, if it be as she says," remarked the captain, when this epistle was concluded.

"Am I to answer her letter?" asked Lucie in a mournful tone of voice.

"Certainly, my love: but wherefore have you an air thus melancholy?"

"Nothing—only I was thinking that if—"

"That if you had been in Paris, you silly girl—you might have found a husband also:"—and the captain chuckled at his discovery.

Lucie blushed, and said nothing.

"However," continued the kind parent, "you shall have your chance as well, Lucie; in a few days we will go to Paris, and I'll examine this matrimonial affair on the spot: for," he continued seriously, "I would not pronounce rashly on any thing so materially connected with a daughter's happiness."

We shall not fatigue our readers with a description of Lucie's joy at these happy tidings; she embraced her father with all the fervour of real affection, and immediately commenced her little preparations for the intended journey.

III.

Agathe was not so fine nor so lovely a girl as her sister; but she was more accomplished, and more fascinating in her manners: for Lucie, having been brought up afar from the gay scenes of Parisian society, was somewhat reserved and backward, so that she occasionally appeared repulsive and cool, while timidity alone restrained her from shining as Agathe did.

On her arrival in Paris with her father, she found that Count de Bellois had suddenly gone into the country, and was not expected to return for several days. This absence, as Lucie was informed by Agathe, the Count had purposely arranged; for he was desirous of allowing Captain Darbois proper opportunities of questioning his daughter on the tender subject that interested them all. The result of these conversations was the conditional assent of Captain Darbois to the match, provided Count de Bellois could give him satisfactory accounts of his pecuniary affairs, and demonstrate his ability to maintain a wife in the style her social position required: for the Captain, while he made great allowances for a young girl's first love, was still resolved to exert his parental authority with proper prudence, should the match appear any way objectionable. Count de Bellois had only lately been a resident in Paris; and to his good manners and gentlemanly appearance *alone* he was indebted for an introduction into the society he now moved in. All inquiries concerning his early history were unavailing: but *that* was a matter of little import, provided he could satisfactorily answer the usual interrogations parents were obliged to put to their children's suitors. On these heads Agathe was sanguine; and her future prospects appeared to wear a joyous aspect of felicity.

Shortly after the arrival of Captain Darbois and his daughter at the house of the aunt, a young gentleman of immense fortune, of prepossessing appearance, and of handsome exterior, was introduced to them. M. de Lisier, for such was his name, had only just returned from a tour in Italy; and, wearied of the inconstancy of Italian ladies,

he soon noticed the amiable diffidence of Lucie, and sought every opportunity he could find to engage her in conversation. Accustomed not to judge of an individual's merit by first impressions, he soon found that a jewel of immense value lay hid beneath the natural timidity of Lucie; and that she only required to be thoroughly "drawn out," as the phrase is, for her merits to appear. It scarcely remains to say, that he was soon deeply enamoured of her; and he had every reason to flatter himself that his passion was not alighted, nor his attentions unperceived by her whom he now determined formally to demand in marriage of her father—provided he had not wrongly appreciated the cause of her half-expressed, half-concealed joy which she evinced in his presence, and the downcast modesty with which she listened to the language he intended her not to misunderstand.

Captain Darbois was in raptures when M. de Lisier made serious proposals relative to Lucie; and so satisfactory was the explanation given by that gentleman on every matter concerning which it was important to be informed, that the worthy officer, in the plenitude of his honest joy, actually hugged his future son-in-law, with tears in his eyes.

"May you be happy, *mon cher ami*, with my daughter—as happy as I can wish you, and as happy as you deserve to be."

"A thousand thanks!" exclaimed de Lisier. "In becoming the husband of Mademoiselle Lucie, how can I be otherwise than happy?"

"All is bright to young lovers," returned Captain Darbois; "and though I say it myself, it is nevertheless a fact—that Lucie will ever be the same good-tempered, affectionate girl she now appears to you. This is not invariably the case; but Lucie has not the ability of concealing her faults, if she have any."

"I flatter myself that I am too much experienced in the ways of the world to be easily deceived; and I do not hesitate to say that your daughter merits all the *eulogium* even the fondest and most partial parent might be inclined to bestow upon her. The treachery of a once sincere and intimate friend has rendered me peculiarly distrustful of the human heart; and—"

"You are young to have thus acquired such a knowledge of the world."

"Circumstances gave me that knowledge."

"It is true that one little event often opens our eyes to a great deal," remarked Captain Darbois; "and perhaps those who, for many years have watched the human mind but superficially, become the most complete men of that world when accident has awakened them from their lethargic indifference."

"That was the case with me," observed de Lisier. "At school, and for three years subsequent to my emancipation from the rigour of a pedagogue, a person, named Jacques Marre, was my constant companion. But his extravagancies soon reduced him to poverty. My purse was then open to him; and from the allowance made me by my guardians during my minority, he received considerable sums, all inadequate, however, to maintain him in any respectable way; for his profusion was boundless, his ideas of expensive living unlimited; and he soon became involved in debts, from which I liberated him the moment I arrived at the age of twenty-one."

"You acted as a brother, rather than as a friend."

"Yes—and I was well requited," added de Lisier, with a bitter smile. "Marre soon indulged in every kind of debauchery—he condescended to adopt the meanest stratagems in order to procure money—he seduced a lovely girl, to whom he made false promises of marriage: that girl was my cousin!"

"The villain!" exclaimed Captain Darbois, in honest indignation, while de Lisier wiped away a tear from his eye.

"What could I do?" continued the young man; "I challenged him—the laws of society demanded such a step—the wrongs of my relative required such atonement. The morning of the anticipated duel dawned—and Marre came not to the field. I was surprised—for I knew he lacked not courage. Wearied with waiting for him—ill, and oppressed in spirits, I returned home. In the course of the day I had occasion for money; and knowing that my banker had a considerable balance in my favour, I drew a cheque upon the firm. It was paid; but a note from one of the clerks told me that in my draught of the preceding day I had overdrawn my account by five hundred pounds. This was impossible! On the preceding day,—and during the preceding week even—I had not required, nor drawn for, a farthing."

"Good God!" exclaimed Darbois, suspecting the event.

"I see you have conjectured the truth. Marre's last villany against me was—"

"Forgery!" cried the Captain; "but I hope he was punished."

"He was; for all I could do to avert the prosecution was—"

"And he richly deserved to be hanged," said the officer, interrupting the young man.

At this moment Lucie entered the room; and her lover was too happy to have an opportunity of communicating her father's favourable decision to her he adored, to continue the conversation any longer on the same topic.

IV.

Three months had elapsed since the arrival of Captain Darbois and Lucie in Paris; still, the Count did not return, neither did Agathe receive any letter from him. She now began to suspect the constancy of his affection, and to deplore in secret the probability of his forgetfulness; for she felt, that *she* could not forget. Nightly her pillow was moistened with her tears: in the morning she anxiously waited the well-known rap of the postman. But day after day passed on—and still he came not.

One morning de Lisier had occasion to visit the prison of St. Pelagie, to see a friend whom unforeseen difficulties in mercantile affairs had reduced to a gaol. The sum for which he was detained was so considerable, that de Lisier could not for an instant think of procuring his unfortunate friend's emancipation by the payment of it: but he generously advanced him enough to secure him from immediate want of the little comforts and necessities so essential to preserve even a moderate degree of resignation in the prisoner's mind.

As the charitable lover of the beautiful Lucie was about to quit the

walls of the vast tenement, wherein thousands have languished from time to time for political offences as well as for debt, a well-known and remarkable form passed him hastily by. A single glance was sufficient for him to recognise Jacques Marre. He hurried forward to avoid the possibility of coming in contact with so detestable a villain; but curiosity impelled him to question his friend, who accompanied him as far as the gate, relative to Marre.

"That man," said the impoverished merchant, "is named Dumont: he is incarcerated at the suit of a creditor at Bourdeaux, who, by great address and cunning, tracked him out, and put him into prison. He was arrested at his own lodgings, just as he was about to undertake a journey to the northern departments."

De Lisier made no remark upon this information; and his friend proceeded:—"But this M. Dumont will be released to-morrow: the arrangements he has proposed for the payment of the debt are accepted: and I believe that he has some prospect of acquiring a fortune by marriage."

In the meantime Agathe had received a letter from her suitor who, as it appeared by his welcome epistle, was still faithful to her. He had been so ill during his absence, that he could not possibly write himself, and he preferred leaving "his dear Agathe" in suspense, to wounding her feelings by permitting another to make her aware of his situation. His life had been despaired of—but now, thank God, he was well—and was returned.

These excuses appeared somewhat extraordinary to Captain Darbois; they however satisfied Agathe, and that was sufficient. On the following day she was to see her lover; and she anxiously awaited his arrival.

After breakfast next morning, the happy party, that had assembled in the drawing-room to welcome Count de Bellois's return, consisted of the aunt, Captain Darbois, his two daughters, and M. de Lisier. Agathe was much agitated; and when a tremendous ring at the bell of the porter's lodge re-echoed through the house, her bosom palpitated violently. Hasty steps ascended the stair-case—she cast an anxious glance towards the door; fearful that still it might not yet be; the others remained in silence, awaiting the entrance of the visitor. He came—he rushed into the room—an expression of horror burst from the lips of Lucie, then de Lisier and Captain Darbois uttered similar ejaculations.

"Jacques Marre! and in this house," cried de Lisier.

"The convict!" exclaimed Lucie, "O God! protect my poor sister!"

"Damnable villain!" thundered the Captain after a momentary pause, during which Agathe had nearly fainted. "But you shall pay for this treachery."

"No—no, spare him—spare him!" shrieked Agathe, who indistinctly heard her father's threats.

"*Monsieur*," said de Lisier, walking towards Marre or de Bellois, "no one will do aught against you, if you instantly quit this house. Of the enormity of all your crimes I say nothing; sooner or later your conscience will tell you on that head more terrible truths than

any human tongue can express. A forger, an escaped felon, a villain, who can engage the innocent affections of a lovely girl—must eventually meet with an awful retributive fate. Begone, Sir—nor pollute this dwelling longer with your presence!”

The culprit hazarded not a reply; his face was ghastly pale, his breath came thickly, and his head swam round, during the brief but impressive remonstrance of him whom he once could call his friend. He hesitated for a moment—recalled his scattered ideas—cast one deplorable and really penitential look upon the sorrow-stricken assembly, and then speedily withdrew. None disputed the decision of *de Lisier*. Captain Darbois even implied his concurrence with it by his silence.

S. F. R.

SONG.

WAKEN, Beauty, from thy slumber,
Shake that droway sleep away;
Hours are passing without number,
And the sun proclaims the day.
Waken, maiden, from thy pillow—
Longer must not be thy rest;
Yet why like the stormy billow
Rises so thy snowy breast?
Hark, Oh! hark! the loud reveil
O'er the turret-walls is ringing;
Morning's dawn these numbers tell,
And the painted birds are singing!

On thy jetty eye-lash flashing
Salt tears gush out from thine eye;
Gloomy as the torrent dashing
Is that deep heart-rending sigh.
Is it love thy bosom tearing,
With'ring all thy joys away—
Love desponding—love despairing?—
Love will still maintain his sway!
Love then deadens the reveil,
Though aloud 'tis early ringing;
Morning's dawn those numbers tell,
While the painted birds are singing!

Slumber on, thou lovely maiden;
For if sorrow rend thy breast—
If thy heart with grief be laden,
Then indeed that sleep is rest!
Slumber still, on passion dreaming—
Slumber on, though not with sighs—
Slumber on, though tears be streaming.
Like the spray, from thy dark eyes!
For I'll hush the loud reveil,
O'er the castle turrets ringing;
Nor shall it arise to tell
When the painted birds are singing!

HORÆ PHILOSOPHICÆ, No. II.

“The poet’s eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven,
And, as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet’s pen
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation, and a name.”

SHAKESPEARE.

“Scribendi recti, sapere est et principium et fons.”

HOR. DE ARTE POETICA. 7

POETRY, lovely Poetry! what witchery is there in thy name! At thought of thee, how many deep, thrilling, and indefinable associations come thronging into the mind! How many lovely forms and images of things unknown, swayed by the magic potency of thy wand, rise shadowy and vast from the beautiful domains of the ideal world! What a wild music breathes from out the lyre of Nature when thy angelic fingers sweep the chords! It is a rich and full-toned minstrelsy, waking all the hidden emotions of the soul.

Poetry is Nature’s twin sister, born with her when first the young planets appeared, and this world sprang up the blue serene in all its beauty; or, rather, she is the soul of the universe! It is she that warms, and enlivens, and animates the whole. Where can we turn that we do not see the reflex of her image? At rosy morn, at mid-day, or at dewy eve, is she not perpetually looking at us from out the depths of creation? Smiles she not sweetly in the rich light that, breaking from the urns of the morning, bathes the mountains, the hills, and the valleys, in a tide of roseate splendour?

Where can we turn that we shall not find her? She dwells abroad, invested with a spiritual omnipresence—her beauty is expansive as the universe—her voice is to be heard in the whispers of the zephyrs, or in the louder accents of the storm. And yet, some have doubted the reality of her existence, and assert that she is merely a creation of the mind. Alas! they have read nature to little advantage, who cannot see that poetry is something greater than this—something more than a mere psychological *eidolon*.

But what has all this to do with philosophy? Much,—for is not poetry, philosophy; and philosophy, poetry? If philosophy be as Pythagoras taught, *ἐπιστήμη των οὐρανων*, what else is poetry?

Nunquam aliud natura, aliud sapientia dicit.

But, in the division of human learning, to which we have already alluded, poetry has been assigned to one faculty of the mind, and philosophy to another, as if they were really and intellectually distinct. We shall examine them a little more analytically, and see whether they

be not so essentially interfused, that it is travelling out of the high road of nature to attempt to separate them.

There are two senses in which poetry may be understood,—namely, the poetry of feeling, and the poetry of expression and feeling; that is, in the one case, we have the feeling, without the power to describe or pourtray our emotions; in the other case, we have the feeling, with the power to describe them. Now, with regard to the first, there is in it a greater universality than is generally imagined. Indeed, there are few who do not possess it to a certain degree. The very pleasure which most persons feel in contemplating the beautiful in nature, or in reading the works of celebrated poets, proves this. It has been remarked, that there is hardly a Scotch cabin in which a copy of Thomson's "Seasons" is not to be found. Now, this feeling may, perhaps, with logical propriety, be attributed solely to the act of the imagination; yet, there cannot be a doubt but that the association of philosophy with it, tends materially to elevate and refine it. And thus we shall find that as we advance in the scale of civilization—as we contemplate successively superior orders of intellect, the pleasure derivable from the exercise, or rather, indulgence of this poetic feeling, is of a higher and more refined nature. The simple peasant takes delight in reading Thomson's poems, because they are faithful pictures of nature; but the man of cultivated intellect feels a greater pleasure; because, then, all the delightful operations of a refined taste come fully into play. The peasant looks at the vault of night bespangled with stars, and he thinks it beautiful, and feels a pleasure in gazing at it; but the man of science feels a greater pleasure, because he has already travelled with philosophy into those fields of ether, and knows something about their mysterious grandeur. The peasant is lost in dreamy admiration; but the man of cultivated mind feels a pleasure the higher and the more intense, as the feelings are rendered more susceptible of it, and as the range of its operations is more extended. Knowledge, in fact, is to this natural poetry of feeling, what the process of smelting is to the rough ore; it makes it more refined and pure.

In the second case, the connexion is much more plain. The power of describing our poetic emotions is a rare gift; although indeed, it is one with respect to which an erroneous opinion is generally prevalent. From long continued association, men are generally accustomed to consider verse as the fittest—in fact, the only medium by which poetic emotions can be represented. But there is no more fallacious hypothesis. There is no more necessary connexion between poetry and verse, than there is abstractedly between our thoughts and any particular language. Just as a man's vernacular tongue is the best, though not the only way, in which he can express his sentiments, so verse is the best, though not the only mode in which the poetic emotions can be represented. The finest poetical sentiments are often expressed in prose. But then the man who can express his emotions fully in verse, undoubtedly possesses a greater power and versatility of genius.

This poetry of mind, when the power of expression is joined to it, is of the highest order. The feeling itself, as it were, gains growth and strength by exercise. In the power of expression, it finds "am-

ple room and verge enough" for all its faculties to expand and flourish. It has a large and capacious play-ground in which to sport in all the wild luxury of unrestrained freedom. It becomes then, as it were, the vital heat of the soul—the atmosphere in which it lives and has its being. No earthly pleasure is then to be compared to it. It carries the mind from earth; the poet is then isolated from his fellows—he is a sort of celestialized being in a world of his own.

But then is not philosophy necessary here? Will he not be able to appreciate the beauties of nature more by knowing her mysteries? And will not a knowledge of men and of things enable him the more fully and faithfully to describe his own emotions? Oh, yes; philosophy and poetry then become blended together; every fresh accession of knowledge displays to him still more of the charms of the material world,—his poetry obtains a wider range of being.

But if we examine the two faculties of the mind, imagination and reason, to which poetry and philosophy have been distinctively assigned, we shall see the connexion still more clearly. Indeed the examination will show us more; for it will prove that the three faculties of the mind, memory, imagination, and reason, which have been marked out as distinct phases of intellectual being, cannot be so arbitrarily separated; that in their natural and healthy operations they are almost necessarily united. Can we recollect things without imagining? can we imagine without the aid of memory?—for it will be found that almost all our imaginings are only new compounds made up out of the scattered elements of former reminiscences; and, finally, can we reason without the aid both of memory and imagination? However, it will suffice for our present purpose to prove the connexion between imagination and reason.

Imagination has been variously defined. Akenside says that it is "a power in human nature which seems to hold a middle place between the organs of bodily sense and the faculties of moral perception." This definition does not seem to be by any means correct; for the imagination does not appear to have any connexion that is really or unavoidably with the organs of bodily sense. It is purely an abstract agency of the mind; for surely in the darkness of the night, while we are lying in bed, for instance, with all the organs of bodily sense in a state of the most perfect quiescence, we can enjoy the most varied and refined pleasure from the excursions of our imagination. We can suppose ourselves climbing up hills, or straying through green fields, or clambering along rocks and precipices, or roving through beautiful gardens, or dwelling in magnificent palaces, or a thousand other such things, in the production of which ideal delights the organs of bodily sense have no participation whatever; but they owe their being solely to the creative power of the mind, which can thus put together its recollections of the past in such new and beautiful and endless diversified combinations. And thus Dr. Reid has more properly defined "the immediate knowledge of the possible," in contradiction to memory, which he has defined "the immediate knowledge of the past." This is the common faculty of imagination, as well in the poet as in all other men; and the only difference is, that in the former it is more lively, and kept in more constant exercise, than in the latter. And is not the constant exercise of the reasoning faculty to him

indispensable? Surely in his case it is peculiarly necessary that imagination should be kept under the constant *surveillance* of the reasoning faculty; for, although the poetical critic has said,

“pictoribus atque poetis,
Quidlibet audendi, semper fuit æqua potestas,”

yet it is plain that this poetic license must not be stretched too far. He must not abuse the franchises of Parnassus by ranging abroad too freely nor too widely.

And again, is not imagination closely connected with the development of the reasoning faculty? When we cannot argue from facts up to principles, we are obliged to argue from principles downwards; or, in other words, in most departments of philosophy, theory must generally precede practice. Throughout the whole range of mechanical science, which has latterly been making such extraordinary advances amongst us, and by which the interests of society are likely to be still so materially promoted, are we not indebted to the agency of imagination for the discovery of theories, which are afterward to be reduced to practice? Mr. Watt, when he invented the steam-engine, was as much indebted to the imaginative as to the ratiocinative faculty. And so it must be in all the other departments of philosophy that are not purely experimental. A chymist, in his laboratory, might indeed take up a compound and decompose it in his crucible without the aid of much imagination; but if he were to attempt to form any general theory upon the results, he would find how materially a lively and vigorous imagination would facilitate his progress.

This exercise of the imagination may indeed often lead us into error; but, paradoxical as it may seem, error is the parent of truth. It is from men first having gone wrong that they learn to go right. Better, far better is it to take a wrong step than remain doggedly stationary. In the former case our experience is increased, and we are more likely to take the right path again; in the latter case we are surrounded with the same barren and unprofitable ignorance. Truly it cannot be doubted but that all the theories of the ancient philosophers upon astronomical subjects, mistaken and erroneous though they were, have considerably facilitated later discoveries. Every successive error, in fact, leads us a step nearer to truth. To arrive at the discovery of truth on any matter of abstract science, we must form in our minds some distinct opinion with regard to it. This we do by observing, as far as we are able, all its properties and relations, in all their various phases and modifications, and then by grouping or massing all these together, we arrive at some general notion with regard to it. This once done, we have, as it were, a central point towards which all subsequent observations and discoveries converge. These, of course, bringing with them fresh light, we are enabled, upon a still more extensive induction, to test the accuracy of our former theory. If it is not at variance with these subsequently developed phenomena, we, of course, have stronger grounds for being convinced of its truth; while, if it is, we are obliged then to abandon it and to adopt another, conformable not only to these new appearances, but to all taken together in their inductive totality. And thus the process goes on, every step bringing us still nearer to truth. And,

has not the imagination, at all events, as much to do as the reasoning faculty in the theories which we thus form? But we cannot pursue this subject farther at present. On the whole, indeed, it seems, though perhaps logically correct, yet a very *unphilosophical* distinction thus to separate imagination and reason. They are united in their operations,—or, at least, it is only when united that they lead us to any thing practically useful. They seem to be mutually dependent on each other.

It is true, indeed, that many may be susceptible of the finer emotions of poetry, without having any turn towards philosophy; that is, they may rest contented with merely contemplating the outward surface of things, both of mind and of matter, without any wish to analyze the affections or properties of either. And, on the other hand, many may be philosophically inclined who have no tendency to foster the poetic feeling. Many may be admirably skilled in all the properties of a square and a triangle, and who might be able to tell all about the action of fluids, and the silicification of rocks, who have not one particle of poetry in their composition; who could gaze upon the stars, and see them rolling on through the blue firmament, without feeling any other emotion than merely those scientific thoughts connected with their telescope or their quadrant,—nay, who would even laugh at the idea of men who could affect to see aught in them that would kindle high or poetic aspirations. And, indeed, this feeling is becoming too common. What is generally called *common sense*, but what is really nothing else than a sad prostration of all the finer feelings of the mind, is making vast progress amongst us. Men are building up an altar, and placing upon it an idol which they call common sense, to the desecration of much that is fine and noble, and *poetically* intellectual in our nature. They are turning the hearts and the affections from their fealty to the beautiful in nature, to this Dagon of their own creation. And hence, Mr. Canning declared, that when “philosophers ceased to be poets, philosophy ceased to be poetic.” But this cannot be; they are united in nature, and man cannot separate them.

Imagination and reason, then, philosophy and poetry, are all one, losing and blending themselves with each other, like the hues of the rainbow, or the dyes upon the dove's neck. They are, in fact, the *veritas* and *bonitas* of Bacon, the one to the other as the seal is to the print.* Here we have the poet and the philosopher met together upon the same common ground, both bringing their testimony to this union in nature between philosophy and poetry.

In the last Number we gave Bacon's definition of philosophy, and also Cicero's. The definition of Pythagoras, as we have already given, is marked for its brevity and expressiveness. In addition to these, Epictetus defines it “the practice of precepts, the reason of precepts, and the proof of precepts.” Like a great many other definitions, however, we find in it very little of that logical rule of definitions, namely,—that they should immediately make known the thing defined. If we did not know what it was that Epictetus intended to define, it would be long before

* *Veritas* and *bonitas* differ but as the seal and the print, for goodness is truth's impression; and, on the contrary, the storms and tempests of vice and passion break from the clouds of error and falsehood.

the definition itself would inform us. Another definition has been given by Rollin; he calls it "the study of nature and morality founded on the evidence of reason." The very etymological meaning, however, of the word itself makes known its nature better than all these pompous and elaborate definitions. What can be a simpler, clearer, and more intelligible explanation of it than to say that it is the love of wisdom? It very often happens, indeed, that learned men, while they are trying to make a thing more clear, only tend to mystify and obscure it. Had they left the term *φιλοσοφία* to speak for itself, it would have been much better understood. Their lengthened definitions only tended to draw the mind away from its real meaning,—just as a luxuriance of foliage upon a tree tends to conceal from us the fruit. There is, indeed, no art which seems to be at present so needed in the philosophical world as the art of simplification. The operations of nature are simple; but learned men, in general, have some extraordinary and unirradicable propensity to render the simplest subjects obscure by the mode in which they explain them. May it be hoped that the day is coming when the public, generally, will be able to understand scientific enquiries without being obliged to wade through a morass of technical terms which it is even in itself a labour to get through.

It is true, however, that though philosophy and poetry are thus in their generic character united, yet in their subordinate relations they are distinct—the essential difference between them being, that philosophy has generally to deal with causes, while poetry looks to effects. Poetry feels the influence of beauty in general; philosophy both feels its influence, and proceeds to investigate its elements. And in this latter sense philosophy has been divided into several departments; the first division being, the inquisition of causes and the production of effects, or speculation and operation. Speculative knowledge again is divided into physics and metaphysics. Physics inquires into the efficient cause, and the nature; Metaphysics, into the final cause and the form. And under this latter is included the whole system of practical morality and ethics.

Now to the history of philosophy generally, as conversant about causes, it is plain that to assign a commencement we must go back to the very first ages of the world—nay, up to the very creation. From the first moment that men began to feel any anxiety to discover the causes of the ordinary phenomena which nature was constantly presenting to their view, from that moment they began to philosophize. And this they did almost when they first began to think, this anxiety of knowing the meaning of the things about us being almost the first instinct, if we may use the expression of the intellectual powers. In children we see a strong proof and illustration of this. At first, like a spectator placed in a theatre with all its lights and scenery and decorations new to him, they feel a sort of wonder in looking, and gazing about at every thing. And then by degrees they begin to inquire and observe, and compare and examine. "What is this?" is the common but philosophical enquiry of the child. And thus in the earliest ages of the world men became philosophers when first they began to think or examine.

It is evident, however, that some must have devoted themselves to

these enquiries more than others, and these in time were peculiarly and distinctively styled philosophers, while all the rest were looked upon as a mere vulgar crowd. And among the Greeks the name of philosopher was held in the highest repute. To call a man a philosopher was paying him the highest honour that could be conferred on him. Indeed some of their sects, the Stoics, carried this notion to so extravagant a height as to assert that a wise man was every thing—not only a wise man, but a king and a shoemaker, and every thing else that could be imagined.

The history of philosophy has generally been divided into three periods. The first traces its rise from the earliest periods to the establishment of the Roman empire;—the second, from the establishment of the Roman empire to the revival of letters; and the third, from the revival of letters to the present time.

We shall take a glance at each of them consecutively, and shall endeavour to enliven the details by such reflections and observations as the nature of the subjects shall suggest. It will be not a little interesting to see the extraordinary opinions which prevailed amongst the ancients upon topics with which now every tyro is familiar; as also to observe the mode in which the human mind has been gradually emerging from the darkness of ignorance and error to the full light of knowledge and of truth.

And now at such a time as this, when knowledge is spreading about in all quarters, such a retrospective review cannot be unprofitable. Now, when the mind has made such vast and rapid advances, it cannot be unprofitable to take a glance backwards at the goal from which it has started. Now, when improvement of all kinds is proceeding in so determinate and onward a course,—when discoveries of all sorts are being daily made to increase our conveniences and comforts,—when science is set upon a height, so that all can see the brightness of her visage,—when civilization, and knowledge, and refinement, and social freedom are spreading themselves throughout every part of the world;—now, when we know truths that the most illustrious philosophers of the olden times, with all their intellectual greatness, would have gazed at only in stupid timidity or vacant wonder,—when the ocean rolls its waves to minister to our comforts,—when the caverns and the rocks yield up their fossilised treasures only to add to the discoveries of science,—when all the wildest elements of nature have been tamed and subdued, and pressed into the service, and

“Man superior walks
Amid the glad creation;”

surely when all such things have now been effected by perseverance, industry, and vigour, it cannot be uninteresting or un instructive to cast a look back to those times when every thing was dark and dreary, to see the mind struggling amid the gloom, to mark the first faint streaks of light that appeared upon the firmament, and finally to watch the gradual rising of that orb of intellectual day, which, having rolled away all the clouds that hung heavily before it, is now beaming upon us with all the unrivalled majesty of unclouded splendour.

ON THE INCONVENIENCES OF A GOOD APPETITE.

I ENJOY a bad state of health. Cavil not at the phrase, gentle reader, for though mis-applied and erroneous in a thousand instances, it is *the* phrase and the only one expressive of my condition. Not that I am an invalid, who find my sole delight in the mysteries of the Pharmacopœia,—

“ Whose face is pallid, and whose pulse is slow ;”

not I indeed, for I enjoy a vigorous constitution and an appetite of liberal elasticity. But this last, which bilious and dyspeptic thousands would regard as a blessing, has been to me a curse, and made me bankrupt alike in present happiness and future hopes.

But to my story :—I am the son of a tolerably wealthy farmer in — shire ; a farmer of the old school, who, priding himself on his hospitality, delights to see his table groan with provision, and scores of good-humoured faces around it cheered by his cheer. I am the youngest of thirteen children ; each of whom is distinguished for concentrating within himself some remarkable resemblance to their common parent. My eldest brother has his father's nose to a nicety. My sister Louisa has full and pleasant blue eyes. I resemble him in nothing but his remarkably good appetite. But then I am the thirteenth child, and alas ! thirteen is an unlucky number.

I cut my teeth at a very early age ; and during my first years manifested so astonishing a power of using them, that I have since oftentimes suspected that economical considerations were mixed up with the anxiety evinced by my parents that I should at the age of eight years be placed under the fostering care of Mr. Whippington ; who was deemed the most learned pundit and pedagogue in the whole county, and in whose establishment, owing to the extraordinary combination which he had made of “ comfort and economy,” young gentlemen were taken in and done for, all for the small charge of forty guineas per year.

To Digamma House I was accordingly despatched one fine spring morning—the pangs of separation from the home of my childhood being sweetened by the present of a plum-cake of the most ample dimensions.

The first year I passed very quietly at Whippington's. The boys certainly said I had “ a pretty twist ;” and some, who were more skilled in the classics than in politeness, nicknamed me ‘ *Tempus*,’ because I was, as they said, “ *Edax rerum*.” But after being thrashed by three who were bigger, and thrashing four who were less than myself, I contrived for a while to pass my days in tolerable happiness.

But time passed on, with it my years increased, and so did my appetite. Whippington was bored by my *board*, for, as he said punningly, “ I ate a *great deal* ;” and determined to dislodge me, having first ascertained by a long series of calculations, for he was a profound mathematician, that after deducting from the sum he received on my account the prime cost of the food which I consumed, there remained, per quarter,

the munificent sum of two shillings and sevenpence three farthings for lodging and learning.

To get rid of me without giving offence to my parents required some management; but Whippington succeeded admirably, and I believe my father took me home under a vague impression that Whippington parted from me because I was a second Crichton, instead of a modern Maximian.

"Has Jonathan any talents?" said my father in a tone which sufficiently intimated his hopes of a favourable answer.

"Wonderful, Sir, wonderful—in his way."

"Does he get on with his grammar?"

"With his *Eton* grammar prodigiously."

"Can he decline a verb, Sir?"

"Decline, Sir! he'll decline any thing in the school-room—but nothing at the dinner table,"—the last part was given *setto voce*, but reached my conscious ears.

"Has he a thirst for knowledge, Sir?"

"Thirst, Sir!—that he has,—and such an appetite!"

Here terminated the colloquy.—My father was delighted, so was Whippington, and so was I.

I was now destined to pass some years at home—leading a sort of half idle life, rambling over the grounds to get an appetite, and returning to the homestead to allay it; until my father considered that as my style of living was somewhat expensive, it was but right I should do something towards earning it. Accordingly I was one morning summoned into the back parlour to hold a parley with my Pa on the subject of my future prospects. Well do I remember the commencement of that very serious conversation.

"Sir," said my Sire, blowing his nose, wiping his spectacles, and adjusting his pigtail,—“Sir, I have been thinking,—”

Now as the old gentleman was by no means addicted to that practice, I felt certain a storm was brewing.

"Sir," said he again, "I have been thinking." I acknowledged by a bow my belief of his having performed that act of abstraction, and he then proceeded to say that I was blest with good health and appetite (that last word cost us both a sigh, for he had of late frequently hinted at his discovery of the real cause of Whippington's resignation of me), and ought to earn my bread.

I must work hard, thought I, to do that.

"Have you thought of a profession, Jonathan? (I shook my head parenthetically.) Mr. Prateapace hinted to me the other day that if I should like to place you in a situation under government he could procure me one for you in the Customs."

"Sir, all must depend upon the emolument," was my reply; "for a place under government I did not imagine to be quite suited to a man of extensive appetite and incommensurate means."

"Sixty pounds a year to begin with," said my father.

"It won't find me bread," said I. "Besides, I don't like Mr. Prateapace, and I would not accept a favour from a man who advocates annual parliaments."

"Hoity toity! what are your objections to annual parliaments?"

"Sir, all ideas of *short commons* are repulsive to me."

The joke had its effect. My father shifted his tack, talked of Nelson, and proposed the navy. I objected. As I did not volunteer to enter the service, I was pressed—to state the ground of my refusal.

"I should disgrace myself."

"Sir!" said my father in a voice of thunder, "would you flinch in the battle?"

"No, Sir, I don't think I should. At least not till I had got a belly-full. But if the ship at any time ran short of provisions and the crew were put under stoppages, I should be the first to flinch from my duty and give up—"

"Yond post, Sir."

"No, Sir, give up the ghost, Sir."

My father found himself at sea, and made signals that I should choose a profession for myself.

"I should prefer the law, Sir."

"La, Sir," said my Sire.

"Yea, Sir, the law, because the study is so pleasant and one has only to eat one's terms." He objected that the lawyer who had only eaten his terms never got much to eat afterwards. This I denied, inasmuch as I had heard that in all great cases the clients *fee'd* the lawyers handsomely.

"Pish," said my father; "if you can't talk seriously, we had better not talk at all. But go to the law and to the devil if you like."

"Just as you please, Sir: they say they are much the same thing."

To the law, however, I turned; but had not been many weeks in town when my maternal uncle, and godfather by proxy, General Jonathan Blueskin, arrived from India with mines of wealth, scores of servants, a liver the worse for wear, and, to borrow an expressive phrase, "a strong tea complexion, black and green mixed."

An introductory letter from my father (enclosed in one in which were conveyed special directions how this eastern Plutus was to be worshipped) placed me on his visiting list. I was next promoted to his dinner list; and I hoped by my delicate attentions to secure a place in his will. His *will* therefore was my law, and at length I had so far ingratiated myself into his favour, by a diligent study of the Asiatic Journal and East India Register, as to be looked upon as the future depositary of his immense wealth; nay, more, to be acknowledged as such by himself.

But alas! how fleeting are our hopes. How many slips there are betwixt the cup and the lip, betwixt the plate and the palate. My uncle kept a table where a prince might dine. His was the best of cooks. He imported for his own use the choicest delicacies, and I who am like Wolsey, "a man of an unbounded stomach," was for a short time a happy man.

But a change came o'er the spirit of my dream, my uncle gradually cooled towards me. I was no longer "dear Jonathan, dear godson." Towards me,

"Yamen's visage grew blanker and blanker,"

until at last I was very politely forbidden his house. I bribed a tea-

pot-coloured domestic to acquaint me with the reason of this cruel treatment, and found that my bilious uncle [and dyspeptic godfather, General Jonathan Blueskin, had disinherited me " 'cause the dog ate with an appetite!"—curse on my greedy maw!

The shock was so great that although for a week afterwards I ate scarcely any suppers or luncheon, made but indifferent breakfasts, and at dinner never tasted a mouthful of meat, nothing in fact but fish, soup, poultry, and pudding, I was seized with a fit of indigestion, and compelled to take a trip into the country to recruit my spirits and appetite.

This country excursion forms an important chapter in my life, for it contains my only love affair. Before I left my father's, Ellen Meadows and I had, to use a country phrase, "made faces at one another." She was the object of my first love, and returned my passion. Her father was wealthy, and wished a richer son-in-law than I then could ever hope to be. While in the sunshine of my uncle's favour I had however written to Ellen—my glowing epistle was answered affectionately. Her father then saw that my passion was disinterested, and therefore sanctioned my addresses. When, therefore, I was discarded by my uncle, it was to Ellen that I flew for consolation.

It was night when I arrived at old Meadow's. Supper was laid when I entered, and I confess that I felt disappointed, that it did not present me with the means of making my evening meal as hearty as my welcome. In short I made the unpleasant discovery that I was about to form an alliance with a family who were very moderate eaters.

But if provisions were scant, good will was abundant. I received great kindnesses, but somewhat attenuated, meals. Ellen was all love, while I

"Was all for love, and a little for my stomach."

To use a homely phrase, my visit was spoiled by my receiving all kisses and no bread and cheese. In the latter respect it commenced inauspiciously. Alas! it ended no less so.

One evening, one fatal evening, Ellen and I started for our usual stroll. The weather was most enticing, and, seduced by its beauty and lost in sweet converse and amicable discussions upon our future arrangements, we unconsciously strayed farther from home than we intended, and it was only the rapidly approaching twilight which called our attention from the sweet subject of our thoughts. To remedy our error we determined upon returning home by a more direct, but less familiar path. The consequence was, we missed our way, and did not reach the house without great difficulty, and then not until the supper tray had been removed, and the family had become alarmed at our absence.

Our arrival, however, quieted all fears, and we had to pay the penalty of our carelessness by being made the butts at which the whole family aimed their jokes. Ellen was disconcerted by these sportive missiles of the brain, and declined supper. As I was in love (although sentiment of any kind always sharpens my appetite), I felt bound to follow the line of conduct marked out for me by my innamorata, and therefore, although as hungry as a hunter, I pleaded fatigue, and said, "No supper,

thankce." It was the first time I ever did so, and depend upon it, it shall be the last. Well does the poet exclaim, "*Sine Baccho et Cerere frigit Venus*," and well did he understand his author who translated this splendid passage—"Without bread and cheese and celery Venus a'nt worth a fig."

At length the hour for retiring arrived. I withdrew to my chamber, jumped desperately into bed, but not, alas! to rest. Fatigue bade me sleep—I dozed and dreamed, and my dreams reflected my waking thoughts and wishes:—

"Hogsheads of honey, kilderkins of mustard,
Muttons and fatted beeves and bacon swine!
Herons and bitterns, peacock, swan, and bustard,
Teal, mallard, pigeons, widgeons, and, in fine,
Plum-puddings, pancakes, apple-pies, and custard,"

floated before me in ideal banquets, which I was prevented from participating in, by awakening at the very moment when a well-filled plate was placed before me.

The gnawing sensation at my stomach at length got so annoying that I determined the cravings of nature should be satisfied; and that hunger, which it is said can break through stone walls, should break through the stone walls of etiquette and propriety, and that I would find out the larder and satisfy my desire for food. This resolution once made, I panted for the pantry, and cautiously and stealthily did I wend my way thither, guided by the light of a bright harvest moon.

I reached it in safety, and was already in anticipation revelling in its savoury stores when the loud bark of Jowler, the house dog, startled me, and I determined to effect a speedy retreat.

This resolution was confirmed by the approach of my canine enemy, the growing loudness of whose bark showed too clearly his increasing appropriquity. I fled—but in my flurry mistook my room, burst into that of the cook-maid, who had sprung from her bed at the summons of the trusty mastiff, and was received by her with astonishment and open arms, and retained by her, in the supposition that I was a felon, until Jowler flew to her assistance, and fixing his fangs in the calf of my left leg, held me fast in this most embarrassing situation, as a spectacle to the whole family, who speedily drew nigh to the scene of confusion,—

"Some armed with rapiers and with rush-lights some."

All my protestations and those of the ministering Priestesses of the Cuisine could not disabuse the minds of the spectators from the idea of intrigue. Old Meadows accused me of baseness—Fanny upbraided me with perfidy and libertinism—the cook was ordered off at daybreak,—and I beat my retreat by the six o' clock London coach, and sought consolation for my misfortune in my conscious innocence and a most super-excellent breakfast.

I now determined to renounce all ideas of matrimony, and to be contented with bachelor's fare for the rest of my life. To procure this in its most agreeable shape, I resolved to enter the —— club, of which several of my acquaintances were members. But here again my evil destiny pursued me.

All the forms of proposing and seconding me prescribed by the regulations of the club had been duly observed ; when, by way of ensuring my election, I gave a dinner party to some of the most influential members, a day or two preceding the one which was to decide the question of my admission or rejection.

The dinner was of the best,—admirable in quality—abundant in quantity. I begged my guests to do it justice, and I myself set them the example. They enjoyed themselves, and so did I—I never made a heartier dinner in my life.

Judge then, gentle reader, of my horror and disgust at finding, on the day of election, that these very friends had in consequence of this display of my gastronomic powers *black-balled me* ! and this too, as they themselves avowed, for no other reason in the world *than that the club could not afford to dine a man with my appetite for the regulation price of two and three-pence* !

ASTROLOGY.

THE ancient sage, who glauc'd above,
And mark'd the worlds that circling move

Upon the boundless sky,
Oft deem'd in them he read the fate,
The joys or horrors that await
Man's present and his future state—

His constant destiny !
Silent, indeed, those orbs roll on,
Silent they rove the heav'ns upon,
And silent track their way :—
But as the eye may glance along them,
A mighty tale is read among them—

Deeds of the future day !
Nor less they bear unto the sense
The truth of God's omnipotence !—
Though silent as to human tone,
To us th' Almighty do they own :—
To us his praises do they tell—
The praises of th' Invisible !

CLASSICAL VARIETIES.

By E. H. BARKER, Esq.

I. 'ΑΔΥΝΑΤΟΙ—*Persons maintained from the Poors' Funds.* The following account of the *Poor-Laws* of the Athenians is from an old *Lexicon*, published by Bekker in his *Anecdota Græca*:—"Ἀδύνατοι οἱ μέρος τι βεβλαμμένοι τοῦ σώματος, ὥς μηδὲ ἐργάζεσθαι, οἱ καὶ ἐχορηγοῦντο τὰ πρὸς τὸ ζῆν παρὰ τῆς πόλεως, μισθοφορούντων αὐτοῖς τῶν ἐν τοῖς τριῶν μνῶν περιουσίαν κεκτημένων. ἐδοκιμάζοντο δὲ οἱ ἀδύνατοι ὑπὸ τῆς τῶν πεντακοσίων Βουλῆς, καὶ ἐλάμβανον, ὥς μὲν Λυσίας λέγει, ὀβολον ἓνα, ὥς δὲ Φιλόχορος, πέντε, Ἀριστοτέλης δὲ δύο ἔφη. "They who were maimed in body, so as to be incapable of work, were provided with the means of subsistence at the expense of the city, the richer class contributing a fixed proportion; the senate of *Five Hundred* decided on the claims of relief, and those who were entitled to relief, received, as Lysias says, one *obolus*,—as Philochorus says, five,—and as Aristotle says, two." It appears from the interesting *Oration* of Lysias περὶ τοῦ Ἀδυνάτου, that *those who could not find employment*, as well as *those who were unable to work*, were entitled to an allowance from the Poors' Funds. See REISKE's *Oratores Græci* 5, 738. F. A.

II. ἈΜΙΑΝΤΟΣ, *amianthus*, 'amiant;' undoubtedly that species of *asbestos*, to which the term is still applied; of a fibrous texture, somewhat resembling flax, and hence it was used by the ancients for making their *linum asbestinum*, in which they wrapped the bodies of the dead, before they were committed to the funeral pile. In modern times cloth and various other textures have been manufactured from it. The *perpetual lamps* of the ancients contained, as it has been suggested, wicks of *amianthus*, constantly supplied with oil. See *Agricola* and *Cleaveland*. F. A.

III. ἈΝΘΡΑΞ, *carbo*, "common charcoal," never applied to *carbo fossilis*, "pit-coal," as has been represented; the proper meaning of *carbo* in Latin is "a piece of burnt wood." Theodorus, the celebrated Samian architect, according to Diogenes Laertius, strengthened the foundations of the Temple of Ephesus, which were laid on marshy ground, by putting coal, ἄνθρακος, underneath, which of course means *charred timber*, as *fossil coal* would not have answered the purpose. *Charcoal* is a great antiseptic, and by *charring* the timber, its vegetative properties are destroyed, and its durability is insured; piles are for this reason often *charred*, before they are driven into water. The *fossil coal* is mentioned by Theophrastus, but not by Pliny,—as a *mineral*, not as *fuel*,—as λιθάνθραξ, *stone-coal*, of which there are many varieties, all consisting, in a great measure, of *charcoal* and *bitumen*.

IV. ἈΡΡΕΝΙΚΟΝ, or ἈΡΣΕΝΙΚΟΝ, *Orpiment*, the *yellow sulphuret of arsenic*; according to the most approved analysis of it by Klaproth, it consists of 52 parts of *arsenic*, and 38 of *sulphur*; the

σανδαράκη is *realgar*, red sulphuret of arsenic, and, according to the same authority, contains 69 parts of *arsenic*, and 31 of *sulphur*. Cleaveland states that *realgar* melted with *sulphur* produces *orpiment*; and *orpiment*, combined with an additional quantity of *arsenic*, is converted into *realgar*. F. A.

V. "ΑΣΣΙΟΣ ΛΙΘΟΣ, *Assian*, or *Flesh-consuming Stone*, much used by the ancients in their *sepultures* from its property of consuming the *flesh* of bodies, which it is said by Pliny to effect in forty days; it was also supposed to be possessed of *petrifying* powers. Modern authorities differ about it; Sprengel thinks that *soda* and *alum* were its principal ingredients, and indeed Dioscorides and Galen, who state that it is formed from *sea-water*, confirm the conjecture. F. A.

VI. "ΑΣΦΑΛΤΟΣ, *Bitumen Judaicum*, "Jews' pitch," named from a Lake in Judæa; it consists principally of *bituminous oil* and *charcoal*. Klaproth supposes it to be the principal ingredient in the *Grecian fire*; the walls of Babylon were of brick cemented with *ασφαλτος*. The *πισσάσφαλος* was not so hard as *ασφαλτος*, and of a more pleasant smell. F. A.

VII. "ΗΛΕΚΤΡΟΝ.—Bochart *Hieros.* shows that the ancients applied this name to three very different substances; 1. the *crystalline stone*, i. e. *crystallized quartz*; 2. *metallic compound of gold and silver*; 3. *amber*. Most ancient authors consider *amber* to be an exudation from poplars, and many modern naturalists account for its origin by supposing that it once proceeded from certain trees. Theophrastus and Lucian, however, seem to have held it to be a native fossil. Almost all the writers of antiquity speak of its being produced on the banks of the *Po*, (*Eridanus*), and to account for this mistake it has been supposed that their earlier authors applied the term *Eridanus* to the *Rhine* as well as the *Po*. In a late Number of the *Edinburgh Review*, 119, 111, a new conjecture is adverted to, namely, that the *amber* was conveyed by land from the Baltic to the head of the *Adriatic Gulf*, and hence the fabulous *Eridanus* with its *amber-weeping trees*, was identified by the poets with the *Po*. This conjecture is confirmed by the account of the origin of *amber*, given by Pliny and Solinus. F. A.

VIII. ΚΥΑΝΟΣ, *Cyanus*.—This term is applied by the ancients to the gem now known by the name of *Lapis Lazuli*; 2. the *κύανος αέροφυς* of Theophrastus is the *mountain-blue*, or *blue carbonate of copper*; 3. the *κύανος αέροφυς ἔχων ἐν ἑαυτῷ χροιοκόλλαν*, seems to be the *mountain-green*, or the *earthy green carbonate of copper*: see Agrioola and Kidd. It deserves to be mentioned that the *ἀπέρνιος* of Dioscorides and Galen, *Lapis Armenius*, was the same, or nearly the same as the first of these. The *κύανος* of Homer appears to be the second, or *mountain-blue*. 4. Aristotle mentions a *bird* called *κύανος*. F. A.

IX. ΚΥΚΛΟΣ and ΚΥΚΑΙΚΟΙ.—What things are done *καθολικῶς*, are said by the Greeks *κύκλῳ ποιῆσαι*, as *κύκλῳ διδόναιν ταῖς*, i. e. *καθολικῶς*, "to teach the whole circle of the sciences," beginning with grammar. So physicians say, *κύκλῳ θεραπεύειν*, when they omit no remedy, proceeding from the smallest to the greatest. So Calus *Iast.* 1, 2. "Circulo servos manumittere in testamentis." So the author of the *Μακρόβι* *Ἰλις* began his poem from the twin-egg of Leda, and brought it down to the destruction of Troy, i. e. treating the his-

toxy κύκλῳ, and hence the poem was called Κύκλος by the Grammarians, and is always so called by the Scholiast of Aristophanes. In Themistius *Analyt. Post.* l. p. vi. we have: Εἰ δὲ λέγεται καὶ ἐπὶ τινὰ κύκλος, ἀλλ' οὐκ ἐφ' αὐτὰ κύκλον ἐπολαβεῖν τὸν γεωμέτην ὁ τοῦ κύκλου λόγος. Cysius is so called by Horace *de A. P.* because he wrote κύκλῳ τὰ Ἰλιακά, i. e. from the twin-egg, and because the poem was called Κύκλος. Horace has the same meaning, when he says,

"Nec circa vilem patulumque moraberis orbem."

For by *orbem* he means κύκλον,—by *patulum*, that the subject is treated κύκλῳ, is handled κατὰ πλάτος, at large, diffusely,—by *vilem*, that it is the part of a plebeian mind to discuss common topics κατὰ πλάτος καὶ παχέως, instead of selecting the main points, and bringing into view the less obvious, but striking peculiarities. Jos. C. Scaliger's *Opuscula Varia*, 1610. 4to. p. 415.

X. ΠΑΨΥΡΟΣ, *Papyrus*.—"Surgit Nilotica silva sine ramiis, nemus sine frondibus, aquarum seges, paludum pulchra cæsaries, virgultis mollior, herbis durior, nescio qua vacuitate plena, plenitudine vacua, bábula teneritudine spongeum lignum, cui more pomi robur in cortice est, mollicies in medullis, proceritas lenis, sed ipsa se continens, fœdæ inundationis pulcherrimus fructus." CASSIODORUS.

XI. ΠΝΥΧ, ΒΗΜΑ.—"The *Pnyx* was part of the surface of a low rocky hill, at the distance of a quarter of a mile to the west of the central rock of the *Acropolis* (at Athens), and at about half that distance to S. W. of the centre of the *Areopagus-Hill*. The *Pnyx* may be best described as an *area* formed by the *segment* of a *circle*, which, as it is very nearly equal to a *semicircle*, for the sake of conciseness, we shall assume to be such. The *radius* of this *semicircle* varies from about 60 to 80 yards. It is on a sloping ground, which shelves down very gently toward the hollow of the ancient *Agora*, which was at its foot on the N. E. The *chord* of this *semicircle* is the highest part of this slope: the middle of its *arc* is the lowest; and this last point of the *curve* is cased by a *terras-wall* of huge polygonal blocks, and of about 15 feet in depth at the centre: this *terras-wall* prevents the soil of the slope from lapsing down into the valley of the *Agora* beneath it. From its being thus consolidated, and, as it were, *condensed*, (*πυκνωμένη*), by the upward pressure of these massive stones, the *Pnyx* derived its name. This massive wall is probably coeval with the birth of oratory at Athens. The *chord* of this *semicircle* is formed by a line of rock vertically hewn, so as to present to the spectator, standing in the *area*, the face of a flat wall. In the middle point of this wall of rock, and projecting from, and applied to it, is a solid rectangular block hewn from the same rock. This is the *Βῆμα*, or *Rostra*, from which the speakers in the assembly of the *Pnyx* addressed the audience, who occupied the *semicircle area* before them. The *Βῆμα* looks towards the N. E.; that is, toward the ancient *Agora*. Steps are hewn on either side of this *Rostrum*, by which the speaker mounted it; and at its base, on the three sides of it, is a tier of three seats cut from the same rock. This was the place provided for the public assemblies at Athens in its most glorious times. (J. Pollux 8, 132, well describes the *Pnyx* as, *Χωρίον κατεσκευασμένον κατὰ τὴν παλαιὰν ἀερότητα*), and nearly such as it was then, is it seen now. The Athenian orator spoke from

a block of bare stone; his audience sat before him on a blank and open field." REV. C. WORDSWORTH'S *Athens and Attica*, 1836, p. 64.

XII. ΠΡΩΤΟΚΩΛΟΝ, *Protocol*.—Κῶλα, *schedæ*, "sheets;" hence the first sheet, in binding a book, was called *πρωτόκυλον*, in which was the stamp or mark to distinguish the place where the paper was manufactured. So in Martial, *ἔσχατοκύλιον* means "the last sheet" or "page:"

*Spectas ἔσχατοκύλιον, libelle,
Nec summa potes in scheda teneri,*

where the vulgar reading is *ἔσχατοκυλικόν*. Κῶλον, then, is "a member of a sheet," *schedion*; from it the *charta Pergamena* were called *membranae*, as the Greeks say *σωμάτια καὶ τόμοι*. JOS. C. SCALIGER'S *Opuscula Varia*, 1610. 4to. p. 50. Much matter on this word occurs in the very learned commentary of Salmasius *ad Historiæ Augustæ Scriptores*, but the book is not at hand, and we can only state our general impression from memory, that he considers the word to be *πρωτοκόλλα*, but still referring to the binding and beginning of a book. The word *protocol*, thus Classical in its origin, was first introduced into the English language from the Russian tongue, (as we suspect,) by the late Marquis of Londonderry during the diplomatic discussions after the downfall of *Buonaparte*, in the metaphorical sense of "a first draught" or "minute of proceedings." We remember that Lord Holland, in the House of Lords, when the papers respecting the negotiations were laid on the table of their Lordships, expressed his surprise, and indulged his mirth, at the mention of the word *protocol* as a strange novelty; but his Lordship might have been better reconciled to the word, had he known that from whatever tongue it was fetched, it claimed a *Classical* origin. We may remark, for the benefit of English lexicographers, that the word *Borough-monger* was first introduced by Sir Francis Burdett about the year 1812. He was speaking of his first appearance in the House of Commons; his guardians had made a bargain for a seat with the Duke of Newcastle, who liked to do what he willed with his own property in boroughs; and after having spoken of this disgracefully corrupt traffic in boroughs, by way of greater emphasis, called them *borough mongers*, and thus fixed their title among the friends of free election.

XIII. ΤΕΧΝΙΚΗ.—Crates, Aristophanes, Nicander, Callimachus, Apollonius Rhodius, Chrysippus, and others, divided *grammar* into three parts:—1. Τεχνική, which relates to the *elements*, and to *syntax*; 2. Ἱστορική, which relates to the *mythology* of the poets, to *descriptions* by orators and historians, and to *places, mountains, and rivers*, &c., mentioned by them: 3. Ἰδιαιτέρα, which penetrates into the more hidden recesses of *wisdom*, distinguishing between the *spurious* and *genuine* verses of the poets, correcting *errors*, assigning to their *proper* authors verses, which have been attributed to those who did not write them, *revising* and *examining* the poets, orators, philosophers, &c. and therefore called Κριτική, deriving its name *ἰδιαιτέρα*, "peculiar," not from its office, in respect to the *grammatical* art, as in the other two departments, but because this province of the art belongs to the few, and not to the many among philologists, and because it handles, not all and any, but only the noblest writers.

As the ancient Romans divided each of the four parts of the year into three other parts, (see Junius's *Nomenclator tit. de Temporibus*, p. 324,) saying of the spring, "*Ver primum, adultum, præcipitatum*," so also they rightly wished the φιλόλογος to reach by those gradations the highest point of excellence in philology. In the first department, the most distinguished writers among the Greeks were, Herodian, Trypho, Apollonius Alexandrinus; among the Romans, Scaurus, Donatus, Cæsar, and Pliny the Younger. In the second department, Hyginus, Palæphatus, Stephanus, and Cæsar excelled. In the third, which was the noblest of all, and truly worthy of a philosophical mind, these were the most celebrated Greek writers,—Crates, Aristophanes, Aristarchus, who was therefore generally called Κριτικός, (and whose authority decided on the genuineness of Homeric verses, as Calliopius in respect to the *Comedies* of Terence,) and among the Romans, Varro, Sisenna, Ælius Jurisconsultus, and others. An ancient tragedy was called the *Achilles of Aristarchus*, because it was corrected by him. JOS. C. SCALIGER'S *Opuscula Varia*, p. 409.

XIV. ΓΕΛΟΣ, *Glass*.—As far as I know, Aristophanes is the earliest writer who makes mention of *glass*, *Acharn.* 74. It is mentioned also in the *Timæus* of Plato. The *glass* of the ancients was made from sand, soda, and flint. It must have been in very general use about the Christian æra, and afterwards; for we find Dioscorides giving directions to keep certain medicines in *glass-vessels*, and Actuarius commends *pots de chambre* of *glass* as facilitating observations on the urine. It further appears from Lactantius *de Opif. Dei*, c. 8, that *glass* was likewise used in windows, and accordingly *glass* has been found in the windows of many houses in *Pompeii*. 2. The term was also applied to *rock-crystal*. F. A.

XV. ΧΡΥΣΟΚΟΛΛΑ, *Chrysocolla*.—Dr. Kidd states that there were two substances to which the ancients gave the name of *chrysocolla*; the one an artificial preparation made use of in soldering other metals to gold,—the other, a native carbonate of copper, called *malachite*. The latter is called common *copper-green* by Jameson. See *Agricola de Nat. Foss.* 592, and *Cleveland's Mineralogy*, p. 570. Pliny 33, 29, describes the mode of preparing the artificial *chrysocolla* from copper, soda, and the urine of a boy. It therefore bore no resemblance to the modern *borax*, (*borax sodæ*,) except that it was used by the ancients in soldering in the same manner as the latter is by the moderns. F. A.

XVI. ΨΥΧΗ.—"The verse,

Ἡμῖν μὲν ψυχῆς ἔτι τὸ πνέον,

is translated by Porcius Licinus, an ancient poet,

'Aufugit mī animus, credo, ut solet, ad Theatimum.'

He has only changed the boy's name, which in the Greek is Κηφισσός,

Ὅτε δ' αὖ εἰς Κηφισσόν;

So we read. If Gellius *N. A.* 19, 9, who compares the Latin and Greek poets, had known the fact of the translation, he would never, in extolling the genius of the Latin poets as compared with the Greek, have produced a piece, which claims Greece for its origin. JOS. C. SCALIGER'S *Opuscula Varia*, p. 464.

DEATHS OF SCIENTIFIC TRAVELLERS SINCE 1830.

WE cannot, without pain, reflect on the number of individuals who have distinguished themselves for a zeal in promoting knowledge, and in their ardour became victims. Many have died of late in foreign countries, where they went to make researches for extending our knowledge of the various branches of philosophy. Some died from the various influences of the climate, or by plague prevalent at their destinies, or upon their routes; some from fatigue and incident hardships, some by accident, and others have been drowned inland or by shipwreck. We will here enumerate the names of several who have been lost to science since 1830 :—

M. M. Beyrich and Frank* died in South America. The former had completed his journey over the Brazils; and the latter was enriching our country and his own from the Flora of the Ohio; his collections of specimens were exceedingly abundant. M. Schiede, an indefatigable collector in the Mexican Flora, died in Mexico of typhus fever; Mr. Drummond in the island of Cuba; M. M. Zippelius and Van Raalten in the Moluccas; M. Brocchi died at Dangola, in Nubia; and M. Raddi in Egypt; another eminent person died of pestilence in Cairo. M. M. Michaelis, Berger, and Decker, all naturalists of Bavaria, became victims to malignant fevers; the first two in Greece, and the other in Palermo. M. Jacquemont, after travelling during three years across the high plateaus of Asia and Hindostan, ceased to exist when at Madras, and at the moment he was to have returned to Europe. M. M. Mertens, Eschholz, and Rengger, after having nearly traversed the known world, died from long endured fatigues, almost immediately after their return home; and the same fate befel M. Montbrett, who had visited the oriental countries. Several died by accident :—Mr. Sellon was drowned in the river San Francisco; the enterprising M. Bertero was shipwrecked on the Atlantic; Mr. Douglas, who discovered in California, and brought away from thence, many beautiful plants now flourishing in Britain, fell into a pit in the Sandwich Islands, designed to entrap wild beasts, and was there killed by a wild bull, which was ensnared soon afterwards; M. Van Hasselt lost his life in nearly the same manner—he was trampled to death by a rhinoceros; lastly, Mr. Allan Cunningham was murdered by savages in the interior of New Holland, during the expedition of Major Mitchell—it is conjectured from the informations procured upon the subject, that the unfortunate travellers had all erred in their courses, and separated; that they must have wandered in the wilderness for several days, and then, enfeebled by fatigue and want, yielded to a troop of natives.

* The present list is adapted from the scientific annals of the university at Munich.

ECONOMY OF THE MONTHS.

DECEMBER.

Approach of Christmas.—The Queen at Windsor.—The Castle, and its ancient festivities.—Victoria's predilection for the House of Russell.—The Pimlico Palace.—Recollections of the departed great.—St. Nicholas.—The Immaculate Conception.—Buonaparte.—Richelieu.—Algernon Sidney and Martial Ney.—The Duke of Wellington.—Pius VI.—Washington.—Charles XII.—Gustavus Adolphus.—St. Lucy.—St. Thomas.—Mr. Addington and Buonaparte.—Oliver Cromwell and James II.—Ancient and Modern Whigs.—Lord Strafford and Charles I.—Holy Innocents.—Christmas Eve and Christmas Day.—St. Stephen.—Horse-bleeding.—Boxing Day.—The Queen and the Drama.—St. John the Evangelist.—St. Sylvester.—Victoria's first Parliament.—Views of Ministers.—Woodcock Shooting.

"CHRISTMAS is coming!" That peace, and joy, and happiness may be its universal concomitants, is every good man's prayer.

We rejoice exceedingly that our young, and lovely, and beloved Queen has determined on passing her Christmas at Windsor Castle, the regal and time-honoured hall of her ancestors—the only palace in the empire worthy of the residence of a king or of a queen of England. Windsor—Old Windsor—was honoured with a palace by our Saxon kings. Full many a joyous revel has been there. Edward the Confessor kept his court in the ancient palace, which was occasionally inhabited by our sovereigns till the early part of the twelfth century. Henry the First, for the first time, passed his Christmas at the Castle (which, though built by the Conqueror, owes its magnificence to Edward the Third) in 1105; and his Easter in 1107. Again, at the Christmas of 1096, under William Rufus; and again at the Christmas of 1212, under King John, the royal structure rang with the sounds of princely mirth and revelry. In 1563, Elizabeth, in all her pomp, and pride, and power, and gorgeous display, celebrated the national festival of St. George at Windsor Castle. How dear, how deservedly dear, the noble structure was to our last three sovereigns, George the Third, George the Fourth, and William the Fourth, must be full in the recollection of most of our readers.

Her present Majesty, Victoria, is said to have been little satisfied with the Pavilion at Brighton. A palace on the sea-shore without a marine view, or even a distant glimpse of the ocean! Monstrous anomaly! Yet, if report speak with the voice of truth, she will revisit Brighton next year; having, to supply the deficiencies of the Pavilion, engaged the Bedford Hotel for her own special delectation, that she may, at pleasure, behold "the sea, the sea, the glorious sea!" Her selection of the *Bedford* arose, no doubt, from her Majesty's predilection for every thing reminding her of the house of *Russell*—or from some other cause. *Nous verrons.*

At all events, Victoria seems to have been glad to get back to London—back to Buckingham Palace. Yet, if she possess *true* taste, of which we find no cause for doubt, she must have been more glad to get to Windsor from Pimlico, than to Pimlico from Brighton;—glad to get away from the dark rooms of Buckingham Palace, with their low-pitched ceilings, without apparent support, and seeming as though they were about to fall upon our heads;—glad to escape from its harlequin-jacket suite of state apartments, where pillars and pilasters are

jumbled together promiscuously, without architectural or any other order;—where the fiery glare of porphyry contends with the sober tints of *verde antique*, and those again with the mild brilliancy of the golden-veined *lapis lazuli*—all fiercely contrasting, none chastely harmonizing with the other. Buckingham Palace and the National Gallery, noble triumphs of art, splendid specimens of Britain's architecture of the nineteenth century, what a pity that ye cannot be gazed upon and admired, side by side! "Sure such a pair were never seen!"

Touching are the recollections of Windsor and its Castle! The royal vaults—Henry the Sixth—Edward the Fourth—Henry the Eighth—Queen Jane Seymour—the Charleses.

"Let softer strains ill-fated Henry mourn,
And palms eternal flourish round his urn.
Here o'er the martyr-king the marble weeps,
And, fast beside him, once fear'd Edward sleeps.
Whom not the extended Albion could contain,
From old Belerium to the northern main,
The grave unites; where ev'n the Great find rest,
And blended lie the oppressor and th' oppress."

And the Georges, and William the Fourth; and, in the Chapel royal, that gem of modern sculpture, Wyatt's monument to the memory of the Princess Charlotte of Wales—*once*, alas! the cynosure of every eye. What an ice-bolt to the hopes of the nation was the hapless death of that woman—that young, that lovely, that almost worshipped woman!

Then, of another order of interest, Elizabeth's Picture Gallery—the Room of Beauties,—of beauties admired, beloved, and adored in their day! and, though last in the order of time, *not least* in the exalted estimation of the patriot and of the lover of art, the Waterloo Gallery, in which the honours of that unforgotten field live, and will live as long as canvas and colour shall last. For the origin of this proud national monument we are indebted to George the Fourth—for its extension, to his royal brother and successor, William. The very sight of this glorious assemblage might suffice to convert cowards into heroes.

But saints demand attention as well as kings and queens, princes and princesses, beauties and soldiers.—First, then, of St. Nicholas, the patron saint of children, of virgins, of mariners, of the Dominican monks, of the Muscovite Laplanders, of the Russian empire, &c. His festival is on the 6th of December. When an infant himself, he was so pious, that upon Wednesdays and Fridays he could never be prevailed upon to receive the natural nutriment of the breast. When two children had been murdered, cut into pieces, salted, and put into a pickling-tub with some pork, the guilt was revealed to the saint in a vision. The saint prayed to the Almighty that he would both pardon the murderer and restore the poor children to life. The saint had hardly finished his prayer, when the mangled and detached pieces of the two youths were, by divine power, re-united, and, perceiving that they were alive, threw themselves at the feet of the holy man, to kiss and embrace them; "but the bishop (Nicholas was then bishop of Myra) would not suffer their humiliation, but exhorted them to return thanks to God, gave them good advice and his bless-

ing, and sent them in great joy to prosecute their studies at Athens. He was accustomed to throw stockings with marriage portions, into young ladies' chambers;—subsequently, it was customary, in the nunneries of the Continent, for the young nuns to place on the eve of St. Nicholas each a silk stocking at the door of the apartment of the lady abbess, with a piece of paper enclosed, recommending themselves to "Great St. Nicholas, of her chamber;" that the next day they were called together to witness the saint's attention, when they never failed to find the stockings filled with sweetmeats, &c., with which they made a general feast. Charles III. of Naples instituted an order of knighthood, called the Argonauts of St. Nicholas; in England, even, numerous churches, at the most ancient sea-ports and elsewhere, were placed under his protection, and enriched by offerings from mariners, fishermen, merchants trading beyond sea, &c.; and in the coffins of their deceased relatives, the Laplanders place little images of St. Nicholas, as one of the most able and strenuous advocates of the dead.

Talk of this being a scribbling age—of this being an age prolific in literature! Why, comparatively with the past, it is sterile as the plains of Arabia Petræa. In an early age of the Romish church, one author alone, Peter D' Alva, published forty-eight folio volumes "On the Mysteries of the Immaculate Conception of the Holy Virgin," whose festival is celebrated on the 8th of this month. She herself, we are told, was *conceived* and *born* without *original* sin. William Godwin has a remark somewhere, to the effect that a man does not write a book upon any given subject because he may happen to be acquainted with the subject, but that he understands the subject because he has written a book upon it. There is more truth in this proposition than might be at first surmised. Now, of course, Peter D'Alva, after the production of his forty-eight folios, understood his subject well—had become thoroughly initiated in all the mysteries of the immaculate conception! This might be exceedingly amusing, were it not at once grossly impious and disgusting. According to vague tradition, it was Anselm, archbishop of Canterbury, who first instituted this feast, "in the year 1070, upon occasion of William the Conqueror's fleet being in a storm, and afterwards coming safe on shore." The legends of the Romish church respecting the Holy Virgin are filthy and abominable. Amongst others, the following are titles by which the Holy Virgin is addressed:—Empress of Heaven; Queen of Heaven; Empress of Angels; Queen of Angels; Empress of the Earth; Queen of the Earth; Lady of the Universe; Lady of the World; Mistress of the World; Patroness of the Men; Advocate for Sinners; Mediatrix; Gate of Paradise; Mother of Mercies, &c.

Again, for a moment, the lofty ones of the earth must become our theme, for the month of December is big with the fate of kings, and statesmen, and heroes.—On the 2nd of December, 1804, thirty-three years ago, Buonaparte, the greatest and the bloodiest of modern conquerors, achieved the imperial crown. Where is he now! Seventeen years afterwards, he died, a prisoner and an exile; and, his

mushroom dynasty extinguished throughout Europe, his bones were left to rot in obscurity in the distant Isle of St. Helena.

On the 4th, that wily Frenchman, Cardinal Richelieu, the Talleyrand of his day, will have reposed with his ancestors 195 years.

"Can storied urn, or animated bust,
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can Honour's voice provoke the silent dust?
Or Flattery soothe the dull cold ear of Death?"

The 7th of December, 1683, is recorded as the day on which the patriot, Algernon Sidney, lost his head on the block; the same day of the month, in 1815, that on which Marshal Ney, honoured in history as "the bravest of the brave," was shot.

"How loved, how honoured once, avails thee not,
To whom related, or by whom begot;
A heap of dust alone remains of thee;
'Tis all thou art, and all the proud shall be!"

Brave as were his deeds of arms, Ney *was* a traitor. How senseless was the outcry raised against the duke of Wellington, for not interposing between him and his fate. Had Wellington done more than he did, he would have been a traitor to his own honour, and to the cause for which he had fought.

On the 9th, Washington, the rebel chief, the republican stickler for liberty, the practical and personal patron of slavery,—for he never granted the manumission of even his own old faithful nurse,—will have been dead eight-and-thirty years. If Washington were indeed a great man, which history has yet to show, he was great by force of circumstance alone. The death of Major André will prove an eternal blot upon his escutcheon—a blot which every laboured effort to remove renders but the more inveterately indelible. Five days after Washington, died Pope Pius the Sixth, of "blessed memory."

On the 11th, a greater man than Washington,—a truer hero,—a higher-minded patriot, mad though he was deemed and may have been—Charles XII., of Sweden—will have mingled with his native earth 119 years. He was killed before the fortress of Fredericksball, in Norway. Voltaire has recorded his exploits. One of his illustrious predecessors, Gustavus Adolphus, the champion of religious soundness of principle, and of all that is noble and true in the character of man, as prince, soldier, legislator, or private citizen,—Gustavus Adolphus, who fell at the battle of Lützen in 1632,—is at length likely to find an excellent and a more faithful biographer in Major Sherer, the gallant follower in arms of the duke of Wellington, of whose heroic acts he is also the historian. It is not a little remarkable, that at the very time when such a work is in preparation, we should learn that a carpenter in Leipsic has purchased, at a high price, the lofty poplars which have hitherto ornamented the spot on which Gustavus Adolphus fell. The wood is to be wrought up into fancy relics of the hero. How many are the modes devised for conferring a little temporary immortality upon mortals!

A panoramic change of subject invites. St. Lucy, whose festival stands for the 13th, may be said to have been the victim of love, or

rather, perhaps, of love turned to hate. She was born in Syracuse, and affianced by her mother to a man of rank; but the young lady, it appears, had previously taken a vow of perpetual celibacy, and she in consequence divided her wealth amongst the poor. This so exasperated her quondam lover, that he denounced her to the heathen authorities, and she was condemned to an offensive punishment. We are told, however, that God rendered her immovable, consequently, she was "blessed by dying in prison, in the year 304." Why, we know not, but, in popish countries, St. Lucy is invoked by persons afflicted with distempers of the eyes; and she is usually depicted with her eye-balls lying in a dish; emblematic, according to some, of her having been deprived of sight while in prison.

The festival of St. Thomas falls on the 21st, the shortest day, and, consequently, the longest night of the year. By our Saxon ancestors, the *longest night* was held in especial veneration. Terming it *Mother Night*, and regarding it as the *mother* of all the other nights, they dated from it the commencement of their years. They also held it as a festival in honour of Thor, one of their greatest and most powerful deities, in whom, as they believed, was vested the supreme command of the elements.

St. Thomas, or the Twin, preached the Gospel to the Medes, Persians, Cananians, Hyrcanians, Bactrians, Ethiopians, and Indians; amongst the last of whom he suffered martyrdom at Meliapour, where he was pierced through the body with a lance, in the year 73, and was buried in the church which he had caused to be erected in that city. These facts appear to be extremely well authenticated. When Marco Polo was travelling in India in 1269, he was informed that the body of St. Thomas was deposited in Meliapour; his actual remains were found there in 1517; and, in 1522, his bones, and the lance with which he had been pierced, were removed, by the Portuguese, to Goa. In all pictorial representations, St. Thomas appears with a lance, in remembrance of the mode in which his life and sufferings were terminated.

We recollect an ingenious parallel having been drawn between Mr. Addington (afterwards Lord Sidmouth) and Napoleon Buonaparte. Might it not be an equally amusing effort to institute a comparison between Oliver Cromwell and James the Second?—the former a canting, sanguinary, regicidal hypocrite; a king in every thing but the name;—the latter, an honest-hearted, weak-minded, Roman Catholic bigot. Cromwell was proclaimed Protector on the 16th of December, 1653,—one hundred and eighty-four years ago; five years afterwards, he died the death of the little, and the mean, and the poor in spirit; so detested became his memory, that his carcass was not allowed to rest in its grave; and *his* mushroom dynasty, like that of Napoleon, has perished from the face of the earth.—James, the Bigot, fled from his country on the 23rd of December, 1688, expelled, as it were, by the Whigs—hurled from his throne, and condemned to perpetual exile for his adherence to that form of religion which the *soi-disant* Whigs of the present day are indirectly straining every nerve to restore.

Lord Strafford was weakly allowed to perish on the scaffold on the 28th (the festival of the Holy Innocents), 1680. This was the darkest moral and political offence of which Charles Stuart was ever guilty;

and deeply, even to his last moment, did he lament its perpetration. Strafford, whatever fate he might have deserved at the hands of the nation, was a "good man and true" to his royal master. Charles was unfortunate even from his birth: he was the victim of education and of circumstance; all his virtues—and he had many and great ones—were his own; all his faults and failings ought to be laid at the door of his father.

According to the calendar of the Greek church, and to the liturgy of the Abassides, in Ethiopia, 14,000 children were slaughtered by order of Herod, king of Judea, on the 28th of December. Macrobius asserts, that one of the sons of the tyrant, then at nurse, fell a sacrifice with the other children; an incident which induced Augustus Cæsar to remark, that "it were better to be Herod's dog than his son." According to the fancies of our forefathers, the day of the Holy Innocents, or Childermas-day, was one of most unlucky omen. The coronation of Edward IV. was put off till the Monday, because the preceding Sunday was Childermas-day; none would marry on that day; and it was thought not lucky to put on a new suit, to pare the nails, or to commence any undertaking on Childermas-day.

Of the innumerable customs, rites, and ceremonies, religious and superstitious, relating to Christmas-eve and Christmas-day—the latter at once the holiest and most joyous of our festivals—it is here unnecessary to speak. They are known by tradition, and are described in thousands of volumes accessible to every one. To illustrate them farther would be a fitting task for the antiquary rather than for one who merely endeavours to glance at "coming events," and to "cast their shadows before." St. Stephen, one of the boldest and most unshrinking champions of Christianity, and the first martyr to its faith, was stoned to death by the Jews on the 26th of December, as it is believed, about the year 33. There was formerly a notion, regarded by many as altogether superstitious, but seeming not to be without good sense at the bottom, that, to gallop horses till they were all over in a sweat, and then bleed them on St. Stephen's day, would prevent their having any disorders for the ensuing year. Tusser, in his "Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry," says:—

"Yer Christmas be passed, *let horse be let blood,*
For many a purpose it dooth them much good;
The day of S. Steeven old fathers did use."

But, he quaintly adds,—

"If that do mislike thee, *some other day chase.*"

The *rationale* of the affair appears to be this:—"About Christmas is a very proper time to bleed horses in, for then they are commonly at house; then spring comes on, the sun being now coming back from the winter solstice, and there are three or four days of rest; and if it be upon St. Stephen's day it is not the worse, seeing there are with it three days of rest, or at least two." The custom is considered to have been of Danish origin.

The 26th of December is also important to many, under the designation of Boxing-day. Brand's account of the origin of Christmas Boxes,

derived from "The Athenian Oracle," vol. i. p. 360, is, perhaps, as satisfactory as any that can be obtained.—"The Romish priests had masses said for almost every thing. If a ship went out to the Indies, the priests had a box in her under the protection of some saint: and for masses, as their cant was, to be said for them to that saint, &c., the poor people must put something into the priests' box, which was not opened till the ship's return. The mass at that time was called *Christmass*; the box called *Christmass Box*, or money gathered against that time, that masses might be said by the priests to the saints to forgive the people the debaucheries of that time; and from this, servants had the liberty to get box-money, that they too might be enabled to pay the priest for his masses, knowing well the trick of the proverb, 'No penny no Pater Nosters.'

"Boxing Day" brings us, as a matter of course, to theatrical revelling of all sorts—tragedy, comedy, opera, farce, melo-drama, pantomime, spectacle, &c. We are not altogether without hope of a new era commencing in the prospects of the drama. That the Queen has evinced a determination to patronise the theatres, is subject of high congratulation; for, as it has been justly observed, the people—the people of *England*—are never more in their glory than when in the presence of their sovereign at a place of public entertainment. George the Third dearly loved the theatre; so did George the Fourth in his early days; and, that advanced age, indifferent health, and perhaps want of taste in the histrionic art, should have prevented William the Fourth from participating in the enjoyments of the mimic scene, must have been regarded as one of the causes of recent deterioration in the national drama. At the theatre, the countenance of royalty—of a young, and beautiful, and beloved queen, more especially, entering into all its attractive and fascinating charms—sheds joyous light around, and operates as a healthful and exhilarating stimulant to loyal devotion, to patriotic energy, to all the best and noblest feelings of our nature. And it will also give a new impetus to dramatic effort. It is not that the ancient spirit is extinct that we excel not in the field of dramatic literature:—the power is alive, but dormant from the absence of salutary impulse.

The 27th is the festival of St. John the Evangelist, the son of Zebedee and Salome, and the nominal brother of Christ. This was the apostle who sat next to our Lord, and who leaned on his bosom at the last supper. It was to the "Seven Churches" which he established in Asia that he addressed the Book of the Revelations. He is said to have been brought from Asia to Rome about the year 90, by order of Domitian, and cast into a cauldron of burning oil, from which, however, he miraculously escaped unhurt. This event, formerly commemorated on the 6th of May, gained him the honour of martyrdom. He died at Ephesus, aged ninety-four, in the year 100. "The feast of St. John is thought to be celebrated the second from the high festival of Christmas, on account of the pre-eminent love of our Saviour towards that holy apostle."

St. Sylvester, whose festival falls on the last day of the year, was a Romish priest of much reputed learning and sanctity, who succeeded to the papal chair on the death of Melchiades, in the fourth century. Tradition relates that he had the honour to baptize Constantine the Great, St. Peter and St. Paul having descended from heaven to persuade

the emperor to submit to a repetition of that rite, Eusebius, bishop of Nicomedia, who had already performed that sacred ceremony, "having been an Arian, and, of course, a heretic."

Queen Victoria opened her first parliament on the 20th of November in a speech from the throne so ingeniously devised as to defy the utmost skill to extract from it one particle of meaning. Her Majesty, however, delivered the nothings which had been set down for her with a distinctness and purity of enunciation, and a grace of elocution, not to be surpassed.

Ministers, with an ingenuity equal to that which they had exercised in concocting the royal speech, have contrived to shroud their prospective views upon all great subjects in impenetrable darkness. One thing, however, is palpable: there is a decided split between the Whigs and the Radicals—the Russellites and the Wakleyites.

We hope to find a little woodcock-shooting, a sport which commences at the end of the year, infinitely more pleasant than an attention to parliamentary duty.

"O COULD I HEAR THAT VOICE AGAIN!"

O COULD I hear that voice again,
Which once so listless I could hear,
Not e'en a seraph's lofty strain
Could make such music to my ear!
O could that smile its warmth impart,
Which once e'en coldly I could meet,
What ecstasy would thrill my heart,
That light of love and truth to greet!

But now, alas! regrets are vain,
And tears no healing balm can yield;
Thou art beyond the reach of pain,
Where woes of earth are ne'er revealed.
This thought a holy transport gives,
Though from my stricken heart must flow
A tide of grief while memory lives,
And gloom surround my path below.

Could we but measure by the past
The value of the present hour,
And cherish joys too bright to last,
As the soft light the tender flower,—
How many pangs of keen regret,
How many bitter tears were spared;
And, though the sun of joy were set,
The peace of resignation shared!

MONTHLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE.

HISTORY.

A Home Tour through Various Parts of the United Kingdom. Also, Memoirs of an Assistant Commissary-General. By SIR GEORGE HEAD, Author of "Forest Scenes, &c." One Vol. 8vo. pp. 350. Murray.

THIS is a pleasant and interesting volume, full of sprightly anecdotes, agreeable incidents, and vivid descriptions. It is dedicated to the author's brother, Sir Francis Bond Head, Bart., lieutenant-governor of Upper Canada, "as a sincere testimony of regard." The first part of the book is devoted to the Isle of Man, Guernsey, Scotland, and Ireland; the second, to the biographical memoirs of the author. To the inquisitive stranger, the ramble through the Isle of Man will be found particularly amusing; and we ourselves can answer for the fidelity of the description of Guernsey; relative to which we shall favour the reader with the following remarks, extracted from the most interesting portion of the book:—

"The shores at the northern extremity of Guernsey are particularly low; so much so that, until a late period, a considerable portion of the country lay under water. On this spot may be seen the result of an interesting experiment, whereby the late Sir John Doyle successfully reclaimed from the inroads of the sea a portion of land previously overflowed, equal to upwards of six hundred statute acres, all which territory, at the present time, is under cultivation. Few instances exist of an equally important operation performed at so little trouble and cost, for the mound of earth thrown up for the purpose was judiciously placed, and the natural accumulations of sand and shingle still continue to render the work day after day more impregnable. A landed proprietor on the spot has taken advantage of localities in general, by maintaining a communication between the said reclaimed land and the ocean, to turn to account an experiment connected with natural history. By means of an open water-course passing from a small lake within, through the mound or sea-wall into the sea, and a strong iron grating on the inside, contrived to admit the ingress and egress of the tide, and to confine fish of moderate size within the lake, several sorts of salt-water fish have been by degrees subjected to the inundation of fresh water. Scientific people have faith in the result; and certainly here sea-fish have lived and thriven for weeks in succession, the sea being totally excluded by the sluice-gate, and the salt-water sufficiently diluted by fresh streams, to induce cattle to drink it without hesitation. Being introduced by a friend to the owner of the lake, the latter kindly ordered a couple of men to haul a drag-net across to gratify my curiosity, the water at the same time being so fresh as to be merely brackish. The wind unfortunately was so unusually high, that the haul was unsuccessful; the net, moreover, was lightly shotted, and the fish leapt clean over it into the water; wherefore, though I saw many, owing to their being thus disturbed, about half a dozen grey mullet only were brought on shore. From their size and condition, since they had lived here some weeks, one might fairly conclude that their nature, if not at first congenial, was reconciled to the fresh pasture; and I had a further opportunity, with reference to the same fact, of adding a word as to their firmness and flavour, having eaten of them the same day, and found them excellent at dinner. Besides the mullet afore-

said, turbot, plaice, and smelts, were denizens of the same domain, all in equally prosperous case, and healthy. Serious devastation, the proprietor informed me, was occasionally committed by fresh-water eels, that, large and ferocious, allured by exclusive society, and finding their way nobody knew how in the assembly, set to work on their arrival without favour or ceremony, and devoured natives and foreigners together."

In dismissing this work, we cannot but repeat the trite and hacknied recommendation of all reviewers—that the book will be most acceptable to a very large class of readers, and a valuable acquisition to every circulating library or private *bibliothèque* in those parts of the British empire where the English language is spoken.

The British Colonial Library. By R. MONTGOMERY MARTIN, F. S. S.
Vols. IX. and X. Whittaker and Co.

Vol. IX.—History of the British Possessions of the Honourable East India Company. Vol. II.

Vol. X.—History of the British Possessions in the Indian and Atlantic Oceans.

"THE British Colonial Library" is now completed, and affords a valuable little addition of ten entertaining and instructive volumes to the library of every amateur of general knowledge, to the historian, and the politician. What grand ideas does the perusal of this interesting publication awaken in the mind! If we can for a few moments divest ourselves of the reminiscence that British soldiers waded knee-deep in blood to extend the conquests and possessions of their country—if we can contemplate the wide theatre on which British valour has been tried, and where England has gained never-dying laurels—and if we can give the subject that consideration which policy, love of glory, and interested motives may suggest, without reference to humanity, right, and justice,—then, indeed, is there a vast and stupendous range for the eye to run over. To imagine that a small and sea-girt tract of land, of insignificant extent and trifling internal resources, should, with such inadequate means, have gradually subdued and retained the greatest empire ever swayed by mortal man, is an idea at once grand and striking in the extreme. Napoleon dethroned and set up kings at will—with his victorious armies he subdued Europe, and reduced the most potent monarchs of the civilized world to the necessity of acknowledging his imperial sway—he made England tremble to her very centre, and its princes turn pale on their high seats—alike on the burning desert as in the fertile plains of Italy, did he render his name terrible, and raise for himself monuments of eternal glory—but Napoleon acquired not, nor did he rule over, so vast—so productive—and so populous an empire as that of Britain. The navies of England ride over ever sea; and if the English yield, in a military point of view, the palm to their Gallic allies, they unquestionably sway the sceptre of the seas.

The eighth volume of the "British Colonial Library" (which we reviewed in the last Number of the *Monthly Magazine*) was the first of "The British Possessions in India." We have now the ninth volume of the "Library," which is entirely devoted to, and forms the second volume of, "The History of the Possessions of the East India Company." Like its precursor, it is full of interest and instruction, more descriptive than argumentative—perspicuous, and well written. It chiefly treats of the English and Indian governments of Bengal, Madras, Agra, and Bombay—the military establishments, the marine, medical, and ecclesiastical institutions in the chief towns of India—the financial and monetary systems, the commerce, the press, the literature, and the general condition of British India. All these subjects are treated in a manner at once impartial and judicious; and invaluable must the volume

under notice prove to the young student at Addiscombe, or the cadet about to sail for eastern climes.

From one of the most interesting chapters we select the following extract:—

“The press—that mighty engine which has effected such an extraordinary revolution among the inhabitants of the earth, and which, by its powerful operations and almost unseen influence, prevents any just parallel being drawn between ancient and modern nations, is being extended with sure and certain steps in British India, unshackled by stamp duties, undepressed by taxes on paper or on advertisements, and unimpeded by penalty bonds and securities, devoid of all censorship, and practically free for every legitimate purpose which a good citizen can require. The state of the press will be seen by the following authentic and official returns. In Bengal, in 1814, there existed but the ‘Calcutta Government Gazette.’ In 1820 there were, in addition to the foregoing, the ‘Bengal Hurkaru’ (Messenger)—the ‘Indian Gazette’—the ‘Calcutta Journal’—and the ‘Monthly Journal.’”

Mr. Martin then informs us that, in 1830, there were no less than thirty-three periodicals in Bengal, their respective circulations varying from 700 to 175, &c. After this calculation, we are assured that, “in addition to the foregoing, several English newspapers and Journals have been established in the provinces,—viz. ‘The Meerut Observer’—‘Meerut Universal Magazine’—‘Cawnpore Examiner’—‘Cawnpore Omnibus’—‘Cawnpore Free Press’—‘Central India Free Press’—the ‘Delhi Gazette’—the ‘Agra Acbar’—the ‘Mofussil Acbar,’ &c. &c. Of the daily English newspapers, the ‘Bengal Hurkaru’ may be taken as an example; it is as large as the London ‘Morning Post,’ circulates now more than a thousand copies, has generally a page, if not more, of well-paying advertisements, and its cost (independent of postage) is twenty rupees a quarter.”

In taking leave of the ninth volume of the “British Colonial Library,” we hasten to make ourselves acquainted with the tenth, and last, which treats of the British possessions in the Indian and Atlantic Oceans; comprising Ceylon, Penang, Malacca, Singapore, the Falkland Islands, Saint Helena, Ascension, Sierra Leone, the Gambia, Cape Coast Castle, &c., &c. As usual, Mr. Martin takes a geological, geographical, and historical view of these various complements of the British Indian possessions, and throws much new light upon the subjects he handles. His account of the physical aspect—mountains, rivers, lakes, &c., of Ceylon—its ports, population, government, and commerce, together with *minutiae* of equal importance and interest, is unquestionably the finest portion of the book, and one that will most attract the reader. From the third chapter we extract the following passage:—

“That Ceylon was formerly extensively peopled is evident from the works and structures before alluded to, but it is apparent that the number of inhabitants has been declining for the last four or five centuries. An increase has now commenced in the maritime provinces, which had, in 1814, mouths 475,883; in 1814, 595,105; and in 1832, 698,611. Colonel Colbrooke states that the population, in 1824, was, in the southern or Cingalese provinces, 399,406; in the northern or Malabar districts, 195,697; and in the interior or Candyan provinces, 256,835; total 852,940. The returns from the maritime provinces are doubtless correct, as the village registers of marriages, births, and deaths, are kept as punctually there as in England; but having myself traversed the Candyan provinces more extensively perhaps than any European, I should think the estimate of their population is under rather than over the mark; it is to be feared, however, that the decreasing of the semi-barbarous inhabitants of this splendid region has scarcely reached its acme; perhaps it may now be considered stationary, as the comforts of the people are on the increase.”

Speaking of St. Helena, Mr. Martin has the following beautiful passage:—

“It would be foreign to my purpose, and beyond my limits, to enter into

any discussion on the question of the imprisonment of Napoleon at St. Helena; whether England had a moral right to detain him there, is by no means a settled point; still less so is the far more important question whether Napoleon's actions were calculated to benefit or to injure mankind. Granted, even, that Napoleon was a despot; let it, however, be remembered that he warred against tyrants who endeavoured to hold millions in bondage to the few, or against imbeciles who desired to retain the mass of their fellow-beings in slavish subjection to alleged hereditary rights. If he be accused of usurping sovereign power, let those who can appreciate his genius reflect that he was endowed with a capacity of soul for which this world was too limited, and that his towering mind could acknowledge no chief; nor let any man of talent forget that moral, mental, physical energy was never presented before Napoleon in vain—he elicited, encouraged, rewarded the brave, the high-spirited, the eloquent, and the studious; his presence was a stimulus to the greatest enterprises that man has ever undertaken, and thousands of gallant heroes cheerfully shed their precious blood in the hope of receiving the approving smile of Napoleon;—yet, more, let not the truly patriot Englishman forget that Napoleon too idolized his country; his very existence was centered in extending the glory and happiness of his adored France, whom he cherished as the most ardent lover does the first object of his choice."

A Succinct Statement of the Kaffer's Case, &c., in a Letter to T. Fowell Buxton, Esq., M. P. By STEPHEN KAY, late Missionary, and Author of "Travels and Researches in Caffraria." One Vol. 8vo. pp. 92. Hamilton and Adams.

THIS is an extremely clever essay on a subject that cannot have failed to interest the votaries of truth and philanthropy. The Kaffers have been treated as a blood-thirsty, rude, and barbarous nation; their territory has been invaded—their property seized—and themselves submitted to every degradation and cruelty that their masters could devise. But this is the usual system adopted by British colonists—witness the American war, and the unpardonable acts of barbarity committed by the English in the peninsula of Hindoostan. Mr. Stephen Kay's aim is, to show "that the true character of the Kaffer has been grossly misrepresented."

"Like the celebrated French traveller Vaillant," says Mr. Kay, "various visitors have indulged in the most glowing descriptions of this people, ascribing to them all the virtue of '*innocent children of nature*,' with little or no vice. This, as every one must know, who has studied human nature at all, and who gives any thing like due credence to the truths of sacred writ, is *altogether illusive*. The Kaffers are not only fallen creatures in common with ourselves, but decidedly heathenish, and exceedingly superstitious; and notwithstanding the proud self-respect, which, in many of their chiefs especially, often produces a noble bearing and apparent magnanimity of conduct, rendering them highly imposing to the eye of a stranger, they are universally and deeply depraved, and subject to the numerous evils of paganism as it exists in Caffraria."

Notwithstanding these *grave imputations* against the character of the Kaffer, we find that "our traders, notwithstanding the unrighteous, and even outrageous acts of individuals, have for years been permitted to go in and out amongst them unmolested, with very few exceptions; and out of *two hundred* of these, who, with their families (in many instances) appear to have been in Caffraria at the very moment the war broke out, two or three only were murdered. The natives had every opportunity for murdering many more, if so disposed, and certainly would have done it, had they been so *instinctively blood-thirsty*" as they are represented in the minutes of evidence given before the Aborigines Committee in 1835.

It is by such "startling facts" and rational arguments that Mr. Kay makes out his case, and proves to demonstration the necessity of "subjugating 'savage Africa' by justice, by kindness, and by the talisman of Christian truth," rather than by unjust and oppressive warfare, or similar compulsory means. With this opinion we fully concur; and, in so doing, strongly recommend the perusal of the pamphlet before us to all our readers; for the case of the Kaffers—to use Mr. Kay's own words—"involves not only the weal of the southern extremity of Africa, but the interests and honour of England."

Rise and Progress of the British Power in India. By PETER AUBER, M. R. A. S. 2 vols. large 8vo. W. Allen.

THE first volume of this excellent work was published some time ago, and was dedicated to his late Majesty. The second and concluding volume has just made its appearance, and is humbly inscribed to the Queen. It is the latter which we are about to notice.

Mr. Auber was late secretary to the Court of Directors of the East India Company; and in that capacity was enabled to collect much valuable information, and compile many original anecdotes, relative to the progress of the British warfare in India, the gradual extension of British power in that immense country, and the services of the most eminent statesmen and warriors who have in any way contributed towards the increase of British authority in the East. We accordingly find much interesting and instructive matter in this volume; particularly in those chapters which relate to the Pindaree war, the exploits of Holkar and Scindiah, and the conduct of the Marquis of Hastings, circumstances which, perhaps, form the most remarkable epoch in the history of the progress of English arms in India. The following anecdote is well calculated to illustrate Indian treachery:—

"Trimbuckjee Danglia, a menial servant of the Peishwah of Poonah, had ingratiated himself into favour with his master, and become the efficient prime minister, although Sedashed Munkaseir still retained that character. Repeated infractions of the treaty of Bassein had taken place whilst the Company stood in the character of arbitrator between the courts of Poonah and Baroda. The farm at Ahmedabad had been granted, with other lands, on a ten years' lease, from the Peishwah to the Guicowar; its renewal being an important object with the latter, a negotiation was opened for that purpose, and had reference also to the Peishwah's interest and direct influence in Guzerat. In order to settle these points, Gungadhur Shastry was deputed by the Guicowar to Poonah. The great evasion which he encountered determined him to return to Baroda, and to leave the points to be arbitrated by the British government. Every endeavour was made to induce the Shastry to relinquish this intention; the Peishwah and Trimbuckjee Danglia entirely changing their conduct towards him. The Peishwah even went so far as to propose that one of his daughters should be married to the Shastry's son. Deceived by these appearances, the Shastry abandoned his intention of quitting the Peishwah's court, and even consented to accompany his highness and Trimbuckjee on a pilgrimage to Nassick, and thence on a visit of devotion to Punderpore, leaving, at the earnest entreaty of the Peishwah and his minister, most of his attendants at Poonah. On the 14th of July, 1815, the Shastry went to an entertainment given to the Peishwah, and, on his return home, he complained of fever, and desired that if any person came to request him to go to the temple, they would say he was indisposed. In the course of half an hour, a message for that purpose came from Trimbuckjee Danglia: it was repeated three times. To avoid offending Trimbuckjee, he consented to go. Having been to the temple and conversed with Trimbuckjee, he proceeded on his return home, when he was attacked by five armed men, and literally cut to pieces. The Shastry's people, having searched for the 'bits of his body,' picked them up and carried them home!"

In the chapter which relates to the wars conducted against Tippoo Saib, the following curious annotation to one of the paragraphs occurs :—

"It was affirmed on the authority of M. De Moleville, Minister of Marine in France, and much in the confidence of the Royal Family, that early in 1791, a secret message was received by the King of France from Tippoo for the aid of six thousand French troops, he paying for their transport, clothing, and maintenance; Tippoo's object being to destroy the British power and supplant it by that of their great European rival. Wherefore should this statement be doubted? for within two years we see M. Allard, from Runjeet Sing, at Paris, it is true, in no *avowed* character of diplomacy, but as a general in Runjeet's service; we have also a mission from Oude, originally entrusted to a Colonel Dubois. This officer's questionable pretensions have led to the mission devolving on M. Friel. What messages, what instructions, may not have been entrusted to these parties?"

In dismissing Mr. Auber's excellent work, we cannot do otherwise than express our regret that too circumscribed limits preclude farther quotation: at the same time we strongly recommend its perusal to all our readers and literary friends, as a book instructive and amusing at the same time.

POETRY AND FICTION.

Rural Rhymes, &c. By G. T. MANNING. One Vol. 12mo. pp. 74. London: Printed for the Author.

The Odes of Anacreon, Translated, &c. By T. J. MANNING. One Vol. 12mo. pp. 94. London: Printed for the Author.

AMONGST no class of society does so great and uncompromising a jealousy prevail as in the republic of literary men. For this reason it is usual for reviewers and journalists to endeavour to crush the young aspirant at the commencement of his career, and place perpetual barriers in his path as he attempts to ascend the sides of Parnassus. But such is not our unkindly feeling nor our inglorious aim. We wish to see new recruits daily swelling the ranks of authors and literary men, in order to render the body more powerful, and give it additional consequence in the eyes of the world. Hence do we gladly hail the co-operation of fresh auxiliaries, and, so far from receiving their proffered services with coldness and indifference, we hasten forward to welcome their arrival.

A note, which accompanied the little volumes under notice, informs us that the author of "Rural Rhymes" is aged nineteen years; and the translator of "The Odes of Anacreon" sixteen. Curiosity, and the good feelings alluded to above, induced us to peruse the two books with more than ordinary attention; and we do not hesitate to say that the young authors evince a degree of talent unusual at their age, both in conception and execution, which it would be a sin not to cultivate. The touches of some revising hand are, however, visible here and there; but the young tree has not suffered under the pruning knife which robbed it of a portion of its exuberance. The younger is by far the more clever boy of the two, if we may judge by the respective specimens of their abilities before us; and in pronouncing this to be our decided opinion, we have neither judged hastily nor partially. There is too much pretension in the "Introduction" to the "Rural Rhymes;" and such a sentence as the following is ridiculous in the mouth of a boy of nineteen:—"If by this feeble undertaking a single individual shall have been amused, or, by the light in which they are shown, induced to trace back to natural causes those striking effects which have hitherto been considered as supernatural, it may not be presumptuous to say that this little volume will not have been without its use, nor its author without his reward." How much more modest and con-

sistent is the concluding remark of the younger brother's preface, stating that he will not speak of himself, nor incur the charge of presumption; but he will "rely wholly on the truth of the observation made by a celebrated essayist, that 'he who professes only an attempt, however unsuccessful, has a claim to candour and indulgence. Failure has ceased to be ridiculous, where presumption has not made pretensions, nor confidence anticipated success.'"

We deem it our duty to give a true and impartial opinion relative to the two effusions of these juvenile aspirants to literary fame; and in taking leave of them for the present, we do not hesitate to repeat the words we made use of above, and say that they are two very clever youths, of whom their parents or relatives may justly be proud. Let them however properly repress the ardour of a too vivid imagination; let them not entertain hopes too sanguine ever to be realized; let them continue more useful studies, for the present, than the mere cultivation of a poetic vein; and let them profit by those hints and lessons which their more experienced friends will doubtless see the propriety and feel it their duty to lay before them.

Anglo-Norman Poem on the Conquest of Ireland by Henry the Second, from a Manuscript preserved in the Archiepiscopal Library at Lambeth Palace. Edited by FRANCISQUE MICHEL. With an Introductory Essay on the History of the Anglo-Norman Conquest of Ireland. By THOMAS WRIGHT. 8vo. London: Pickering.

Anglo-Saxonica. Par M. M. P. DE LARENANDIERE et FRANCISQUE MICHEL. 1 and 2. Paris and London: Pickering.

IN these very neatly printed volumes we are presented with the more recent fruits of M. Michel's industrious researches in the wide and interesting field of Middle Age History and Literature. And we cannot but feel gratified by receiving such welcome additions to our literary stores from the hands of a gentleman who so perseveringly devotes himself to these, in a worldly sense, unprofitable studies.

The first volume is peculiarly interesting and attractive, as it presents us with an accurate copy of a poem which, though faulty in style and corrupt in its language, affords extremely valuable information upon one of the most important events which marked the reign of our second Henry—his conquest of Ireland; for the author, though anonymous and altogether unknown, received the history he relates from the mouth of one who had himself been intimately engaged in the expedition; and who was no less a person than Maurice Regan, interpreter to Dermot Mac Murrough, the king of Leinster.

The manuscript from which it is printed formerly belonged to Sir George Carew, who made a very incorrect analysis of it, which having been printed by Harris in his "*Hibernia*," has ever since been quoted in place of the original, and all its errors and misrepresentations repeated. One of these, relating to the authorship of the poem, will be a fair sample of the rest. All who have quoted it through Sir George Carew's version, have asserted that the history was originally written by Maurice Regan himself; whereas, the writer says expressly, the history which he gives was related to him by Maurice Regan. We think what we have stated, as to the nature of this poem, will justify us in the eyes of our readers for thanking M. Michel for having undertaken its publication, and the manner in which he has accomplished his task doubles the obligation. The introduction which Mr. Wright has prefixed adds considerably to the value of the book; which, being purely of a literary nature, and unconnected with that fruitful source of discord—Irish politics, presents, what we are inclined to believe, an impartial view of the state of Irish civilization at this early period, which is strangely at variance with the exaggerated and falsome descriptions of it, wherewith the great Agitator is

went to astonish the natives of "the first flower of the earth, and first gem of the sea."

"In spite of all which has been advanced to the contrary, we shall still continue to look upon the ancient Irish as a wild and barbarous people. Such were they found when the Romans entered Britain; such were they in the time of the Saxons; and their character was not better when the Anglo-Normans succeeded in establishing themselves in the isle. For ages they had infested, by their piratical depredations, the coasts of England and Wales; when, during the days of Saxon rule, a rebellious noble had been defeated in his projects, he fled immediately to Ireland to recruit his strength; and at its conquest, at the end of the tenth century, the country was full of English slaves, who had been purloined from their homes."—*Introduction*, p. vii.

Again:—

"At this uncivilized period, when an Irishman left his home for a short period, it appears to have been a common and necessary precaution to hide his wife in some corner during his absence. King O'Rourk selected for this purpose a secret place apparently not far from Tirbrun, which Giraldus calls 'insula quædam Mediæ,' a certain island in Meath; but his queen had already yielded to the importunities of Dermot; she invited him to enter 'Lethcoin' with a sufficient force, during the absence of her husband, and at Tirbrun he was encountered by her messenger, with information of the place of her concealment, whence—'rapta,' as Giraldus hath it, 'quia et rapti voluit'—she was carried away by Dermot to Ferns."—*Introduction*, p. ix.

That Mr. Wright possesses the learning and scholarlike acquirements necessary to give weight to his opinion, is seen not only in the Essay to which we have referred, but also in the 1st division of the second work, to which we are indebted to M. Michel's able editorship—the "*Anglo-Saxonica*;" and which division consists of a French translation by M. de Larenandiere, vice-president of the Geographical Society of Paris—of the very interesting article on the recent Progress of Saxon Literature in this Country, contributed by Mr. Wright to one of our distinguished contemporary reviews.

The second division of the work contains a bibliographical account of all the works which have been published on Anglo-Saxon literature—chronologically arranged—and also references to the various essays and papers referring to the subject, which have appeared in the various periodicals of England and the Continent, as also in the published Transactions of the various learned societies. This, it will be readily seen, is a work calculated to be of infinite service to any one who may be desirous of turning his attention to the language and literature of our Saxon forefathers; but this is not all—for to this, for which we are entirely indebted to the interesting inquiries and bibliographical research of M. Michel, is prefixed a letter by Mr. John M. Kemble, the learned Editor of *Beowulf*, confessedly the first Saxon scholar in this country—which contains not only a summary of the history of the rise and progress of the study of this interesting branch of the Teutonic languages; but also such hints upon the choice and value of the principal Saxon publications, and upon the manner in which the study of them should be commenced, as to render its perusal a prudent if not necessary first step towards acquiring any sound and well-grounded knowledge of the subject. Such publications as the one before us, and *Thorpe's Analecta*, will do much to encourage that taste for Saxon literature, which appears to be reviving among us; and which may perhaps, ere long, enable us to claim equal rank with the philologists of the Continent, in a knowledge of the early language of our father-land—a claim which it is much to be feared we can at present scarcely put forth with any degree of justice.

We now take leave, for the present, of M. Michel, with thanks to him for his valuable labours in the cause of mediæval literature. We shall shortly recur to this subject at greater length, when noticing his edition of the "*Curious Metrical Chronicle of Benoit de Sainte More*," and his "*Collection of*

Inedited Monuments, Illustrative of the early History of Normandy and England."

Thoughts on Religion. By an Under-Graduate of Oxford. 1 vol. 8vo. pp. 73. Sampson Low.

WERE it not for the meritorious aim, exemplified throughout the work which induced the author to commit his thoughts on religion to paper, we should have passed a severe philippic on the poem. Some of the ideas are good—but the poetry itself is much below *par*, although there be not any actual rebellion against the laws of metre and legitimate rhyme. There are, however, passages here and there which bear evidence to the interference of an occasionally revising and correcting hand. It is a pity that the whole did not pass through the same ceremony ere the volume was presented to the public.

In casting our eyes cursorily over the poem, we see no passage more calculated to illustrate the truth of our observations than the following:—

"For, Sin, thou art indeed a troubled sea
On which frail man embarks his destiny;
Toss'd to and fro beneath thy angry strife,
His heart desponding scarcely clings to life,
Were not his spirits buoy'd upon thy wave
By trust in Him who hath the pow'r to save.
His shipwreck'd hope may then be on the brink
Of fearful death—but still it cannot sink;
For in that faith, let ev'ry whirlwind sweep,
Christ yet again will bid the ocean sleep."

Here is a good idea embodied in language, and the language converted into a series of lines, that would shame a school-boy. The next extract we select is evidently one of the corrected passages:—

"Thou, too, Phœnician city of the isles,
Whom Fortune once hath favour'd with her smiles,
Rich in the golden store and purple vest,
With costly gifts from ev'ry nation blest,
Wast mighty, when before the prosp'rous gale
Thy Tyrian sailor spread his swelling sail!"

With regard to the sectarian principles of the work, they are purely those of the Church of England, and notwithstanding the faults we have noticed above, we are persuaded that the author of "Thoughts on Religion" is a man of some talent, and one who would produce a good prose work on theological matters.

Chelsea Hospital, and its Traditions. By the Author of the "Country Curate," "The Subaltern," &c. 3 vols. 8vo. Bentley.

THIS is the least successful, in a literary point of view, of Mr. Gleig's numerous works. It is composed of dry and uninteresting local details; and as it belongs to that class of books—or professedly does so—which are written expressly for the amusement of the reader, the author has completely failed in his aim. Not that the style is bad—for Mr. Gleig's style is always good;—nor that the language is ill-chosen—for Mr. Gleig's language is invariably correct and fluent; but the work, as we before stated, is dry and somniferous.

Mr. Gleig has lately been appointed chaplain to Chelsea Hospital; and he has fondly fancied that, as ghostly functionary in the establishment, he ought to be its historian also. *Hinc illa lacryma*—or rather, hence that useless and tedious string of descriptive anecdotes and elucidations which compose the two first volumes of the work. The third is somewhat more in Mr. Gleig's style, and more illustrative of his capacities. Want of space prevents our giving an extract.

RELIGIOUS.

Colloquies on Religion and Religious Education. Being a Supplement to "Hamptden in the Nineteenth Century." One Vol. 8vo. pp. 219. Moxon.

THE work under notice is a series of religious arguments, religious views, and speculations, developed through the medium of a dialogue between Messieurs Fitzosborne and Charles Bertrand. Fitzosborne meets with a German mystic at Cadiz, and the conversation that ensued between them awakens the thinking faculties of Fitzosborne. He returns to England, and is visited by his friend Bertrand, to whom he details his religious opinions. With this controversy, however, we shall not interfere; but satisfy ourselves by remarking that the book is well written, the style modest and unassuming, and many of the observations original and striking—particularly with regard to Walton, Paley, the "Bridgewater Treatises," Pestalozzi, Roger Ascham, &c. &c.

NURSERIES.

BE not alarmed, courteous reader, at that brief title, for we have no intention of treating you with a chapter on caudle-cups and pap-boats, or of winning the favour of your ears by—

"The pleasing prattle of the pretty plagues,"

as somebody says, under the influence of the most infantine inspiration.—How catching the vice of alliteration is! We have something more contemplative in view; and though December is not the time at which we can have the sensual enjoyments of vegetable beauty, it is the time for thinking of it, because of the contrast; and it is the time to begin our operations, if we are to make sure of this delightful enjoyment in the coming season. In the winter, we can toss and turn vegetable nature as we list, while at other seasons there is danger in the touch of any hand, save one of the greatest practical experience.

Every body loves a garden; garden or no garden, every body cultivates flowers; and the humblest window in the most obscure court, looks Spitzbergen without its sprig of the "fail-me-never" scarlet geranium—even though it grows in a broken jug or a spoutless tea-pot; and it must be admitted that, in softening the heart, refining the taste, and making us what we should be, the language of flowers is far superior to the language of philosophers. It does not indeed "take you by the ears" like a rabbit, and carry you to

"Lapland, Zembla, or—the Lord knows where;"

but it holds you by the eyes in hands of pleasure, and at the same time makes you think.

I—that is *we*—love to saunter in a nursery. It brings all the ends of the earth before you at once, not with the dull pot-hooks and formal circles of the map—as if it were a globe in a cabbage-net, but in the most lovely types of their living beauties; and as all nurseries are free to the eyes of the public, and, by being so tabooed to itching fingers, I often enjoy my propensity. In the course of this enjoyment I have seen much to admire and something to regret: the dearest flowers, and shrubs, and fruit-trees, cultivated in the best manner; but all in the dull hum-drum way of trade, without one atom of taste or attention to propriety or congruity of effect. Now, the place where one can obtain a plant, should of itself, and without any words on the subject, point out how that plant may be placed to the proper advantage, and of this the nurseries of the old school give not the slightest idea. Feeling thus, I

have often thought what an advantage it would be to have a nurseryman in the close vicinity of the metropolis, who should combine the highest practical skill in the growth and management of every sort of plant, with the genuine feeling of scenic beauty, and the art of imitating it so that it should not seem like art at all.

Last season, I think I found such a nurseryman, and I rest the thought on the best of all evidence—his works. I allude to the Kensington Nursery, one of the most proximal to the fashionable drives and promenades, and the fashionable end of the town, and therefore one in which the display of taste is especially desirable. I had often been in the same before, and the plants were always of the best sorts and in fine condition; but, except for mere mercantile purposes, they were out of place—adorning nothing, and nothing adorning them. At that time there was nothing save a business entrance; but now, a vista opens from the public road, almost opposite to the Royal Gardens, and invites one in so winning a way that, if time will at all permit, it is not easy to pass by. The most elegant shrubs, the most lovely flowers, and a succession of caves and shells on pedestals, all in the purest taste, render the place quite an optical feast. Then the perfect order and cleanness of the borders and beds; and the vigour of the plants, as if they were running a race as to which should be the finest. Every thing in fruit, in shrub, and in herbaceous plant, for the open ground, the shelter of the green-house, or the heat of the stove, is there, up to the very last importation from any part of the globe.

This delightful display naturally led me to inquire by whom it had been conjured up. The inscription runs thus:—"Richard Forrest, nurseryman, seedsman, and florist to her Majesty," &c. &c.; and, judging from the appearance of things, her Majesty has been most judicious in this appointment, there being something in the general air of the place which no ordinary nurseryman could reach, as well as something in the details which none could exceed. I naturally felt a desire to know something of this same Richard Forrest, who can blend the landscape gardener and the practical grower in such harmonious perfection. Upon enquiry I found that he has been a cultivator almost from his cradle, and that there is not one department of the art in which he has not had ample experience, the results of which are recorded in some of the noblest examples of ornamental design and successful execution in this kingdom. Born at Dalkeith, where his father was a nurseryman and florist, he very early in life was placed under the tuition of Mr. Macdonald, the very talented horticulturist to the Duke of Buccleuch, whose labours in promoting his favourite art are well known. Thence he went to the Royal Gardens at Kew, and finished his professional education under Mr. William Aiton, with full benefit of the study of all the plants in the royal collection. While yet but a youth Mr. Aiton recommended him to Earl Grosvenor (now the Marquis of Westminster), for whom he executed the gardens and pleasure grounds at Eaton Hall, where, in the course of six years, he converted a marsh into a paradise. After this he planned and executed, for the Duke of Northumberland, the magnificent improvements at Sion House, where the gardens and grounds are not surpassed, and the rack work and conservatory are unequalled.

Mr. Forrest's talents and acquirements were, however, too great for being permanently devoted to any one place; and therefore, when the works at Sion were perfected, he offered his services to the public, first as a landscape gardener and designer of works, and secondly, as the same and a nurseryman and florist jointly. In these capacities he has already designed many ornamental works for public purposes; among which we may mention the Great Western Cemetery of London; and the Zoological Gardens at Bristol, at Cheltenham, and at Manchester, the first of which has an arboretum containing every tree which will stand the English winter in the open air.

The advantage of having a practical man to plan and execute such works rather than a mere draughtsman and theorist is obvious, as he can make the works look as well on the ground as on paper, and make sure that the whole will thrive and increase in beauty. All our most successful improvers on the great scale have been practical men; and what Watt and Tredgold were in Mechanics, and Rennie and Telford as Civil Engineers, the same does Forrest bid fair to become as a horticulturist.

The following list of flowers, seeded in the Kensington Nursery, will show that Mr. F. is equally alive to beauty and to novelty:—*Bartonia aurea*—*Calendrinia discolor*—*Eutoca viscida*—*Godatia rubicunda*—*Leptosephon androsaceus*—*Limnanthes Douglasii*—*Lupinus*, finest sorts—*Nemophilla aurita*, insignis, &c.—*Sanvitalia procumbens*—*Platylemon Californicum*—*Tropæolum*, best varieties—*Aster*, beautiful quilled Turkey—*Datura*, fine sorts—*Spomia*, fine sorts—*Petunia*, fine sorts—*Phlox drummondii*—*Podolipes gracilis*—*Schizanthus Grahamii*, true—*Zinnia elegans coccinea*—*Zinnia aurea*, and other fine sorts—*Clintonia pulchella*—*Didiscus cœruleus*—*Schizopetalon Walkerii*—*Pentstemon*, best sorts.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA FOR NOVEMBER.

THE season of song is fast approaching. Those of the profession who have been visiting their 'country cousins' have returned to their old quarters in our modern Babylon, and many of the foreign artistes, who court us for our money and laugh at our *gaucheries* and bad taste, have returned to gather a harvest richer than can be gleaned elsewhere. Every where among the lovers and professors of musical science may be noticed a bustle and energy—a busy hum of preparation giving promise of a good and successful season. May such promise ripen into performance!

Mr. Mitchell, of the LYCÆUM, who—nothing daunted by the ill success of his speculation during last season—has sent forth his programme and actually come into the field, demands our first attention. In the September number of this Magazine the opinion of the writer respecting the merits of the Opera Buffa performances and the director's choice of operas was so fully expressed, that we need here only mark our preference of such as Mozart, Cimarosa, Paesello and Cherubini to those others whom M. Benedict "delighteth to honour." We cannot, at present, discover any thing in the bill of fare just set forth by Mr. Mitchell and his associates to induce any change of opinion; but we shall be most willing to accord him all fitting praise for what can be conscientiously approved in these performances. The season, which began on the 16th of November, was opened with Donizetti's *pretty* opera, "*L'Elisir d'Amour*,"—the plot of which we shall do well to repeat in the words of the gentleman who reviewed it last year.

"*Adina*" (Madame Franceschini), a country coquette, trifles with the affections of her devoted lover, the rustic "*Nemorino*" (Catone), and by way of playing him off flirts with a smart serjeant, "*Belcour*" (Bellini) who is quartered in the village. "*Nemorino*," in despair at her apparent preference of the son of Mars, applies to a mountebank doctor, "*Dulcamara*" (F. Lablache), for a love-potion, which is not to produce its effects till after a day has elapsed. Meanwhile the disciple of Esculapius bids him appear indifferent to the attentions lavished on "*Belcour*" by his mistress. This nonchalance exasperates her, and she consents to marry the serjeant, a proceeding which drives the unhappy peasant to distraction. In order to obtain the means of purchasing a second draught of the elixir, he enlists with "*Belcour*." "*Adina*," moved by his distress, repurchases his contract of enlistment, confesses her affection, and a rich old uncle of "*Nemorino*" having died à-propos, the play ends to the satisfaction of all parties, except the soldier.

The pretty and unpretending music of this opera is well performed, except by the chorus, who seem not yet to understand their parts, and do little credit to the conductor (M. Lejeune). Of the individual and principal performers we must speak briefly. Catone has improved in appearance, and at the same time has strengthened and mellowed his voice since we last heard him. His formerly disagreeable falsetto is no longer needful, owing to this accession of power and sweetness; and we are not far wrong, when we assign to the Catone of 1837 a very high place among the tenor singers of Europe. That simple but beautiful song, "*Una furtiva lagrima*" in the second act of the *Elisir d'amore* is quite a sufficient trial of any tenor singer's abilities. Catone succeeded quite *à merveille*. Bellini has also considerably improved since last season; and nothing could be more perfect than his personation of the bluff soldier. He and Catone were most warmly applauded and encored in the duet, "*Ai perigli della guerra*," at the commencement of the second act. Young Lablache made his *début* as a stage singer in the character of the quack-doctor. His voice, with which the concert frequenters were already familiar, is a fine, clear, and deep barytone, which promises in time to be of as large compass as that of his father:—he has, besides, a very correct ear and a pure, well-cultivated taste. With these requisites he needs only practice to enable him to attain a high degree of perfection as a vocalist. As an actor, too, he has met with deserved success:—he has a good deal of native humour and plays with energy and animation. Excepting always his inimitable father, he is the best buffo in England. His opening song, "*Udite, udite*," was admirably sung and acted; and so was his duet with Adina, "*Una tenera occhiatura*," which was loudly and deservedly cheered:—but he was inexpressibly droll and amusing throughout the opera. Madame Franceschini is the prima donna of the *Opera Buffa*:—and truly we cannot compliment Mr. Mitchell on his acquisition, for it is difficult to conceive any one less fitted for so arduous and responsible an office as that of first woman singer in an Italian opera. Her voice is strong enough,—God knows; but it is so harsh and exhibits so few symptoms of good training or natural taste, that we despair of any improvement by time or practice. How much did we prefer the charming Blasis, whose voice and style of acting were so beautifully in consonance with the character of Adina! Of the other characters it is not requisite to make mention; but of the whole *corps operatique*, we may be allowed to observe that not one of them seems to understand that the voice should be at all less loud than if required to fill the largest *salle* in Europe. The noise occasionally is perfectly terrific,—and it is only surprising that the refined ears of M. Benedict do not detect this monstrous scandal on good taste and science.

Since writing the above we have seen Rossini's "*Italiana in Alghieri*," which has introduced Madame Eckerlin and M. Sanquirico to the notice of the subscribers: but as our remarks on this opera would extend to some length, we must, in justice to other houses, defer it till next month.

The patent theatres next require a notice; and we may observe *in limine*, that the conduct of the two managers offers a striking example of contrast. Macready at COVENT GARDEN continues to evince his real love for the legitimate drama, for the productions of men, whose names are written in golden letters on the records of our literature, and he exhibits these splendid works with all those aids and embellishments of appropriate scenery and historic costume which are best calculated to heighten the attraction for men of sound discretion and good taste. This happy adaptation of means to ends was especially remarkable in "*Othello*" and "*Macbeth*,"—especially in the latter, whose music (by Matthew Lock and King) was admirably performed by the whole vocal strength of the company. Mr. Bunn, with all his empty boastings, cannot approach his rival in the getting up of this drama;—and, in making this comparison, there is no need to contrast the two representatives of *Macbeth*, who so essentially differ both in merit and character. It is to be hoped that the various gentlemen, who have enlisted under Mr. Macready,

will not thwart or impede his plans by their own selfish views and dogged opinionativeness. There has been too much of this in late years, and it would be easy to mention twenty instances, in which the casts of excellent plays have been absolutely ruined by the whims of second and third-rate actors. This must be reformed, or all hope of resuscitating the drama must be abandoned. Of the novelties that have appeared at Covent Garden we select two for notice—premising that the rest are not worthy any at all. The most important is Mr. Hullah's new opera, "the Barbers of Bassora." That it has met with any very signal success cannot be said,—and we regret this failure the more, because the musical composer has exhibited very great talent in executing his share of the work. The vocal parts are beautiful; and the music throughout is pretty and elegant, though not grand or noble. How Hullah could think of wasting his music on a piece, whose plot and dialogue have not a tittle of merit and convict the writer of gross ignorance and folly—we are quite at a loss to conceive. The plot—equally stale and silly—hinges on the circumstance that one of two rival barbers becomes a grand vizier, and, by this assumption of dignity, triumphs over the other and gains his daughter in marriage; but the absurdity is so palpable throughout, and verges so much on buffoonery, that we can only wonder, how the manager could allow the opera to be put into rehearsal.

The other new piece to which we would call attention is young Morton's new farce of "the Original,"—and it is only justice to say that we cannot conceive any better *care for the heart-ache* than this very laughable extravaganza:—we have seldom seen a piece so replete with genuine fun and drollery. This farce, like every other that we ever saw or heard of, has a love-story for its foundation, and a couple crossed in love for the hero and heroine—this said pair being as insipid and uninteresting as can possibly be conceived. *Mowbray* and *Emily Lukewarm*, the aforesaid insipid hero and heroine have—the former an impetuous, blustering uncle *Colonel Detonator* (Bartley), the latter, a timid, nervous, and inanimate father (Meadows); and these respectable relatives seem determined to thwart their plans,—and from this meritorious scheme they are only led aside by the frolics and whimsicalities of *Jack Nonpareil* (Vining), who makes a capital go-between for both parties—but of course in behalf of the lovers. By persuading one of his deafness and the other of his dumbness with a drollery of assurance quite *impayable*, he succeeds in cutting off all communication between them; and this enables him to obtain their separate consent to the marriage, which ends the piece. The contrast of the stormy Colonel with the quiet Sir Jacob, so admirably drawn out by the racketty Nonpareil, forms the chief attraction of the piece, and certainly the characters could not have been placed in better hands than in those of Messrs. Bartley, Meadows, and Vining, who all played *con amore*,—felt themselves and carried the feelings of the audience with them all along to the end. This is true acting. We have seldom received greater pleasure from so short a trifle as "the Original."

At DRURY LANE Mr. Bunn has brought forward a vast variety of the four-footed beasts of the creation with the laudable intention of convincing the public that quadrupeds are much better fitted for the stage than such bipeds as Macready, C. Kean, Farren, &c., uttering sounds created by such other bipeds as Shakspeare, Beaumont and Fletcher, Otway, Byron, Miss Mitford, Colley Cibber, Sheridan, Reynolds, &c. &c. The success of *CARACTACUS* (which, by the way, is a miserable adaptation by Planché of Beaumont and Fletcher's *Bonduca*) has sufficiently proved that mere gew-gaw, tinsel, and bombast with the accompaniment of horses, asses, and camels without number are not calculated to draw large houses of the play-going public. That there are some good speeches and poetical passages in Mr. Bunn's *rifaciamiento* cannot be denied; but as a whole, it is decidedly a dull and languid affair—feebly supported by the biped comedians, and not redeemed from ruin

by the more able powers of the clever quadrupeds who fairly put human nature out of countenance: Balfé's music is the worst that we have heard from him—and we trust that he will repent. It would be very easy to furnish our readers with the plot of "*Caractacus*;" but, as we assign to it a station not higher than that of Ducrow's melodramas, it is scarcely necessary that we should trespass on so much of our space to give any further explanation. Managers' orders can and do fill the house; but it is very certain that the treasury-gentlemen look very blank on the day appointed for squaring the theatre's accounts. When Mr. Bunn ventures on another *spectacle*, he must be more prudent. He can get up any of Shakespeare's plays in splendid style, and ensure crowded houses at a tithe the expense of "*Caractacus*." How long will this insanity endure? It is to be hoped that some advice will be given or authority exercised to prevent any future misapplication of the Drury Lane funds. The Lord Chancellor, in short, must issue his writ *de lunatico inquirendo*. The manager, however, has lately shown some signs of returning sensibility by kindly and considerately—in consequence *solely* of Mr. Otway's début as Hamlet—transferring this mouse-lion to the approbation or disapprobation of the half-price gentlemen and ladies. Of their verdict we have no report.

The representative of the Royal Dane requires no word of comment from us. His name will, we think, never be enrolled among those who honour the mimic art.

OLYMPIC.—Passing over in silence a poetic comedy, entitled "*Hugo Bambino*,"—which after all is merely an old friend with a new face, and not worth a second introduction,—we proceed to notice the two pieces most distinguished as the novelties of the month, namely, "*A dream of the future*" and "*Carlo the watch-dog*," both of which are capital in their way. Some notion of the former may be obtained by those acquainted with "*Victorine*," of which it is an excellent English adaptation. It is from the pen of Mr. Charles Dancer, whose execution of his work deserves the highest praise. The plot is briefly as follows:—Two sisters have two suitors,—that of *Honorio* (*Vestris*), being a bashful, but highly-principled medical student, yclept *Peregrine Midmay* (C. Mathews), whose diffidence is despised rather than respected by his wayward mistress,—while the lover of *Georgiana* (Miss Lee) is an unprincipled trifler sporting with the affections of two ladies at a time, and seeking to destroy the happiness of both. Vining plays the fop *Lovelock* with great spirit. The dream takes place on the return of the ladies from a ball whither they had been conducted by their respective lovers. Sleep overtakes them while engaged in conversation over the dressing-room fire:—the changes of their dreams are expressive of the future destinies of the characters. *Honorio* has become a dissatisfied card-playing old maid, while her bashful lover, now risen to wealth and repute as a physician, looks coldly on the worn-out coquette who spurned his youthful passion:—*Georgiana* has been wedded to a scoundrel who sinks with age into the most disgusting character of a roué and debauchee equally hated and despised by his wretched and deluded wife. The vision of course arouses the ladies to a sense of their folly, and they are thence led to adopt that course of conduct which is most consonant with their interests and happiness. *Lovelock* is discarded:—*Honorio* gives her hand to the bashful student. Of the above play, whose plot we have just sketched, all the stage-arrangements are remarkable for that perfect propriety and elegance, which are to be seen in no other theatre in London. The dressing-room was so comfortably and tastily set out, that one could almost fancy oneself enjoying a tête à tête with its fair occupants,—and the developement of the dream was managed in such style as to give an idea of being in a theatre conducted by magic rather than by the ordinary agency of mortal beings. Nothing could be more perfect, either as respects acting or scenery. Of Madame Vestris and her juvenile coadjutor and admirer Charles Mathews, we need not say a

word:—both seemed to have caught “a grace beyond the reach of art.” Vining, with his own natural conceit, played the fop to the life, and F. Mathews, the guardian of the young ladies, amused the audience in the absence of his wards and their lovers with the display of his predilections for the bottle. This piece is a decided hit and will have a long run.

“Carlo the watch-dog” is an amusing trifle turning on the freaks and follies of an idiot *Carlo* (C. Mathews), who, out of mere charity, has been allowed in a dog-kennel belonging to a château in France. He is, in fact, the real owner of the château, but dispossessed of it by the effects of the revolution, during which his father had been beheaded. To ascertain whether the idiot is the real son of his father or not is the object of the subordinates in the piece:—Mathews’s personation of the half-mad, half-cunning Carlo, forms its chief and only interest. It is a poor affair on the whole; and without C. Mathews, could not have survived the first night. As it is, it can only have a very brief existence.

Passing over ST. JAMES’S, where an ill-judged parsimony seems to be mistaken for true economy, and where nothing can be seen except what is got up at the very lowest rate—and *par consequence* of the very lowest quality, we must say a few words on the ADELPHI, where “Valsha” and “Rory O’More” have held undisputed sway for some weeks. Of this said “Valsha” (which is an adaptation from the French by Mr. Coyne, a very successful dramatist of the second rank) we have much to say in praise. Its scenery, decorations, and processions are of the best and most costly description, and the effect is better than we could have supposed possible on so confined a stage. Mrs. Yates never, as we think, acted better than in this piece of which she is the heroine. The melodrama partakes somewhat of the raw-head and bloody-bones character,—and perhaps the tender passions of the audience are rather too much worked on; but there are points in relief, which take off from its sombre character. The music by Pilati is very good. What has been said is too brief to convey any idea of “Valsha’s” merits. Our readers must go and judge for themselves.

At the NORTON FALGATE Mrs. Honey continues to attract large houses by the display of her natural and artistical beauties in “Don Juan.” She really makes a most dangerous lady-killer, and we much question whether thy young libertine is not equally injurious to the peace of the sober citizens who visit her theatre. The piece, to which Stirling has done ample justice in arrangement, will doubtless have a long run,—and we think that it deserves all its success. Of several other pieces lately produced here—and in wonderfully quick succession—we can speak only very briefly. “A Woman’s the devil,” is a good farce by Stirling, well adapted to display the *naïveté* and spirit in which Mrs. Honey is second only to Madame Vestris. Williams has a good part in it, which he played with his accustomed humour. “The Married Rake” is one of the cleverest farces that we have seen for some time;—Green as *Mrs. Flighty*, and Mrs. Honey as *Mrs. Trictrac* keep the audience in roars of laughter. The last new piece that we have seen is the melodrama of the “Net-maker and his wife.” The stage-manager is really of *sterling* value to the establishment;—indeed we scarcely know what Mrs. Honey could do without so clever and active an arranger of her corps dramatique. The ballet in this *spectacle* is very well got up, and the music throughout (by Collins) is of a very superior order. The violin solo in the ballet is really admirable. Of the actors,—Williams and Vale—Mrs. Honey, and Mrs. Young, are beyond comparison the best:—the others may pass in a crowd; but they have too much rant and fustian to be relished “by ears polite.”

NOTES OF THE MONTH.

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 “Nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri,
 Quo me cunque rapit tempestas, deferor hospes.”—HORACE.
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THE CIVIC BANQUET TO THE QUEEN.—The 9th of November, 1837, will be known to our posterity as one of the brightest days that ever shone upon the city of London, and the loyalty and splendour displayed by the corporations of the greatest and richest city of Europe, towards their youthful queen, will be spoken of with praise and admiration. It was, in fact, a true triumphal feast, given by the people to their sovereign; in which all classes contributed their share of loyalty and respect. From St. James's Palace to Guildhall, the streets were decorated with beautiful emblems of the heartfelt joy and delight of a free nation, and all the houses were literally crammed with spectators anxious to see and welcome the young queen. The procession advanced slowly amongst the masses of people, who were peaceful and joyous without the necessity of an imposing military force, as is the custom in other countries on similar occasions. The queen was plainly dressed, and appeared much gratified at seeing how her subjects offered her their homage and applause, without compulsion or bribery; and more than once her heart was almost overpowered by the spectacle. All are agreed, that the banquet was in the highest degree magnificent, the decorations both splendid and elegant, and the *tout-ensemble* of Guildhall *sans pareil*. All the shops by which the procession passed, giving up their accustomed business, were transformed into places of admission where seats could be obtained in order to view the splendid *cortege* of her majesty, and very probably the profits of that speculation far exceeded those of their ordinary trade. The illuminations were general and brilliant, and, considering the great masses of people that were continually in movement, and in search of amusement and gratification, the accidents and thefts very few. According to our opinion, the finest sight of the procession was at St. Paul's, where the Queen stopped to receive an address from the boys of Christ Church. There about 750 boys, with joyful faces, appeared blooming with health and innocence; and the youthful queen seemed to sympathize with their good wishes and sincere devotion. May Queen Victoria always deserve such ovations, and may she verify the hopes of prosperity and grandeur, which her accession to the throne has excited in the minds of her faithful, enlightened, and free subjects.

OPENING OF THE THIRD REFORMED PARLIAMENT.—The hereditary legislators, and the representatives of the people of the British Empire, have again resumed their functions under a young and well-disposed queen. May their labours be useful to the nation, and may the spirit of selfishness and discord, of power and emoluments, never trouble the minds of those who, under the cloak of patriotism and conservatism, often do much injury to the general welfare of the country. The queen's speech is worded in a tone of moderation and justice, and the best passage of it is where the young sovereign, acknowledging her inexperience, places her reliance upon the wisdom and loyalty of the representatives of the people, and upon the love and affection of all her subjects. The ministry have not met with any opposition in the re-election of the late Speaker, Mr. Abercrombie; and, with the exception of a few radicals, the address on the speech from the throne has been approved by all parties. Sir Robert Peel, as leader of the Conservatives, and as the most influential and eloquent member of the Commons, has promised his support to

all measures which may be brought forward for the improvement and amelioration of existing institutions, but which do not either tend to endanger or destroy the national foundations and privileges of church and state, which have rendered England the greatest and most prosperous country of the world. The measures proposed, or about to be proposed, with regard to Ireland, are important, and demand immediate attention; and we hope that if moderation be adopted by both parties in the House of Commons, the Irish Catholic people will obtain justice, without usurping an undue ascendancy over their Protestant brethren, to whom they owe the little knowledge they possess, and the religious liberty which they may reclaim. Factious opposition must certainly be expected from the radicals, but as they are but few, and of little influence, their clamours will resemble the barking of a dog that is chained, who, although he makes much noise and frightens the thief, does not create any real alarm in the mind of an honest man. The representatives of the people know that all that the nation wants is peace, order, economy, and that liberty which, in rendering all equal before the law, restrains licentiousness, and constitutionally represses revolutionary systems.

THE KING OF HANOVER.—On the 1st of November last, the doom of the Hanoverian constitution of 1833 was sealed. Ernest I., persisting in his opinion that the constitution granted by William IV., his predecessor, was not only not binding upon him, but also injurious to the welfare of his subjects, by a royal proclamation has annulled it; and, re-establishing the fundamental laws of 1819, has proposed the project of a new constitution with the apparent wish of ameliorating the condition, both political and governmental, of his dominions. The people of Hanover have thus far shown no hostile demonstrations against the will of their sovereign, and perfect tranquillity and order reign throughout that kingdom. Rumours are, however, spread by the French and English press, which tend to prophesy that a popular crisis is preparing against the new king of Hanover; and some have also reported, that the most influential members of the universities, and the leading political personages of Hanover, have declared themselves in favour of the constitution of 1833, and against the proposed one. We cannot enter into the divers arguments which are made use of on this foreign topic, but, as chroniclers of passing events, we must say, that if the king of Hanover has not consulted both the disposition of his subjects, and the support of the German confederation, his projects will meet with great obstacles, and probably be the source of much evil. Our anxiety will, however, be of short duration; because, in a few days, it will be ascertained whether the people of Hanover will sanction, with their approbation, what King Ernest wishes to effect. One thing does not augur well for the king, and it is,—that all the ministers who had sworn allegiance to the former constitution have resigned their functions, and that the unpopular *Von Shele*, is the universal and only responsible minister of Ernest I. We do not, in the mean time, apprehend any great convulsion in Hanover, because the people of that country love their tranquillity and order more than liberal institutions and civic privileges.

KING JOHN II. AND THE LORD CHIEF JUSTICE OF QUEEN'S BENCH.—There are few monarchs reigning at present in Europe who have not some pretender to their crown. The King of the French's throne is re-claimed by the Duke of Bordeaux, the Duke of Normandy, and by Joseph Bonaparte. The American citizen, Achilles Murat, son of the valorous but Polish Johachim Murat, is a pretender to the kingdom of Naples—Gustavus Adolphus, of Sweden, re-claims the crown that Bernadotte possesses. The Prince of Orange is a pretender to the throne of the *brave Belges*, who, three years ago, were so much terrified at the approach of the Dutch army, that, in their precipitate flight, they lost not only their arms and ammunition, but even their hats and shoes—Don Carlos demands, by divine and national right, the crown of Isabella II., of Spain. The son of Constantine Paulowitch, of Russia, is a pretender to the

sceptre of the Czar Nicholas. The annihilated kingdom of Poland is re-claimed by the rightful descendants of Prince Poniatowsky. The sovereignty of Parma and Placentia is demanded by the family of France, and the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom by the Visconti: but since the demise of the late Cardinal of York there has been no pretender to the crown of the British empire.—Victoria I., at her accession, has at last engendered a pretender to her rights, and a Captain Goode has actually proclaimed himself the rightful heir to the throne of England; but having dared publicly to insult the Queen *de facto*, has been arrested, and brought before an English Jury, in order to ascertain whether he is a madman or a wicked pretender. Once, in the presence of the chief justice, Captain Goode protested against the illegality of the proceedings, and, with his hat on, declared that he was John II., king of England, and that he would severely punish all those who should dare to refuse homage and allegiance to their king. At the request, however, of the Attorney-General, and after the examination of a few witnesses, and the advice of the chief justice, the jury unanimously declared that John II. was nothing but a madman.

THE KING OF THE FRENCH, AND THE NEW FRENCH CHAMBER OF DEPUTIES.—Louis Philippe is undoubtedly a very clever, and very persevering man; and his having succeeded to hold his crown during the last seven years, after having openly opposed, and even crushed the greatest part of those who made him a king, is the best proof of his ability and cunning. Notwithstanding that he does not conceal that he both *reigns and governs in France*, the constitutional resistance to his usurpation has not yet taken place. What can be the cause of it? Why, Louis Philippe is blindly supported by an overwhelming majority of *his elective peers*, and by the deputies, who are either *placemen or brought into the chamber by the direct influence of the dynasty of Orleans*. In the late chamber Louis Philippe had begun to lose strength, and his projects would not have easily been approved. The present chamber is quite different from the last: the *doctrinaires* and *juste-milieu* representatives have greatly diminished; the *Tiers parti* has gained some votes; the Legitimists have acquired twelve new deputies; and the *Movement Parti*, with the *Republican Royalists*, have lost the most devoted and most honourable Laffite, but have enrolled under their standard several new combatants. According, however, to the best-informed French politicians, the affairs of France will continue on the same footing, and no great advance will be made in that country with regard either to the extension of the elective franchise, or to the amelioration of their oppressive domestic policy; and if, under the restoration, the French nation were almost at the mercy of the priesthood, under Louis Philippe they are literally the slaves of an imposing standing army, of an immense mass of spies, and of a nominal sovereignty of the people.

A POOR KING AND A RICH BANKER.—Otho, of Greece, having had some pecuniary difference with Mr. Wright, of Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, had commenced legal proceedings against that gentleman, who, being well acquainted with the poverty of his Hellenic majesty, has wisely demanded to obtain security in case the royal suitor should lose his cause. Well, reader, would you believe it?—The king of Greece could not find a friend to answer for his stability, and, consequently, the attorney-general (who, by the bye, is the last man in existence who would be disposed to trust any man in pecuniary matters) has been employed to oppose the just demands of Mr. Wright; but the learned gentleman, by his appeal, only proved that his royal client is a true beggar, for having lost his application, fearing that his majesty had not the means of paying the costs incurred, applied to the court to oblige Mr. Wright to pay them.—Poor Otho! What a shabby figure does your royalty cut in a court of justice, and in the great city where you wished to extract some blunt!

MONTHLY SUMMARY OF SCIENCE AND THE SOCIETIES.

THE scientific campaign has commenced—the sessions of the various societies of the metropolis have begun; and from their number and growing importance we have a correspondingly difficult, yet interesting task in pursuing their details;—obtaining the fullest account of their proceedings; and sifting the grain from the chaff, to infuse into our Summary at once the *utile et dulce*, the whole of the valuable facts without the dry and uninteresting technicalities in which they are hidden.

GEOGRAPHY.—Geographical discovery is rapidly progressing. Science and enterprise are bearing down the veil which shrouded that immense tract of country, the bulk of which, since its existence was discovered by Christopher Colon, has never been explored. Its great features, the mountains, lakes, rivers, are gradually becoming known; opening up new fields for commercial enterprise, and supplying new facts for the advancement of science. Africa, too, so long a *terra incognita*, the grave of Park, of Denham, of Clapperton, has not terrors wild enough to scare the foot of Enterprise. The English are extending their researches still farther and farther inland from the Cape; on the opposite shore, the position taken by the French offers a starting point from which numerous *savans* have set out on scientific exploratory excursions. At the late meeting of the Geographical Society papers were read of more than ordinary interest. First, from Captain Alexander, dated August 18, at Comaggas, a missionary station between Kousie and Zwaartlingie rivers, announcing his safe return to that place, after having travelled to the northward, up the Fish river; thence crossed the tropic; reached the parallel $22^{\circ} 55'$ south; and made the sea coast at Walvisch Bay. Six months had elapsed without any intelligence of the party, and during this time they had been almost constantly without bread, and occasionally without salt to eat. Rhinoceroses, lions, cameleopards, &c., had in turns furnished them with food: they had incurred much risk from wild beasts, their fires, which surrounded the camp at night, not being sufficient at times to prevent their inroads. After a short halt to repose his men and cattle, Captain Alexander was to start to Cape Town. Secondly, a communication from Mr. Schomburgk, at Demerara, stating that he had returned from his ascent of the river Berbice, which he had explored as far as $3^{\circ} 50'$ north lat., where he had crossed by land to the river Essequibo, a distance of only ten miles in that parallel, describing the same luxuriance of vegetation met with on the other rivers of British Guayana. But the most striking object here discovered in the vegetable kingdom was the gigantic water lily, with leaves six feet, and fragrant flowers fifteen inches in diameter, called *Victoria Regina*, in honour of the queen, and of which we gave a description some time since. The last accounts stated that Mr. Schomburgk was to start on the 13th of September for William IVth's cataract on the Essequibo, in $3^{\circ} 14'$ lat., for the purpose of exploring that river to its sources, and afterwards to continue the examination of the range of mountains called the Sierra Acaray, believed to be the line of separation of water between the basins of the Essequibo and the Amazons. There is great hope that this gentleman's discoveries will connect the positions on the east with the observations of Humboldt, near Esmeralda, on the west.

Southampton Island.—In a recent summary we gave a portion of Captain Back's account of the voyage of the *Terror*; we now append that intrepid navigator's own account of this Island, as communicated to the Geographical Society, leaving out only the less interesting portions. The name of Southampton Island has become too familiar to require description of its locality. About 120 miles comprehended between Cape Comfort and Seahorse point,

remained a blank in our maps until the strange situation of *H. M. S. Terror*, thrown on the surface of the ice, and carried by it along the whole line of coast, gave Captain Back an opportunity of filling it up. The impossibility, he says, of forcing a passage into Repulse Bay, by keeping as near as possible to Baffin's Island, being manifest by repeated failures, with considerable difficulty and much pressure from the heavy and closely packed ice by which we were beset, we gradually approached Southampton Island. The frost smoke that attended us vanished as we drew near, and the dark lanes of water from which it originated closed firmly, to the utter impossibility of proceeding one yard further. Left, therefore, to the influence of events, we were borne backwards and forwards according to the eccentric movements of the ice, crowding sail when the least crack showed a probability of an opening, or with the aid of saws, axes, and ice anchors, warping a few paces, until the most closely packed ice finally arrested our progress, twelve miles from Cape Bylot, when only fifteen more would have ensured a safe wintering ground in Duke of York's Bay. Proceeding to the S.E. from the sloping yet bold outline of Cape Bylot, the land is high and irregular, full of sinuosities and bays, bounded by abrupt precipices and shelving acclivities. Fifteen miles further, the coast is more broken into hill and valley; and rivulets and mountain torrents find their way to the sea. Four miles to the eastward, the coast line becomes more craggy, and, turning abruptly to the south, forms Smyth's Harbour. There seemed, at one time, to be a distant chance of our getting into this snug place, for a long and broad sheet of young ice was formed in-shore of us, and afforded the hope that nothing more formidable would impede the passage into the harbour,—but in vain. The rocks around are composed of granite, containing a large proportion of rose-coloured felspar, gray quartz, and blackish mica, in small scales; and are traversed by numerous ravines, thickly covered with snow. But the point most deserving notice was a fine imposing perpendicular cliff, 650 feet high, from which there was the most beautiful echo imaginable; and its charms were so attractive, in that monotonous solitude, as to lead many from their ordinary occupations for the mere novelty of hearing the stranger-like accents of their own softened voice. Beyond these hills, others rose to about 850 feet, backed by a further inland range, attaining to fully 1600 feet. The tracts of bears, foxes, and deer, were seen in the valleys, which produced a few miserably stunted willows, the occasional resort of a solitary brace of white partridges. Eight miles from Smyth's Harbour is a wide open bay where I landed. Near a water-course was a circle of stones, evidently used, a long time ago, for the purpose of extending an Esquimaux tent, denoting, clearly, that the place had formerly been frequented by these people. The mountains varied in height from 1400 to 1600 feet; one side was invariably precipitous, and the dip nearly at right angles to the horizon. I looked in vain for any of those upright stones, so plentifully set up as marks to cross the country, where the inhabitants are numerous, and which strike the eye of a stranger as very curious, when travelling through the interior of the continent, from the barren land to the sea-shore.

The lower lands here were uncommonly sterile, hardly affording sustenance for the Alpine hare, while the ledges and summits above were clothed with grass, on which two rein-deer were feeding; while thinly-scattered shrubs, of stunted growth, and here and there a grand willow, relieved the eye from the monotonous and pallid glare of snow around. To the eastward the coast is sterile and forbidding, with a peculiarly wild and dark aspect; two of the most conspicuous summits distinguish the headland known by the name of Cape Comfort. From it the land trends away more to the south; and the tide and current produce a commotion here that nothing can withstand. On one occasion, when the ice in which the *Terror* was imbedded, by some unaccountable convulsion, was turned round, we were carried within a short mile of the towering and perpendicular front of the cape, which just there was rent into

innumerable fissures, alternating with jagged and splintery projections of the most fearful description. Though there was but little wind at the time, the ice was driven bodily against the rocks, and, rising up in masses of many tons weight, became reduced to fragments in an instant. Happily for us, after losing a few hundred yards of our floe, it drifted onward past the danger, and thus relieved me from further anxiety on that day. Further to the eastward, Cape Fisher rises 750 feet above the sea. Hereabouts there was a want of vegetation, unusual even in these regions; and a more decidedly sterile scene, in the fullest acceptation of the phrase, could not well be imagined. Nor was it merely local: for some rather long excursions were made inland in search of animals, without success; and in the course of the journeys only a few scattered patches of moss and short grass were seen, and not a living thing of any description. Thirty-two miles beyond Cape Fisher, the hills gradually decrease as they turn away south, until they are lost at Point M'Murdo, which is the western entrance to an extensive bay, inlet, or strait, which, from the strong set of the current into it, is probably connected with Evan's Inlet, on the east side of the island. The coast from Point M'Murdo resumes its mountainous outline, and here are two dome-like summits, which distinguish it from every other part. Mount Minto, which is the highest, attains upwards of 1000 feet. Projecting from this is a low range of hills, forming Terror Point, so named from its being the place where the sternpost was carried away, and the ship sustained the greatest damage. Twelve miles beyond Point Saunders, and close to Sir James Gordon's Bay, the high land terminates, and disappears altogether in two small islands, immediately to the south-east of which is Sea Horse Point, the eastern limit of Southampton Island."

GEOLOGY.—This science continues to excite a greater portion of interest than any other. In every college, and in almost every school in the country, its doctrines are receiving the greatest attention, and prompting a constantly increasing spirit of enquiry and experimental research. New facts and observations are pouring in from all quarters, affording data for correcting any portion of the early theories which might be crude or insufficient.—*Fossils.*

—M. Duvernay read a paper to the French Institute on several fossil teeth received from Oran, and presented fragments of osseous arenaceous deposit from that region. He observed, that this fragment confirmed the existence of similar deposits on the African and European shores of the Mediterranean. It contained osseous remains which were too mutilated to enable him to distinguish what animals they belonged to; a fragment of a tooth evidently belonging to a ruminating animal; and several isolated teeth belonging to fishes. The white rock in which these teeth are found, belongs to the superior part of the second tertiary layer, formed, says M. Rozet, of coarse calcereous materials, showing themselves at the surface of the soil, through the whole extent of the plain to the south and west of Oran. The inferior part of this layer is composed of calcereous chalky beds, alternating with beds of yellow schistus sandy marl. There are above two banks, a yard in thickness, situated at a small distance from one another, and composed of very white schistus marl, in which incomplete skeletons of fossils are very numerous. It is remarkable that all the fossil skeletons of fishes examined by M. Agassiz, at Algiers, belong to one single species, the *Alosa elongata*, as if whole shoals of this fish, like the herring of our times, had been involved in one common catastrophe. Teeth only, detached from the skeleton, without any fragment of the latter, have been discovered in the upper part of the second layer, and M. Duvernay considers the greater part as having belonged to the genera *Chrysophris* and *Sargus*.—*Temperature of the Earth.*—The whole of northern Siberia presents the singular phenomenon, that, even in the hottest season, the soil remains frozen from a certain depth downward, differing according to the latitude and other local circumstances, and that the thickness of this frozen stratum is so considerable in the more easterly places, as for in-

stance at Jakutzk, that its bottom has not yet been reached. Gmelin relates that in the archives at Jakutzk, he found an account of an inhabitant of that town having, at the beginning of the last century, together with some Jakuters, contracted to sink a well, and that when they had reached the depth of ninety feet, finding the earth still frozen, they refused to fulfil their engagement. Some philosophers have considered this contradictory to the supposition that the interior of the earth is in the state of fusion. But from the following account it will be seen that, in those frozen strata, the general phenomenon of an increase of temperature with the depth is not wanting, and that, by continuing the work, they have arrived at a temperature which leaves no doubt that they are not far from the lower limits of the frozen soil, and that, water, the object of their undertaking, is not far distant. An article from St. Petersburg, in the Berlin news of the 24th of February, 1832, states that at Jakutzk, in Siberia, the earth, even in the hottest summer, only thaws to about the depth of three feet. Hitherto all attempts to discover the thickness of the frozen strata beneath have been fruitless. Since the year 1830, one of the inhabitants of Jakutzk has been engaged in sinking a well, by which means it may perhaps be ascertained. In the same year the workmen reached the depth of seventy-eight feet below the surface, but still found no water; in the year 1831, they reached ninety feet, and were still in the frozen soil. The work is still in progress, and there seems no doubt of their attaining their object, for the thermometer, which showed $18^{\circ} 5'$ a few feet below the surface, rises, when sunk to the bottom of the well, to $29^{\circ} 75'$.

ENTOMOLOGY.—Hybrids.—At the Entomological Society an account was given of some hybrid specimens between the *Smerynthus populi*, and *Smocellatus*. These curious specimens are exactly intermediate in their general appearance, colours, and markings, between their two parents.—**Mr. Crosse's Insects.**—One of the most surprising assertions of the present day is that by Mr. Crosse, of his formation of insects by the agency of electricity. He cannot blame the scepticism of the world, but it is only justice to him, and wisdom on the part of those engaged in scientific researches, not to treat any man's calm and settled conviction, least of all such a man as Mr. Crosse's, with ridicule. Copernicus, Galileo, and the discoverers indeed of all new and startling truths, each received in his day the laugh of the thoughtless and superficial as the reward of long toil and patient study. Let the present form an exception,—let Mr. Crosse have a fair hearing; and with this view the following letter addressed by him to a provincial journal finds a place :—

“Broomfield, near Taunton, Oct. 30, 1837.

“Dear Sir,—I send you, by my friend, Mr. —, a small bottle of spirits of wine, containing about thirty insects, produced in silicate of potash, under the long-continued action of weak voltaic electricity. I am quite as much surprised, and quite as much in the dark about this affair, as I was at first. I have had lately several new families of them, and have them at this present time growing on a piece of iron wire plunged into silicate of potash, and a quarter of an inch under the surface of the fluid, at the positive pole of a battery, consisting of twenty pairs of small zinc and copper cylinders. I likewise have them forming on the surface of constantly electrified sulphate of copper, at the edge of the fluid, and strangely mixed up with crystals of sulphate of copper. In fact, I have them in all stages, from their earliest formation to their full perfection, and crawling about pretty nimbly. Most of their formations took place in the dark. The access of light is very prejudicial to them, as far as I have observed. I have had hundreds of vessels of the same water as that used in the solution in the same room, and in other rooms, with not the slightest appearance of a similar insect, or the germ of one. In one of these experiments the vessel was covered with paper, and yet the insects were formed as before. Of course, I have no merit to claim in the affair. It was pure accident, and the looking for artificial minerals brought them to

my notice. I was preparing an apparatus to repeat these experiments in a more unexceptionable manner, but have more difficulties to contend with than one would at first expect. Many of the remarks which have been made upon these formations would not have been made if the writers had been better acquainted with the circumstances attending them, and which, to say the truth, I have rather avoided noticing, from the wish I entertain of being myself better informed of the nature of these apparent mysteries. My friend Mr. — has seen, and pretty closely examined, with a powerful lens, their different appearances, and they have been seen by a great number of persons. I write this in some haste; but, though this is a rough sketch, it is a correct one. I believe the younger insects have only six legs, and when more advanced, eight; and this is, I understand, not uncommon in the Mite genus. You may make what use you please of this letter.

"I beg to remain, dear Sir, yours truly,

"ANDREW CROSSK.

"P. S.—Although these insects are formed either below the surface, or at the edge of an electric fluid, yet, when once they have left it, they are drowned on falling into it."

METEOROLOGY.—*Aurora Borealis.*—This beautiful phenomenon has been seen during the past month, and called forth the admiring comment of all the northern provincial papers. It was most brilliant on Sunday night, the 12th, on which occasion it was most carefully observed from the Paris Observatory; the same night was devoted to the observation of falling stars, and, singularly enough, only one was seen.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

The Wonders of Geology, with numerous Engravings. By Gideon Mantell, Esq., LL.D., F.R.S.; and a beautifully illustrated Frontispiece, representing the Country of the Iguanodon, engraved in mezzotinto on steel. By J. Martin, Esq., from the Geological Discoveries of Dr. Mantell, in Tilgate Forest.

Parliamentary Pocket Companion for 1838.—This Vade Mecum of all that respects the Birth, Rank, and Descent of our Nobles and Senators, with their political Sentiments, and Places of Residence, is a valuable little work; and is got up free from party feeling. The Sessional Remembrancer will repay any person for a careful perusal.

Finden's Ports and Harbours of Great Britain. Part IX.

Godwin's Churches of London. Part XI.

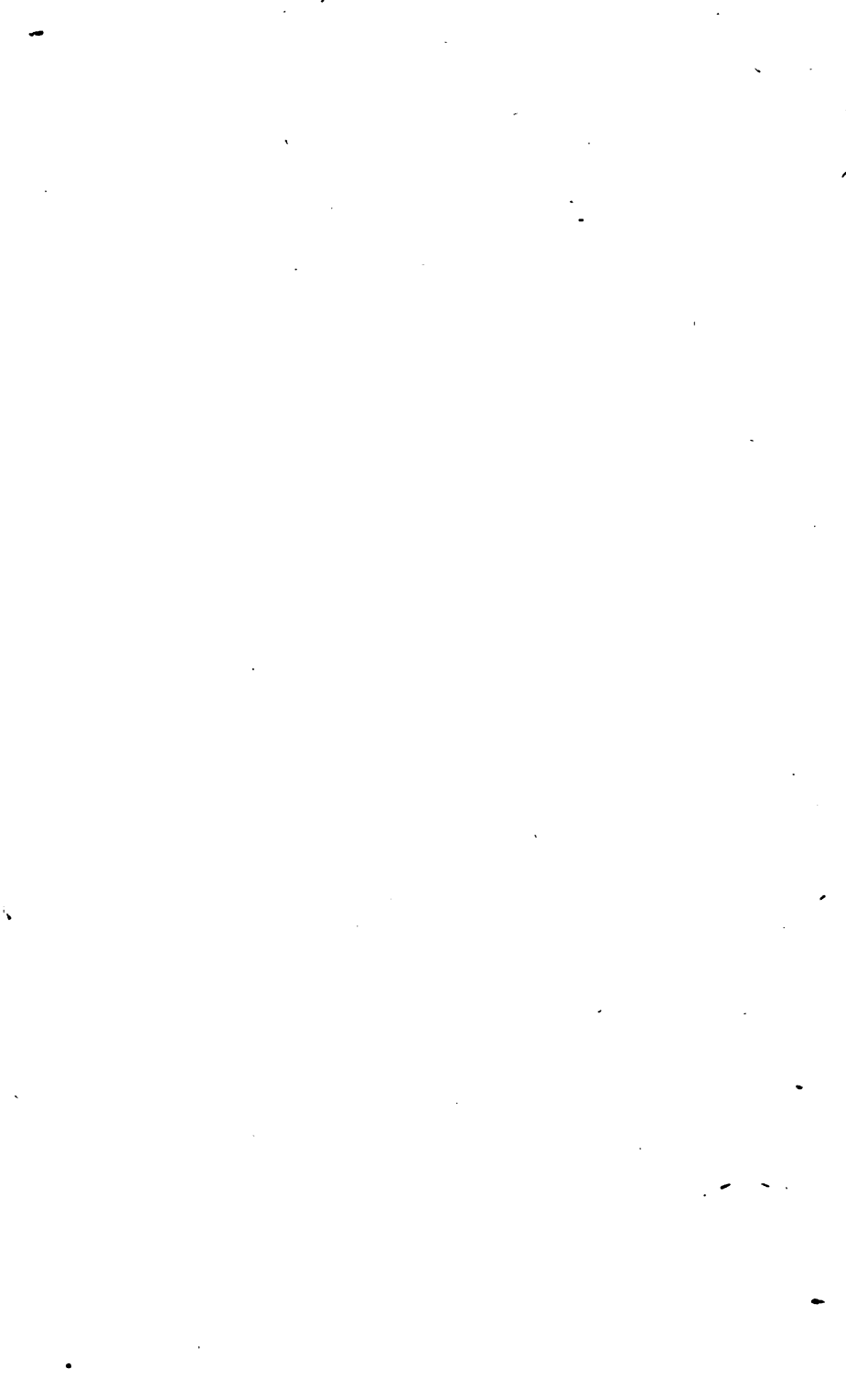
Arboretum et Fruticetum Britannicum. Nos. XLVII. and XLVIII.

Architectural Magazine. Vol. IV., No. XLV.

The Suburban Gardener and Villa Companion. No. VI.

The Shakspeare Gallery. Part XIV.

ROYAL MEDAL.—Messrs. GRIFFIN and HYAM, of Cornhill, have, with laudable zeal and chaste taste, struck a Medal that does honour to the occasion of the Queen's Visit to the City; and thus have afforded every Citizen an opportunity of giving to his Friends and Children a present that cannot fail to impress on their minds an event so auspicious. The Medal presents a most beautiful bust of Her Majesty. The reverse side represents Her Majesty receiving the City Sword from the Lord Mayor, and is attended by Britannia, who is intent on crowning her with a civic crown. The Medals may be had in white metal, in bronze, bronze gilt, and silver, varying in price from the small sum of 2s. 6d. to three guineas, thus meeting the circumstances of every loyal citizen.



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